

## CHAPTER XIV

### NOTABLE MUSICIANS

Sir Julius Benedict—Edouard Silas—Sir Arthur Sullivan—He pays me a compliment—M. Camille Saint-Saëns—I arrange a concert for him—Four composers at Cambridge—I meet Tschaikowsky—Leschetizky—Some of his stories—His dog "Solo"—Paderewski—Richard Strauss.

FOR many years I had the good fortune to be honoured with the friendship of Sir Julius Benedict. It was a real pleasure to be in his society, he was so full of information of every kind, musical and social.

Benedict settled here in 1835, and became a famous teacher of the pianoforte, he himself having been a favourite pupil of Carl Marie von Weber, the composer of the immortal operas *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*. I never knew such a hard worker as he was; he was up early teaching and out late at musical soirées and other entertainments, which he arranged during the season, and frequently during the night he would, like Balfe, be busy composing. He wrote and brought out several English operas, one of which was *The Lily of Killarney*, founded on Dion Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, which was produced at Covent Garden under the direction



of the Pyne and Harrison Company in 1862, and had a great success, and is still "running." Benedict had quite caught the spirit of Irish music, and his opera is full of melody. Louisa Pyne sang the Colleen Bawn, William Harrison, Myles-na-Coppalean, and Santley, Danny Man. One of the songs in the opera, "Eily Mavourneen," became a great favourite with tenors. I was at the first performance.

Benedict would have filled any position with éclat, especially that of a diplomatist, being not only a great administrator, which was so necessary in arranging the productions of opera (not his own only) and concerts here and in the provinces, but he was a man full of *savoir faire* and energy and had great tact. He made friends with most of the people he was associated with, and, what is more, kept their friendship. He spoke not only English, but French and Italian perfectly, and of course his own mother-tongue, German. He was born at Stuttgart. He not only spoke these languages, but wrote them with equal fluency.

He often conducted operas, and for some years the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, for which he wrote the analytical programmes. After a long day's work in London he would travel at night to Liverpool, hold a rehearsal there in the morning and conduct the same evening, giving piano lessons in between. He was an excellent pianist, and had a prodigious



memory. I call to mind a lecture he gave on Weber at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, at which I played some pianoforte duets with him.

I have made it a rule, all through my professional life, to do what I could in a small way to honour and foster the interests of my musical friends by getting their compositions performed, in addition to the public performances of them.

In the sixties I arranged a series of amateur vocal Réunions at my house, at which cantatas, oratorios, and *scenas* were performed, one of which was Benedict's *St. Cecilia*. I had practised it with my choir for some time, and when I considered it to be perfect, and ready for production, I gave an evening performance of it. I invited Benedict to conduct, and asked a number of friends to come and listen, and I played the piano accompaniments. The performance went off exceedingly well, and everybody was charmed with this beautiful and melodious work. Benedict, who conducted, was very pleased, and when it was over he made a little speech, thanking me and the choir and the soloists, to which I made a suitable reply.

His annual concerts at St. James's Hall were always a feature of the London season, for he engaged a galaxy of stars, among whom were the best opera-singers. He used to wait anxiously at the top of the staircase leading to the artists' room to see them arrive so as to be



able to begin the concert. One of them was Sims Reeves, who once, after keeping Benedict on the tip-toe of anxious expectation, relieved his mind by turning up, accompanied by his wife and all their children and various friends ! In those days Reeves was a great attraction, and sang at all Benedict's concerts. The programme generally consisted of forty items, and very often lasted from one-thirty till six-thirty. They were particularly interesting to people who had no opportunities of hearing the great artists without going to the opera and paying for expensive seats. The prices at Benedict's concerts ranged from one guinea to one or two shillings in the gallery. I generally helped with the accompanying, sometimes taking part in the pianoforte quartettes, for four performers, which Benedict composed for these occasions. It was a great pleasure to me to visit him at his house in Manchester Square on Sunday mornings and hear all the news of the day, especially the musical gossip. So far as I know, he composed only one oratorio, *St. Peter*, which was composed for the Norwich Festival, of which he was conductor for many years.

I remember a cantata of his called *Undine*, in which Madame Clara Novello took her farewell of the British public. It was performed at St. James's Hall, and she sang, as always, most beautifully, and her voice seemed as fresh as ever ; but, as she had married an Italian Count,



and was well off, there was no need for her to remain any longer in the profession. I was present at this interesting concert and heard the great ovation accorded to this most charming singer, who had to bow repeatedly to the audience before they would let her go.

Benedict still followed his profession when he was well over eighty years of age. He had married, as his second wife, Miss Fortey, a clever pupil of his. The son of that marriage was a god-son of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and also of Lord Lathom, who was a great friend of the Benedicts, and himself a generous patron of music and musicians. Mr. A. E. Benedict is now on the stage.

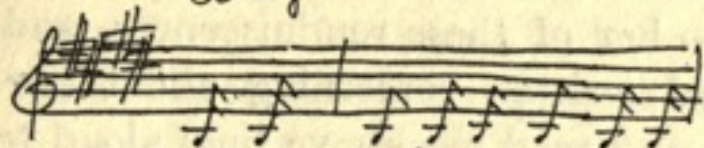
I am reminded that, at our silver wedding in 1884, Sir Julius was present and, in responding to his health at dinner, said he hoped to be present in 1909 at our golden wedding. He was then eighty.

Benedict died in 1885, and Lady Benedict afterwards married Mr. Frank Lawson. She was a great friend of mine, and of my family, and was a most charming and accomplished lady, who not only played the piano extremely well but also composed.

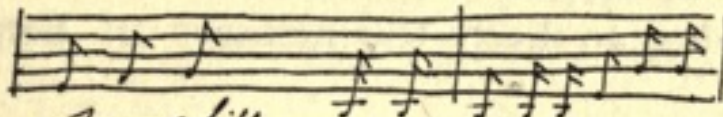
Not so very long ago she invited my wife and me to luncheon at her house in Cromwell Place, and then seemed quite well and very bright, and in good spirits; but a week or two afterwards I heard, to my great regret, that she



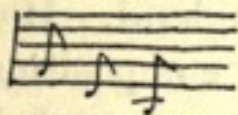
Allegro



William Tell me is this as you



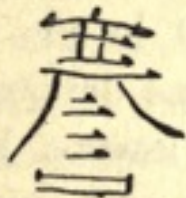
wish your bill, if it won't do the work to



Nothing Hill

(Volte i più subito possibile)

\* Your very truly



Elias

maker of



go (chinese for music)

\* Kien (faithful)



was dead. A few months before the sad event I spoke to her of these reminiscences, and told her I had written something about her first husband, and read the above lines aloud to her. She was much pleased, and said, "I thank you for helping to keep the memory of Benedict green."

Edouard Silas was another gifted musician resident here, whom I have known almost from the time of my coming to England. He was wonderfully prolific, producing compositions in every form, perhaps his best-known work being a Gavotte in E minor written in the old style. An admirable pianist and all-round musician, it always seemed to me that he ought to have achieved the wider recognition due to his talents. It was, perhaps, his incurable habit of seeing the funny side of things which stood in his way. Most of his time in later years was devoted to giving lessons in harmony, the lessons being always popular owing to the witty and amusing way he had of dealing with things musical. His pupils were always convulsed with laughter. I remember, after he had given my daughter some lessons in harmony, he sent me his account with the characteristic note, introducing the first bars of the *Wilhelm Tell* overture.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has done more for English music than any other English composer. It is needless for me to enlarge on his light operas, which were so successful, beginning from the

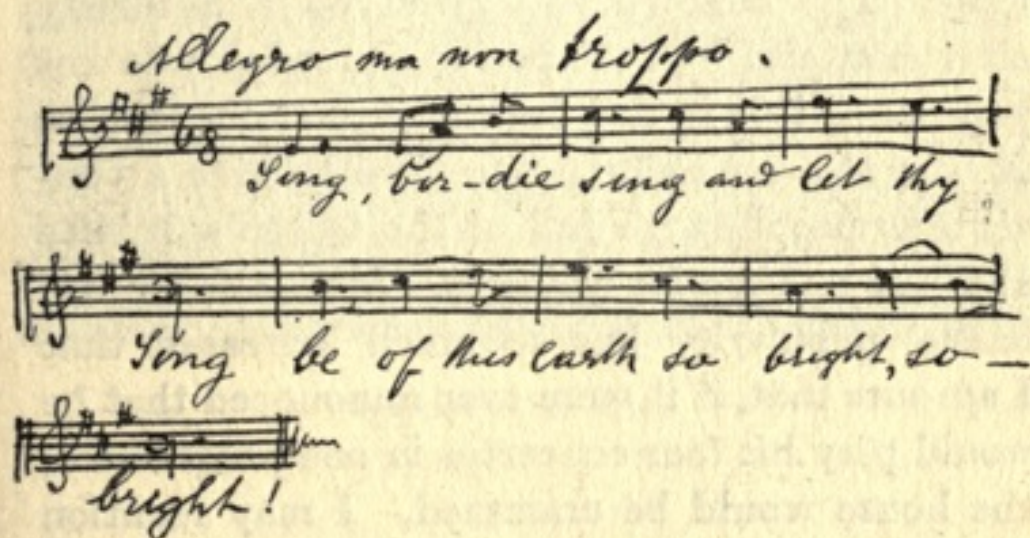


eighties, at first at the Royalty Theatre and then at the Savoy, which was built by the late Mr. D'Oyley Carte for the purpose of making a home for them. Of course I was one of his fervent admirers, and went to see all his operas, not only at the Royalty but also at the Savoy.

Sullivan is dead, but his music will live on, and help to make the world brighter.

Sullivan once paid me a very high compliment at the old Hanover Square Rooms, where he and I had both been conductors. He walked up to me in the artists' room after a concert, and said, "Ganz, where did you get that melody from?" (meaning my first song, "Sing, Birdie, sing"). I did not tell him that I had composed it in an omnibus!

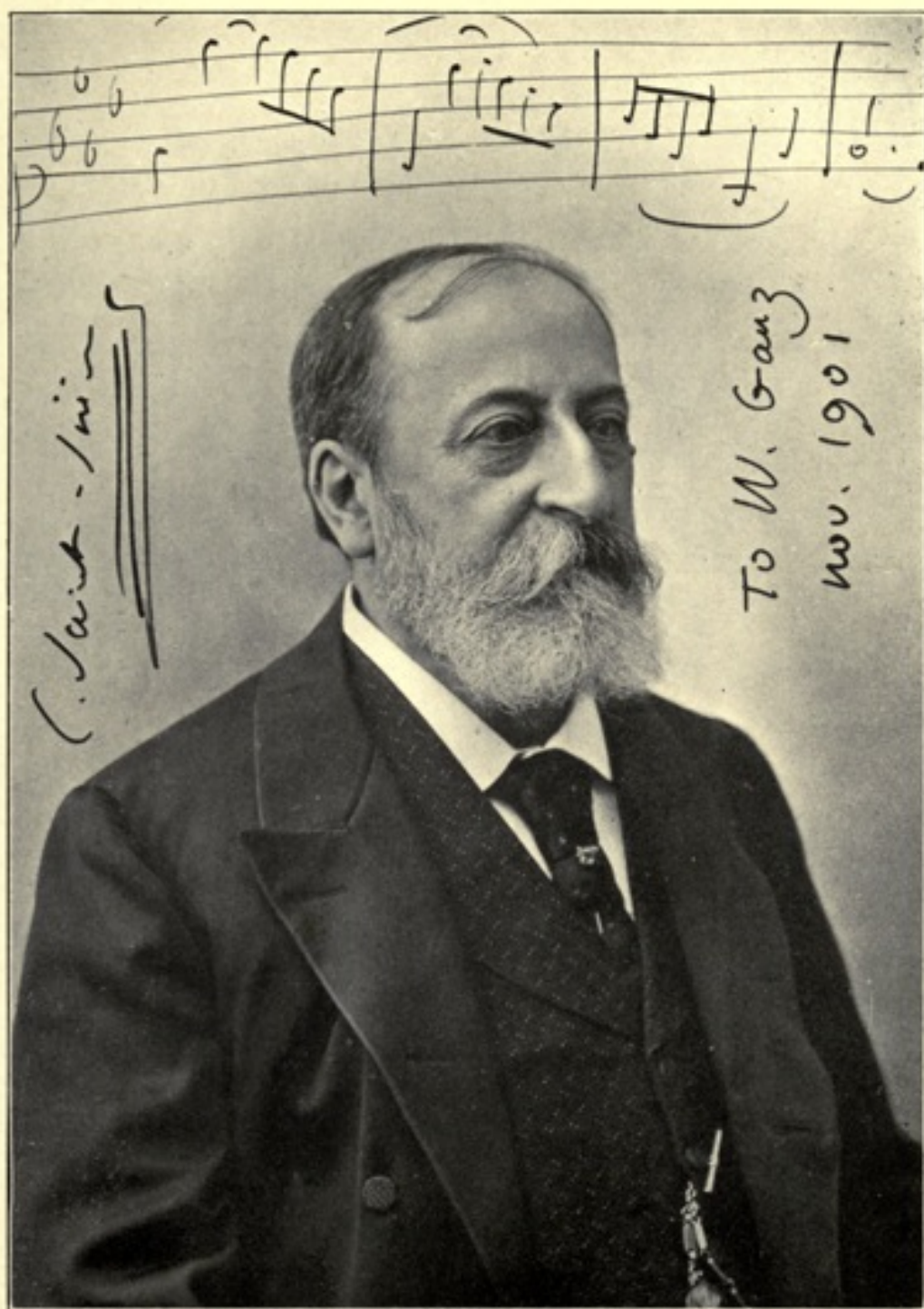
He went on to praise the song very much, and because he did so (and not from pride), I here subjoin a few bars.





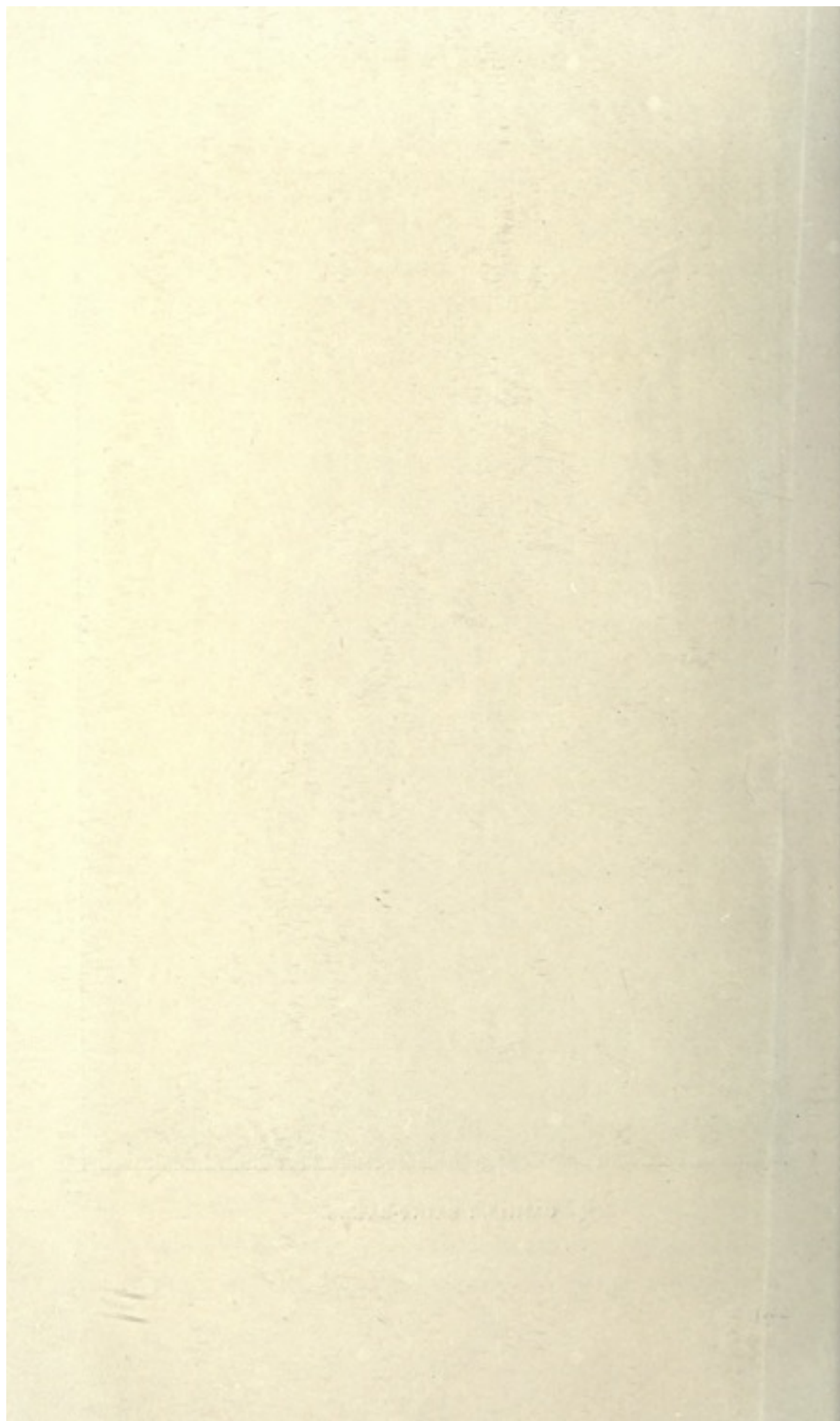
M. Camille Saint-Saëns I have always regarded as one of the most wonderful men whose friendship I have been privileged to enjoy. His many-sided genius, his amazing versatility, have always filled me with intense admiration. I am therefore naturally proud to have been the first to enable him to play his splendid concertos in England. I have already spoken of this in dealing with my Orchestral Concerts. I want now to refer to a unique concert which took place in June 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Saint-Saëns asked me to arrange an orchestral concert for him at St. James's Hall, and on that occasion he played his four concertos, one after another, which was a wonderful feat. He played them all by heart, and when he had finished seemed as fresh as if he had done nothing at all. I had engaged a first-rate orchestra, which I conducted. Unfortunately, the hall was not very full, and Saint-Saëns lost heavily, but he apparently did not mind in the least. The concert was given on a Saturday afternoon and at that period Saturday was not popular as it is to-day for concerts and matinées. It was also an unfortunate time to give a concert, as people were full of the Queen's Jubilee and had no time for concerts. Since then Saint-Saëns' popularity has so much increased that I am sure that, if it were ever announced that he would play his four concertos in one programme, the house would be crammed. I may mention





CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.







that he also played at one of the Brinsmead Symphony Concerts in 1885 which I conducted. He later composed a fifth concerto, and his famous opera *Samson et Dalila*, after being debarred for years from having a hearing here, on account of its Biblical story, is now repeatedly performed at Covent Garden with stupendous success. In 1893 I endeavoured to arrange for the production of one of his operas by the Carl Rosa Company, of which I was a director. He wrote me saying :

“ J’ai le plus grand désir que l’on joue mes opéras en Angleterre, mais jusqu’à présent c’est un désir que l’Angleterre n’a pas paru partager ; si vous arrivez à modifier cette situation, soyez sûr que je vous en serai tout à fait reconnaissant.” (I am very anxious that my operas should be performed in England, but up to the present it is an anxiety which England does not appear to share : if you can manage to modify the situation, you may be sure that I shall be very grateful.)

Saint-Saëns is a most charming man, and speaks English perfectly. In French he talks so quickly that it is difficult to follow him. Some years ago, at Dieppe, his native town, I attended an afternoon concert of his works at the Casino, and, when he came out of the artists’ room, accompanied by several friends, and saw me, he was astonished and asked whether I had left England for good. I told him I was only in Dieppe for a holiday, and we had a chat. He



is a great traveller, and often visits Algiers and the Orient, and gives you vivid descriptions. The Square in which the Dieppe theatre stands is called the "Place Saint-Saëns," in honour of its distinguished townsman. As is well known, he is a most prolific composer, and, besides his piano concertos, has also written concertos for the violin and 'cello, one of which, his violin concerto, is one of the most beautiful compositions of its kind, and is constantly played by Ysaye, Kreisler, Mischa Elman, and other great players. His symphonic poems, such as "Le Rouet d'Omphale," his "Danse Macabre," and his opera *Henry VIII*, which has been performed at Covent Garden, have all added to his fame. Knowing what a brilliant pianist he is, I was much struck by his telling me once that he hardly ever practises.

His powers of improvisation are remarkable, and he has often, when I have been with him and other artists, sat down to the piano and astonished us by his skilful handling of a theme. His literary works are fine examples of musical criticism, and in conversation he shows the same keen perception and incisive wit. It is a real pleasure to be in his company. He amused me once by beginning the conversation with the remark, "Ne me parle pas de la musique : ça ne m'intéresse pas du tout." It was not for long, however, that the subject was barred. He wrote me a letter in 1886 which is a good



example of his pointed literary style. The drawing which accompanied it is also characteristic.

“MON CHER AMI,

“J’ai examiné les analyses de M. —; je les trouve plus qu’insuffisantes. Il ne paraît pas avoir compris les morceaux qu’il a analysés. Il donne des citations inutiles et ne met pas des choses indispensables. Le thème du Final de mon Concerto en Ut est rendu méconnaissable; il a copié une partie de l’hautbois sans s’apercevoir qu’elle était tantôt partie principale et tantôt partie intermédiaire; c’est le comble de l’étourderie et du ridicule.

“Mieux vaudrait pas d’analyses du tout que des choses pareilles qui ne peuvent servir qu’à égarer l’auditeur.

“Tout à vous,

“C. SAINT-SAËNS.”

(“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have examined the analyses of Mr. —; I find them more than insufficient. He does not appear to have understood the pieces which he has analysed. He gives useless citations and omits things which are indispensable. The theme of the Finale of my Concerto in C minor is made unrecognisable: he has copied an oboe part without noticing that it is at one time a principal and at another an intermediate part: it is the acme of stupidity and absurdity.

“Far better no analysis at all, than such things which can only help to confuse the listener.

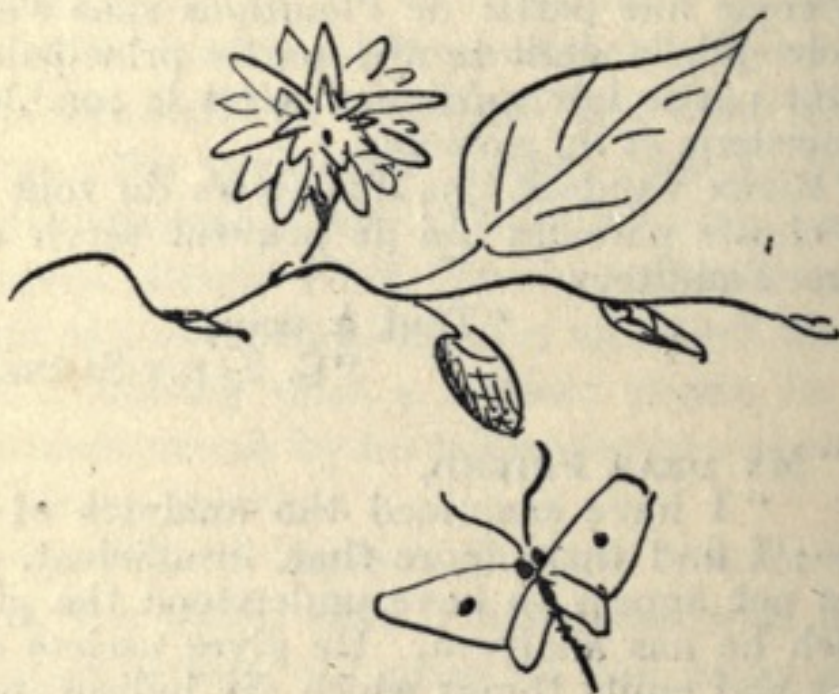
“Yours,

“C. SAINT-SAËNS.”)

On June 12th, 1893, my son Albert, an under-



graduate at the time, asked me to come on a visit to Cambridge : a concert was to be given by the Cambridge University Musical Society, of which he was a member, in honour of Max Bruch, Boïto, Saint-Saëns, and Tschaikowsky. All four composers took part in the concert at the Guildhall, Max Bruch conducting a scene



A SKETCH BY SAINT SAËNS.

from his *Odysseus*, Boïto "The Prelude in Heaven" from his *Mefistofele*, and Tschaikowsky his *Francesca da Rimini*. Saint-Saëns played his fantasia *Africa*, and Stanford's *East to West* was also given. The members of the Musical Society sang the choruses, and they gave the composers a tremendous welcome. After the concert was over I met my boy, who was



quite hoarse from singing and cheering, and we went down to the river to see the boats "bumping." That evening there was a reception at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and I had a long talk with Max Bruch, whom I had not seen since 1878, and chatted with Boïto and Saint-Saëns. Seeing Tschaikowsky standing alone, I went up and spoke to him. He was most affable. On my referring to the frequent performances of his works in London at that time he said, "Je ne demande pas mieux." The next day the composer received honorary degrees from the University.

Of Leschetizky's greatness as a teacher of the pianoforte, of the enthusiasm with which he inspired his pupils, there is no need for me to speak. But I remember his telling me of Paderewski's coming to him for the first time. The young Pole played to him in a manner which at once arrested his attention. There was a strangeness and fire about his playing which betokened the great artist, as yet unable to express himself: the technical finish was wanting, and the just balance of his powers. These qualities Leschetizky was able to educate in

*Gang. der Ihre*  
*J. J. Paderewski*



such a way that his pupil should lose none of the natural poetry and charm in his playing. Paderewski always acknowledges the great debt he owed to Leschetizky, who speaks of him as one of the most lovable artists he has known. Leschetizky's memory goes back a long time, and he told me that, when a boy, he played to Marie Louise, the widowed Empress of Napoleon, and mother of the Duc de Reichstadt (L'Aiglon). He has an inexhaustible fund of good stories, which he will relate to you after dinner till late hours. He once told me of a young lady who asked Moszkowski to write something in her birthday-book. He turned over the leaves and found a page upon which Hans von Bülow had written: "Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, et tous les autres sont des crétins." Moszkowski wrote underneath: "Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski, et tous les autres sont des Chrétiens."

Leschetizky speaks of the curious questions which are sometimes put to him. "An American lady once asked me," he said, "which composer I liked best, Wagner or Brahms; to which I replied 'Tschaikowsky.'"

Of an old professor who still thought himself a capable performer on the concert platform he remarked, "Er spielt die leichteste Sachen mit der grösster Schwierigkeit" (He plays the easiest things with the greatest difficulty).

A charming trait in his character is his affection for his dog, "Solo." "My dog is a faithful



and true friend to me," he says ; " he is always sympathetic, and when I'm sitting at the piano composing and cannot think of a second subject for my piece, my dog pities me."

Talking of the fortunes which are made by piano manufacturers, he remarked " *Chi fa piano, va sano !* "

His energy and vitality are amazing, and it is extraordinary, to me, to think of the amount of work he is still able to get through. When he was over here a few years ago I was delighted to hear him play again. He had kept all his old fire and unerring sense of rhythm. He used often to come and see us, as he was living close by in Duke Street, Portland Place. One Sunday evening I had asked him to come to supper, but suddenly a thick fog came on so that it was impossible to see a yard in front of you. My son went round to see if he was coming. Of course he was, and thought it a great joke groping his way across Portland Place.

Since the advent of Richard Wagner, no composer has created such a sensation or aroused such controversy as Richard Strauss. I remember being present at the first concert which he conducted here : it was at the Queen's Hall one evening in December 1897. From the outset there was no mistake about his gifts as a conductor. He had the lights lowered in the hall when he began Mozart's " *Eine kleine*



Nachtmusik," and it was a real pleasure to note the sympathy he showed for the music and the beautiful balance and phrasing of the orchestra. There was immense *Schwung*, as the Germans say, about the performance of his fine tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung"; everything was made beautifully clear and understandable. It was apparent that another great figure had arisen in the musical world. There was great enthusiasm, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, who happened to be sitting next to me, was also full of praise for Strauss's work. I attended several of the concerts of the Richard Strauss Festival in 1903 at the St. James's Hall, for which Herr Mengelberg brought over his splendid orchestra from Amsterdam. The public showed comparatively little interest in these fine concerts.

At one of them Herr von Possart, the well-known director of the Hoftheater in Munich, who was also a most distinguished actor, appeared and declaimed Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," giving this fine poem in German and from memory, whilst Strauss played the incidental music, which he had composed on the piano. There was, unfortunately, only a very small audience, but it was a most appreciative one, and cheered both artists to the echo. Neither of them was at all well known in England at that period. I paid them both a visit in the artists' room, as I knew them personally. They seemed quite satisfied, and did not mind having



performed to an empty hall. Strauss also accompanied his wife on the piano most beautifully.

Very few years later public interest was at last aroused by Sir Henry Wood's and Mr. Thomas Beecham's performances of Strauss's works at the Queen's Hall, and at the first performance of *Ein Heldenleben*, which I attended, the hall was packed. A young Strauss enthusiast, who was sitting next to me, said, "I was in the Rocky Mountains when I read that *Heldenleben* was to be given in London, so I packed up and came straight back."

The climax came with the production of *Elektra* at Covent Garden under the enterprising direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham. I went to the rehearsals of the opera, so as to get to know the music, and at the first performance on February 19th, 1910, as I could not get a seat, I stood for the whole of the performance—not bad for a man of my age!



## CHAPTER XV

### RECOLLECTIONS OF KING EDWARD, ETC.

Lord Dupplin's dinner-party — My Masonic jubilee — King Edward at Warwick Castle—His joke about Madame Clara Butt and myself—Sir Augustus Harris—The New Mastersingers' Club—Maurice Farkoa's first appearance—I engage Miss Pauline Joran—"Westminster Bridge"—The Marchesis—"Mamma Puzzi"—A telegram after midnight—A scare at Manchester.

I FIRST had the honour of meeting our late King at the house of my pupil, Viscount Dupplin, son of the late Earl of Kinnoull. He gave a dinner-party in honour of King Edward (then Prince of Wales) at his house in Albert Gate, Hyde Park. I had arranged that Signor Gardoni, the tenor from Her Majesty's Theatre, should sing my new National Anthem, "God save the Prince of Wales," and when dinner was over he sang it, the whole of the company, including the Prince, rising to their feet and remaining standing. Later on in the evening Lord Dupplin introduced me to the Prince, who asked me how long I had been in England and all about my career. He also wanted to know whether I knew Mr. Hallé, and when I said yes he remarked that he himself had had violin



lessons, but did not get on well with them, so gave them up. All the same, he was a great lover of music, which he showed by going often to concerts and the opera, and I also recollect, when Director Neumann brought over a German Opera Company, in 1882, to perform the *Ring* at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Prince went to all the performances, some of which began at 5 or 6 p.m., and remained until the end. He also went several times to Bayreuth to hear the operas there.

That same evening at Lord Dupplin's I asked him to allow me to dedicate my song to him, and he at once graciously gave me permission. I had composed it after the Prince's recovery from his serious illness. This song of mine had no chance of becoming popular, because Brinley Richard's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales" had already been taken up as the national song for the Prince.

Lord Dupplin was a thorough musician by nature. He had not studied music, but extemporised most wonderfully and played and sang beautifully. I used to teach him, when he was in the Life Guards, at Knightsbridge Barracks. His uncle, the late Duke of Beaufort, was a great patron of music, and was President of the Glee and Madrigal Society. He sometimes invited me to be present at their meetings, which I always enjoyed very much.

I have been for many years an active Free-



mason, and celebrated my Masonic Jubilee in 1906. All my various lodges presented me with handsome presents on that occasion, consisting of silver vases, entrée dishes, and vegetable dishes, as well as an ebony conductor's baton with an inscription on a silver plate, and a handsome dinner-service.

I was elected Grand Organist of the Grand Lodge of England in 1871, and when I walked up to the daïs of the Grand Lodge, where the Pro-Grand Master, the late Earl of Carnarvon, presided, the whole Masonic company assembled in the beautiful Temple of the Fraternity in the Freemason's Hall cheered me, and Lord Carnarvon, in investing me as Grand Organist, remarked that he could tell by their cheering that my appointment was a very popular one. I held that post for three years.

My friend Sir Edward Letchworth, the secretary of the Grand Lodge, is a universal favourite with the craft.

Everybody knows the vast amount of good this Society does, all over the world, and especially in England, with their Boys' and Girls' Schools and Home for aged men and women. The Masonic Boys' School is in Bushey Park, and the Girls' School at S. John's Hill, Wandsworth; both schools educate many hundreds of children. I remember, on one occasion, when I had arranged a concert for the Countess of Warwick (who had been one of my pupils before



and after her marriage) at Warwick Castle, the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was a guest there. It was soon after the event of the centenary of the Royal Masonic Boys' School took place at the Albert Hall, followed by a grand banquet at which the Prince had presided and the enormous sum of £141,203 was subscribed. I took the liberty of congratulating H.R.H. on the success which had been achieved under his presidency, and he seemed much pleased by my remarks, and took them very graciously.

I had engaged Miss Clara Butt for the concert at Warwick Castle, and when it was over the Prince of Wales called me and said, "Mr. Ganz, Miss Clara Butt is ready to take you under her mantle when you go away!" Everybody laughed at this, Madame Butt being immensely tall and I rather a small man; so I walked up to her, but she did *not* take me under her mantle. We drove back to Leamington to the hotel, as the castle was full of guests and there was no room for the artists.

I have stayed several times at Warwick Castle, and arranged musical parties there for Lady Warwick. It is, as everybody knows, a magnificent old place, full of art-treasures, well-known to connoisseurs in this country, and often exhibited at the Winter Galleries in London.

My wife and I received invitations to the Royal Garden Party, at Windsor Castle, in



1908. Thousands of well-known people were there, and it was most enjoyable. At about five o'clock King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family, with their special guests, walked down from the castle terrace in a procession to the tents, where they partook of tea, next to the royal tent being one in which were the Indian Rajahs and foreign Princes.

Later on the Queen walked in the garden, near to where I was standing, and when she saw me she stopped and shook hands with me and said how sorry she was that she could not come to my Jubilee Concert (which had taken place the previous May), but she had heard how well it had gone off. Then the King saw me and beckoned me to him and said, in German, that he was very glad to hear that my concert had been such a great success and congratulated me on the event.

The following year I met His Majesty again, at Stafford House, when, in passing me, he graciously shook hands with me and said, "Wie geht es Ihnen?" (How do you do?) That, alas! was the last time I saw the King to speak to; he looked the picture of health, and no one could have imagined that he would die the following year, to the great grief of the whole nation, by whom he was universally beloved. The occasion on which I met him at Stafford House was when the Duchess of Sutherland,



now Duchess Millicent, held her annual exhibition of Scotch homespuns. That afternoon the King and Queen had a children's party at Buckingham Palace to celebrate the birthday of one of the young Princesses; but King Edward would not disappoint the Duchess, and with characteristic kindness of heart came to her garden party before his own.

Before Sir Augustus (then Mr.) Harris became manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, he started Italian Opera at Drury Lane. That was in 1886, and I remember one evening on which a grand opera (I think it was *Faust*) was given, at which I was present, when Ella Russell, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and other good artists sang.

Harris was sitting in the stalls immediately in front of me, and, turning round, said to me in a despondent way: "Ganz, look at this empty house!"

With such good singers he felt quite discouraged, but he had his reward later on. After Signor Lago, who was then the director of Covent Garden Opera, had given up its management, Harris stepped in and became the director of the Royal Italian Opera, which title he changed and called it the Royal Opera. Then Jean de Reszke became one of the greatest favourites of the season, creating a sensation as *Faust*, *Romeo*, and *Siegfried*, and he and his brother Edouard drew splendid houses. Harris



was the first to break with old traditions and give operas in the languages in which they were written.

It was many years, however, before the fashion of giving all operas at Covent Garden in the Italian language was finally abandoned. *The Meistersingers* in the nineties was usually played in Italian (certainly with great advantage from the vocal point of view, with such artists as the two de Reszkes and Lassalle). There was a transitional stage when the leading parts in German Opera were sung in German, while the chorus still relied upon their native Italian. In the first act of *Lohengrin* one heard cries of "Der Schwann!" intermingled with "Il Cygno!"

Sir Augustus Harris engaged the best artists, such as Melba, Calvé, and Emma Eames, and I ought not to omit to mention that he persuaded Madame Patti, after her retirement from the operatic stage, to sing in several of her favourite operas the rôles which she sang with so much charm. They were *La Traviata*, and Rosina in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, all of which were exquisitely sung by this great singer, and created the same furore as they did in former years.

Another *prima donna* followed Patti in singing *La Traviata*, Madame Sembrich, who had come fresh from her American triumphs; but she could not eclipse Madame Patti, notwithstanding her fine singing.



Harris produced *Pagliacci* and many other favourite operas. He did his best to give the best performances, and he succeeded. He was also a genius in theatrical matters, and carried on the pantomime and Drury Lane dramas in a sumptuous manner, in which he has been worthily succeeded by Mr. Arthur Collins. He also originated the annual receptions on the stage on Twelfth Night, when the Baddeley Cake is cut.

I was on the stage one morning during a rehearsal when Harris lost his temper, and, turning to me, said in great wrath, "These *prima donnas* drive me absolutely mad ; but you'll see, I shall be a tyrant." Of course he was nothing of the sort, being a most kind, good-natured man ; but he had a quick temper.

Poor "Druriolanus !" He died comparatively young, and had done a great deal for music during his life. His widow became the wife of the popular actor, Edward Terry.

Some years ago I became a member of the New Meistersingers' Club, in St. James's Street, and arranged the musical soirées, for which I generally engaged a good number of artists, and at which I introduced some débutantes who had been specially recommended to me, one of these being Miss Pauline Joran. She played some violin solos very well, and a few days later I examined her voice and discovered that she possessed a lovely soprano ; so I suggested to her



that she should give up her violin-playing and take to the operatic stage, especially as she was very good-looking and had a beautiful figure.

She followed my advice, and, through my recommendation, was engaged by the Carl Rosa Company for the rôle of Beppo in *L'Amico Fritz*, in which she had to sing and play the violin at the same time; so her violin-playing came in very useful. She had a great success, and, later on, was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as one of his *prima donnas*, at Covent Garden, where she appeared as Margherita in *Faust*, as Carmen, and in other operas. She married Baron de Bush, and consequently gave up her operatic career. Unfortunately, the Baron was killed by falling out of a railway carriage while going to Scotland, and thus ended the happy married life of poor Pauline de Bush, who has, however, a sweet little daughter, also named Pauline, left to comfort her.

Another débutant I engaged for the soirées of the Meistersingers' Club was M. Maurice Farkoa. He sang French songs which pleased the audience immensely. Later on he went on the stage, and sang humorous songs, which he does to perfection, both in French and English, and he has become a great favourite in society and at the theatre.

At the opening of the Meistersingers I gave an orchestral Wagner Concert, and engaged a good band. We performed the *Meistersinger*



overture and other extracts from Wagner's works. Unfortunately, the club did not pay expenses, and its proprietor and manager, Colonel Wortham, was obliged to close its doors. This was a great pity, because it was a pleasant rendezvous for artists and their friends, especially on Sunday evenings, when they could gather at the Club and listen to the concerts. The building is now called the Royal Society's Club.

Speaking of clubs, I was also a member of the Arts Club in Hanover Square for many years, Henry Leslie having proposed me; but I found it dreadfully dull, as hardly any musical people belonged to it except Signor Randegger and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the *littérateur* and musical critic, and Mr. Stanley Lucas; so eventually I left it.

A much-esteemed friend of mine is Sir Frederick Bridge, who now conducts the Oratorio Concerts of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall—"Westminster Bridge," as he is playfully called by his brother musicians—the worthy successor of the late lamented Sir Joseph Barnby, who, unfortunately, died in the prime of life, and at the height of his musical career.

In the Coronation year (1911) Sir Frederick, although very busy, paid me a lengthy visit, telling me all his arrangements about the Coronation music, his difficulties with some of the officials—which he happily smoothed over—



and the proposed programme, in which he gave some of the best English composers an opportunity of being performed. He also told me about his own compositions, and how he had introduced Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," into one of his anthems.

He said he would send me an invitation to hear the rehearsal at St. Margaret's Church, which he did; but, unfortunately, I could not avail myself of his kindness, as I was not well enough to go. Bridge had invited no end of artists to supplement the choir, amongst whom was Edward Lloyd, who, of course, had retired from public life, but who sang a small solo. He told Bridge that, as he began his musical career as a choir-boy at the Abbey, he wanted to finish it in the same holy building.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi was, without doubt, the greatest lady teacher of singing during the last century. Her pupils who have become famous include Melba, Calvé, Nevada, Gabrielle Krauss, Marie Duma, Esther Palliser, Emma Eames, Susanne Adams, Frances Saville, Sybil Sanderson, and Etelka Gerster. I knew her when she was in London in the fifties, and her name then was Fräulein Mathilde Graumann, and I often accompanied her at concerts at which she was singing. She had a mezzo-soprano voice. She married the Marquis Salvatore (Castrone), who sang here in English opera, and he was the first to sing "Mephistopheles"



in *Faust*, and became very famous in operas, as well as a concert singer. They settled afterwards in Paris, where Madame Marchesi followed her profession of singing-teacher, till recently. Her husband died in 1908.

She has a worthy representative in her daughter, Madame Blanche Marchesi, who has followed in the footsteps of her distinguished mother, and has become one of the most popular teachers of singing in London. She is a most versatile artist, and speaks ever so many languages. Her greatest successes have been gained in the dramatic parts of Wagner's operas, which she has sung in England and on the Continent, causing quite a sensation.

Her vocal recitals here are most interesting, and she has brought to light old forgotten classical songs. She excels in all styles, and it is a great pleasure to watch the changing expression of her face when singing songs of many different characters. She married a Corsican nobleman, the Baron Caccamisi, who is a great lover of art, and their charming house at Kilburn contains a wonderful collection of souvenirs of all the great artists of bygone and present days, such as composers, singers, instrumentalists, and other distinguished personalities, and also some splendid engravings of famous singers in their various operatic rôles.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi has now left Paris and has settled here.



I must not forget to mention Madame Giacinta Puzzi, generally known by her Italian friends as "Mamma Puzzi." She was an eminent teacher of the old Italian operatic school of singing, and her house was the rendezvous, and second home, of all the Italian operatic stars over here. She was always ready to give them good advice in their difficulties with their managers, and generally smoothed things over by her tact and *savoir-faire*.

On Sunday afternoon the drawing-room was full of musical celebrities, and it was also very pleasant to meet all the new operatic arrivals at her house. For many years she and her husband, Signor Giacomo Puzzi, made the engagements for Benjamin Lumley, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, among these being Mlle Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini. Their three daughters, Emilia (Bini), Fanny, and Giulia, helped their mother to keep open house after their father's death, and to entertain the numberless visitors. When I felt out of sorts I used to go there, and very soon regained my equilibrium and felt happy and contented once more in their congenial society.

"Mamma Puzzi" was an extraordinary woman, full of high spirits and cheerfulness. Since her death there has been no one in the musical world who can quite fill her place. She often spoke of the old times when she heard such great stars as Pasta, Persiani, Rubini, Tam-



burini, and Malibran, and to me it was always most interesting to hear her memories of these giants of bygone days.

One is perhaps sometimes rather heedless in expressing an interest in a forthcoming appearance of an artist at a concert in the provinces. I remember one singer who showed her gratitude by sending me a telegram from Manchester after the concert, which was delivered at my house long after midnight, and contained this interesting information : "Grosse succès. Hallé entzückt" (Great success. Hallé delighted).

The late Dr. Francis Hueffer, critic of *The Times*, told me that, on one occasion, he was knocked up by a special messenger at his house in Brook Green at two o'clock in the morning. After paying a special fee for the telegram, which had been brought from the General Post Office, he opened it to find : "First act of the opera just over ; had immense success. Will telegraph to you again at the end of the opera." He hastened to inform the messenger that he needn't bring him any more telegrams that night, as he would not take them in.

Singers, conductors, and accompanists need plenty of *sang-froid* when they are on the platform. I remember once, when I was at Manchester on the occasion of the opening of the New Victoria Music-hall, an incident happened which illustrates this. Madame Parepa, one of the artists, was singing "On Mighty Pens" from



the *Creation*, when, all of a sudden, there was a loud crack like the firing of a pistol, and someone shouted out "Fire!" Up jumped the large audience, and there was a sudden stampede, the occupants of the pit and stalls trying to reach the stage over the orchestra. I got up from the piano, where I was accompanying, and rushed to Madame Parepa, holding her arm so that she could not move, and waved my other hand to the audience to keep them back. Seeing us both still on the stage, they hesitated and remained quiet, and so a panic was avoided; but had we both left the platform many would have been crushed in their frantic endeavours to gain an outlet from the hall. There was no fire; what had really happened was only the cracking of a long wooden bench on which some people were standing, and which gave way. After that excitement the concert went calmly on, and we congratulated ourselves that no misfortune had happened.

Accompanists must, of course, be ready to transpose music and read anything at sight, and I have found my knowledge of foreign languages is also most valuable in order to be able to follow singers when they lose their places. Accompanists should remember that they will probably be assumed to be at fault if anything goes wrong. I remember, once, when a well-known violinist skipped a whole page in a Handel sonata; I at once picked him up, and he wasn't even aware of what had happened.



## CHAPTER XVI

### CHARITY CONCERTS AND DINNERS

Royal concert for the restoration of Kew Church—H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck—An array of stars—Concert at the German Embassy—The Crown Prince Frederick William's thoughtfulness—Lady Lansdowne's concert—I go to Paris to get M. Alvarez—A "kidnapped" singer—Charity dinners—The German Hospital dinner—Royal General Theatrical Fund—Dinners—Middlesex Hospital—The Throat Hospital—The Newspaper Press Fund—My foreign orders—Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P.—False hopes—Some curious mistakes.

THIS is a great country for charity in all its phases; there is no other country in the world where so much money is subscribed for good causes, and in my long career I have assisted at a great many charity concerts. My first experience of a London charity concert was at Drury Lane Theatre on March 17th, 1853, St. Patrick's Day, when an entertainment was given in aid of the London District Letter Carriers' Pension and Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society.

I give this interesting play-bill of a charitable entertainment in which I took part in the year 1853 which I must value. It was, as I said, in aid of the funds of the London District Letter



Carriers' Pension and Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society.

The programme was a very long one. First came Tobin's comedy *The Honeymoon*, played by Her Majesty's servants, including Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. This was followed by a grand concert in which Miss Poole and Miss Messent sang English songs, and Signor and Madame Lablache operatic excerpts. I was announced, in the quaint phrase of the day, "Herr W. Ganz will preside at Kirkman's Grand Piano Forte." Then came the *clou* of the entertainment :

## MR. RICHARD SANDS' GREAT ANTIPODAL EXPERIMENT,

As Demonstrated by him at the New York Amphitheatre.

WALKING ACROSS  
THE CEILING  
WITH HIS FEET UP  
and  
HEAD DOWNWARDS.

The Entertainment concluded with an Oriental Spectacle, entitled, The

## TURKISH LOVERS

The characters in which were Abdallah, Selim, Scamp, Captain Tandem, Loo-loo, Shireen, and Bustle. In the course of the Spectacle, a



## GRAND BALLET

PAS NEAPOLITAIN by Misses SHARP and SMITH.

PAS DE FASCINATION by Miss ADA MONTGOMERY.

## GRAND PAS DE SCHAL

By Mademoiselle JULIE and the whole of the  
Corps de Ballet.

All this was to be seen at

### REDUCED PRICES!

Stalls, 4s. Dress Boxes, 3s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s.  
Upper Gallery, 6d.

Second Price—Boxes, 1s. 6d. Pit, 1s. Lower Gallery, 6d.  
Private Boxes, £1 1s. and £2 2s.

No Second Price to Stalls or Upper Gallery.

## VIVAT REGINA

The "Great Antipodal Experiment" was, I rather think, the chief attraction!

In 1883 I was asked by H.R.H. the late Duchess of Teck to help her in getting up a concert for the restoration of Kew Parish Church, and it took place at St. James's Hall on May 31st.

The Duchess herself wrote to most of the artists and lady patronesses, and worked day and night for the concert. She frequently came to my house in Harley Street to attend the committee meetings, and my wife always provided tea for her. She greatly enjoyed the tea, especially the brown bread and butter, which



she told me she liked immensely, and she took a great fancy to one of my arm-chairs, a low, comfortable one, and always sat in it during the meetings, and was delightfully unceremonious.

I often visited her at Kensington Palace, where she was then living, and she complained to me of the way in which the Government made her pay for coals and other necessities, which I suppose had in former years been freely granted to her. We also had a committee meeting at Devonshire House, under her presidency, at which the Duchess of Devonshire, the late Countess of Rosebery, and other lady patronesses were present, and I was much struck by the splendid, business-like way in which these ladies carried out every detail. On that occasion the Duchess read aloud a letter from Queen Victoria, in which the Queen addressed her as "Dearest Mary," and said she would take some tickets and wished the concert every possible success.

This wish was fulfilled, for it realised over £1,100, and the agents and some artists told me afterwards that it spoilt the other concerts of the season by taking away so much money! What would these fault-finders have said in these days, when so many charity concerts are constantly being arranged, and large sums collected?

The concert was under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, most of



whom were present, and the following great artists took part: Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Madame Alwina Valleria, Madame Patey, Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Frederick King. The instrumentalists were: Madame Norman Neruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Franz Neruda, the brother of Madame Neruda. Signor Tosti accompanied one of his popular songs, and apart from this great array of artists we had an additional attraction in Sir Henry (then Mr.) Irving, so no wonder the hall was crowded, and nearly the whole of the hundred and four patronesses were present. I conducted the whole concert, and received the gracious thanks of the Duchess, who was delighted with the result.

Another great charity concert with which I was associated took place at the German Embassy, in Carlton House Terrace, and was arranged by me for the late Prince (then Count) Münster, who was then German Ambassador. It was in aid of the families of the officers and sailors of the German battleship, *Der grosse Kurfürst*, which foundered off Dover with all hands on board, and it took place in the year 1878.

The Crown Prince Frederick William and the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Princess Royal of England, were present, and when the Imperial



visitors arrived and walked through the corridor leading to the concert-room Count Münster introduced me to the Crown Prince, who said in German, "Sie sind wohl gar ein Berliner Kind?" (You are, no doubt, a Berlin child?) and I replied that I was not, but came from Mainz. He said he knew my name through my uncles, Leopold and Moritz Ganz, in Berlin.

Just as the concert was about to begin the Crown Prince noticed that, as I sat at the piano, the sun was shining into my face through the window, and thoughtfully pulled down the blind, and, later on, when I was opening the top of the grand piano he got up immediately and came and helped me. The following artists assisted on this occasion: Madame Etelka Gerster, Madame Trebelli, Herr Henschel, William Shakespeare, and Charles Hallé.

Another memorable charity concert took place at Covent Garden Theatre on February 22nd, 1900, in aid of the widows and families of the officers who fell in the Boer War. The concert was organised by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, whose husband was then the Secretary for War. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild took an active part in the arrangements, and asked Madame Patti to give her services, which she at once did. He consulted with me about everything, and, as we wanted a good operatic tenor, and there was none available, he suggested that I should go to Paris and see if I could obtain



the help of M. Alvarez. I accordingly went to Paris the following morning, and in the evening went to the opera, where *Faust* was being performed, and was shown into the director's box, where I met M. Gailhard and M. Capoul, whom I had known from meeting them in London. M. Jean de Reszke, whom I knew well, was also in the box. During the interval I spoke about Alvarez, and M. Gailhard said he had no objection to his singing, and I had better telegraph him to New York, where he was then singing.

I accordingly sent Alvarez a long wire asking him to appear in a scene from *Roméo et Juliette* with Madame Patti, and asked his terms. The same evening I received a wire from him in which he said he would be most happy to sing without any fee, as the English public had always been very kind to him.

Next day I showed the wire to M. Gailhard, who, however, made some objection to Alvarez singing in London, as the Parisian public wanted him first when he returned from America. I wrote to Mr. Alfred de Rothschild telling him the difficulty, and when I saw him in London on my return he said he would send a confidential clerk to "kidnap" Alvarez and bring him over to London, which he succeeded in accomplishing!

I had engaged a very good orchestra, which I conducted. The scene from *Roméo et Juliette* with the "Alouette" duet, was the *clou* of the evening, and everything went off well. The con-



cert was a huge success; all the tickets were sold and the boxes fetched as much as a hundred guineas, and the stalls ten guineas. The sum-total was £11,000: such a large amount has never been collected through any other single concert.

When it was over supper was served in the *foyer* of the opera. A large round table was reserved for the Prince of Wales, at which he graciously invited M. Alvarez and me to sit.

Lady Lansdowne afterwards presented me with a gold cigarette-case, with a diamond star in the corner, inscribed as follows:

ROYAL OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN



## CONCERT

Given on the 22nd Feb., 1900

PRESENTED TO

WILHELM GANZ

WITH THE MOST GRATEFUL THANKS OF THE MARCHIONESS  
OF LANSDOWNE'S COMMITTEE, THE OFFICERS' WIVES AND  
FAMILIES FUND

S. A. WAR

General Herbert Eaton told me afterwards that, while Madame Patti was singing, the soldiers on the stage cut holes in the drop-scene in order to peep through and see her.

The National Anthem was sung by Madame Patti and Mr. Edward Lloyd, and the orchestra and a military band accompanied the chorus.

Another big concert which I arranged was given in the summer of 1890 for the benefit of



the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; a society in which Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, took a great personal interest. As a result of the concert a sum of £876 5s. 3d. was handed over to the Executive Committee.

I also arranged a great entertainment in July 1904 in aid of the Ophthalmic Hospital of the Order of St. John at Jerusalem, at His Majesty's Theatre. Among the artists were Madame Albani, Ben Davies, Kubelik, and Madame Ada Crossley.

Then there are the charity dinners, at which large sums of money are collected. I have assisted with musical entertainments at many of them; for instance, the annual dinners in aid of the German Hospital at Dalston, of which the late Duke of Cambridge was President for many years, and presided at the annual dinners every second year.

I have had no difficulty in getting the assistance of first-rate English and foreign artists. At these dinners I always had books of the words, with full programmes, which is often a troublesome affair, as it is difficult to get the titles and words of the songs beforehand from the artists. I have arranged the music at these dinners for at least fifty years, twenty years with Sir Julius Benedict, and afterwards alone, and one of the standing toasts given by the chairman is to the health of the artists, with best thanks for their kind services and coupling



my name, to which I have always had to make a suitable reply.

Another annual dinner is that in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, at which all the well-known actors, such as Irving, Toole, Bancroft, Hare, and Alexander have presided, as well as politicians and other friends of the theatrical profession. For many years I have arranged the music at these dinners, and also at those of the Newspaper Press Fund (of which Lord Glenesk was president and was succeeded by Lord Burnham), and the German Society of Benevolence.

The dinners given in aid of the Middlesex Hospital I often attended, and gave them a good musical entertainment, and for several years I helped at the dinners given by Sir Morell Mackenzie in aid of the Throat Hospital in Golden Square, which he built and equipped, where we generally had a galaxy of singers. I also frequently assisted in getting up the musical soirées of the Austro-Hungarian Franz Joseph Institute, at which Count Mensdorff always presided.

I have received several Orders from foreign sovereigns, one of which is the Order of the Crown of Prussia, bestowed upon me by the Emperor Wilhelm I, on December 12th, 1881, as a recompense for the work I had done for the German Hospital and the German Society of Benevolence by arranging the music at their



dinners for so many years. Count Münster, the German Ambassador, presented it to me.

Then I received from the present Emperor, Wilhelm II, the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, Fourth Class, presented to me by Count John Bernstorff, who represented the German Ambassador after the death of Count Hatzfeld.

The Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, honoured me by giving me the Franz Joseph Order, presented to me by His Excellency Count Mensdorff, the present Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and King Oscar of Sweden presented me, through his Minister, Count Lowenhaupt, with the Order of Wasa, First Class.

The late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg gave me the Order of the Ernestiner-Sächsischer Family House Order of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha of the high rank of First Class, and I am very proud of being the possessor of these distinguished Orders.

A well-known politician I used to meet occasionally was the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P., a popular wit of his day. I remember urging him to propose a vote of money for the Royal Academy of Music and kindred institutions, but he said the English were not sufficiently musical to be encouraged by Government support. We had a hot argument, as I held quite contrary views, and I flatly contradicted him and gave him my reasons, which I need not specify here. Many years ago I had the same argument with



the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, of "Lucifer Matches" fame, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. In both cases my plea came to nothing.

I had another talk with Bernal Osborne at Mrs. Ronalds's on musical subjects, and he still maintained, as he always did, that the English are not a musical nation, and we had another argument about it. As a case in point, when Patti, Titiens, Nilsson, Trebelli, and the latest star, Tetrazzini, appeared at the opera here for the first time, they were always at once appreciated, without preliminary puffs. The English orchestral players read music at sight better than their *confrères* on the Continent, and abroad, when a new opera is produced, no end of rehearsals are needed before it is ready for production; while here only a few orchestral rehearsals are required to obtain a good result. I find the following note in my diary, apropos of the chorus at Her Majesty's in 1851:

"The chorus is very strong. The women, mostly English, read excellently at sight, and the men are German, Italian, French and English, the last of whom could be reckoned the best musically."

When *Faust* and *Carmen* were first produced in Paris they were a failure, and Gounod had the greatest difficulty in getting a publisher to buy his *Faust* for the English copyright. When both these operas were performed here under Gye



and Mapleson at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre they were an instantaneous success. So who can say the English are not a musical nation?

Mrs. Ronalds's musical parties on Sunday afternoons at her pretty house in Cadogan Square are well known, and she is a true friend to musicians. I first met her at Witley Court, Lord Dudley's house, where she sang most beautifully, having a very fine soprano voice. Sullivan composed and dedicated his "St. Agnes Eve" to her, and I accompanied her in it, and in all the rest of her songs. At her Sunday musical parties some of the best artists from the opera are frequently heard, and she also gives the chance of a hearing to young American artists (she being herself an American) and other promising singers.

I often regret the musical receptions given by Sir Julius Benedict and Sir Charles Hallé, where musical people had an opportunity of meeting one another. There is nothing quite like them nowadays.

I have before referred to the fact that the musical schools and academies, with their good and inexpensive teaching, have almost done away with private pupils. This brings me to the change in the style of vocal music taught at the present day.

Formerly, artists sang mostly Italian cavatins and songs from Italian, French, and Ger-



man operas ; but now these are seldom heard. One very seldom hears trios and quartettes from Italian or other operas, or concerted music at soirées and "At Homes," with the exception of the ever-popular quartette from *Rigoletto*.

I have asked concert singers who have come to me for engagements whether they knew this or that duet or trio, and their reply is generally in the negative.

I have often been asked to hear young singers and be useful to them, and, in examining them, I have found out that hardly any of them are capable of singing scales or shakes.

Not long ago a lady came to me to hear her voice. When she entered my study I could not help noticing her appearance ; she was short and stout, and not at all prepossessing in any way. That would not have mattered if her voice had been good, or she had sung well. I heard her sing a few ballads, which she sang wretchedly. She said she was forty-two, and that she wanted to enter the musical profession. She added that she had been for four years under a master, who had told her she could easily earn four pounds a day by concert singing. I at once disillusioned her and told her she had better give up all idea of singing in public ; and then she departed, very despondently. Poor woman ! it was a nasty task to have to disappoint her ; but it would have been far more cruel to have raised her hopes.



I have often had to disappoint young artists by telling them their voices were not what they thought them—contraltos saying they were sopranos, and baritones calling themselves tenors. Their professors had humoured them by falling in with their ideas.

This reminds me that a young lady once came to me bringing me the usual letter of introduction and sang the air, "With Verdure Clad," from the *Creation*. Her high notes were very flat, and she said they made her throat sore. I at once knew the cause, and asked her to sing a scale very slowly, singing downward and finishing at the low G. As she sang, the lower notes, beginning from the middle register, were perfect notes from the chest, and really beautiful. I then told her she was a contralto, and that her voice was of true contralto *timbre*—certainly not a high soprano, to which category "With Verdure Clad" belonged. I advised her to go on studying as a contralto, and she accepted my advice and later on became a well-known artiste.

It has so often happened, too, that "tenors" who came to me could not reach the high notes properly, because, being really high baritones, they forced their voices and sang flat, as well as getting their throats constantly out of order.

Nowadays English artists do not change their names as they did formerly by Italianising them, as, for instance, Signor Foli did, his real



name being Foley. Now they are proud of their nationality. Voice-training is taught on sounder lines, and although there is not much evidence of the traditions of the "bel-canto" school, yet our methods tend to bring out any charm there is in the pupil's voice. At the same time, there are always drawbacks. It is unfair to expect professors to give a satisfactory lesson in twenty minutes, which is the usual length of the lessons at some of the academies. Again, vocal students are led away by such tricks as singing on a particular tone, or singing a scale with interludes of counting between the notes to take breath, or lying down flat on the floor to learn breathing. All these tricks tend to ruin the young voice, and I must caution young singers against having their upper notes forced. Besides, they ought to be trained from the beginning to learn the A B C of the art, the scales and intervals. Far be it from me to suggest that the tricks I have mentioned are learnt at the academies; but they are too often taught by private masters.

I remember a young singer who had a beautiful production and method of singing, telling me that when he first came over from abroad he found great difficulty in getting anything to do, until, one day, he called upon a fashionable teacher of singing, who no sooner heard him than he said, "Will you be my show pupil? I will give you £3 a week."



## CHAPTER XVII

### MY JUBILEE CONCERTS, ETC.

My Jubilee Concert in 1898—Dinner at Lord Blyth's—My Diamond Jubilee Concert—Lady Bancroft's speech—Signatures in the autograph album—Recollections of Charles Kean—Other great English actors.

I GAVE a Jubilee Concert to celebrate my fifty years' residence in England. It took place at the Queen's Hall, June 7th, 1898, and was a tremendous success.

When first the idea struck me that I might venture to give such a concert I thought I would ask my dear friend, Madame Adelina Patti, to assist me, and I therefore called on her at the Hôtel Cecil and told her about the concert. She at once consented to sing, and I was overjoyed at her generosity.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family gave their patronage to the concert, and a representative honorary committee was formed. My brother and sister artists all came forward to show their friendship for me.

The morning of the concert I visited Madame Patti at her hotel and brought her a silver vase,



which made her shed tears of emotion, and to commemorate the occasion she gave me a silver paper-knife, and her two faithful attendants, Karo and Patro, also gave me silver presents, which I greatly appreciated.

The hall was crowded, and all the tickets were sold. There were so many wonderful hats worn by the ladies present that the hall looked like a garden of roses. The concert began with an organ solo, played by Mr. Tonking, and Madame Patti had a great reception. Being in mourning, she wore black, with beautiful diamonds. She first sang "Bel Raggio" from *Semiramide*, and her second song was my "Nightingale's Trill," and then, as an encore, "Home, Sweet Home," followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye." Mlle Marie Engle, from Covent Garden, sang my song "Sing, Sweet Bird," and had to repeat it, and also the duet "Sull'aria" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with my daughter Georgina, which was encored. Miss Clara Butt had met with a carriage accident a short time before, and although not quite recovered she was determined to sing for me, and gave my song "Forget me not," which she had to repeat. Unfortunately, she was so overcome by the exertion that she fainted when entering the artists' room; but so far recovered that later on she sang "Oh that we two were Maying," with Mr. Kennerley Rumford.

Miss Ada Crossley sang "Caro mio ben" to perfection, and Madame Blanche Marchesi sang



three songs in her own incomparable way. Madame Alice Gomez, Madame Giulia Ravogli, Signor Ancona, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, and my old friend Santley also sang, and I played Mendelssohn's concert in G minor with quintette accompaniment by M. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Emil Kreuz, M. Hollman, and Mr. Haydn Waud. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery recited, and my son Charles sang the serenade from Tschaiikowsky's *Don Juan*. My old friend, George Grossmith, gave some of his musical sketches, and at the end of the concert I had to make a speech, in which I thanked Madame Patti and the other artists for their generous help, and said I felt deeply grateful to the English people, who, during a period of fifty years, had been so kind to me in my musical undertakings. After this little speech I played two pianoforte pieces of my own.

I don't think there was ever a concert in which so many world-renowned and celebrated artists took part, and I must not forget the conductors and accompanists, Signor Alberto Randegger, Mr. Wilhelm Kuhe, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Bendall.

Lord Blyth (then Sir James) gave two dinner-parties at his house, 33, Portland Place, in my honour on that and the following evening, at which Madame Patti, all the artists, and a most distinguished company were present, the guests numbering forty at each dinner.



When I had resided sixty years in this country I celebrated the event by giving a Diamond Jubilee Concert, and again Madame Patti most generously consented to sing. I also obtained the kind services of Madame Donalda, Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Gregory Hast, Mr. John McCormack, M. Edouard de Reszke (who, unhappily, was ill and not able to appear), Mr. Hamilton Earle, Mischa Elman, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Margaret Cooper, and Mr. George Grossmith. My son Charles also sang for me. The conductors were Mr. Hamilton Harty, Mr. Adolph Mann, and myself. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and the rest of the Royal Family gave me their patronage, and H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg was present. Madame Patti sang "Voi che sapete" and "Pur Dicesti," and when I began the first few familiar bars of "Home, Sweet Home," the whole audience rose and thundered their applause. I played the first movement of Beethoven's C minor Concerto with quintette accompaniment and at the end of the concert my new "Adelina Valse," which I had just written and dedicated to Madame Patti.

Between Part I and Part II Lady Bancroft came forward with Madame Adelina Patti, all the artists, and the members of Executive Committee, and presented me with an album of autographs.



LADY BANCROFT'S SPEECH AT MY  
JUBILEE CONCERT

She began, "I am not going to make a speech, but will read you a letter."

"HONOURED AND MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,"

Here Lady Bancroft paused, and, looking up at the grand circle where my wife was sitting, said, "Don't be jealous, dear," and then continued:

"I am here to perform a most delightful duty. I have to congratulate you on your Diamond Jubilee, and to present to you, on behalf of the committee, a beautiful album, which contains the autographs of distinguished sincere admirers and affectionate friends.

"It is a tribute to you, not only as an artist who has lived amongst us for sixty years in this, your adopted country, but as a man who has won the hearts of every one by a kind and genial nature.

"In the midst of your own hard work you have never been unmindful of the necessity of others. You have never been deaf to the calls of charity. You have ever been ready and anxious to lend a helping hand—I may say, two helping hands—and with your whole heart you have contributed your talent when a good cause presented itself.

"Your gifted and sweet old friend has come from her retirement to give you a tribute of her affection—I mean, of course, Madame Patti, our well-beloved and never-to-be-forgotten Adelina.

"You have been her companion in art for so many years that to see one without the other on the platform would have made one wonder. The nightingale and its attendant bird. I my-



self have often heard you speak of her with adoration, and I know her love for you will endure whilst memory holds a place.

"This will be a red-letter day in your remembrance, and this book will be to you a treasured possession. It contains the autographs of most distinguished personages, celebrated artists, many of whom are here to-day to do you honour, and all good friends and well-wishers. It will be a joy to you to read it in years to come, and will be a proud inheritance for your family. And now let me offer you, in addition, my love, and God bless you. *Auf Wiedersehen*. And, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, 'Here's your good health,' and your family, and may you live long and prosper.

"Believe me to be

"Your affectionate old friend,

"MARIE EFFIE BANCROFT."

Naturally I felt quite overcome. Madame Patti, noticing this, came forward and kissed me on the cheek and placed a laurel wreath on my head, and Lady Bancroft also kissed me. I could only say a few words of thanks in reply.

The audience cheered and sang "He's a jolly good fellow."

The album was signed by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the present King and Queen, and all the members of the Royal Family, the Ambassadors, the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith), Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, the Speaker (Mr. Lowther), Lord Londonderry, Carrington, Cadogan, Derby, Selby, Alverstone, Cawdor, Dunraven, Mr. Henry



Chaplin, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Alfred Emmott, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Lord Grenfell, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir John French, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Sutherland, Lords Londesborough, Kintore, Plymouth, Lonsdale, Esher, Howe, Blyth, Claud Hamilton, Arthur Hill, Burnham, Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Strathcona, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Frederick Milner, Sir Horace Rumbold, Sir Charles Mathews, Sir George Faudel Phillips, Baron F. d'Erlanger, Baron Schroeder, Sir Henry Mackinnon, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Drs. Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, Nikisch, W. H. Cummings, and Hans Richter, Sir F. Bridge, Sir Frederick Cowen, Prof. Leschetizky, Sir Douglas Powell, Sir William Church, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir F. Burnand, Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Sir Douglas Straight, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir John Hare, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir George Alexander, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, and others too numerous to mention, as well as the artists who took part in the concerts.

I have spoken of the great musical geniuses I have met since 1848. I ought also to mention some of the actors.

I had the good fortune to be engaged in the orchestra at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street when Charles Kean was the lessee and



manager. I say good fortune, because it gave me the opportunity of seeing Kean act. He was, as all the world knows, a short, high-shouldered man, and he spoke a little through his nose ; but his acting was so wonderful that it overshadowed these defects.

His wife, Mrs. Charles Kean, was, on the contrary, a fine, tall woman, with a glorious and melodious voice, and her *Lady Macbeth* was, of course, historical.

I remember a performance of *King John* in which Mr. Terry and his daughter Kate (sister of Miss Ellen Terry) took part ; she played the part of little Prince Arthur most pathetically. In those days *The Corsican Brothers*, by Dion Boucicault, had made a great sensation, and all London rushed to see it. The incidental music was composed by M. Robert Stoepel, and there was one air in it—the “ Ghost Melody ”—that had a great effect when played *pianissimo* on the strings. Charles Kean played the double-rôle of the brothers, Mr. Alfred Wigan the Marquis de Chateauneuve. Wigan was a fine actor, and in the Duel Scene he was splendid. The handsome Miss Murray was also in the cast.

In Kean's company was also Miss Agnes Robertson, who acted in Boucicault's plays and became his wife. She was the original Colleen Bawn in his play of that name. Other members were the beautiful and clever Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. John Ryder, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr.



Harley, and Dion Boucicault. The incidental music for the Shakespearean dramas was composed by John Hatton and others.

Kean used to arrange theatrical performances for Queen Victoria at Windsor; but he gave them up eventually. I believe I am the only person outside the theatrical world who remembers Kean's splendid season of Shakespeare at the Princess's. He was followed by Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree, whose productions of Shakespeare's works have certainly eclipsed all that have gone before them.

I have seen on the stage, about 1848, the wonderful Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews. I knew Mathews personally; he was a great genius, and, curiously enough, acted in French both here and in Paris without being able to speak that language. I know this for a fact. In some of his own pieces, such as *Chatter* versus *Patter* he spoke at an extraordinary rate.

I also remember Fechter, who had a fine figure and resonant voice, and spoke English well, with only a slight French accent. I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Wright as Paul Pry, Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, Mr. Benjamin Webster, father-in-law of Lord Burnham, Madame Celeste in the famous play *Green Bushes*, Mrs. Robson at the Olympic, and many others. I must not forget to mention my old and personal friends, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft; at the time of which I am writing Lady



Bancroft was Miss Marie Wilton, and brought out all the well-known and popular comedies written by Tom Robertson, such as *Ours*, *Caste*, *School*, and many others. She carried them on for many years at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, with her husband, Mr. Bancroft, and afterwards they took the Haymarket Theatre, where they remained until they retired. Sir Squire has made a great feature of his Dickens readings for charity, which have realised an immense sum. They have a charming house at Sandgate, facing the sea, where they welcome their friends on Sunday afternoons.

I recollect Madame Geneviève Ward (who was famous in a play called *Forget Me Not*), coming out as a dramatic singer in Bellini's *Puritani* in 1862. She continued on the operatic stage for some years under the name of Madame Guerrabella. She last acted, I believe, in Rudolf Besier's Greek play, *The Virgin Goddess*, and now lives in retirement at St. John's Wood. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal I have often seen play, and I must not forget my dear old friend, Johnny Toole. In his own time none could surpass him, and he had a heart of gold.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### MODERN ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN

Jean de Reszke comes out as a baritone—I introduce Madame Melba to the English public—Carl Rosa forgets an appointment—Tetrazzini—Destinn—Calvé—Nordica—Kirkby Lunn—Ada Crossley—Clara Butt—Ruth Vincent—Maggie Teyte—Aino Ackté—Huge fees paid to modern singers—Modern violinists—Ysaye—His “quick change”—Kreisler—Elman—Modern ‘cellists—Hollman—Casals—Gérardy—Modern pianists—Paderewski—Eugen d’Albert—Godowsky—Busoni—Madame Carreño—Her Jubilee—Robert Hichens as musical critic—Conductors, past and present—Richter—His wonderful memory—Thomas Beecham—An interesting letter from him—Nikisch—He pays me a visit—Henry J. Wood—Landon Ronald—Sir Edward Elgar—Sir Hubert Parry—Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—Norman O’Neill—Dr. Vaughan Williams—Walford Davies and the Temple Church.

It is a strange fact that M. Jean de Reszke first came out in London as a baritone. He sang, under my direction in 1874, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts, the aria “Sei Vendicata,” from *Dinorah*, and his first appearance at Covent Garden was in the opera *Les Huguenots*, in which he played the rôle of the Count de Nevers—a baritone part. Signor Cotogni, who was in the same opera, helped him to dress and make up, and gave him some good advice about the part, little thinking that in



after-years he would become the great tenor who would captivate all his hearers not only by his marvellous voice, but by his clever and most intelligent acting. His brother, Edouard, has also been a great favourite—hardly any one else, except, perhaps, Plançon, could sing and act the part of Friar Laurent in *Roméo et Juliette* as well as he could, and his fine, commanding presence and magnificent *basso-profundo* made him greatly esteemed. Both brothers have long since retired from the operatic stage. M. Jean de Reszke has now settled in Paris, where he has become famous as a teacher of singing, and many young aspirants study grand opera with him.

I pride myself on being the first to introduce Madame Melba to the English public. She came to me soon after her arrival from Australia in 1886, and brought me a letter of introduction from a friend in Melbourne. I asked her whether she had brought any songs for me to hear, and she said "Yes." So she sang the grand aria "Ah ! fors' è lui " from *La Traviata*. I was delighted. It could not have been better sung ; the vocalisation was perfect, and she warbled her runs and shakes without any effort. When I asked her to sing something else, she pleased me very much with her rendering of my song, "Sing, Sweet Bird," and she told me she had sung it a great deal in Australia and made it popular there.

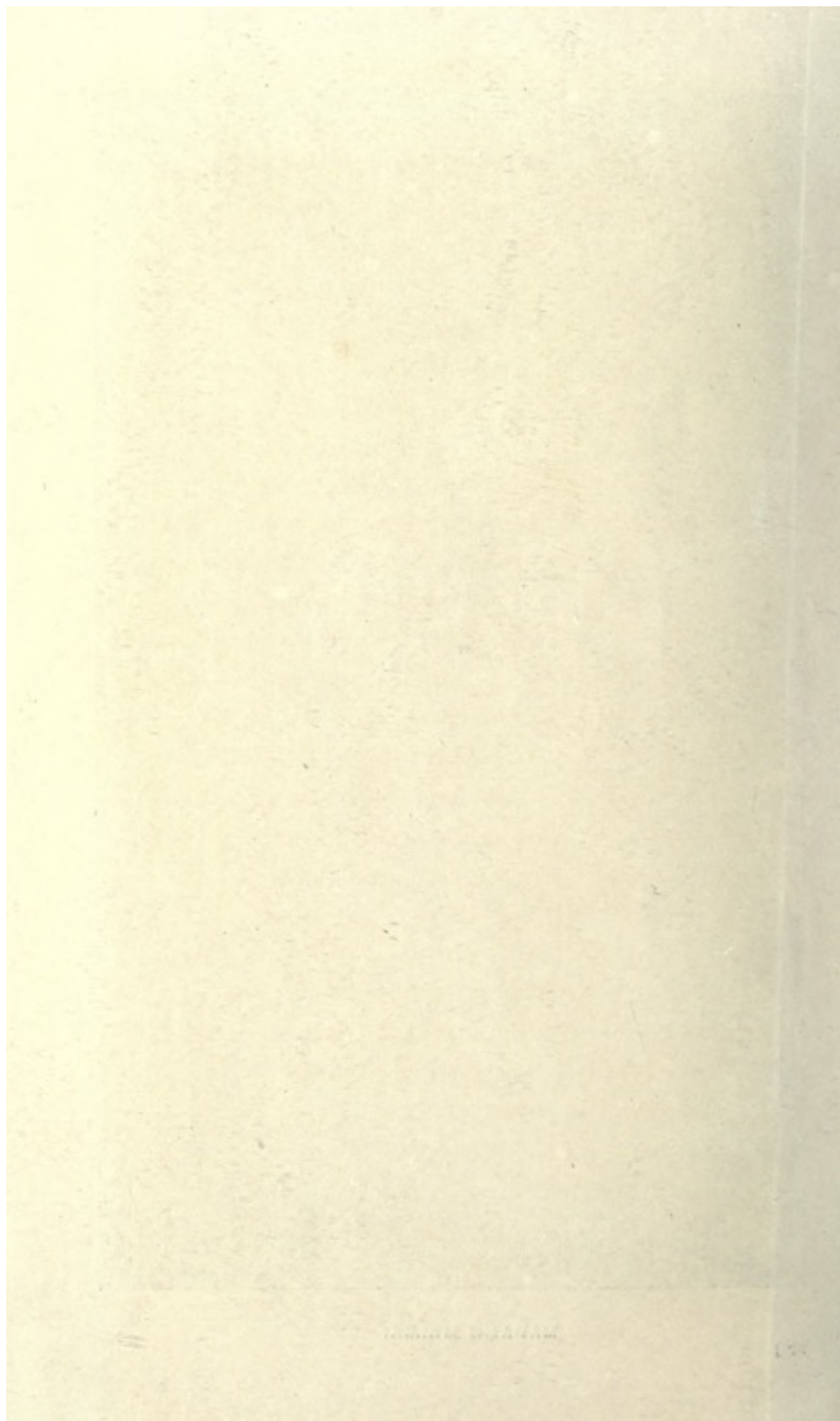


To Mr. W. Lang  
from his affecto  
London June 9<sup>th</sup>/90. Kellie Melba



MADAME MELBA.







After hearing her, and being satisfied that she would be very successful in public, I said that I would like her to sing at Prince's Hall in Piccadilly (now demolished and changed to Prince's Restaurant), at a concert given by a pupil of the late Chevalier Emil Bach. I conducted the concert, and had a small orchestra, and Madame Nellie Armstrong (that was her real name in those days, as she adopted the name of "Melba" later on when she appeared in opera in Brussels and at Covent Garden) sang the two songs which I had heard at my house, and she was encored in both of them.

A few days afterwards I told her that I was arranging the music at the dinner of the Royal Theatrical Fund at the Freemason's Hall, when the late Sir Augustus Harris (at that time Mr. Augustus Harris) took the chair, and I asked her to help for this good cause, to which she consented. One of her songs was Gounod's "Ave Maria," with Mademoiselle Anna Lang's violin *obbligato*. It created a great sensation, and Augustus Harris, who had never heard this beautiful song before, was charmed with it. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mrs. Armstrong, with the rest of the artists who had assisted, remained to a convivial supper, at which I presided.

When I met Mrs. Nellie Armstrong again I suggested that she should become the *prima donna* of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company,



and she replied that she would be glad to accept an engagement for that English opera company. I told her that I knew Carl Rosa very well, and should ask him to come to my house to hear her. I fixed the interview for the following Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock at my house, and called on Mr. Carl Rosa. He said he would come, and wrote the appointment in pencil on his shirt-cuff. Well, on the appointed Tuesday Mrs. Armstrong punctually came at three o'clock, and waited a whole hour for him ; but, unfortunately, he never came. He told me afterwards that he had forgotten all about the appointment ! That was very unfortunate for him, because I am convinced that, if Rosa had heard this Australian singer, he would have engaged her then and there for a number of years and the company would have made a fortune.

I asked Mrs. Armstrong to come on another day to meet Rosa, but she would not hear of it. She then told me that she was going to study with Madame Mathilde Marchesi, and was going at once to Paris for that purpose for eight or nine months. I said to her that I thought it was hardly necessary for her to do so, as her singing was then already so perfect. Shortly afterwards she wrote me the following letter :

“ MY DEAR MR. GANZ,

“ I am so sorry I was unable to come and



see you before I left London ; but I was so busy. I had no time, and we left a day sooner than we intended. Have you heard of any possible engagements ? I am so anxious to get on, I hope you will put in a good word for me whenever you can. Were there any notices in the papers about either entertainments ? I did not see any. Do you think I could get an engagement at any of the Patti concerts ? I would not mind singing there, for then I should have a chance of singing before a big audience. What beautiful weather we are having, quite a treat after all the rain.

“ Give my love to Mrs. and Miss Ganz.

“ Hoping you are all well.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ NELLIE ARMSTRONG.”

She went, however, and made her first appearance in grand opera in Brussels, afterwards in Paris, and then at Covent Garden, where she appeared for the first time in 1888, as Lucia, under Sir Augustus Harris's management. I was present on that occasion. Everybody knows the brilliant career which she has had ever since in this country, on the Continent, in America, and Australia and New Zealand.

I ought here to mention that about the same time she called upon me she visited also Sir Arthur Sullivan and Signor Alberto Randegger, and sang to them with the object of getting engagements from the former and receiving lessons from the latter. Sir Arthur put her off by saying that he would give her a part in his



*Mikado* in a year's time, and the latter told her that he had no time to give her lessons. She has mentioned these facts in a book of her musical career in which she states that "the only musician who gave her encouragement was Mr. Wilhelm Ganz." In after-years, when she became famous here and met these two musical gentlemen, she and they had a good laugh on these, to them, unflattering events.

Curiously enough, when Madame Tetrizzini first appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the tenor, Signor Carpi, who took the part of Edgardo, asked me, a few days before the performance, whether I would come and hear him in the opera. I told him I had heard *Lucia* so often that I should be glad if he would excuse me. He had not mentioned that there was a new *prima donna* making her first appearance, or I should have gone.

The next morning the papers were full of Tetrizzini's great success. There had been no previous announcement of her remarkable powers, and the public were taken by surprise and highly delighted, and I felt sorry I had not gone to hear her, even for a short while; but I managed to do so later on, and was charmed with her singing. The house had been sold out the nights she appeared, and I had the greatest difficulty in even getting standing room to hear her. There is no need for me to dwell upon the beautiful quality and exceptional compass of



her voice and her brilliant powers of execution. In the great Mad Scene she brought down the house with thunders of applause. The revival of interest in the old operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti is largely due to Tetrazzini. These florid operas exactly suit her style, and she has brought them again into vogue, such as *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Lucia*, and I will also include Verdi's *Traviata*, though it is not such an old opera as those I have mentioned.

Al Signor Guglielmo Gaus. Egregio  
 Maestro e buon amico. Ricordo  
 felice di sottoscrivere in questo superbo  
 Album  
 Luisa Tetrazzini  
 Londra 29- Luglio  
 1908

Of course it requires a great artiste of exceptional powers to sing these old operas. I have been present in the stalls at Covent Garden when Tetrazzini was singing and noticed the delight in people's faces when they heard all the old familiar melodies, notwithstanding the fact that they were constantly hearing the Wagner operas, and those of Puccini and Richard Strauss, and the later operas of Verdi, such as *Aïda*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*.

To conclude my impression of Madame Tetrazzini, I should like to add how wonderfully she



finished the Cabaletta in *Lucia*, commencing a shake on B flat and finishing her cadenza on the high E flat in Alt.

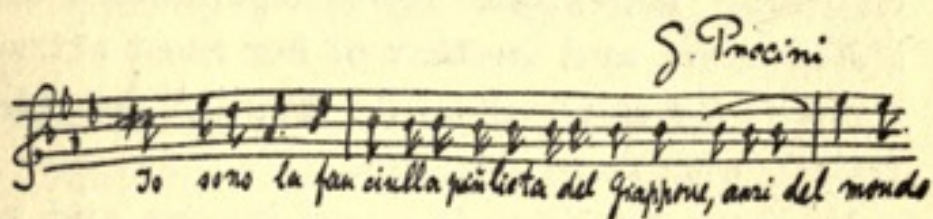
Soon after this I made the acquaintance of the gifted artiste and found her most charming and unassuming. One day when I called on her she asked me to try over some English songs with her, which she has since sung at concerts. When I gave my Diamond Jubilee Concert in 1908 she insisted on buying tickets for it, as she was very anxious to hear Madame Patti, whom she had *never* heard sing. She was, of course, enchanted with the great Diva, and spoke most enthusiastically of Patti's singing, and was full of veneration for her. When we gave a reception in honour of Madame Patti we specially invited Madame Tetrazzini to meet her, when I introduced them to one another, and they became the greatest of friends.

The splendid impersonations of Mlle Emmy Destinn in *La Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Aïda*, won for her immediate recognition as a dramatic soprano of incomparable powers and the highest artistic gifts. In such rôles as Tess in Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's fine opera, she has the voice and personality that transfigure the part and move her hearers to tears. She is a native of Prague, and before she came to England was engaged at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Every winter she appears at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York. Apropos



of her assumption of the part of Madama Butterfly, when it was first performed at Covent Garden, I heard a Japanese gentleman remark that it was the only truthful presentment of Japanese life on the stage that he had seen since he came to Europe.

My readers who have in years past had the advantage of hearing Signor Graziani, the



(Butterfly.)

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung! Herrn Wilhelm  
Gaus von Emmenstien

greatest foreign baritone of his time, will remember his luscious voice and the wonderful delivery of his Italian method. He has now a worthy successor in Signor Sammarco, the most admired baritone at Covent Garden. I shall never forget the first time I heard Sammarco's splendid singing of the prologue in Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, as his voice reminded me so much of Graziani's, and I do not wonder he has



become such a great favourite in England and America.

Madame Calvé's vivid presentment of the character of Carmen is still fresh in our recollection. Although she is a dramatic soprano, her voice is particularly sweet in the upper register and in florid music where her *coloratura* and her lovely shake show off to perfection. She revived the charming Barcarolle from Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*, and another of her most attractive songs is "Les Couplets de Mysoli," by Félicien David, with flute *obbligato*.

Madame Nordica, the well-known and much admired American *prima donna*, has often sung her Wagnerian rôles at Bayreuth and at the Prinz Regenten Theater at Munich, while she is also a very fine concert singer. To my mind her greatest part is that of Isolde in Wagner's *Tristan*. I have already spoken of Madame Emma Eames on a previous page, and also of Madame Sembrich. Both these artistes have of late years sung principally at the American Opera-houses, where they are great favourites. Madame Kirkby Lunn, the great English contralto, first came out as Norah in Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien* in 1896, then joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Manchester, and then sang with great success at Covent Garden, where she created the part of Dalila in Saint-Saën's opera. How can we ever forget her delivery of the beautiful aria "Mon Cœur



s'ouvre à ta voix," or "Printemps qui commence" ? She is also great as Amneris in *Aïda*, and as a concert singer she is simply perfection. I have heard her sing at most of her recitals and her voice reminds me very much of Alboni's. I cannot pay her a greater compliment than this. She is always accompanied by that accomplished musician, Mr. Percy Pitt, whose song, "Love is a Dream," she sings to perfection.

Another splendid contralto is the Australian singer, Madame Ada Crossley. I was not surprised to hear that on a recent tour in her native country the horses were taken out of her carriage and it was dragged by young Australians to her hotel. She is a fine musician and a universal favourite, and was chosen to sing the National Anthem when King George laid the foundation-stone of the Australian Commonwealth building in the Strand the other day.

England may certainly be proud of being the native country of Madame Clara Butt, who has made a great name for herself not only in Great Britain, Australia, and South Africa, but also in Germany, where she has sung in German before the Emperor and Empress. She excels in such songs as Liddle's "Abide with me," and in Frances Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving," and Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and is equally at home in oratorio. Her commanding presence—



she is over six feet in height—always creates an impression wherever she sings.

Madame Butt is ably assisted by her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, in her various tours and over-sea engagements. He is the possessor of a very attractive baritone voice, and is a thoroughly good artist. It is a pleasure to hear him sing duets with his wife, such as the "Night Hymn at Sea," which they sang at my Jubilee Concert. They are both such favourites that whenever they announce a concert they are always sure of a full house.

I should like to mention another English singer, Miss Ruth Vincent, who has made a good reputation for herself. One of her first successes was the part of Véronique, in *Messenger's* charming opera, and it was chiefly owing to her singing and acting that it had such a long run. Since then she has been one of Beecham's *prima donnas* at Covent Garden, singing the leading rôles in *Hänsel und Gretel* and *Contes d'Hoffmann*. She has an extensive compass, and her upper notes are specially good. As *prima donna* in *The Grand Duchess* at the Savoy she was exceedingly popular, and by way of contrast she has sung in Handel's *Messiah* with great success.

A young and rising artiste is Miss Maggie Teyte, whose début at Covent Garden as Marguerite in *Faust* at once brought her into the front rank of singers. She created the part of Mélisande



in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and has been very successful at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, singing French like a native.

All these modern singers I have mentioned have often sung at my annual concerts, and I have accompanied them all, with the exception of Miss Maggie Teyte, who sang at my benefit concert at the Royal Albert Hall (of which I will write fully later on), when through my accident I was not able to be present, as did also Madame Aïno Ackté, one of the most distinguished singers who have appeared during this century. Her success as Salome in Strauss's opera is known to everybody, and she is a magnificent singer and actress in the most difficult rôles. She was born in Finland and made her first appearance in London in January 1907.

Things have moved very rapidly of late years. It was only in 1904, I remember, when Massenet's opera *Hérodiade* was given at Covent Garden for Madame Calvé, that the management were compelled by the Censor to change the title of the opera. The title chosen was *Salome*, as likely to give less offence to public prejudice! Herod was renamed Moriame, roi d'Ethiope, and Herodias was also renamed. But it was difficult to make the illusion complete. In the scene in the Temple the seven-branched candlestick was seen, and Madame Calvé led a procession of girls carrying palms and singing "Hosanna." When the Roman prefect ap-



peared and began his address to the Ethiopian crowd, he mistook their nationality and addressed them as "Peuple juif"!

Talking about modern singers reminds me of the enormous fees which they—principally the sopranos—receive for singing at private parties, sometimes as much as 300, 400, and 500 guineas, while in former years such great artists as Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and the old Lablache only received 15 or 20 guineas for each entertainment. It is therefore difficult for hostesses to keep up the former custom of opening their salons to their friends and having the most renowned artists to sing for them. Unless they have an exorbitantly expensive star to attract their guests in the height of the London season they cannot give these private concerts. The guests who are invited to musical parties try to find out, before accepting, who is going to sing, and unless it is some great singer they stay away, which is very hard on hostesses who cannot afford to pay these high prices.

During my long musical career I have known many great violinists, and have already alluded to the famous ones of past days. In the present time M. Ysaye is, of course, one of the very first.

I remember, on one occasion, he gave a concert at Queen's Hall and played a Concerto by Vieuxtemps and the ever-popular Mendelssohn Concerto, which were so greatly applauded that he gave, as an encore, Saint-Saëns' "Rondo



Capriccioso." It was five o'clock, and he had to play the same evening at Birmingham, and was obliged to change into his evening clothes in the artists' room, so as to catch the six o'clock train. This was quick work, and artists, years ago, would not have dared to do such a thing, as they always rested hours before playing at a concert, and kept thoroughly quiet. Now they rush about, and if on tour where they have to sing or play every night in a different town, they sometimes arrive just as the concert begins, and I have known cases where they arrived so late that they had no time even to dress suitably beforehand, but had to appear in travelling dress, owing to their trains being delayed.

In recent years Herr Fritz Kreisler has maintained his great reputation here by introducing Elgar's First Violin Concerto to the public, which he plays magnificently. Mischa Elman, who came here from Russia as a boy, and is a most marvellous player, has the most faultless expression and fine technique. He is a real genius, and his career has been one long triumph. I have reason to be particularly grateful to him, as he played for me at my Jubilee Concert in 1908, and my benefit concert in 1911.

Of the 'cellists in the present day my old friend, M. Joseph Hollman, is one of the most popular. He plays here every season, and is in great request at private musical soirées. His tone is grand, and his execution splendid. He



has composed concertos for his own instrument, and his *Morceaux de Salon* are charming and full of melody. He has assisted me at my annual concerts for a great many years. He is a great favourite at At Homes. I remember, on one occasion, when he was playing, a footman entered the room bearing a tray with cups of tea. Seeing Hollman seated in the middle of the room playing his 'cello he walked up to him and offered him some. Hollman at once laid down his 'cello, drank off the tea, and then resumed his piece where he had left off. That fine 'cellist, Señor Casals, has proved himself one of the greatest living artists. M. Jean Gérardy, who came over from Liége and played on Madame Patti's concert tours, when I always accompanied him, already made his name here as a boy.

Among the modern pianists M. Paderewski continues to hold his high place as an artist of rare charm and poetical feeling.

Then there is Mr. Eugen d'Albert, the great Beethoven player, who reappeared here this summer, but rarely comes over since he settled in Berlin. I am told he does not like to be reminded that he was born in Great Britain. I knew his father when he lived at Newcastle, where he wrote popular dance-music in the fifties. Eugen d'Albert now goes in for composing operas, one of which—*Tiefland*—was lately performed at Covent Garden with con-



siderable success. His operas are very popular in Germany, the land of his adoption.

It is unnecessary for me to do more than mention the brilliant Chopin playing of Godowsky, Busoni's development of pianistic tone-painting, and Moritz Rosenthal's phenomenal feats of execution.

I have known Madame Teresa Carreño for many years, and we have always kept up our

*In kind remembrance to my  
dear old friend Mr. Wilhelm Gauer  
from his old friend who signs herself,  
your faithful friend  
" " " affectionately  
Teresa Carreño*

*London February 26<sup>th</sup> 1909*

friendship, ever since she first came over here. On my recent birthday she sent me two big bouquets of flowers and her signed photograph. She has travelled all over the world, and delighted many thousands of people with her playing, which is remarkable for its wonderful power. Carreño is full of charm, and a brilliant conversationalist. She has a beautiful smile, and speaking dark brown eyes. It is hard to believe that she has been fifty years before the



public and announced her Jubilee Recital last year.

One of the most brilliant critics I ever knew was Robert Hichens, the novelist, who for some years in the nineties used to contribute a weekly article in *The World* which was a wonderful medley of scintillating wit and humour and keenly appreciative. I recall such phrases, apropos of a pianist of the ultra-strenuous type who shall be nameless, "He will even hit a piano when it's down!" and of a modern string quartette of continuous *arpeggios*—"It seems as if the *arpeggios* would go on till the last trump turned the quartette into a quintette."

He also told me that his original intention in early life was to become an organist, and that he had studied with George Riseley at Bristol. "I never was able to master the organ. When sitting there, it always seemed so aloof, so far away. I never could get into any personal relation with it."

Of conductors I have known many, one of the greatest being undoubtedly Dr. Hans Richter, who has worked hard here for many years as conductor of the Charles Hallé Manchester Concerts and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, and, above all, Wagner's musical dramas at Covent Garden. For many years he gave orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, where he excelled in Beethoven's Symphonies,



all of which he conducted from memory. I have already referred to him in writing of the first performances at Bayreuth, which he also conducted from memory; indeed, it is always said of him that, if all the Wagner scores were to be burnt, Richter could write them out from memory!

He has now retired into private life, and his many friends and admirers will wish him to enjoy his well-earned rest in good health, peace, and contentment.

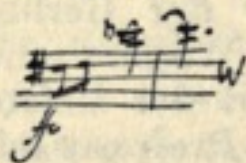
In a letter he wrote me shortly after he had conducted *The Ring* at Covent Garden in 1903, he says:

“Für mich war das Schönste und Erfreulichste das Publicum; welche weihevollle Stille *während* und welcher Enthusiasmus *nach* den Akten! Wenn man Wagner-Ehrungen erleben will, muss man wahrlich in's Ausland gehen. Noch immer werden die Schüler der Berliner Musikschule vor dem Besuche der Wagner'schen Werke gewarnt; selbst in der Zeit der tiefsten Verkenennung Berlioz's hätte es kein Professor oder Director des Pariser Conservatoire gewagt, die Schüler von dem Besuche Berlioz'scher Aufführungen abzureden; aber in Deutschland ist es noch heute—20 Jahre nach des Meisters Tode—möglich, unehrerbietig über Richard Wagner reden zu hören. Ich bin froh, dass ich diesen unerfreulichen Verhältnissen entronnen bin, und diese letzten Aufführungen haben es mich recht fühlen lassen, wie richtig es war, mein Heim in England zu suchen *und auch zu finden*, darf ich hinzufügen.”



("For me the finest and most delightful thing was the Public; what a solemn stillness *during* the acts, and what enthusiasm *afterwards*! To experience what honouring Wagner means one must really go abroad. The pupils of the Berlin Music-school are still warned against attending performances of Wagner's works; even in the time of the worst misjudgments of Berlioz, no Professor or Director of the Paris Conservatoire would have dared to warn the pupils against going to Berlioz performances; but in Germany it is still possible—twenty years after the Master's death—to hear disparaging remarks about Richard Wagner. I am happy that I have seen the last of this unhappy state of things, and these last performances have made me really feel how right it was to seek, and, if I may add, *to find* my Home in England.")

*Dem hochverehrten Collegium, Herrn Wilhelm Gang,  
zum freundlichen Einmurmern an der „Neuade“  
am 11. Nov. 1885 in London.*




*Hans Richter*

Of the conductors at Covent Garden, Signor Campanini in Verdi's and Puccini's operas proved himself as great as any of his Italian *confrères*, where previously my old friend, Luigi Arditi, composer of "Il Bacio," which Madame Patti has rendered so popular, Alberto Randegger, and Mancinelli were famous names, and latterly we had Thomas Beecham, who con-



ducted Richard Strauss's *Elektra* and *Salome* splendidly. The incomparable Arthur Nikisch won fresh laurels this year as conductor of Wagner's *Ring* at Covent Garden.

  
So poelt des Schicksal an unsere Pforte! -

Herrn Wilhelm Gang  
dem hochverdienstvollen Pionier  
für musikalische Kultur in  
England  
zu freundlicher Erinnerung

Arthur Nikisch  
London, 17. Juni 1913

I was deeply touched by a visit he paid to me recently. He came quite unexpectedly and stayed a long time. He knew all about the musicians from abroad I had known in earlier days, and talked about their various characteristics. When I showed him the programmes of my orchestral concerts with the performances of Berlioz's Symphonies and Liszt's *Divina Commedia*, he compared the difficulties I must have had in those days, when there were no permanent



orchestras, with the present time, when there are several, and spoke of my courage in giving those works over thirty years ago. I told him I remembered attending an afternoon concert in Queen's Hall, when he made his first appearance here and electrified every one by his rendering of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor, then still a little-known work.

Among concert conductors of the front rank is Sir Henry J. Wood, who has made the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts so popular, and is acknowledged to be the greatest English conductor. Sir Edward Elgar has only recently entered the ranks of conductors. The youngest conductor of the present time is Mr. Landon Ronald, son of my dear old friend, the late Henry Russell. He has established some symphony concerts with a new orchestra of his own creation, and conducts at the Sunday Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall.

One day Mr. Henry Russell brought his little son to me and said he wished me to hear him play, and give my opinion about his talent. The boy played the "Moonlight Sonata" to me, and when he had finished I played it to him to correct some of his faults. I told his father that he had great gifts, and should continue to study under a good master, and he was quite satisfied with what I said. Many years afterwards, when Landon Ronald had risen to fame,



he spoke of the circumstance to me, and said he would never forget it. He has now become a first-rate accompanist and clever conductor, and has been engaged to conduct some of the symphony concerts in the principal cities on the Continent, while his songs and orchestral compositions have become very popular. He is now Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, the "right man in the right place."

Among the modern English composers whose name stands in the first rank is Sir Edward Elgar, who quickly rose to fame by his oratorios *Gerontius* and *The Apostles*, and by his First Symphony. Since then he has gained fresh laurels by his new Violin Concerto, which Herr Fritz Kreisler has played so often with enormous success, and which is a monumental work of its composer, and his Second Symphony, which has also been so much admired, and his charming "Sea Songs," which Madame Clara Butt sings at nearly all her concerts. England may well be proud of him, for his orchestral works are performed with great success and much appreciated on the Continent.

Well-established favourites among English composers are also Sir Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, to whose operas and their performance by the Carl Rosa Opera Company I have alluded in a previous chapter. His cantata, *The Rose*



of *Sharon*, is a splendid work, and his "Benedictus" for the violin has been performed by all the leading violinists. It may not be generally known that Alexander Mackenzie settled some time ago in Florence, but returned at the instigation of the late Dr. Francis Hueffer, who advised him to come over to England, and recommended his opera *Columba* to Carl Rosa for production.

Another favourite British composer is Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, to whose well-known opera, *Shamus O'Brien*, written quite in the Irish style, I have also previously alluded. His symphonies and other works have had well-deserved success. Then I come to my old friend, Frederick Cowen, on whom King George has now bestowed a knighthood, that honour being highly deserved and much appreciated by his numerous friends and admirers. His compositions of all kinds are voluminous, including his many songs and symphonies. "The Better Land," his most popular song, was one of the favourites of Madame Antoinette Stirling, and "The Swallows" is sung by Miss Evangeline Florence. His latest cantata, *The Veil*, which was written for the Cardiff Musical Festival, was performed with great success.

I am glad that my friend Arthur Hervey has found more leisure since his retirement from his duties of musical critic to continue composing so admirably.



One evening, many years ago, I went to see Richard Mansfield, the American actor, in his fine performance of *Richard III*. He was, I believe, a nephew of Alberto Randegger. I was much struck by the incidental music, and went to ask one of the band, whom I knew, about the composer who was conducting. It was Edward German, who afterwards attained such great popularity with his charming music to *Henry VIII*.

I must also mention Mr. Norman O'Neill, a young composer who writes incidental music to dramas, his music for Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* being specially delightful, and Mr. Roger Quilter and Mr. Cyril Scott, who have composed many charming songs as well as more ambitious works. Mr. Balfour Gardiner is also a rising young composer, and so is Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, whose opera, *The Children of Don*, to the libretto of Lord Howard de Walden, was performed under Mr. Hammerstein's management at the New Opera-house; Herr Nikisch conducted two performances of it, and the composer conducted the third. Dr. Vaughan Williams has won a high place by works representing the best tendencies in modern English music. I have followed his career with interest since his undergraduate days at Cambridge.

The works of Dr. Walford Davies are well known, and considered very fine, and apart from this he is a wonderful organist, being



attached in that capacity to the Temple Church, where he has trained the choir to a high pitch of perfection, as I have noticed when attending services there, if it is permissible to say so.



## CHAPTER XIX

### MY BENEFIT CONCERT

Our golden wedding—Wilhelm Kuhe—Benefit concert at the Albert Hall.

I THINK I ought to mention our golden wedding day, which took place on August 3rd, 1909.

My wife and I had no end of handsome presents and telegrams from relations and friends, as well as bouquets of flowers and gilded laurel wreaths.

In the afternoon we had a garden party in the grounds opposite our house, and snapshots were taken of us and our children as well as photographic groups. In the evening we had a family dinner-party and some music afterwards, during which Madame Blanche Marchesi and Madame Zélie de Lussan charmed us and our friends with their singing. We spent a most delightful evening (though as host I ought not to say so!); and it was twelve o'clock when the festivities of this glorious day finished.

### FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

"The worst that anybody ever said of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz was that he was a German adverb



of emphasis; but that was in a humoursome speech proposing the toast of his health many years ago. To-day everybody is toasting Mr. and Mrs. Ganz with emphasis on the occasion of their golden wedding, and wishing them many more years of happiness. The man who has accompanied Madame Patti's songs for more than half a century needs no reminder that he is over seventy years of age, and has filled a busy life with many professional triumphs. But these achievements of his have been so varied that half of them are possibly forgotten, even by the genial impresario himself. His compositions include many favourite lyrics, and his pupils, at the Guildhall School of Music and elsewhere, include many famous professionals and amateurs. Few men have crowded so much music and friendship into the limits of an active public career, or have won and retained so many golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men and women. Doubtless those who have known him longest will remember him oftenest as a courtier of the old school, leading the great Diva on to the platform amid thunders of applause; and then, with a touch of the piano, leading her off again into an ecstasy of song that left ineffaceable memories with all who heard it. To-day, the lady that Mr. Ganz leads down to the footlights of public acclamation is his life's partner—his own best 'accompanist'—and the song is 'Home, Sweet Home.' ”

I cannot conclude my Reminiscences without giving an account of the wonderful concert which Madame Patti so generously gave for my benefit on Thursday, June 1st, 1911.

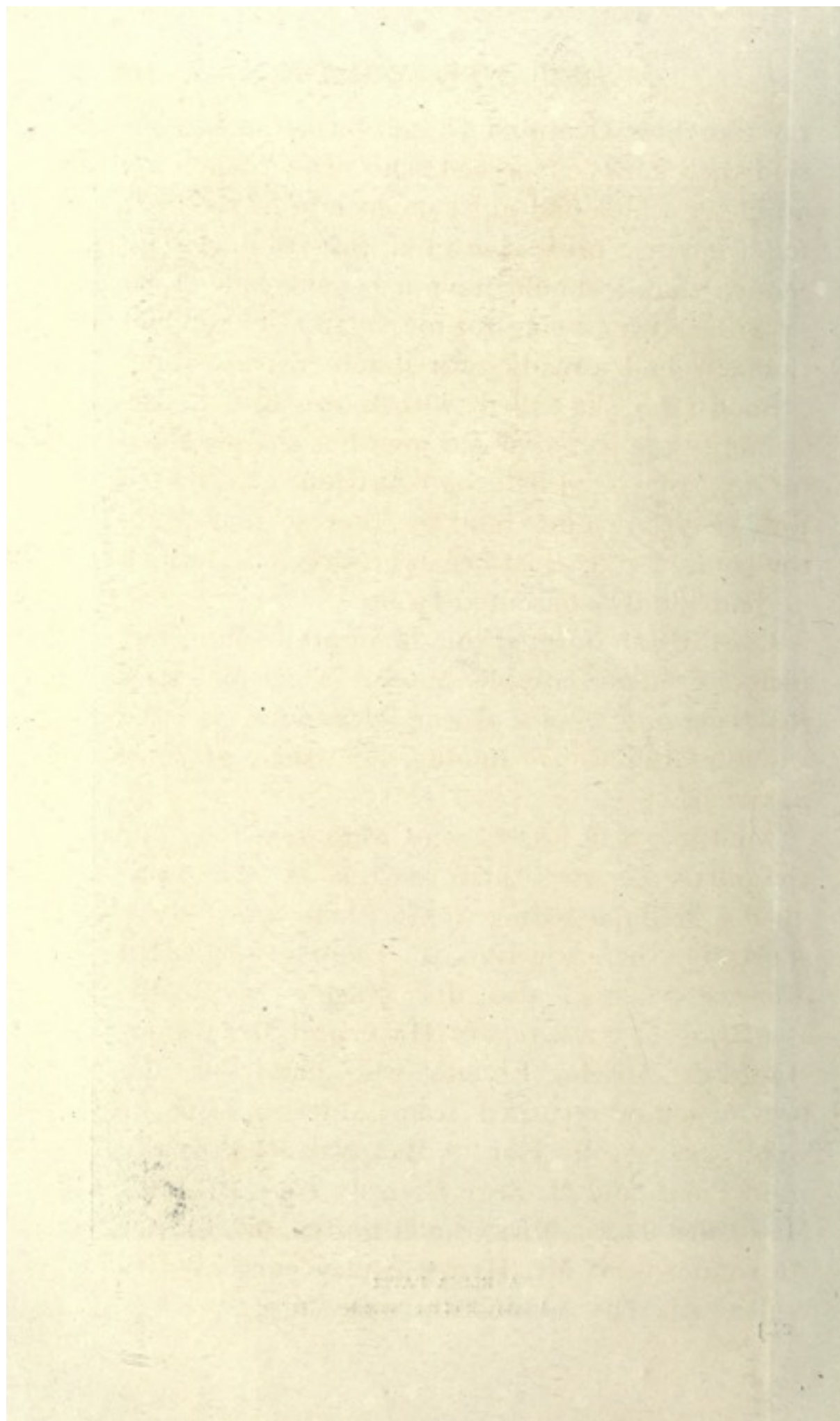
Some weeks previously Madame Patti asked





ADELINA PATTI  
A Souvenir of the Concert.







my daughter Georgina to call on her, when she told her how concerned she was about my accident, which had quite incapacitated me from following my profession, and said that she intended that I should have a benefit concert, at which she would sing for me, in spite of the fact that she had already retired into private life.

Soon after she called, with Baron Rolf Cederström, to see me, and told me what she proposed to do. She said she had written a letter to Lord Blyth asking him to interest himself in the concert and assist her in getting it up, which he had kindly consented to do.

Lord Blyth formed an honorary committee, including many notable names. Their Majesties the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the whole of the Royal Family gave their gracious patronage.

All the great artists who were asked by the committee to give their services at once complied. Madame Aïno Ackté, who had only a short time before arrived in England, promised at once to sing; also Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Robert Radford. Mischa Elman, who had only the previous day returned from America, said he would play. Mr. Harold Bauer came specially from Paris, and M. Jean Gérardy from Brussels. Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Cecilia Loftus, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Henry Ainley consented to recite, and the conductors were Messrs. F. A.



Sewell, Adolph Mann, Percy Kahn, and Alfredo Barili, Madame Patti's nephew. With such a splendid array of distinguished artists the success of the concert was assured. Much to my regret, I was compelled by my doctor's orders to stop at home; but I was not alone, as I had asked my old friend, William Kuhe, to come and take tea with me. He arrived, and we chatted pleasantly together, when presently my daughter Georgina, who had gone to the concert, arrived in a taxi to tell me the news that Madame Patti had just finished her last song and that she was in wonderful voice. Her reception by the enormous audience, said my daughter, was something to be remembered; they kept cheering and applauding for at least five minutes, and Madame Patti was quite overcome by the ovation. She sang in the first part Mozart's "Voi che Sapete," with Lotti's "Pur Dicesti" as an encore, and in the second part Tosti's "Serenata," and for the encore "Home, Sweet Home." Many people had tears in their eyes, for nobody has ever sung this simple ballad with greater pathos than Madame Patti, and every syllable was distinctly heard by the vast assembly. Even the wife of the composer, Sir Henry Bishop, who sang it often to my accompaniment many years ago, could not equal Patti in the singing of it.

The Diva received numerous bouquets, and I sent her a large laurel wreath, with the dates



1861 and 1911 on satin streamers, as a remembrance of her first appearance at Covent Garden fifty years before. She has indeed had a wonderful career, and has kept her voice as fresh and beautiful as when she first carried London by storm.

William Kuhe had known many great artists in his time, and it was always a delight to me to hear him speak of the golden days of fifty or sixty years ago, telling me stories about them. He had heard Chopin play at a concert he gave in Eaton Place, when he (Chopin) was so weak that he had to be carried up into the drawing-room to the piano, and yet his playing was unique and unforgettable. He had also heard Thalberg, Hummel, Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Madame Pleyel (whom I had heard frequently in 1852), and Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, and many celebrities of bygone days. All these pianists I had heard play and knew them personally, with the exception of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Hummel, who died before my time. Kuhe had also heard all the great singers, such as Jenny Lind, Sontag, Persiani, Patti, Grisi, Nilsson, Alboni, and a host of others, whom I had also heard and accompanied, and knew personally; so we could both talk about these stars and musical matters in general. We exchanged our impressions, and it was a special pleasure to me to be with my old friend. When he was alive I think he and I and John Thomas,



the harpist, and Alberto Randegger were the oldest musicians living in London.

So anxious was Madame Patti to sing her best for me and not to disappoint the public that, as I heard afterwards, for weeks she had taken care of her voice and health, not even going out of doors, to avoid risking a cold, and when she arrived in London, although invited out to innumerable dinners, etc., she would not accept any invitations, nor would she attend any theatres until the concert was over.

A striking incident occurred when Madame Tetrazzini left her seat to ascend the platform and present Madame Patti with a large bouquet of flowers. The two *prima donnas* embraced *coram populo* amid scenes of enthusiasm.

It will be news to my readers to hear that Madame Patti always felt very nervous before going on the platform, and has often said to me: "Ganz, what shall I do? I feel so dreadfully nervous; my heart is palpitating terribly." I always tried to reassure her, but as soon as she got on the platform and began to sing she forgot everything. This was also the case with Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Thalberg, and other great artists.

Between the first and second parts Sir Herbert Tree addressed Madame Patti and the rest of the distinguished artists, and thanked them in my name for their valuable assistance, and said he hoped I would soon be well again.



## SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S SPEECH

He almost wished, he said, they had left the building with the sweet tones of that dear and wonderful lady ringing in their ears. But, alas! he had a duty to perform which must be done. He would be lacking in gratitude to Madame Patti if in the name of the committee he did not thank her for her generous thought in getting up this concert for her dear friend, Mr. Ganz, who, as they knew, was her faithful friend and accompanist. It was appropriate, for he had in his entire career done many acts of kindness for his comrades, and it was right that that great lady should show that act of friendship in which they joined that day.

Madame Patti had just celebrated her fiftieth anniversary. On May 14th, 1861, Madame Patti made her first appearance in *La Sonnambula* in Covent Garden Theatre. It remained for him to thank the artists.

"We all regret," he continued, "that Mr. Ganz, through ill-health, is sitting in 'his sweet home' with tears in his eyes, thinking of the friendship of Madame Patti to-day and the echoing shouts. He is not in the building, but we wish him many golden days to enjoy the golden proof of the esteem of the public and the esteem of his friends. It is a delight to them to see the great audience assembled on this occasion."

During the day I received no end of sympathetic letters from friends and relatives, and also many bouquets of beautiful flowers, one of which was sent by my sister, Marie Ganz. Madame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr.



Kennerley Rumford, sent me a wire from Southampton, and said how much they regretted not having been able to sing at my concert. Madame Kirkby Lunn also sent me her regrets at not being able to sing for me.

As I close these pages I am filled with a feeling of gratitude for the kindly thought which prompted Madame Patti to offer me yet another and most striking testimony of her valued friendship and affection, and I am no less proud to remember the loyal artists who rallied round her and all who helped to make the concert a success.

In placing on record these memories of musical events that have happened during my long career it has been a great pleasure to me to recall the many kindnesses that I have always received from my brother and sister artists, which will remain amongst the happiest of my recollections.



## LIST OF MY COMPOSITIONS

### PIANOFORTE SOLOS

Adelina Valse.  
Allons Vite ! Galop.  
En avant. Galop.  
Grande Valse brillante.  
Je me souviens. Mélodie.  
La Ballerina. Mazurka.  
La Vivacité. Polka.  
Le Bonheur suprême.  
Paroles d'amour. Romance.  
La Voglia. Mazurka.  
Qui Vive. Galop.  
Souvenez-vous ? Mélodie chantante.  
Souvenir de Wrest. Mazurka.  
Souviens-toi ? Mélodie chantante.  
Tyrolienne.  
Vision du passé. Rêverie.

### PIANOFORTE DUETS

Adelina Valse.  
Allons Vite ! Galop.  
La Vivacité.  
Qui Vive ! Galop.  
Souvenir de Wrest. Mazurka  
En avant. Galop.



## SONGS

A Damsel Fair was singing.  
Camelia and Rose.  
Dear Bird of Winter.  
Forget me not.  
Faithful Echo.  
God save the Prince of Wales.  
I seek for thee in every Flower.  
Kindred Spirits.  
Love shall never die.  
Love hailed a little Maid.  
My Mother's Song.  
Since Yesterday.  
Sing, Birdie, sing.  
Sing, Sweet Bird.  
The Fisherman's Wife.  
The Mountain Flower.  
The Murmuring Sea.  
The Nightingale's Trill.  
When thou wilt be my Bride.  
When we went a-gleaning.  
When the Thrush sings.

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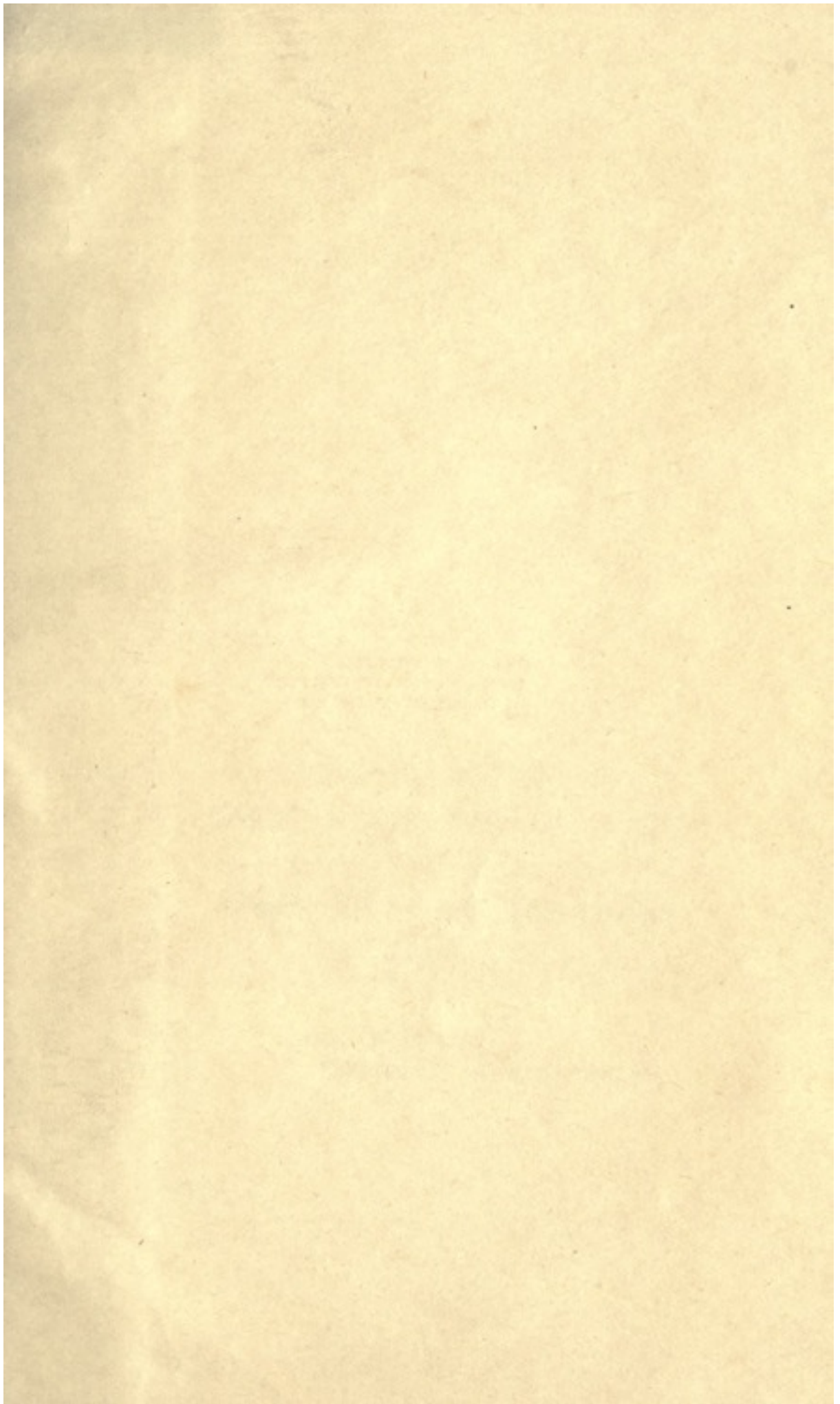


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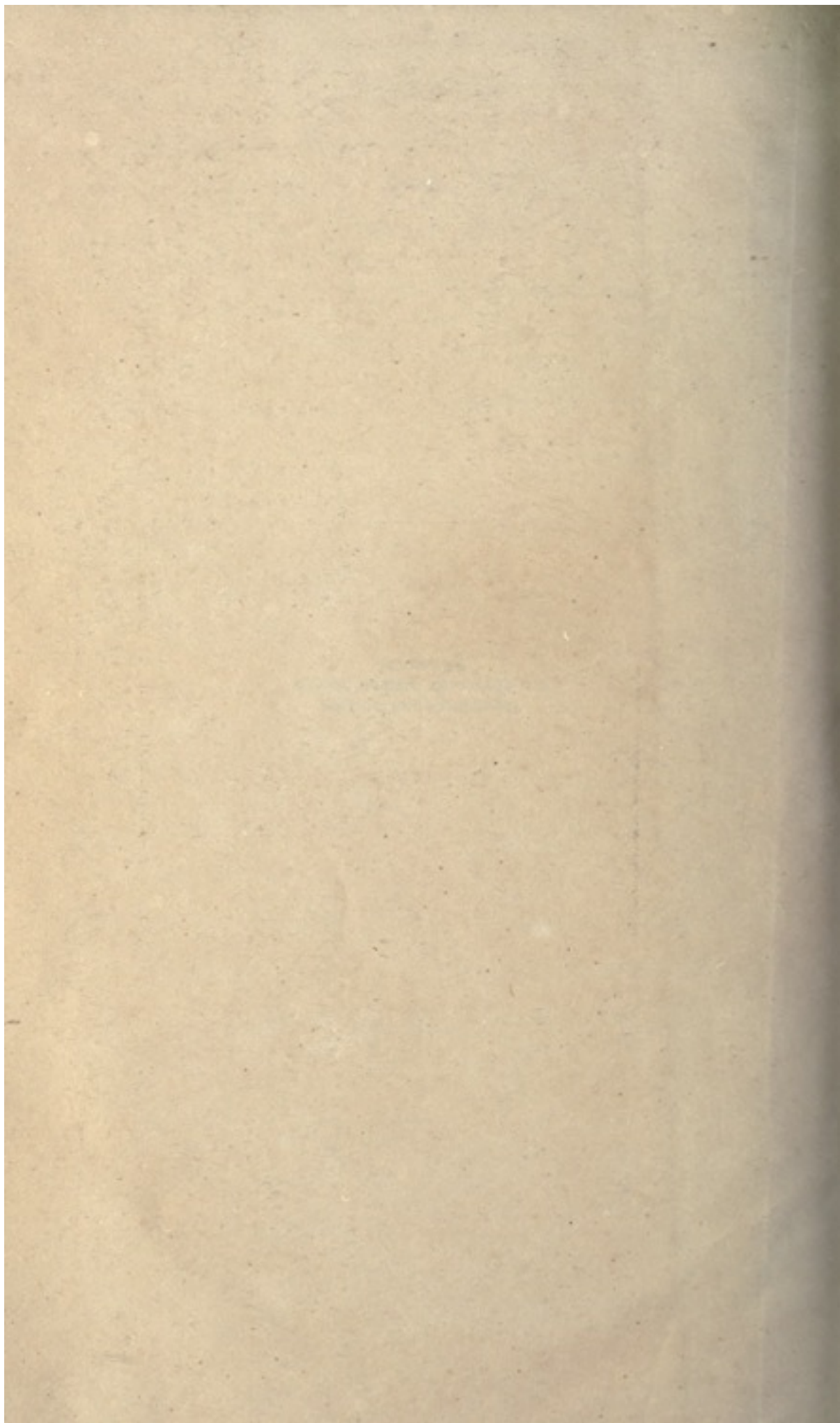


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