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LOUISE HÉRÏTE-VIARDOT.

MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES

BY
LOUISE HÉRITTE-VIARDOT

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN MANUSCRIPT AND
ARRANGED BY

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To

MY FRIEND

JOHANNA PANNEBAKKER

NOTE

THESE recollections were dictated in German by Madame Héritte-Viardot as they occurred to her. At her request, I have translated them and arranged them in their present form. They have not been published in any other country.

E. S. BUCHHEIM.

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MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES

CHAPTER I

A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS

WE know nothing of the family of my maternal grandfather, Manuel Vicente del Popolo Rodriguez, save that he was the son of a lawyer, and that when he went on the stage he assumed the name of Garcia, which is very common in Spain. He was born in Seville in 1775, and made his début at Cadiz at the age of seventeen. His success was immediate, and from that time he always ranked among the foremost singers of the day. He married an actress, Joaquina Sitches; she was lively and amusing, and had plenty of Spanish wit. Under her husband's tuition she became an excellent singer. Their children were, Manuel Garcia, the well-known professor of

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singing and the inventor of the laryngoscope, Maria Feliciá Malibrán, and my mother, Pauline Viardot. These three, as every one knows, added greatly to the renown of the Garcia family.

My grandparents frequently went on tour, and sang in Paris, London, Naples, and elsewhere, often appearing in operas composed by Garcia himself. When they had already saved a considerable fortune, they made up their minds to increase it by a tour in Mexico. On arriving at the city of Mexico, they found that the most primitive conditions prevailed there. True, there was a building that might by courtesy be called a theatre, but that was all; there was no chorus, no orchestra, and not a single score. My grandfather set his shoulder to the wheel and performed wonders. He immediately wrote out the complete orchestral score of *Don Giovanni* and of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* from memory, and he also composed a number of original operas. These works served as the repertory of the company during the whole of the Mexican tour. The man who could do this was truly a genius. My mother told me of this *tour de force* in the summer of 1908. I



MANUEL VICENTE DEL POPOLO GARCIA.

should like to impress upon my readers that I read the whole of my recollections to her, and that she said my account was absolutely correct in all respects.

When the singers were on the point of returning to Europe, they hired an armed escort, as the roads were known to be unsafe. In spite of this, they were attacked by a band of robbers, who deprived them of their money and their luggage. In the leader of the band my grandmother actually recognised the captain of the escort, though his face was blackened. They luckily retained sufficient money to pay their passage home.

On their return to Europe, my grandparents settled in Paris, where my grandfather gave lessons in singing. They lived very simply, and worked very hard, their sole recreations being their Sunday walks and an occasional evening at a theatre.

When Garcia first went on the stage, his voice was a flexible tenor, but in time he lost his upper notes and developed a baritone, so that Don Giovanni became one of his principal parts. In the days when he still possessed his beautiful tenor, he was living with Rossini, who was working in desperate

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haste at his *Barbiere di Seviglia*. One day Rossini said: "Really, Garcia, I have no idea what to write for you in the first act. Do write something for yourself. It's sure to be good." The result was the charming serenade with Rosina's answers.

I mention this incident because it is not generally known that my grandfather Garcia was an excellent composer. Rossini always declared: "If his *savoir faire* had been in proportion to his talent and knowledge, he would have been the first musician of his age."

Garcia was a man of strong character, but he was very hot-tempered, and his two elder children, Manuel and Maria, suffered much from his violent outbreaks. His younger daughter, Pauline, was never treated with severity, for even as a child she was very industrious.

He himself was very hard-working, and in the course of time he composed a great number of works—forty-two operas (according to Fétis), and several masses and songs. As a rule he wrote down his compositions during his lessons, using the piano as a desk. What splendid lessons he gave! He had a parrot



JOAQUINA GARCIA.

who acted as assistant, and this bird could sing all the exercises so correctly that Garcia often said laughingly: "Listen to your master. You had better imitate him." He composed a number of short operas in one or two acts for his pupils and his daughter Pauline, and he wrote the texts himself without any difficulty. The manuscripts that contain much of real value are still in the possession of our family.

His intellectual life satisfied him completely ; at home he was frugal and easily pleased. He was a sound philosopher, for if anything went wrong, or a dish was not to his taste, his usual remark was : " Oh well, for this time it may pass."

He wrote his work on singing in Paris. It contains the fundamental principles of the celebrated Garcia school, which were developed and perfected by his son.

A number of new methods of singing have sprung up during the last decades. Every teacher of singing pretends that he has invented something new. Unfortunately, these innovations cannot be taken seriously, very often they are ridiculous. They have all tried to supplant the Garcia school, but in

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vain. I say *school* advisedly, for there can be only two *methods* of singing—to sing well or to sing badly.

But now, after hundreds, nay thousands of voices have been ruined by wrong treatment, people are returning of their own accord to the Garcia school, and this is very natural, for it is based on sound physiological principles.

I should like to take this opportunity of removing a widespread error. Some people think that the Garcia school of singing is a thing apart; others believe that it is exactly the same as the Italian school. Neither view is correct. It is true that Garcia's school is based on the Italian school, for in those days there was nothing else, nothing but Italian singers, Italian operas; but the Garcias, father and son, by means of their physiological discoveries, enlarged the scope of this school and improved and strengthened it. The best proof of the excellence of their school is to be found in the number of distinguished pupils trained in accordance with their principles. I need only name the following: Santley, Bataille, Stockhausen, Jenny Lind, Marchesi, Marianne Brandt, Orgenyi, Artôt

de Padilla, Antoinette Sterling, Schulzen-Asten, Anderson, Pregi, etc.

Garcia died in 1832, leaving to his three children the task of adding to the lustre of his name, and nobly did they fulfil their mission.

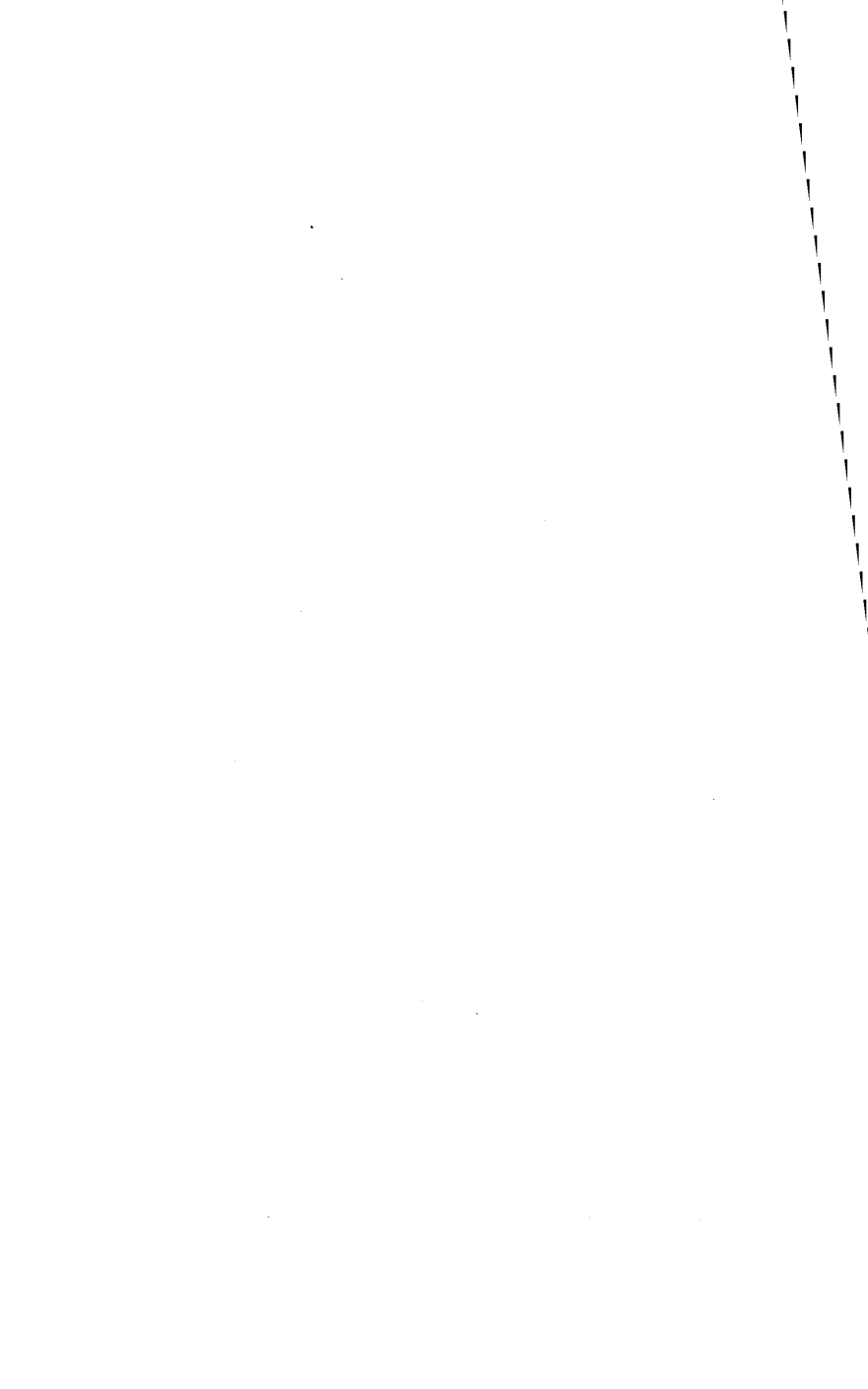
His son, Manuel Garcia, hesitated in his choice of a profession, unable to make up his mind whether he would go to sea or study chemistry. He actually went to sea for a time, and took part in the capture of Algiers. On his return, his father forced him to go on the stage; he sang in Italy for some years and took part in the Mexican tour, which I have already described. He himself was never satisfied with his voice, and as he disliked his profession he resolved to give it up. It was, however, too late for him to study for another profession, and he was obliged to become a teacher of singing. As such he certainly accomplished great things.

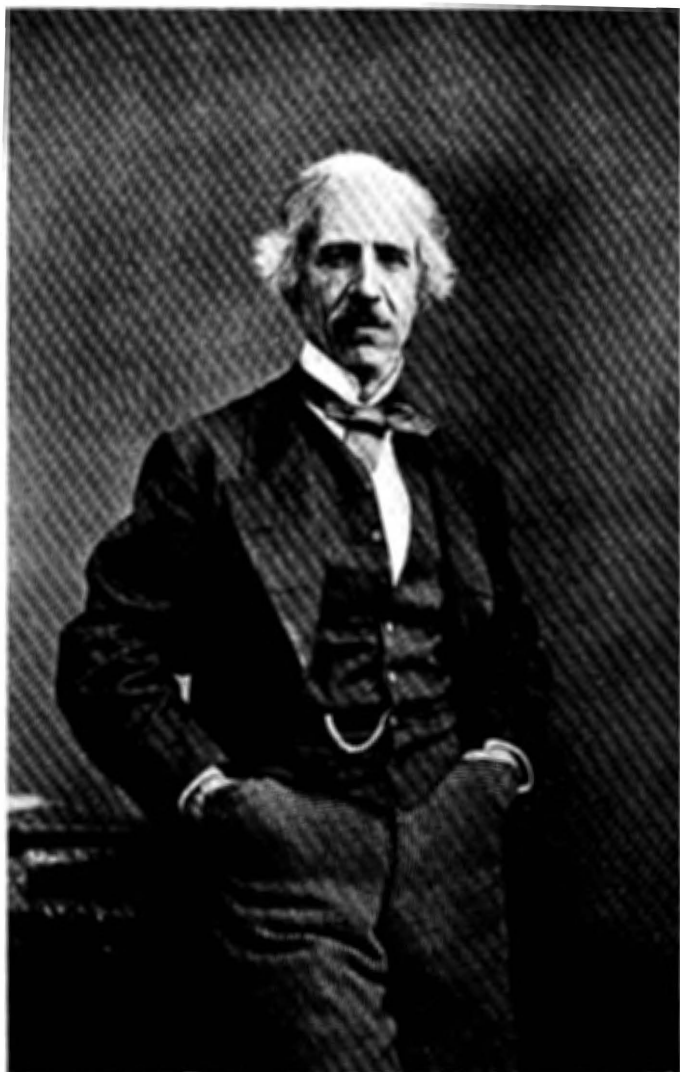
He settled in Paris, where he built himself a small laboratory in order to be able to satisfy his fancy for chemistry in his leisure hours. In a short time he was appointed Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, where he taught for twenty years—from 1830 to 1850.

8 MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES

He trained a great number of distinguished singers of all nationalities. It is an interesting fact, and one not generally known, that all who enjoy a reputation in the musical world of France have been trained at the Paris Conservatoire. I will only mention a few names: Berlioz, Gounod, Lalo, Massenet, Lefèvre, Saint-Saëns, Guiraud, Godard, Guilmant, Gouvy, Bizet, Diemer, Duvernoy, Duprez, Duparc, Risler, Pugno, Paladilhe, Roger, Maurel, Faure, Pierné, etc.

This State conservatoire is the only one in Europe, and I suppose in the world, which trains both natives and foreigners in music and the dramatic art absolutely free of cost. Talented pupils receive grants in addition. That is to say, a pupil can enter the Conservatoire, beginning with the solfeggio class, and after receiving a thorough musical education can obtain the Prix de Rome, which means that he will be sent to Germany and Italy to perfect his studies, and cultivate his taste by hearing other music and seeing the best works of art, besides receiving a stipend for several years. In 1908 a woman obtained the Prix de Rome for the first time. This is interesting, for it shows what a great advance





MANUEL GARCIA.

has been made, and I congratulate, not so much the prizewinners as the jury, who have at last given up their foolish traditions, of which I myself was a victim, as the reader will see later on.

The Conservatoire has many excellent classes—tragedy, comedy (all good French actors have been at the Conservatoire), dancing, history, literature, orchestra and conducting, chamber-music, ensemble singing, and other subjects. And for all this there is not a penny to pay. I need scarcely say that only the best teachers receive appointments on the staff. I think these facts may be of interest to other countries, and I sincerely hope that the good example set by France may be followed elsewhere. It is certainly one of the best things that can be done in the interests of art, and one that confers an inestimable boon on musicians and actors.

To return to my uncle, Manuel Garcia. In Paris he married one of his pupils, who afterwards became a singer. Painful domestic circumstances obliged him to leave Paris, and he settled in London; England became his home, where he lived till his death, but he always remained a Spanish subject. When

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his wife died, he married an Englishwoman, and this marriage was a most happy one.

He continued to teach till a few years before his death. He led a retired life in his villa, "Mon Abri"; his mental faculties remained absolutely unimpaired, so that no one who saw him would have dreamt that he was one hundred and two, if he had not stooped so, but this he had done all his life and the habit became more confirmed as he grew older. He was always very moderate in eating and drinking, and he did not smoke. No one ever saw him unoccupied. He read much, serious books only, and he always had a great deal of writing to do, letters or some theoretical work on the art of singing.

One day I asked him some questions about an experiment in electricity. "I must think about it," said he. I visited him a week later and found him waiting for me, seated at a large table, which was covered with all sorts of electrical apparatus constructed by himself. He immediately gave me the explanation for which I had asked, and showed me the experiment. At that time his eldest daughter was devoted to the study of fugues. "By Jove!" said he to me, "that girl has



MALIBRAN.

begun to write fugues, and I do believe I have forgotten how to do it. That won't do." So he actually began to study and to write fugues. No small achievement for an old man of ninety.

I will not dwell here on the importance of his discovery of the laryngoscope, which has proved of such inestimable value to the musical and medical professions. For a concise and interesting account of its invention and its jubilee in 1905, I will refer my readers to an article by Professor von Bruns in the *Deutsche Revue*, April, 1908.*

The elder of Manuel's sisters, Maria Feliciá, not Felicitá as it is generally written, shared in the singing-lessons which his father gave him. They were both of them rather lazy, so that he was obliged to be very severe with them, but Maria was thoroughly musical.

She was a lively girl, very original and somewhat self-willed. By the purest chance she made her first appearance as a singer at a very early age, at Naples, where her parents were on tour. She was a little over four years old, and she had to come on to the stage and deliver a letter to her father, while he

* See Appendix I.

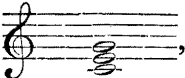
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was singing a duet with the soprano. The soprano, for some reason or other, broke down and was obliged to stop. Instantly the tiny messenger took up the air and sang the duet with her father. This, of course, brought down the house, and every time the opera was repeated, the audience insisted that the soprano should leave off and little Maria take her place in the duet. This went on, till one fine evening the little girl was hoarse or tired. When she had finished the duet, she exclaimed, "*Ho cantato come un cane, non voglio cantar più,*" and off she ran. No one could induce her to sing again. She exhibited her obstinacy on several occasions. She was at Venice at a time when the use of black gondolas was enforced as a sign of national mourning, the city being in the hands of the Austrians. But she had set her heart on having a red gondola, and she disregarded all difficulties and did not rest till she had obtained her own way.

At the conclusion of one of the operas in which she sang, she had to fall backwards and some one had to be ready to catch her. One evening there was no one to catch her, but nevertheless she fell down as stiffly as

possible. When she was reproached afterwards for being so imprudent, she answered: "It is my business to fall down, and therefore I fall down. It is your business to catch me."

Maria Feliciá was still very young when she was married to Malibran, an insignificant person, whose name she rendered illustrious. Their marriage lasted only a short time, and she divorced him, after generously paying his debts. She continued her brilliant career and gave concerts, together with the distinguished violinist, Charles de Bériot, whom she eventually married, March 29, 1836. Rossini, Legouvé, and the well-known pianist Thalberg, were her witnesses. It is a curious coincidence that Rossini was also a witness at my wedding. He signed his name in the

register, and added , remarking:

"*Parfait accord.*" Malibran had a son, also called Charles de Bériot, who is still alive and was, till recently, professor at the Paris Conservatoire. He is a very good pianist.

Maria was singing at Manchester. One day when she was out riding, her saddle slipped and she was thrown. Unfortunately her foot was caught in the stirrup and she was dragged

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along with her head on the ground for a considerable distance, before the horse could be stopped. She was on her feet again directly, and she even sang several times in the opera, but in a few days inflammation of the brain set in and she speedily succumbed. And so in the bloom of her youth, in the height of her fame, with all her powers at their best, Malibran the great singer passed away at the early age of twenty-eight.*

Her husband took her body to Brussels, his native town, and a handsome monument was erected over her grave in the cemetery of Ixelles.

Pauline was born July 19, 1821, and was many years younger than her sister. She was equally gifted, but she was not as lazy as Maria. She was, in fact, always extremely industrious. She was only ten when her father made her play the accompaniments at his lessons, and by this means she received a perfect training, and learnt to sing at a very early age. Mr. Mackinlay says that she had lessons from her brother Manuel, but this is a mistake, for after her father's death she never had another singing-lesson, though her mother gave her much sound advice. In this

* See Appendix II.

respect she was a great contrast to modern students of music, who are plagued for many a long year with voice-production and all kinds of more or less impossible methods. She became a pupil of Liszt, who was very anxious to train her as a pianist, but her mother objected because, according to her, the Garcias were a family of singers, and she was convinced that her daughter would achieve far more as a singer than as a pianist.

Her style and her conception of her parts were entirely her own, the result of her marvellous genius. She possessed a most magnificent "bel canto," a very rare thing nowadays, and a power of expression which she had inherited from her father. Pauline's voice, like her sister's, was not what is called a fine voice, but she had a very large compass. She could sing a high soprano part as easily as a deep contralto, and this gave rise to the following interesting incident.

In Berlin she sang the part of Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. One evening the singer who was taking the part of Isabella suddenly became ill. As the two are never obliged to be on the stage at the same time, my mother hastily changed from one costume

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to the other and sang both parts for the rest of the evening. This evoked tremendous enthusiasm, and every time the opera was given, the audience clamoured for a repetition of this *tour de force*, until at last my mother refused to continue, as she did not wish to offend the singer of Isabella.

Her début took place in London in 1839, and soon afterwards she was engaged for the Italian opera in Paris. Alfred de Musset heard her there, was filled with admiration of her singing, and fell in love with her. He asked her in marriage of her mother, who refused her consent because she did not think his character very reliable.

Every Frenchman knows de Musset's verses on Rachel and Pauline, who began their career at the same time.*

We know very little about my paternal grandfather, as he died when my father was very young. He was a judge at Dijon, where he was highly esteemed as a clever and honourable man. He was offered a patent of nobility, but would not accept it. His eldest son, Louis Claude Viardot, was my father. He was born 1801. He studied law, intending

* See Appendix III.

to become a barrister, but he eventually preferred a literary career. His most important works were a *History of the Moors in Spain*, *Souvenirs de Chasse* and an account of the museums of Europe in several volumes, as well as the best French translation of *Don Quixote*, with illustrations by Doré.

He and George Sand founded a paper called *Le Globe*, which was highly approved of by Goethe, who said in one of his conversations with Eckermann (June 1, 1826): "The writers are citizens of the world, bright, clear, and bold to a very high degree. Their censure is refined and cautious, whereas the German scholars always consider that they must hate the man who does not think as they do. I look on *The Globe* as one of the most interesting journals and could not do without it."

My father, who was a great friend of Malibran, had known my mother since her childhood, and he engaged her for the Italian opera in Paris, of which he was at that time the director. Her success was tremendous. They were married shortly after; Pauline was only twenty years old. Immediately after their marriage my father resigned his post as director, in order to devote himself

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to the career of his wife, whom he accompanied wherever she went.

Three great passions filled his soul—his love for his wife, with whom, though he was twenty years her senior, he lived a perfectly happy life for forty-four years (he died at the age of eighty-four), his great friendship for Turgenieff, and his love of pictures. He was not only a connoisseur, but also an authority on art. He owned a small but choice collection of old masters, among them Rembrandt's *Butcher's Shop* (which he afterwards presented to the Louvre), for which a gallery was built in our garden. After his death my mother sold the house and the greater part of the pictures; the remainder were sold after my mother's death.

I was born a year after the marriage of my parents, to the great disappointment of my father, who had set his heart on a son, and many a reproach did I have to bear from my grandmother also, for not being a boy. I was generally left in the charge of this same grandmother Garcia, while my parents toured in the most important cities of Europe. My two sisters, Madame Claudie Chamerot and Madame Marie Anna Duvernoy, were born



PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA AS NORMA.

ten and twelve years later, respectively, and a few years later still was born my brother, the well-known violinist, Paul Viardot.

My mother sang in England, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, and elsewhere, and wherever she came she was received with enthusiasm. She was eventually engaged at the Grand Opera in Paris.

It is a well-known fact that Meyerbeer wrote the part of Fides in *The Prophet* for her, but the way in which the part was written is not so generally known. Meyerbeer fully appreciated my mother's remarkable musical talents, and when she rejected an aria he had written for her, because it did not please her, he brought her two or three versions of every song so that she could choose the one she preferred. If she had not done this, the part of Fides would have been very insipid, a charge that cannot be brought against it now.

A few years later she was engaged by the Théâtre Lyrique for the title rôle of Gluck's *Orpheus*; of her performance of this part I shall speak later on. I will only add here that she left off singing in the midst of her greatest triumphs as *Orpheus* and *Alcestis*.

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Few celebrities are wise enough to retire at the height of their fame, and while they are still well off. Most of them linger on, losing their reputation and their savings, till they become mere shadows of their former selves.

My mother was a woman of wide culture, and she had a great many interests with which she occupied the leisure left her by her singing-lessons. She had mastered six modern languages, and, besides composing, she drew remarkably well. I have a landscape painted by her in sepia in her seventy-sixth year, which might easily be the work of an artist. She was a very clever caricaturist, and we possess several large albums full of the most amusing caricatures of the singers and artists she knew, and of herself; they were drawn by her, and one day will be very valuable.

She retained to the last the industry which was natural to her and won for her in her childhood the nickname of "the ant." When I went to see her in 1908, I found her teaching pupils who had no means of their own, and whom she helped in this way. This was her Sunday recreation. When I read this passage to her, she interrupted me to say: "If I am the ant, you, my dear daughter, are the bee."

I was deeply touched by her words, which I looked on as the greatest compliment I ever received.

The one great sorrow of her life was the death of her husband. She was so frantic with grief that she tried to throw herself out of a window, and for weeks she had to be carefully watched. It was a very long time before she recovered from the blow. But on the whole I must say that she had as easy and happy a life as any one can desire.

CHAPTER II

EARLY MEMORIES

I WAS born in Paris in 1841, and soon after my birth my parents went on tour, leaving me, as I said before, in the charge of my grandmother. I was barely five when they went to St. Petersburg, where my mother was engaged for the winter season, and they took me with them. I had whooping-cough the whole time we were there, and my mother took the complaint from me. At the same time my father had an attack of cholera. I remember that I had a Russian nurse called Melanie, who beat me and ate my breakfast, threatening to whip me again, if I dared complain to any one. Only two other recollections have remained in my memory. Every morning a servant called a *mujik* came to light the stove, and every night I heard the gnawing of the mice in the walls.

From St. Petersburg we went to Berlin.

I was always mad on music, and my mother often took me with her when she sang. In this way I heard a great deal of music, and of good music, too, while I was still very young.

Before the performance began, I used to visit my friend, the famous tenor, Tichatcheck, in his dressing-room, while his dresser was making him up. He frequently sang with my mother at the royal opera in Berlin, and he was always very kind to me. In his room was a large cupboard full of toilet requisites, which was a source of great joy to me, for every evening I was allowed to choose what I liked—a fez, a page's cap, a helmet, a turban, etc. I put on my head whatever I had chosen and went to our box, perfectly content. Fortunately it was a stage box with railings so that no one could see me. Towards the end of the performance, shrieks and howls could often be heard issuing from this box. In most of the operas my mother came to a tragic end, for instance in *The Huguenots*, where she was shot, in *The Jewess*, where she was cast into a fiery furnace. It was quite impossible for me to see this and keep quiet; so, regularly in the middle of

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the last act, my nurse used to snatch me up and take me home.

Sometimes we were invited by the Princess of Prussia, afterwards the Empress Augusta. I was stood on the table and had to sing Spanish duets with my mother or else a solo, such as "Ah, non giunge" from the *Sonnam-bula*, and I had to sing it with all the runs. Afterwards I played with Prince Frederick, the future emperor, though he was six or seven years older than I was. We played hide-and-seek, and he often dragged me by the legs out of my favourite hiding-place under the sofa.

I remember that I was greatly impressed by two gaudy parrots that stood on perches on each side of the wide staircase leading to the private rooms in the palace, and screeched horribly.

I have a distinct recollection of Meyerbeer, even of his movements and his voice. I shall never forget his taking me for a walk in Berlin and going into a sweet-shop with me. I stood immovable in front of a large cupboard with glass doors that was full of things made of chocolate, and Meyerbeer invited me to choose. I selected a pistol and a cow, and

carefully carried my treasures home with me. Those were the days when my pockets were still full of salt, which I vainly endeavoured to put on the tails of the sparrows in order to catch them. There are still a few illusions left when we are six years old!

After this stay in Berlin my grandmother Garcia, who resided with her brother and his wife in Paris, again took me to live with her while my mother continued touring, accompanied by my father. My life became more serious, for I associated exclusively with grown-up people, and I had to work hard. However, I was always fond of work.

My grandmother's brother, Paolo Sitches, taught me to read and write. I had learnt French and German, but not Spanish, which he considered absolutely necessary, especially as he knew no other language. This old Spaniard had lived upwards of forty years in Paris, and was most indignant at the stupidity of the French, who never would understand that when he ordered a *costilla* in the restaurant, he wanted a cutlet.

His method of teaching me to read was highly original. He sat, I stood, held firmly between his knees, while he pointed to the

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words with his tobacco-stained fingers—he smoked about two hundred cigarettes a day; in his other hand was a long pin. If I hesitated while reading, he regularly remarked, “*Mira que te pincho*” (“Look out, I’ll prick you”), to which I answered as regularly, “*Eh no me pinches*” (“Oh no, do not prick me”). That was all. He never used the pin.

When I was six years old, I was sent to a boarding-school in Paris, where I had to stay till I was twelve. I learnt very little and was thoroughly unhappy. Nobody looked after me, and I had to stay at school when the other boarders went home on holidays and Sundays. An old aunt, my father’s sister, invited me perhaps once in three months to stay with her from Sunday to Monday morning. This aunt was a kindly soul, but her love of animals was quite ridiculous. A pair of turtledoves flew about the house and left their traces everywhere, even on the food. She had a shrieking parrot in a cage, an overfed, evil-smelling old pug, and there were an immense number of mice for which she put down little basins of bread-and-milk in the corners of the room. As, in the course

of time, this led to a plague of mice, she received notice to quit from her landlord.

The summer holidays I spent with my parents at Courtavenel in Brie.

I returned home to my parents for good when I was in my thirteenth year, and now I had plenty of opportunity of studying people. My parents owned a house in the Rue de Douai, in Paris, which was sold after my father's death, having been thirty-five years in the possession of the family. There were two large drawing-rooms on the ground-floor, divided by a wall with a large pane of glass in the middle. The grand piano stood in one room, my father's writing-table in the other. A few steps connected the two rooms with the picture-gallery.

We did not keep Christmas, but we celebrated the New Year, and the well-known tenor, Roger, once gave me a puppet-show which was a great source of joy. The toy I liked best when I was small was my rocking-horse, on which I performed many a doughty deed, fully armed with sword, lance and shield. I took no interest in dolls, except to smash their heads and examine their contents, and their hollowness was a constant dis-

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appointment. I was taught crochet, knitting, and cross-stitch by a German nurse, but I could not endure needlework, for it made my back ache.

I always had my meals with my parents, and my father was invariably amazed when I asked for a second helping; as a rule I did not get it, and had to satisfy my hunger with pieces of bread between meals. I never dared speak unless I was first spoken to. When I was alone, I read a great many German and French books, and taught myself the Greek alphabet. I had a burning desire to study the classics in the original, but my wish was not granted. I was very fond of flowers when they were growing, but I felt sorry for them when they were picked, and I have the same feeling to this day.

There was a large courtyard in front of our house, where a hen, a cat, a rabbit, and a duck belonging to our porter played together, and it was most amusing to watch them running after each other or to see the hen perched on the sleeping cat, while the duck sat on the rabbit's back.

Every morning a dark-blue horse appeared in the yard. This was my mother's white

horse which the coachman had rubbed over with indigo in order to make him look whiter when he was rubbed down. This same coachman used to spend his spare time in embroidering magnificent petticoats for his wife.

At one time my mother used to ride, when she was at her country-house, Courtavenel, but she gave it up at the request of my grandmother, who had already lost one daughter by a fall from a horse.

Every evening, as we sat in the drawing-room, eight hunting-dogs, "the pack," came trotting along the long corridor that led from the garden, to say good-night. They always walked in the same order, ran up to each of us in turns, and disappeared in the same order in which they had come, much to our amusement. My turn came punctually at eight. I had to stand by the piano and sing the following song of Taubert to my mother's accompaniment :

A glittering gun, a dappled steed,
A wooden sword. What more do you need ?
Tradum, tradum, tradum, didum, didum,
Tradum, to bed, my comrade.

At the last words I had to right-about-face and march out stiffly.

My father was, as a rule, cold and serious, but he could laugh at a joke till he cried. He worked alone or with Turgenieff, several of whose works he translated into French. He was always strict with me, and I was always afraid of him, and never free from constraint in his presence. He inspired every one with respect. To my mother I was devoted. She was very cheerful and amiable, and was entirely under my father's influence. She was of middle height, but she looked taller. She was not beautiful; her lips were too thick, her mouth was too large, but it was very expressive and mobile. Her large brown eyes had somewhat heavy lids, and were singularly beautiful, her hair was brown, her complexion pale, and on the whole, she resembled her sister, Madame Malibran. She moved quietly and was very even-tempered, though on rare occasions she could give way to an outbreak of passion.

As my father disliked going out, my parents lived a very domestic life, but he always went with my mother when she sang anywhere. A great many visitors came to our house, and we constantly gave little dinners for two or three guests,

which were very simple but exceedingly good.

My father was passionately fond of music. He preferred Mozart to all others ; Beethoven he did not understand. Turgenieff, who was absolutely music-mad, could not endure Schumann, who was just coming into fashion, and called him "the enemy." But after a time he became a great admirer of Schumann, and Wagner was now "the enemy."

My father was a mighty Nimrod, and he very often took me with him, when we were at Courtavenel. I had a light gun, and I was not a little proud of myself when I brought home my first hare. When I had finished my lessons, I put on boy's clothes, and then I rowed, climbed trees, or ran about with a pack of dogs, but in spite of this, I was very industrious, practised the piano diligently, read books worth reading, and composed when I was in the mood.

I was always fond of work, as I have already said, and when I was ten it seemed to me a disgraceful thing that people should waste so much time in sleep. I therefore made up my mind to see if I could do with less sleep. I tied a string round my foot, and the other

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end I fastened to one of the bars of my iron bedstead. Of course the least movement woke me and I was able to get up at once. I certainly attained my object, and was able ~~to~~ work all night, studying the form of quartets and learning to read scores, but I lost the healthy sleep of youth, and have suffered from sleeplessness all my life. It may seem unusual that a ten-year-old child should study orchestral scores, but after all it is not more strange than that a girl who never had any lessons worth mentioning should be able to compose successfully.

An old friend of my grandmother, also a Spaniard, Señor Torre Morrell, was commissioned to instruct me in the mysteries of *solfeggio*, and he did so in a very ingenious fashion. After the fourth or fifth lesson he engaged an organ-grinder to take up his station in front of the house, gave me a pencil and a piece of paper, and said: “In *g major*.” Then he opened the window, gave the man a sign, and the music began. I wrote down what I could catch. At first there were many empty spaces, but gradually I was able to write down the tune. This exercise was repeated, and in a very short

time I found it easy to write down melody and accompaniment by ear. I still feel grateful to the old gentleman for this.

When I began to learn the piano, I thought my music-mistress taught me in a very dull fashion, so I tried to get out of my lessons, cut my finger, or poured water into the piano. When I was thirteen, Louis Lacombe gave me lessons, and he at once set me to work on Beethoven's sonatas. He played the sonata in *a flat major* to me and told me to practise it. When I played it at the next lesson, he exclaimed: "Why, you didn't listen to what I was playing! I played it quite differently." "Yes," I answered, "but I did not like your way of playing. My conception is quite different." A pretty cool remark for a thirteen-year-old girl! I now begged my mother to let me work by myself, and from that time I made real progress.

I learnt singing first by listening to my mother's lessons. Later on she gave me a few lessons, and she was very strict; sometimes she was so severe that I cried. But still I went on singing, as it was only right that I should do.

Barbureau, who was very well known in

France, gave me lessons in theory. He looked at the songs and pianoforte pieces that I had composed, and said he could not discover a single mistake, but I did not understand why I had made no mistakes and that was what I must learn. This remark impressed me very much. I was very advanced in music, so I made good progress, and when we had finished studying harmony and thorough bass, he said: "Now you may go on composing, but forget all I have taught you."

The unsatisfactory piano-lessons and the few good lessons in harmony comprised all the instruction I ever received, and yet I obtained success as a composer. I state this as a simple fact and not from vanity. It was one of my peculiarities not to be able to learn anything from regular lessons. When, later in life, I wanted to study the art of wood-engraving, I let my teacher do all the work while I watched him, but in three months' time I was able to work for an illustrated paper. What other people learn from teachers, I learnt by myself, languages, history, literature and similar subjects, and the only help I had in orchestration was Berlioz's *Traité d'Instrumentation*.

This method has its good and its bad points. A self-taught person has not the name and authority of a teacher to back him up, and he has no clique to support him, when he appears in public.

Unfortunately, I remembered few of the many interesting persons I saw in my early youth, for I was too young at the time to appreciate them really.

One day, I recollect, I was taken to the Panthéon, where my father, who was a *Garde nationale*, was on sentry duty. He was sitting on his horse, calmly reading his newspaper, which was spread out on the animal's neck. That was how they mounted guard in the days of Louis Philippe! I was stroking his horse, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Look! do you see that man who is passing? That is Béranger." I only remember a tall figure in a frock-coat and a low, broad-brimmed chimney-pot hat.

Another day I was taken to see the Princess Czartoryska. She lived in the Île Saint-Louis, the little island in the middle of the Seine. I saw Chopin there and heard him play, and this made an impression on me, because of the music; I do not remember

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what he played, but when we left, I seemed to have been hypnotised. I shall never forget the impression he made on me, and I can still see him with his refined, pale face as he sat at the piano. In later days I heard many stories of his capricious, morbid character which made it so difficult to get on with him, and I could understand that Madame George Sand could not stand the worry any longer.

One of my earliest friends was Ary Scheffer the painter. He was a Dutchman by birth, but he had settled in Paris. He was an idealist by nature, and his execution was by no means equal to his conception. He painted portraits, a few genre pictures, and some large works, of which some are fine, though most of them are spoilt by the poor colouring. He was a noble-minded man and most kind-hearted, but he often hid his good qualities beneath a rough exterior. He taught me to think clearly and justly, and with never-failing kindness and patience he discussed all manner of subjects with me and tried to develop my thinking powers. During the long absences of my parents, when I was at school, he used to look after me, and once, when I had a severe attack



GEORGE SAND.

of inflammation of the lungs, he took me to his house and nursed me day and night.

He died of a heart complaint and for a long time I was inconsolable. To this day I cannot recall what he did for me without deep gratitude and emotion.

His hospitable house was open to all who cared for what is best in art, science, and literature, and this had a great influence on my mental development, for I came in contact with some of the foremost artists at his house and heard the most stimulating discussions. He was passionately fond of music and often made me play to him while he was at work.

His only child, Cornélie, had inherited her father's generous spirit and was from childhood my best friend. I must relate a story of her heroism.

During the Franco-German war, she and her husband, Dr. Marjolin, a French surgeon, had turned the house, which she had inherited from her father, into a hospital where friend or foe was tended with equal care. The days of the Commune began. One day a number of Communards entered the avenue leading to her house and insisted that François, her faithful old servant, should admit them. On

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his refusal, they attacked him, and Cornélie, hearing the noise, came into the courtyard to inquire what was happening. They asked her if she had Germans in her hospital.

“That has nothing to do with you, and you have no business here,” was her reply.

“We want to go into your house,” cried the Communards.

“I won’t admit you.”

“If you don’t, we’ll kill you.”

“Very well,” she replied, folding her arms and leaning against the door. “Shoot me if you like, for while I am alive you won’t get in.”

Her quiet determination made a great impression on the men. They looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders, began to laugh, and slowly marched off.

Among her patients was a German officer, who would assuredly have been shot if the Communards had found him. No sooner had they gone, than Madame Marjolin took her servant aside and said to him :

“François, I count on you. If you get the German safely across the frontier, I will provide for you, your wife, and children, and you can live in comfort for the rest of your lives.”

The officer and the servant, disguised as peasants, escaped that night from Paris and crossed the Belgian frontier, and François came back very happy and not a little proud of having performed such a noble action. He gratefully accepted all that was given him for his family, but his attachment to his employers was so strong that he refused to quit their service.

Another friend of mine when I was a child, was the scholar Hermann Müller-Strübing, who, having been exiled from Germany on account of his participation in the revolution of 1848, lived in Paris and earned a living by teaching German. My parents were interested in him, and in the summer he used to visit us at Courtavenel. He read the *Iliad* to me, translating easily and fluently from the original and pointing out all the beauties of the poem, so that I acquired an intimate acquaintance with Homer. Müller-Strübing was a fair-haired giant, and his muscular strength was tremendous. I remember, very well, that when I was eight, he stood me on his outstretched hand and raised his arm as high as his shoulder. I had to hold myself very upright to avoid a fall.

Two things attracted my attention and puzzled me very much in those days—why his forehead was always covered with perspiration, and why his hands trembled so. I knew later on. The unfortunate scholar was addicted to drink, and a few years ago he succumbed to this failing in London, where he was living in distressed circumstances.

I also numbered the well-known historian, Henri Martin, among my friends. I used to discuss eternity and transmigration of souls with him, much to his amusement. No wonder! He was a very distinguished man of wide culture, but he was much laughed at on account of his extraordinary awkwardness. He broke or knocked down everything he touched. In Courtavenel, where he frequently stayed with us, he was always having accidents of some sort. His movements were clumsy, and we could never teach him how to hold his cue at billiards. Either he cut the cloth or the cue rebounded and hit him on the nose. We were very fond of him and he remained our friend till his death.

I have a very vivid recollection of the *Coup d'état* on December 2, 1851. A number of my father's friends came to him to describe

the massacre on the Boulevards, where the drunken cavalry were shooting down the harmless passers-by. Henri Martin came with his two little boys, because he was convinced that his house was to be searched, and as there was a chance of his being arrested he spent the night at our house, and had brought a pair of clean socks in his pocket. While he was telling us this, a commissary of police was announced and it turned out that it was *our* house that was to be searched. Martin, fearing that his person might be searched, hastily stuffed his socks into the sofa. Every room, every drawer, every cupboard was examined, for suspected persons, hidden weapons or compromising papers. There were two letters in my father's writing-table, which the police took away, one from Manin and another from Kossuth. My mother had a number of political letters from George Sand, but as the latter when writing to her always signed herself "Ninoun," no notice was taken of them.

My very best friend was Gounod. I distinctly recollect his first visit, when he came to my mother with a letter of introduction, for I was about eight years old at the time,

He came to play her his compositions, and to consult her about his career. As this sort of thing was a weekly occurrence, my mother armed herself with patience and comforted herself with the reflection: "It will all be over in half an hour." The half-hour became two hours, and after he had gone she remarked: "That's a very different matter. He has great talent."

Gounod was to have become a monk. His love of music proved an obstacle, but when he first came to us he was still hesitating between the opera and the convent. My mother helped him to make up his mind. Her contract with the Paris opera had almost expired, but it was to be renewed. She made it a condition that an opera of Gounod's should be performed, in which she would sing the title rôle. The result was that Gounod composed his first opera *Sapho*. It is very unequal, but it contains much that is beautiful.

Of course he stayed with us at Courtavenel in the summer. He was young himself, and he played a great deal with me. When we went for walks, I generally sat on his shoulder, listening attentively, while he discussed art



CHARLES GOUNOD.

and music with the others. He taught me musical notation, and I am sure he did much to strengthen my love of music. He was always my friend, and in later years, when my powers were more matured, I used to bring him all my compositions, so that he might criticise them. He always encouraged me, but he steadily refused to alter a single note. He, however, gave me general advice, which was of the greatest use to me. He really was very fond of me, and was much interested in my progress. I must have known instinctively that he was good and sympathetic. When I was a child, I had a very curious habit; I used to smell the cloaks and coats of our visitors, so as to form an opinion of their characters. I remember that on the occasion of Gounod's first visit to us, in Paris, I went into the hall, and, according to my wont, I sniffed at his short round cloak with a hood and thought: "I like him."

Every Thursday there was a musical evening at our house, and whoever had made himself a name in literature or art came to it. Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Corot, Berlioz, Stockhausen, Saint-Saëns, Godard, Wieniawsky,

Vieuxtemps, Léonard, Ernst, de Bériot, Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, César Franck, Damcke, Lalo, Gustave Doré, Frederick Leighton, Renan, Rudolph Lindau, Flaubert, Turgenieff, Ponsard, Bonnat, Carolus-Duran, Dickens, Jules Simon, Henri Martin, George Sand, the Countess d'Agoult the old Prince Czartorysky, whom the Poles looked on as their legitimate king, and addressed as "Your Majesty," and many others whose names have escaped me.

There were some very eccentric people in this motley crowd, who caused us a good deal of amusement. One was the old and very amusing Countess d'H——, who was simply furious if her favourite seat by the fire was taken. She maintained that she was very fond of music, but she regularly fell asleep at the sound of the first note. She always wore white gloves, the fingers of which were much too long, and she stuffed them into her mouth. As soon as she fell asleep, the gloves slipped out of her mouth, she woke up, and immediately began to clap violently, whether there was occasion or no. And this performance was repeated over and over again.

Her intimate friend, Countess de Ch——, was



CHARLES DE BÉRIOT.

still more ridiculous. She considered herself a muse; her hair, in which lilac was entwined, hung down over her shoulders in long ringlets; she was scraggy, but she arrayed herself in girlish white frocks. Every word she uttered was worthy of one of Molière's *Précieuses ridicules*. She never travelled without a doctor; she was so nervous in railway tunnels, that she had herself chloroformed. Once when she could not find a doctor to accompany her, she went from Nice to Paris in a coal-barge!

These musical evenings were a real torture to me. I played the piano very well and as I was perfectly trustworthy in all that appertained to music, I always had to play a trio or quartet with the foremost artists and before such a critical audience too! I should have enjoyed it and felt highly honoured, if I might just have looked through the music beforehand. But my mother was inexorable. I was summoned to the piano, the music was put before me, and then it was a case of playing, whether I would or no. Certainly there could have been no better training for a musician, but it was a very painful one.

CHAPTER III

A DISTINGUISHED CIRCLE

IN the days of which I am writing, I enjoyed the great privilege of hearing Maurin's famous quartet every Sunday at the house of our friend Princess Trubetzkoy. This quartet had made a speciality of the last difficult works of Beethoven, and had practised them in private for a long while. Maurin the violinist, Chevillard the 'cellist, and father of the well-known conductor, and two other musicians, used to meet in a little attic every Sunday morning, and set to work in their shirt-sleeves trying to grasp the meaning of those last quartets. After working strenuously for several years, they began to play in public.

My dear friend Ary Scheffer was very fond of music, as I have already mentioned, and concerts were often given in his studio. Maurin asked him to allow the quartet to perform at his house. They played to a small

select audience and they played with a greatness of conception that I have never heard again. Maurin, unfortunately, had an inferior instrument, which made him very unhappy. Ary Scheffer, with his usual generosity, gave him a very valuable violin, and the quartet was ready to appear in public and very soon became famous. From that day they gave *matinée* concerts every Sunday at the house of the Princess Trubetzkoy.

This Princess was the mother of my friend who afterwards married Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris. She had been paralysed for the last twenty years and music was her chief enjoyment.

Since I have mentioned Prince Orloff I should like to relate a strange incident in his life. He was a general during the Crimean war and was left for dead on the battlefield. A soldier found him, took him on his back and carried him through a perfect hail of bullets to the Russian camp. The Prince was badly hurt, he had seventeen wounds, and one shot had entered his eye. As soon as he heard the story of his rescue, he had the whole camp searched for his preserver, but the latter, strange to say, never made himself known.

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In spite of the black bandage over his eye, and his injured wrist, he won the heart of the charming young Princess Catherine Trubetzkoy.

To return to the *maînéés*. Many great musicians played at them, among them Rubinstein, my mother, and a very gifted pupil of Chopin, a Madame O'Meara, who had made herself a name in Paris. There was also a German pianist with long fair curls, Wilhelmina Claus, who afterwards married the author Szarvady. She never could master the art of playing by heart.

An amusing incident happened to her in Bordeaux. At the chief rehearsal of a concert at which she was to play, she was obliged to stop suddenly, because there was something wrong with the orchestra.

"The wind instruments are not playing," she said to the conductor.

"That doesn't matter," he answered. "They are only here as stopgaps. The real players will be here to-night."

Among our visitors were some whom I must not pass over. One was Daniel Manin, the last doge of Venice, who for a short period delivered his city from the Austrians. He

was exiled and came to Paris, where he earned a scanty pittance for himself and his daughter, by giving Italian lessons. This daughter, who was unspeakably dear to him, suffered from epileptic fits. She suffered so terribly that she repeatedly begged her father to kill her. Her condition grew worse and worse, and Manin heroically resolved to put an end to her misery. He stabbed her with his own hand. Soon after he died himself. There is a monument to him close to the cathedral in Venice.

Whenever George Sand could make up her mind to leave her beloved Nohant and come to Paris, she very soon called on us. This small woman, with her beautiful, observant eyes, spoke little and sat quietly smoking her cigarette. If any one came whom she did not know, she never opened her mouth. We were often asked: "Who was that quiet little lady we saw at your house?" "Madame Sand." "What! And you let me chatter!" She corresponded regularly with my mother to the day of her death.

Berlioz, who suffered much from ill-health, lived quite near to us and came to see us daily, in order to give vent to his feelings and

to obtain a little rest from his quarrelsome wife.

I often saw him. He was always in extremes, either up in the clouds or in the depth of depression. He had his diabolical moods too, when he fumed with rage and fury against artists, composers, the public, life, and the world in general. At those times no one could manage him. The only instruments he could play were the guitar and flageolet, but he was able to tell every member of the orchestra how he must play his instrument. As he could not play the piano, he used to come to us whenever he had composed something for the orchestra, and my mother and I had to play it as a duet. One took the strings, the other the wind instruments. Many a wrong bass was discovered by me, pert thing that I was. This story about the wrong bass has been told elsewhere, but incorrectly.

The first time I was bold enough to draw his attention to the matter, he looked at me utterly astonished. "And pray, what would be the correct bass?" I played it to him, and suddenly he exclaimed: "Why, she's right!"



HECTOR BERLIOZ.

It has been asserted that Berlioz was an "inspired dilettante." There can be no question of dilettantism as connected with him, though he may be styled narrow, perhaps for want of the musical "nursery." His father, a surgeon, insisted on his being a doctor and he spent part of his youth in medical studies. The young man found that his horror of anatomy was insuperable, and whenever there was a dissection, he regularly jumped out of the window, and fled. At last he gave up the study of medicine and devoted himself to the art he loved so well. In a very short time he won the Prix de Rome.

I never met any one with so sensitive an ear. The slightest deviation from the correct note made him start up. Poor fellow! He had much to put up with in consequence. One day he came to us in a very depressed state of mind. "Well, what's wrong with you to-day?" said some one.

"Just imagine! This morning a man came to me with his idiotic-looking son and told me that he had let the boy try all kinds of employment, but in vain. The silly fellow couldn't understand anything. He ended up with saying: 'Oh M. Berlioz, as the boy

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is of no use for any other profession, please make a musician of him.' Isn't it enough to make one cry?" exclaimed Berlioz. Poor man! He had to put up with many trials.

Rossini used to visit us and we went to his house. I can still see the old gentleman sitting in his study in dressing-gown and slippers, a coloured handkerchief, turban-fashion, on his head, pleasant, comfortable, and portly, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. His wigs hung on long sticks that stood about the room, the best ones as well as those for everyday wear, and on the wall was fixed a fine panoply of musical instruments, the centre of which was a certain medical instrument, which he said was "the best of all instruments."

It is well known that Rossini was a gourmet, who was fond of cooking and invented dishes. His *recherché* dinners were famous. He was a very entertaining companion till Wagner was mentioned, when he thoroughly lost his temper. Meyerbeer's success had sufficed to make him leave off composing and he could neither understand nor value this new direction, which was so different from his own. He thought it ugly and devoid of sense.

“Do you know what Wagner’s music sounds like?” he asked me one day. Opening the piano and seating himself heavily on the keys, he exclaimed: “There! that’s the music of the future.”

His idol was Mozart. One day he came on purpose to look at the manuscript of *Don Giovanni*, which belonged to my mother and which, during her lifetime, she gave to the library of the Paris Conservatoire. When he opened the first page of the score, he knelt down, kissed the writing reverently, and cried: “That is God.” It was not affectation, he spoke from his heart.

In spite of his shrewdness, Rossini was once finely caught and, as it chanced, in London, whither he had followed my grandfather, hoping to earn plenty of golden guineas. As he was already well known, he was received by a deputation of English musicians. Unfortunately, Rossini had no very high opinion of the musical talents of the English, and while he was receiving an address, of which he understood absolutely nothing, he kept on murmuring words to himself that sounded like, “*H’m! siete porchi, bestie, brutti inglese,*” and every now and then he interrupted him-

self to bow most courteously. But unfortunately for him some of the deputation overheard his words and understood them. The result was that people would have nothing to do with him, all doors were closed against him, and he had to return to Italy with empty pockets.

I have already spoken of my Uncle Manuel Garcia. A great deal has been written about him, but there are a few anecdotes which are not generally known and which may serve to give a more complete view of his character. He played a very important part in my childhood.

He was very lively and very enthusiastic, but was also subject to outbursts of passion, a fault inherited from his father. He was a regular barrel of gunpowder, but was exceedingly kind-hearted, and possessed a strong sense of justice, and very pronounced sympathies and antipathies and obstinate perseverance. Like my mother, he was tremendously industrious.

He used to tease me mercilessly, but was always ready to help me and take my part against others. When he came to stay with us at Courtavenel my greatest treat was to go for walks with him, and help him in his

rage for destruction. He had sworn death to all climbing ivy, because, he said, it killed the trees. So we sallied forth, armed with knife and axe, carefully examined every tree in the wood or park, and wherever we found any ivy we cut and chopped at it till the toughest stem yielded to our blows. Every morning we met at the piano, each of us holding a sheet of music-paper with writing on it. We were composing a Mozart symphony, that is in Mozart's style and manner. The best written page was retained and next day the continuation was criticised. I was ten years old at the time, and of course this collaboration served to strengthen my love of work.

He was full of anecdotes about his pupils which were very amusing. I will repeat one or two of them.

A young, very pretty, but rather cross-looking English girl, was having her first lesson. "Why do you look so cross? You should look amiable when you are singing," said her master. "Just look at yourself in this glass. I am sure you will begin to smile, when you see such a pretty face, and will say something amiable. Now try." The young lady took the glass, looked at herself angrily for a

long time, and finally said: "Boo jouar!" ("Bon jour!").

Another day a baritone was singing the well-known air from *Le nozze di Figaro* in Italian. Instead of singing,

*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando*

("No longer, loving butterfly, will you flutter about, day and night"), he said: "*d'intorno giardino.*"

"No," said his teacher, "you are making a mistake. You say 'garden about' and that is nonsense."

The passage was repeated and so was the mistake.

"I told you that 'garden about' is nonsense; you must say, 'flutter about.'"

"But," cried the pupil, "I am so fond of a garden."

Among the many pupils trained by Manuel Garcia was a very fine bass, Bataille, who became a popular singer at the Opéra Comique in Paris. My uncle had just invented the laryngoscope, and the worthy Bataille went about with one of these mirrors in his pocket and showed it to every one, but he never

mentioned where he got it from, so that people thought he was the inventor.

One day he was invited to a dinner at the house of the Turkish Ambassador. Bataille attired himself in evening dress, but he did not forget the little mirror. After an excellent meal, he said to the Ambassador: "May I show your Excellency a new and very remarkable invention, a small instrument with which you can see into the throat? May I try it on your Excellency?"

"No—no," said the Ambassador suspiciously. "I would rather not. Try the experiment on my secretary."

The secretary seated himself obediently, the little mirror was introduced into his open mouth, and the Ambassador bent forward to get a better view. But alas! the unhappy secretary no sooner felt the mirror tickle his soft palate than he turned squeamish with dire results for his Excellency's waistcoat. It was as well for Bataille that he was not a Turkish subject.

In the evening my uncle was lost to me. He and Turgenieff were passionately fond of chess; they played nearly every evening, and were so engrossed that they forgot meals

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and sleep. Sometimes they began to play at six in the evening, and did not leave off till four in the morning.

While my uncle was with us our day was fully filled up with interesting conversations, story-telling, music, acting, and amusing practical jokes. After his second marriage he spent his holidays in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and I did not see him again till I came to England myself, when I often visited him in his London home, "Mon Abri," where he and his wife always welcomed me with open arms. I invariably found him hard at work, writing music or reading scientific books. He was at that time over ninety. Though, as every one knows, he was one hundred and two when he died, and was physically weak, his mental faculties, as I have already stated, were unimpaired. Two months before his death, he wrote to me: "I feel myself so extraordinarily venerable that, whenever I pass a looking-glass, I want to make myself a deep bow."

He was a good and noble-hearted man, a thorough gentleman. He was absolutely devoid of all ambition, and very firm in his principles, so that he resolutely refused to

have his biography written. He said, no one had a right to put himself in the foreground, and that others had no right to look into the privacy of another person's life.

I first became acquainted with Anton Rubinstein when I was a child. It was not till some years later, when we were living in Baden-Baden, that I became intimate with him and was able to admire this divinely gifted musician. He had injured his knee at that time and was obliged to lie on a *chaise longue* all day, a victim to *ennui*. Every afternoon I went to play chess with him, but sometimes I asked for music instead. His piano was just behind the *chaise longue*, so he had only to turn round and stretch out his arms. In this exceedingly awkward position he would play for hours at a time, always by heart and more exquisitely than he ever played in public. He was always a little nervous in public. But truly his playing was inspired. And then what an accompanist he was! The amateur thinks every pianist ought to be able to play an accompaniment, but this is by no means the case, for there are few who can do so. It requires not only a good pianist but a really great musician to guess the singer's intentions,

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and to be able to be at one with him, as it were. I myself have known only two musicians who could really accompany—Hermann Levy and Rubinstein. It was a genuine pleasure to sing to their accompaniment.

Rubinstein's brother Nicolas played as well as he did, but was not so well known, partly because his work as Director of the Moscow Conservatoire kept him in that city, and also because he was generally in the condition known to the French as *entre deux vins*. No one who ever heard the two brothers play an orchestral score at sight as a duet could ever forget it. I believe they would have played with the same ease and intelligence if the music had been placed before them upside down.

Trouble had driven Nicolas to drink, for his wife had deserted him. I was once at a party in St. Petersburg when a young lady asked him if he had any children. "No," he answered, "but my wife has." He was a very kind-hearted man. In spite of his lucrative appointment he never had a penny in his pocket. He gave all he had to poor pupils, his money, his watch, his clothes. But

it was impossible for him to keep from drink and he died of delirium tremens.

Anton did not drink. He had another passion, which in the course of years became a vice—the fair sex. He respected very few women, but of these I had the honour to be one. But in excuse I must add that he, like Liszt, had been admired, spoilt, and pursued by women from his youth upwards.

He once told me in confidence: “If I had to educate and provide for all my children, the fortune of two Rothschilds would scarcely suffice.”

This shows that he could be very cynical. At times it was necessary to be very sharp with him in order to keep him in due bounds. We were once sitting together at a betrothal dinner. To begin with, he nearly fell over his chair, for, as every one knows, he was almost blind from cataract. When I asked him: “Well, Rubie, when are you going to be operated on?” he answered: “Ah, dear friend, I have already seen so much.” When the toasts began, he whispered a by no means ambiguous remark about the bride to me. I was furious. “If you are not silent, I shall box your ears,” said I. He laughed, shrugged

his shoulders, but behaved properly during the rest of the dinner. It was necessary at times to treat him with absolute rudeness.

I think that his compositions have been underrated. Undoubtedly, he wrote too much and did not exercise sufficient care in his choice of themes, for he thought anything good enough. If a selection were made of the good works and the remainder were thrown aside, people would be amazed at the great number of beautiful passages they contain.

I must relate a very characteristic anecdote to illustrate his method of working; I can vouch for the truth of the story. He was visiting Edouard Lalo, who took him into his study. Rubinstein no sooner set eyes on the writing-table than he exclaimed: "Why, you have only one pen, and twenty knives for erasing. It's the opposite with me. I have twenty pens and one knife." This explains everything. Lalo was too careful and Rubinstein too careless in his work.

I only saw Verdi on a few occasions, while he was in Paris to conduct his *Requiem*. There was an energetic air about him that inspired respect. His manner was rough, and at the rehearsals he roared at the orchestra

so that every one trembled with fear. The musicians called him "the boar." He was, as is well known, a great patriot, ever ready to sacrifice everything for the unity of his country. His musical career is very interesting. His earliest works reveal an Italian shallowness, an aiming at effect, but gradually he aimed higher, his purpose became clearer, and he wrote *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Ballo in Maschero*, *Don Carlos*, *Aida*, *Othello*, *Falstaff*. His compositions became more serious, more thorough, all attempts at effect were avoided. His progress continued steadily and Wagner's influence led to his giving a more important part to the orchestra.

It has become the fashion of late years, especially in Germany, to sneer at Italian music and condemn it *en bloc*. This is a great mistake, for it forms a very important branch of music, and the beautiful Italian qualities of vigour and passionate warmth ought not to be undervalued. In no other music are these qualities to be found in the same degree, and the Italians are unrivalled in their treatment of the voice.

I saw and heard Jenny Lind on several occasions. I will not dwell on her personality.

As a singer she seems to me overrated in spite of her fame. True, she sang very beautifully. That was a matter of course, for Manuel Garcia was her master, but she was cold, terribly cold, as cold as her nature. If she had not possessed a remarkably high, pure Scandinavian voice, she would probably have been little noticed. Her great *savoir faire* enabled her to take up her stand on a very high pedestal.

Ristori I shall always remember, not only as a great tragedian, but also as an acquaintance. I often met her at Ary Scheffer's studio, and her tall figure and her noble profile remain a vivid memory. She was so amiable, so clever, and yet so simple in her way of talking that the peasant's daughter might have been taken for a born aristocrat, and her title, Marchesa del Grillo, seemed to fit her exactly. Only from time to time a little coarseness was apparent.

Two things struck me when she acted in Paris—her beautiful, sonorous voice and a certain exaggeration in her recitation. Perhaps this exaggeration is peculiar to the Italian language. I must have got used to it, for when I saw her many years later, I did not notice

it, and was able thoroughly to enjoy her fine artistic performance.

As Charles Dickens was a very good friend of my parents and of Ary Scheffer, I often saw him. Tall, slender, upright, with keen eyes, sparse beard, and grave face, he looked like a cavalry officer rather than an author. He did not speak much, but what he said was always interesting. And his reading was unrivalled. At one of his readings in Ary Scheffer's studio he kept young and old laughing and crying. He had chosen *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which is rather sentimental, unless it is well read. He made everything live, it was touching or comic by turn. Every figure stood out, you saw the characters act and speak, and he kept us all spellbound.

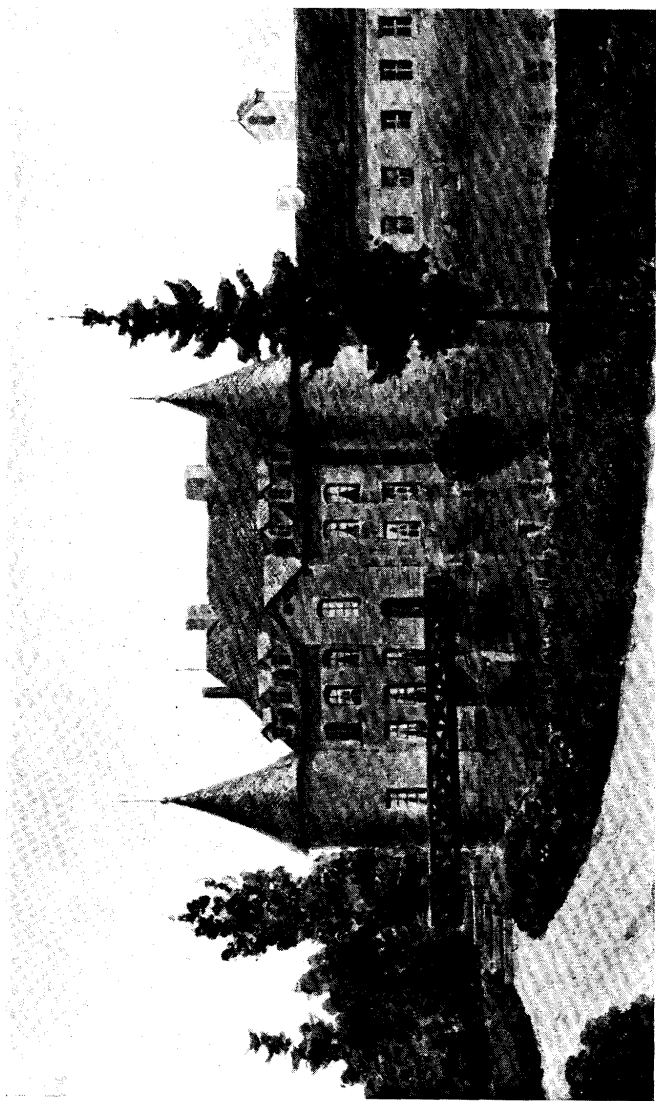
I was very well acquainted with the original of the aunt in *David Copperfield*. She was a Lady Monson, an original and sympathetic old lady, with whom he was very intimate. She was tall, awkward, and brusque; her long face gave her some resemblance to a horse, and she was very funny in her expressions, but her heart was warm and kindly and she did good wherever she could. Dickens has erected a fine monument to her memory.

CHAPTER IV

COURTAVENEL AND ITS GUESTS

OUR country house, Courtavenel, was a large castle with pointed towers, a deep moat, and a drawbridge dating from the days of François I. There we often had private theatricals in the large attic, which was turned into a regular theatre, with a real stage, side scenes, curtains, footlights, and even a prompter's box, which, however, was not required, as we made it a point of honour to do without a prompter. There were dressing-rooms behind the stage, but we only kept the wigs there, every one dressing in his own room.

There was no free list at our theatre. Every place in the auditorium cost one potato, to be paid at the door. The audience generally fetched their entrance-money themselves from the garden. The theatre was called *Théâtre des Pommes de Terre*. There were some very fine performances on this stage. Racine, Molière,



COURTAVENEL CASTLE.

and other classics were acted. Those who were not acting looked on, and as a rule the audience consisted of all the servants in the house, the steward and his family, the gardener, gamekeeper, coachman, cook (who afterwards had to cook the entrance-money), and the manservant, a clean-shaven old mannikin in a grey wig, nicknamed "l'Académicien," because he was so remarkably well read and could explain all the plays to the others.

Sometimes we were visited by an historical personage, le Père Coluche. My readers may not remember this name, but they may perhaps recall the event that made him famous. Coluche served under Napoleon I. and took part in the Peninsular war, while still very young. One night Napoleon was going the rounds unattended. One of the sentries stopped him. "You can't pass." "I am an officer." "You can't pass." "I am a high staff officer." "You can't pass." "I am the chief general." "And if you were the Little Corporal himself, you can't pass." Next day Coluche received the Croix d'Honneur and was held up to the troops as a model of obedience and discipline. Père Coluche was still strong and vigorous, and many an anec-

dote did he tell us of his stay in Spain. He was under the impression that he spoke Spanish perfectly and as a proof he delighted in singing so-called Spanish songs. I give an example of his doggerel :

*Digame, Señor Padrone,
La taverna onde stã ?
La taverna sta muy lega,
Non se pouve rencontrã.
Toma laderí, laderette,
Toma laderí, ladera.*

Other distinguished members of our audience were George Sand, Turgenieff, Jules Simon, Henri Martin, Rose Cheri (a very clever actress and a great friend of my mother), Augier, Ponsard, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns. They and many others, too numerous to mention, stayed with us at Courtavenel.

It was in those days that I won my first laurels on the stage, and no words can describe my pride when I acted, say *Athalie*, in Racine's tragedy. The dress alone was enough to make me feel uplifted. My grandfather Garcia had himself cut out the royal, crimson mantle, my grandmother had sewn gold spangles on it, and my aunt, Madame Malibran, had worn it as Semiramis. The pride of a fifteen-year-

old girl allowed to wear such a magnificent garment can easily be imagined. I still possess this historic mantle.

My father never took part in our plays unless we performed Molière's *École des Femmes*, in which he gave a capital rendering of Arnolphe. As a rule he preferred to form one of the audience. I remember a very successful performance of Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*. The performers were :

<i>Count Almaviva</i>	.	TURGENIEFF.
<i>Figaro</i>	.	GOUNOD.
<i>The Countess</i>	.	MDLLE. ARTOT (later de Padilla).
<i>Suzanne</i>	.	PAULINE VIARDOT.
<i>Cherubino</i>	.	MYSELF.

That was all very well, but what were we to do for a Don Basilio? There was no one who could take the part. Then some one had an inspiration, and we asked my grandmother to act this very difficult part. At first the old lady, whom we generally kept very busy with our costumes, refused, but we persuaded her to yield. Those who saw her in the cassock and hat of Don Basilio would never have guessed that the sly, malicious, hypocritical, amusing Jesuit was an old lady of seventy. Of course we must not forget

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that this old lady was none other than the once popular singer and actress, Joaquina Garcia, who in earlier days had enjoyed such triumphs in Spain, Italy, and America.

Gounod often composed canons for four voices, which we sang at sight, as we rowed in our boats in the evenings. At other times he would play to us or sing with his pleasant voice whatever he had composed that day. He was very stimulating in all that concerned music.

My mother was young and full of high spirits in the Courtavenel days. It was our custom to play a practical joke on any visitors who came for the first time, and this soon put them at their ease. A Russian officer well known for his great personal courage had one weakness—he could not endure frogs. The result was that he found them everywhere, in his bed, in the cupboards, in his pockets, wherever I could smuggle them. And what tricks we played on Turgenieff! On his first visit he was awakened in the early morning by a concert of crowing cocks, cackling hens, and quacking ducks. He was greatly surprised to hear the sounds so close at hand, for he knew that the poultry-yard was at a

good distance from the house, down by the dairy-farm. At last he discovered that the noise proceeded from a cupboard in his room, and he took the birds in his arms and carried them back to their yard in a great rage, for it was only four o'clock in the morning.

Another time he and my father had been out shooting and came home very late, so that they went in to dinner without going to their rooms. During the dinner my old aunt, who had a very bad headache, left the table to go to bed. A little later, Turgenieff went to his room, and on reaching it, he found to his horror that there was some one in his bed. The person, whose back was turned to him, had on a nightcap and looked like a woman. He thought to himself: "Who can it be? Has the aunt mistaken her room?" Very cautiously he drew near, and bending over the bed saw the muzzle of a bear. It was the bearskin from our drawing-room on which he was so fond of lolling. Next morning he laughingly told us of the haunted bed. He and my father went off together, and when it was time for them to come home, my mother had a sudden inspiration. She put on her nightdress and the cap that the bear had

worn, as well as black gloves, and lay down on the drawing-room sofa, just as the bear had lain in the bed. When the gentlemen came in to show what they had shot, Turgenieff laughed at the sight of his friend the bear on the couch. Some one asked: "How did you manage to see who was in your bed?" He acted the scene and at the moment when he bent over the form on the sofa, he received a box on the ear from my mother, which made him call out in sudden alarm.

One day we tied strings to all the movable articles of furniture in his room, and drew the strings along the walls into the adjoining billiard-room, something like the way in which electric wires are arranged. As soon as we thought he was asleep, we began to pull our strings slowly, so that the furniture started moving, and the noise woke him. We heard him exclaim: "Who's there?" No answer. He seemed to go to sleep again, so we once more pulled our strings and the furniture moved. This time he was quite awake and, getting out of bed, he came to the door and cried loudly: "Be off with you or I'll come out just as I am." Whereupon every one scampered off,

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My happiest days are connected with Courtavenel and the merry life we led there. We lost the place in a most extraordinary fashion, which I will relate here, though it did not happen till a much later date.

My parents bought a house in Baden-Baden because they were so delighted with its beautiful surroundings, and my beloved Courtavenel was deserted. A neighbour, our doctor, received full powers from my father to look after the estate. My father did not trouble further about the matter, much to our loss as we found out too late. When we returned to Paris from Baden-Baden in 1871, we found that an extraordinary thing had happened.

My brother-in-law wanted to go to Courtavenel and have some shooting. When he arrived, he went straight to the dairy-farm, where he had some business to transact with the farmer. Various necessary repairs and alterations were discussed, the shooting, the cows and sheep were talked over, a glass of cider was drunk (for this is a speciality of Brie as well as the cheese), and at last my brother-in-law asked for the keys.

“What keys?”

“Why, the keys of the house, of course.”

“ What house ? ”

“ Why, Courtavenel, of course. There is no other house.”

“ But don't you know ? Courtavenel has ceased to exist. There's not a stone left standing.”

“ What ! ”

“ Dr. F—— has sold everything, first the furniture, then the doors, the fireplaces, the very stones. They are ploughing on its former site.”

“ Who ? ”

“ The owners. The flower-gardens, the park, everything is sold, and not only that, but the woods, the fields, the meadows ; all is sold except the small portion belonging to the dairy-farm. There is nothing else remaining.”

“ But where is the scoundrel ? ”

“ As soon as he heard that the Viardots were coming back to Paris, he made off with the money and went to Switzerland.”

Courtavenel, my beloved Courtavenel, had vanished. The estate, covering a goodly number of acres, had been cut up, and had passed into other hands and we had lost a considerable fortune. The whole affair is

sufficiently curious, but the following story sounds almost incredible.

This same Dr. F—— had very good reason to feel grateful to my father, for what I have to relate now had happened only a year before. During the Franco-German war Dr. F—— was denounced by the village priest as a *franc-tireur*, whether rightly or wrongly I do not know. It is a well-known fact that in France the doctor and the priest agree like cat and dog. He was given up to the Prussians and condemned to death by court-martial. He and his fellow victims were to be conveyed to Rouen for execution, and he lay in the cart with bound hands and in deep despair. Round him was an escort of Bavarians. Suddenly an apple fell on his chest and, raising his hands as high as he could, he caught it. Where had the apple come from? The road was lined on either side by tall poplars. Had the officer perhaps pitied him and thrown him the apple? At all events he was hungry and meant to enjoy the fruit. But no—he could make far better use of it, though his plan seemed to have no chance of success. He managed unperceived to get two fingers into his pocket, from whence he extracted a pencil

and a scrap of grey paper. He scribbled these words on it :

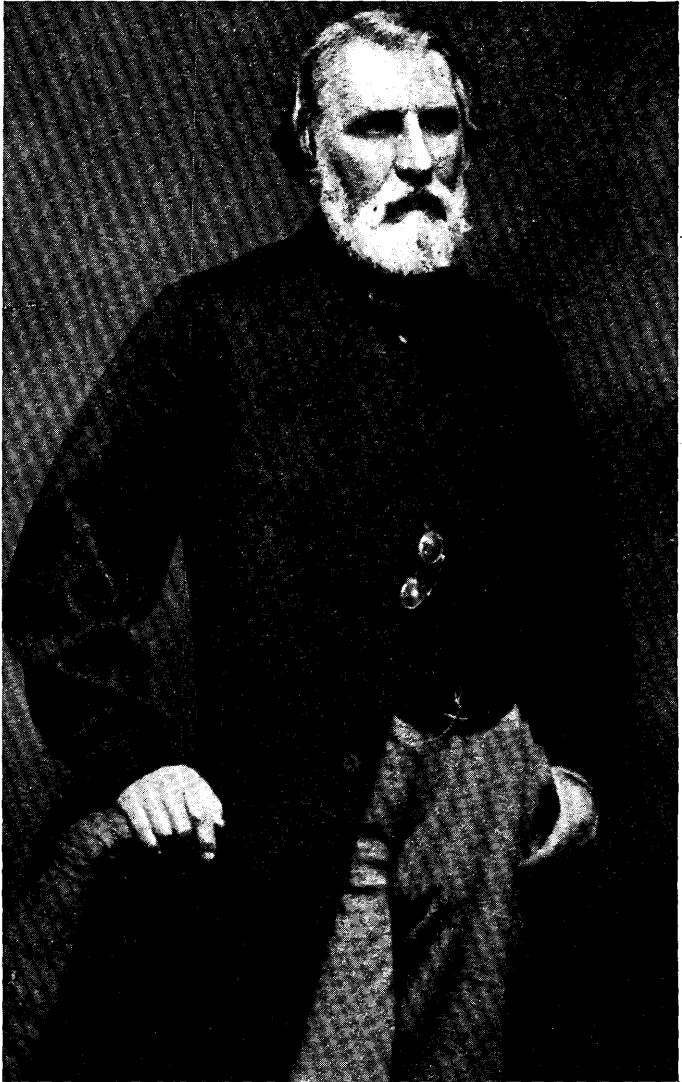
“ Monsieur Viardot, Baden-Baden. Caught by Prussians. Sentenced to death. High-road to Rouen. Can you save me ? ”

With his forefinger he slowly bored a hole into the apple, rolled up the paper and pushed it in. Then he threw the apple away as far as he could with his bound hands.

On the morning of the third day, when my father came into his study, the scrap of grey paper was lying on his writing-table. How did it get there ? No one knew. The windows were bolted and the doors were locked. It was an absolute mystery. My mother at once telegraphed to Queen Augusta and in a few hours the order for Dr. F——’s release arrived in Rouen. He showed his gratitude by making Courtavenel vanish from off the face of the earth. He did not enjoy his ill-gotten gains long, for he died soon afterwards in Switzerland.

Ivan Turgenieff was a permanent guest at Courtavenel. He was my father’s intimate friend, his companion in his shooting expeditions, and they also worked together. I was four when he came to us first. He eventually





IVAN TURGENIEFF.

occupied a suite of four rooms on the second floor of our house in the Rue de Douai. One small room formed his library, another his bedroom, and the other two were his study and his sitting-room. His personal appearance always struck me very much, he looked so well groomed, his dress was so correct, and we always declared that he used a bottle of eau de Cologne a day for his hair and beard; he was always so strongly scented with this perfume.

Turgenieff and my parents lived an ideal life together; they had a most stimulating influence on each other, their days were full of intellectual and artistic enjoyment. We were all deeply attached to Turgenieff. I think there never were nobler, purer, more harmonious relations than those that existed between him and my parents, and I hope what I am going to say will not look as if I were prejudiced against him, for that would give a very wrong impression of my feelings. Certain very ugly rumours, which are absolutely without foundation and which have often been repeated even to my face, have forced me to defend the honour of my family. I reproduce here the letters which I sent to the

Frankfurter Zeitung, because they have appeared in a garbled form in Russian papers, which made out that they contained malicious and unfounded accusations against Turgenieff. I declare most emphatically that I never intended that, and I protest against such an interpretation of my words. The first letter ran as follows :

I should like to make a few statements in reference to the article by Zabel which appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of January 31, 1907, on Pauline Viardot and Ivan Turgenieff, in order to refute the widespread and erroneous version of the friendship that existed between them. My father and Turgenieff were inseparable. Both were devoted to shooting, but my father was a real sportsman, while Turgenieff was a dreamy lover of nature, who often let his prey escape him, because he had forgotten to cock his gun or, lost in thought, had leant it against a tree and forgotten it. My father translated many of Turgenieff's writings, and they did a great deal of work together.

His intimacy with my father gave rise to gossip. People never will believe that the

friend and the wife are acting honestly towards the husband. But there is not a doubt that this was the case. However, there were not wanting good friends of the family who spread abroad by word or pen all sorts of calumnies, and the public drew its own conclusions and never troubled to make inquiries. Turgenieff was an amiable egoist, who really cared only for his own comfort. One very tactless act of his I cannot bring myself to forgive.

His illegitimate daughter, who had been living at our house for a long time, was to be married, and after that event he intended to set up in a fine house of his own in Paris and enjoy his golden liberty. Till then he was to live with us. His daughter married, but Turgenieff stayed on, and never mentioned his departure. My parents waited, thinking he would remember his plans of his own accord. Instead of that he became more *exigeant*. One room was no longer enough. He required three, and my father gave him a whole suite of four rooms on the second floor, on condition that he paid a yearly sum for his board. He lived in our house for over *thirty* years and never paid a farthing. At first my parents were surprised, but a feeling of tact kept them

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silent and eventually they let matters slide, as they did not require the money. I must add that when Turgenieff was a very young man, after studying at Berlin and Heidelberg for some time, he came without a penny in his pockets to my parents in Paris, because his mother, who objected to his literary plans, would not support him. He was in such a condition that my father had to fit him out from head to foot. Some years later he inherited his mother's large fortune, which was trebled by means of his writings and legacies.

Turgenieff died after an illness of eighteen months, and he never thought of showing gratitude for the expensive and very tedious nursing he had received, by leaving us even a small share of his fortune. His millions were inherited by an old woman, whom he never saw and who was already a millionaire. This did not prevent a kind friend of our family from writing to the papers that Madame Viardot had inherited Turgenieff's fortune.

It is quite true that Turgenieff admired my mother very much, and this is as it should be. It was not possible to come into daily contact with such a divinely gifted artist, a

woman with such a marked individuality, without admiring and esteeming her. But there was absolutely no idea of "love" in the ordinary sense of the word.

L. HÉRITTE-VIARDOT.

HEIDELBERG,

Feb. 8, 1907.

Second Letter

I am acquainted with Dr. Ruhe's edition of Turgenieff's letters, and it was this that induced me to give my explanation, because it entirely misrepresents the writer's relations with my family. I can easily explain the passages quoted by the editor of the article. He refers in the first place to letter 83 :

To I. I. Maslov.

" SPASKOË,

" June 22, 1862.

" Did you send Viardot 200 francs ? Neither he nor she mentioned them."

It is quite possible that Turgenieff sent my father the trifling sum of 200 francs. Probably he had laid them out for him. The second extract is as follows :

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To I. I. Maslov.

“ SPASKOË,

“ June 4, 1870.

“ Now listen ! God rules freely over the life of man. In case I die unexpectedly, you must know that I bought the shares which are in your custody for my dear Claudie Viardot. In case of an accident, they are to be sent to Madame Pauline Viardot, Baden-Baden. I am perfectly well, but there is no harm in taking precautions.”

Very likely Turgenieff intended to leave my sister something in case of his sudden death. He never referred to it again, and it was never more than a good resolution.

The following passage is cited :

To I. I. Maslov.

“ PARIS,

“ Oct. 20, 1873.

“ Of the 30,000 roubles left over after buying the shares, which are in your hands, please send me 5,000 roubles and for 5,000 roubles buy more shares as you did before in Madame Viardot's name, and put them with those you have already.”

These 5,000 roubles were probably invested in Madame Viardot's name as other sums had been before, but they were meant for his illegitimate daughter, who lived in our house till she married. Her marriage was unhappy, the young wife separated from her husband, and to prevent his touching her money Turgenieff gradually invested 100,000 francs in my mother's name. After his death they were handed over to his daughter.

The next letter to I. I. Maslov is dated Paris, January 30, 1874, and is as follows :

“ DEAREST FRIEND IVAN ILLITSCH,

“ If I am still here and not in Russia, it is not my fault, please do not laugh, but because the wedding of my darling, the daughter of Madame Viardot, has been postponed. As you have got my shares of the Rjasan railway, will you cash any coupons that may be due and send me the money ? The market is good just now and the wedding of my dear Didie will be a great expense to me.”

This is quite correct, for he gave my sister some very fine diamonds for her wedding. But this was a personal gift that had nothing

to do with my mother. And now for the last letter :

To I. A. Polonskaja.

“BOUGIVAL,

“July 12, 1882.

“You want to know who is staying here with me? Madame Viardot, her husband, her daughter Claudia, with Chamerot her husband and two children, two girls of seven and nine years old, the other daughter Marianne, her husband Duvernoy and a child of three months old, and Madame Viardot’s son, Paul Viardot the violinist.”

Either this is a *lapsus calami* or—and I think this more likely—a simple mistranslation. Turgenieff most probably used the Russian word *samnaia* which can mean both *chez* and *avec*. In that case his words correspond with the truth. My parents had a pretty country house in Bougival *les Frênes* with a large garden. Turgenieff had a small villa built for himself in our garden. So the family Viardot was not staying *with him*, but he with them. This shows how easily a matter may be misunderstood, and even misrepresented if the facts are not known.

As my sole object is to throw the light of truth on the relations between my mother and Turgenieff I consider the matter settled and shall enter on no further discussion.

L. HÉRITTE-VIARDOT.

HEIDELBERG,
Feb. 28, 1907.

Turgenieff died of cancer, in his villa at Bougival. The whole family helped to nurse him and mourned him deeply. During the last months of his life he was not always in his right senses, owing to the constant use of morphia. One night he rang violently, so that my mother sprang out of bed in a fright, threw on her dressing-gown and hurried to the sick-room. When he saw her, he cried, "Ha, that is Lady Macbeth," tore off the heavy knob of the bell-pull and threw it at her, but luckily without hurting her.

I came into his room one day. He knew me, which was not always the case, and said: "Look, Louisa, look! How strange! My leg is hanging up there in that corner. Everything is so strange. Why, the room is full of coffins. But"—his face assumed a cunning look—"they've given me three days more."

After three days he died.

During his long illness many of his friends and acquaintances came to see him. Strange to say, the letters which Turgenieff had written to my mother when he was absent from France all vanished. Many years later they came to light again. A Russian author visited my mother and asked her permission to publish these same letters in a paper. The name of the person in whose possession they were remained a secret. The necessary permission was given and the most interesting of the letters were published. They are well enough known and show the amiable side of Turgenieff's character. They are full of good-natured and confidential chat, but they are not very interesting, and are after all but a one-sided document, as the answers are wanting.

Turgenieff's correspondence with my grandmother Garcia also disappeared mysteriously. The letters were said to be in Orleans, but we could not discover their whereabouts.

CHAPTER V

GREAT SINGERS ON TOUR

THE most amusing experience I ever enjoyed was an operatic tour in England and Ireland in the year 1858. I was only seventeen, and as I had been very ill, my parents took me with them to cheer me up. The tour was arranged by the English impresario Beale, and was to extend over the whole of England and Ireland. Beale and his factotums attended to all details such as tickets, hotels, luggage, etc. The company was very select, consisting as it did of the chief members of the Italian opera. The ladies were Pauline Viardot, Giulia Grisi, Gassier, and Fräulein Orwil, a talented pupil of my mother. The men were the famous tenor Mario; Graziani, who possessed a magnificent baritone voice; Luigi, a good second tenor; Ciampi, the well-known bass, later on director of the Italian opera at St. Petersburg; the prompter, who was a

very capable musician ; and Vianesi, the well-known conductor. There were also several singers for the minor parts. Most of our colleagues were very pleasant companions.

Mario, well educated and a perfect gentleman, was a genuine *grand seigneur*, worthy of the title he bore, Marchese de Candia. He had no idea of the value of money and flung it about as if the gold coins were grains of sand. As soon as he came into a shop the prices rose at once, for every one knew him in those days. He was aware of it, but contented himself with shrugging his shoulders and remarking philosophically : “ It can’t be helped.”

I met him many years afterwards in Rome, where he had been appointed curator of a museum. He still looked very handsome and well groomed, with his white beard, rosy complexion, and the white flower he always wore in his buttonhole.

Grisi was ignorant and uneducated ; she had a fiery temper. Her head was very beautiful, her figure was not good, for her legs were too short. Her voice had a slightly nasal sound, and often, in the middle of the song, she was obliged to break off and swallow

her saliva, as otherwise it would have choked her. Her "force" lay not in her singing, but in her acting. In certain parts, especially in *Norma*, she produced a grand impression.

When she sang in concerts in England in later years, there was nothing very remarkable about her singing. But she gave the English an opportunity of showing one of their finest qualities—gratitude, attachment. I myself have heard the audience remark good-naturedly after she had sung: "Poor old Grisi. She can't sing any more. Brava! Encore!"

Madame Gassier was a remarkable person, capricious, passionate, frivolous, quite unreliable. She was the cause of many little scenes of excitement and jealousy. In fact she was the pinch of pepper in our private life.

Ciampi and Graziani were good artists and agreeable people, who never caused any unpleasantness. The whole tour formed an episode that I shall never forget. It was the most amusing experience of my life.

While we were in London my parents decided to visit the Crystal Palace. They ordered an open, very roomy trap with four horses. This trap, which went by the name of the "Unique," drew up in front of our

house in Albemarle Street, and the following people seated themselves therein : Joachim, as yet a youth without a beard, but not without his violin under his arm ; Anton Rubinstein, also still very young ; Chorley, the well-known musical critic of the *Athenæum*, an intimate friend of ours, one of the ugliest men in the world, but clever and intellectual ; Frederick Leighton, handsomest of youths ; Charles Lesley, a talented composer, who died a few years later ; Piatti, the 'cellist in Joachim's quartet ; Charles Hallé ; Ella, the founder and impresario of the famous concerts ; Gye, the director of the Covent Garden Opera ; Schœlcher, at that time a French refugee, a friend of my father's, an author, and later on senator ; Miss Gabriel, an English composer of rubbishy songs which had a considerable vogue at one time ; my uncle Manuel Garcia, my parents, and myself.

That was a fine carriageful. No wonder the crowd stood round open-mouthed. We spent the whole day at the Crystal Palace, and were a merry, laughing party. Each one looked at what interested him most, for in those days the Palace was still very well worth a visit. Towards evening the whole party re-

entered the "Unique," and we had a charming drive to Greenwich, where a magnificent fish dinner awaited us.

In front of the hotel, which stood quite close to the river, we could see the famous ship the *Leviathan* (afterwards the *Great Eastern*), the largest ship built in those days. We had a most enjoyable dinner. Suddenly, we discovered that Chorley had disappeared. The whole hotel was searched in vain. At last, to every one's amusement, he was found sound asleep under the table. He was left to enjoy his slumbers undisturbed. After dinner Joachim played the violin pieces of Bach, most divinely. Unfortunately there was no piano, so that Rubinstein could not play.

Now we were ready to begin. We stayed several days in the large towns and gave two or three performances; in small towns we remained for one day only, travelling during the night, so as to have a rehearsal at nine next morning, a somewhat fatiguing life if carried on for long. But we were all young and merry, and could stand a good deal. We had plenty of excuse for laughter, for the most extraordinary things happened.

I looked on myself as mere ballast, and made up my mind to be as useful as possible. I was to have plenty of opportunity, as I soon found to my satisfaction.

As a rule Italian operas were given, and it was very amusing to hear the quaint pronunciation of the English chorus. There were often misunderstandings of rather a serious nature, as for instance at a performance of Verdi's *Macbeth* in Manchester.

In the first scene, the three witches, represented by three of the chorus, have to sing while stirring their kettle. There was a rehearsal and they began at the right moment. But they were not in tune, they were absolutely not in tune with the orchestra. They began again. But they were not in tune.

"What on earth are you singing?" exclaimed Vianesi.

"We are singing the witches in *Macbeth*."

"But why in English?"

"Oh! it's the music we always sing in *Macbeth*."

They were singing the old music which the witches sing in the play! What was to be done? Quick as thought the prompter left his box, summoned two Italians, and the three

sang Verdi's terzetto. In the evening, draped in sheets, they made very presentable, bearded witches.

When the time came for the scene in which Duncan and his followers enter Macbeth's castle, it was discovered that there were no soldiers. Who saved the situation? The prompter and his two assistants, who were members of the orchestra. Number one came from behind the scenes, his bow on his shoulder, marched stiffly along the stage till he vanished through the gate of the castle and, racing round behind the scenes as fast as he could while number two was carrying out the same manœuvre, appeared on the stage again just as number three was vanishing through the gate. As the music of the procession lasts a considerable time, they had to repeat their performance eight times, so apparently the retinue of the king consisted of twenty-four men, who bore a curious resemblance to each other. In Germany, Russia, France, Italy, the audience would have shouted and roared with delight. In England no one even smiled, no one in fact seemed to have noticed anything unusual. This made the singers rather careless, and very funny things happened, so

that sometimes they could scarcely sing for laughing.

I shall never forget a performance of *Rigoletto* at Liverpool. The soprano, Madame Gassier, who sang Gilda, had a remarkably small, trim figure. After the scene where, disguised as a man, she runs after the Duke, and is murdered in his stead, her father, Rigoletto, comes and asks the hired assassin for the body. The murderer fetches the sack in which he has put the body; Rigoletto opens it, and discovers his murdered daughter. It is a touching moment and the music is very fine. Of course the sack does not really contain the singer herself, but a dummy.

The murderer Sparafucile (Ciampi) went to fetch the sack, and I heard him exclaim behind the scenes: "*Madonna! ma ch !*" He reappeared dragging something with difficulty, caught sight of me in the stage-box, called out loud, "*Guarda che cosa,*" and burst out laughing. He pulled and pulled the rope. At last a monstrous thing appeared, a huge long sack filled to bursting point with straw. At the end of this monstrosity were two great policeman's boots with the toes turned up. A single one would have sufficed to contain

Madame Gassier herself. As soon as the singers on the stage saw it their singing came to an untimely end, and they burst out laughing. Vianesi dropped his baton, laid his head on his desk, and laughed till he cried.

The orchestra went on playing as best it could. Rigoletto seated himself on the sack, buried his face in his hands and shook with laughter. The curtain fell. And the audience? There it sat, serious, deeply moved, thinking all was as it should be.

Don Giovanni was to be performed, the cast was very fine :

<i>Donna Anna</i>	.	.	.	PAULINE VIARDOT.
<i>Donna Elvira</i>	.	.	.	GRISI.
<i>Zerlina</i>	.	.	.	GASSIER.
<i>Don Giovanni</i>	.	.	.	GRAZIANI.
<i>Don Ottavio</i>	.	.	.	MARIO.
<i>Leporello</i>	.	.	.	CIAMPI.

Ciampi did not know a note of his part, and for weeks I coached him. He learnt slowly and could not get the finale of the last act into his head. The performance took place after a very hasty general rehearsal at which the machinist was not present. Everything went off well till the churchyard scene was reached. The curtain rose, and high in the

air we perceived the Commendatore riding, but there was no horse! The machinist had placed the monument *en face* instead of *en profile*, and as it was made of very thin cardboard nothing but a line was visible under the portly Commendatore, who looked as if he were spitted.

In the last act Don Giovanni is sitting at supper and Leporello is waiting on him. Donna Elvira enters and implores him to repent. He refuses ironically, she runs out in despair, meets the stone guest at the door and utters a piercing shriek. Every one looked eagerly at the door through which she had vanished, when, with measured tread, the Comthur entered on the opposite side. At this moment my Leporello lost his head entirely and, creeping under the table, did not sing another note. In fact he never reappeared. In vain I tried to prompt him from the slips. He had for the time being ceased to exist. But the best was still to come.

The statue was singing that most beautiful passage, "*Dammi la mano inpegno,*" and Don Giovanni was writhing in the grasp of the stone hand. "Time they went to hell," thought the machinist and began to lower the trap-door. I called out loudly, "Too early,"

and he stopped, but the mischief had been done. The trap had been lowered so far that only the heads of the two singers were to be seen, and they sang the finale as if from a bath.

In Dublin we had a surprise. My mother sang the first night, I forget in what opera. The moment she appeared, the audience began to whistle sharply and shrilly. She hesitated an instant, then she commenced singing. At the close of the act the whistling began again and went on and on. Behind the scenes the impresario came to meet her with outstretched hands.

“But Mr. Beale,” said she, “you should have warned me that the audience was not friendly to me.”

“What? Why, it’s a triumph the like of which was never seen. Didn’t you know that the Irish whistle instead of clapping?”

It seemed a very original way of applauding. But the audience was amusing in every way. Somebody would make a speech in the interval, jokes and witty remarks were bandied to and fro, the singers were imitated—in short there was not a trace of English stiffness.

One day, as we were leaving the hotel, a

tiny boy came riding past. The little fellow was sitting on a great drayhorse and looked like a small monkey on an elephant. A workman who was leaning against a wall, idly smoking his pipe, called out: "Why don't you get inside your horse?" "I've lost the key," piped the small boy with the ready wit of an Irishman.

We had to be more careful in Dublin about the staging of our operas. The lively audience might easily have played some trick on us, and yet it was there that a very unusual incident occurred during a performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*.

My mother (Orpheus), and Fräulein Orwil (Eurydice), had always sung the French text and therefore this was to be used. Madame Gassier (Amor) did not know the opera, so I taught her her part, and as the prompter knew no French, I was to take his place. At the rehearsal it turned out that there were not enough players in the orchestra to accompany the echo scene in the first act from the stage. There was a harmonium, and it was settled that I should act as stage orchestra at night. The dances could not be rehearsed, as none of the dancers came to the rehearsal.

I was a very busy girl that evening. First I had to make up Eurydice, then I went round to Amor's dressing-room to go over the words of her song once more. I knocked. "Come in!" I opened the door and burst out laughing, for I was still innocent enough in those days to think that the scene before me was merely funny. Madame Gassier, in the costume of Amor, was sitting on Mr. B——'s knee, and stroking his long, fair beard.

Everything went very well at first. I played the echo music, prompted from behind the scenes, and enjoyed the beautiful music. Now came the Elysian fields and the dances, and my troubles began.

The dancers were present, but had no idea when to appear and what to do, for they had had no instructions, and though I knew very little about the matter I had to act as ballet mistress, whether I would or no. With the piano score in my hand, I hastily counted the number of bars and mentally distributed the dancers, so that I could give my orders when the time came.

"First two dancers. Pass gracefully along the stage to the footlights. Arm movements. Now! Three together. Imitate the first two.

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Now! Two more, then three. Join the others and all turn slowly. Gracefully. Now!" And so on till all were on the stage, and I had to leave them to their fate. I felt hot all over. Fortune favoured us, however, and everything went off all right. Eurydice was fetched from the underworld, tormented her husband till he looked at her and she fainted. The fainting heroine was to fall on a stone bench, but our Eurydice was very short-sighted, and instead of sitting on the bench she fell beside it. No one laughed. The situation was too engrossing, the Orpheus too sublime.

When Eurydice was really dead my mother sang the well-known air :

J'ai perdu mon Eurydice.

The first verse she sang in lyric sorrow, the second weeping by the side of the dead woman. Before beginning the third verse she went to the back of the stage in order to rush forward in a frenzy of despair. But there was something slippery on the floor and Orpheus slid forward to the footlights, where luckily he fell on his knees. The great artist revealed herself. She retained this position during the whole verse, and her gestures, expression, and



PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA AS ORPHEUS.

singing were so magnificent that there was a perfect storm of applause and it was a long while before the audience quieted down.

As I have spoken of Orpheus, I should like to add a few words about the first performance at the Théâtre Lyrique of Paris in the year 1859. The reader may perhaps recollect that Gluck wrote a French and Italian version, the one for contralto, the other for tenor. The French score is somewhat confused and inaccurate so that some one with a thorough knowledge of Gluck was required to arrange it. There was no one so fitted for the task as Berlioz, and he gladly undertook it and was present at most of the rehearsals.

Marie Sasse was to be Eurydice. Her fine powerful voice had been discovered about a year previously in a café-chantant (café du Géant), where a giant was being exhibited, and she sang couplets. She was quite uneducated and had no idea who Gluck and Orpheus were. She was told that one was a composer, the other a singer, and she inquired no further. This will explain how it was that she asked my mother at the dress rehearsal if M. Gluck was present. "No," answered my mother, "he is away." "Oh! then I think it very

cool of M. Berlioz to settle the *tempi* in his absence.”

Amor was sung by a pretty, rather plump singer. She made a stout Cupid, but no wonder, for she always ate a chop after each act. I find it difficult to speak of my mother's performance of Orpheus lest I should be thought unduly prejudiced. I must, however, mention that I heard her thirty-four times in the part (the opera was performed one hundred and forty-two times consecutively), and that, though I am very critical, I was deeply moved each time. Her Orpheus was never the same twice running, there was always some new and unexpected touch. The most remarkable thing was that my mother had been much worried about the opera, for she did not know how to treat the part. Almost at the last moment, during the dress rehearsal, she had a sudden inspiration. The whole part became clear and distinct. She had of course thought out all the details most carefully, had studied the classic sources and had sketched her whole costume herself. But Orpheus the man had been as a sealed book to her till her hour of inspiration came.

Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*

was being sung in Paris at the same time as Gluck's opera. Orpheus was all the rage just then. Very funny mistakes occurred, for some went to the serious opera thinking they had gone to the comic one, and vice versâ. One evening I overheard the following conversation in a neighbouring box. Orpheus was weeping and lamenting at the grave of Eurydice, and the priestesses were marching round the altar.

Wife : " What's that ? What are they doing ? "

Husband : " Why, I'm not quite sure. I think those are Jewish rites."

White veiled figures were wandering round the stage which represented the Elysian fields.

Wife : " Well, what is happening now ? "

Husband : " I can't make it out at all. I only know that it's all taking place in the ethereal regions."

Wife (much disappointed) : " Well, they told us it was funny. I don't think it's a bit funny."

Just as women so often fall in love with an actor, not with him personally, but with the part he impersonates, such as Romeo, Lohengrin, etc., so a young girl fell in love with Orpheus. She grew thin and pale, and her

mother in despair resolved to ask my mother's help. "Bring your daughter to me to-morrow morning," said my mother. "I promise to cure her."

On the following morning arrived a maiden, trembling with excitement at the prospect of seeing her beloved Orpheus. My mother appeared in her dressing-gown, with unkempt hair, cross, irritable, in fact thoroughly disagreeable. Was this her ideal, the sublime Orpheus? The poor child burst out crying, and went away perfectly disillusioned.

The following little incident was a very pleasing one. Every evening when my mother entered her dressing-room she found a beautiful bouquet which had been left anonymously, no one knew by whom, though a woman had been seen to pass with flowers along the passages. My mother resolved to discover who sent her this regular gift, and she therefore went to the theatre earlier than usual and waited near the stage-door. In a short time she saw a working woman appear with the customary tribute. She started when my mother spoke to her, and at last she confessed that she was the giver. She was a gold-worker and a widow; she lived with her sister and

spent most of her earnings on flowers and theatre tickets, as to see and hear Orpheus was her idea of bliss. My mother's feelings may be imagined ; she visited the woman and let her come to our house. Till her death, a few years ago, this working woman remained a most enthusiastic admirer of my mother, and never omitted to send her flowers on her birthday.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN I GREW UP

THE City of Paris offered a prize for the best musical work. The prize consisted of 10,000 francs and three public performances of the selected composition by the orchestra and chorus of the grand opera. I wanted to take part in the competition for this *grand Prix de la ville de Paris*, and composed a cantata for solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, and sent in my work with a motto.

The members of the jury began to make their first selection from the thirty-five or thirty-six works sent in and reduced them to seven and finally to two. These two were Godard's *Tasso* and my cantata, *The Feast of Bacchus*. The jury could not make up their minds to which of the two they should award the prize, till suddenly some one exclaimed: "We can't possibly give the prize to this work. I know the writing. It's by

a woman, and it would be a disgrace to us if we awarded the prize to a woman." So Godard obtained the prize, which made him known. In after-years the president of the jury, at that time director of the opera, Vaucorbeil, showed me the notes that the jury had made on my work and told me the facts I have just related.

It was a very serious blow to my hopes. The prize immediately brought Godard a commission for an opera, *Jocelyn*, from the Opéra Comique. My cantata was performed many years later at Stockholm under my superintendence and much to my satisfaction.

Another of my compositions, *Cain*, was sung at my parents' house in Paris. Among the audience were Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Gevaërt, Faure, Massenet, Godard, Lalo, Lefèvre, Dubois, and others. It was a complete success, and I was strongly advised to have the work performed in public with Lamoureux' orchestra. A few thousand francs were needed for copyist, rehearsals, and performances, but I had no money in those days and no one helped me, as everybody thought my family would supply the necessary funds. This, however, was not the case.

Had these two works become known, my career as composer would have been very different. These statements, for the truth of which I can vouch, are only another proof of how women have been handicapped by prejudice and thus prevented from making their way and obtaining recognition. And then people say: "Oh, women cannot compose." This reminds me of an incident that occurred to me at Baden-Baden. I went into a music-shop and asked for the *Spanish Quartet* for piano and stringed instruments by Madame Hérítte-Viardot. "We haven't got it," was the reply. "But it's in the window. Here, this." I was told with a significant smile: "Oh, that isn't by a woman. A woman can't compose a quartet!"

I have already mentioned our villa at Baden-Baden. It had been built by an Englishman, and resembled a *châlet*. It was situated in a very secluded position in the valley in the so-called "Tiergarten" and there was a most glorious view from there. At one end of the garden, which included a beautiful rose-garden, my mother had a small concert-room built in which was a church organ by Cavallé-Col of Paris. Turgenieff soon after

bought a piece of ground adjoining ours and built himself the Villa Turgenieff. This makes the rumour all the more surprising that Turgenieff had built a châlet for the Viardot family.

Those were the brilliant days of Baden-Baden, the gambling-rooms were flourishing, the crowds of strangers from all parts brought plenty of money to the shops, and the life was varied and interesting.

Life in the Villa Viardot was specially animated, for many young people, distinguished personages, and royalties assembled there. We had concerts and theatrical performances that always ended with supper. Great people came to our house : the Emperor William I., at that time only King of Prussia, his wife Augusta, the Grand Duchess of Baden-Baden, and many others, including Bismarck and Moltke. They were always very amiable and unassuming, generally stayed to supper, and conversed with those present.

I remember a very characteristic remark of the King's. I had asked him one day if he really liked music or merely tolerated it. He answered : "Why, you see, I don't understand it at all. When I'm at a concert, I

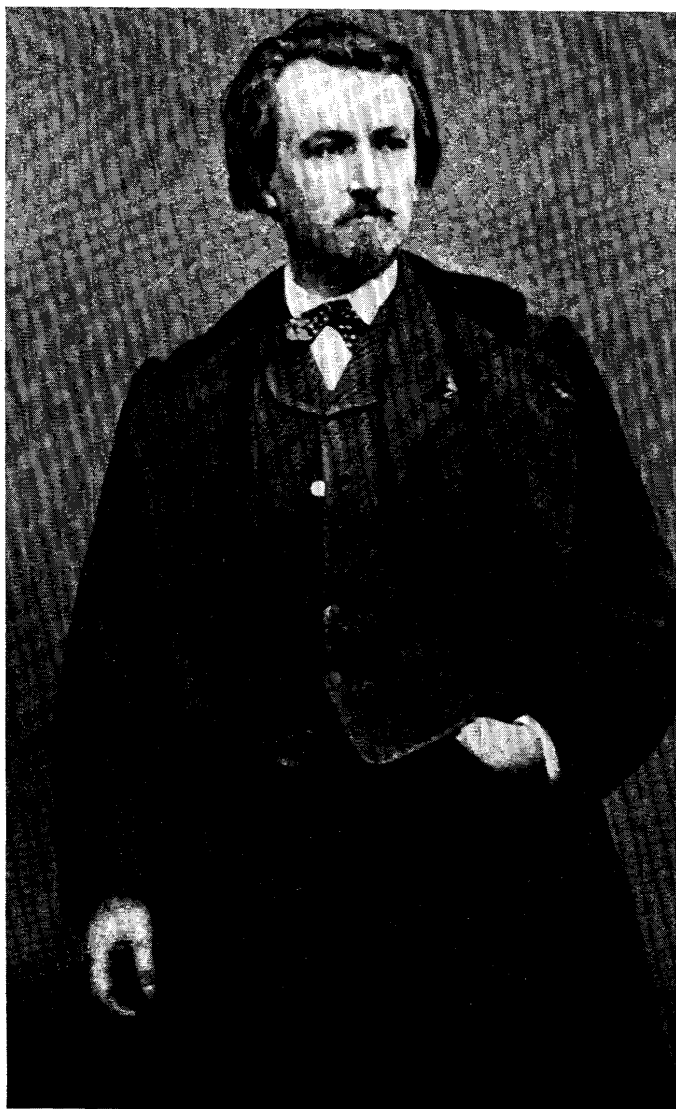
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never know why it begins and why it stops. Military music is a different matter. That has an object."

Queen Augusta loved music and painting, she was very well read, and always *au courant*. She was therefore able to talk to those she met, about their works and their employment.

The Grand Duchess Louise of Baden-Baden was also very fond of art. She was always charming to me, both at Baden-Baden and later on when we met at Tarasp. I shall never forget that it was she who said to me, after my first public appearance as a singer in 1858 (it was at Karlsruhe at a concert conducted by Levy): "I am so glad, Louise, that you are beginning to fly with your own strong wings." She never knew how very much her words encouraged me.

Among the friends who visited us were two whom the demon of gambling held in his clutches, Rubinstein and Gustave Doré. They both lost large sums and were quite pleased if they did not lose more than 100,000 francs in one season. They certainly earned a great deal, but they were just as bad when their pockets were empty. It was impossible to get Doré away from the tables. One day he came



GUSTAVE DORÉ.

to my father to borrow some money, as he had lost everything.

“ My dear friend,” said my father, “ I won’t give you a penny. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do. We will go to the railway station, I’ll buy you a ticket to Paris, and you shall go home to your mother, who is expecting you. Do you see ? ”

“ Well, of course, if there’s no help for it, I suppose it will be the most sensible thing for me to do. Let’s go.”

So they set off together to the station. The express started in half an hour, my father gave Doré his ticket, and left him, feeling quite comfortable about his friend. In the evening, who was discovered sitting at the tables ? Why, our friend Doré. He had sold his ticket to another passenger, left his luggage to its fate, and was eagerly staking his money. Curiously enough, he won back the greater part of what he had lost.

Near Baden-Baden is a village called Unter-und Oberbeuren, with a small inn over whose door stands in pleasing French : “ *A la cor de Chasse.* ” It is adorned with a large stone head with a broad grin, and a bugle encircling it. The present generation probably has no

idea that this head is the work of a very well-known sculptor, Dantan, who was particularly clever at caricature. While the tables were still in existence at Baden-Baden, the little inn and small garden were much frequented, especially by artists, many of whom ornamented the walls of the coffee-room with paintings and drawings. The frequenters of the place were a merry set, always ready for fun, and Dantan, who had already made a name for himself, brought a lump of clay one day in order to model the landlord's head. His work was very successful; though somewhat exaggerated, it was a very good likeness. The landlord was very proud of it and had it carved in stone and put over his door. It was a good advertisement, for its ludicrous ugliness was bound to attract attention.

Turgenieff's black pointer was well known in Baden-Baden, but he took no notice of any one but his master. He alone was allowed to touch him and, though the animal saw us daily, and went for walks with us, he growled and showed his teeth if we tried to touch him. Cats he abhorred and killed, wherever he met them, and our servant Jean Schoch said: "Pegase is the Bismarck of the cats."

I must relate an amusing anecdote of this Jean Schoch. King William was supping at our house one evening, after one of our performances, and refused some dish that was offered him. Jean bent over him and said in an insinuating whisper: "Do take some, your Majesty. It's very good." The whole party, including the King, laughed heartily, and from that time, when we wanted to press any one to eat, we always used to quote: "It's very good, your Majesty." Another of Jean's amusing performances was his habit of announcing the Queen's *dame d'honneur* as "*Madame Tonnerre*."

In 1862, in accordance with the wish of my parents, I married M. Ernest Hérítte, who was twenty years older than I, and of whom they knew nothing, except that he was in the diplomatic service. As he was the chancellor of the French Legation at Berne, he wished to be married in church. When I went to speak to the vicar about the necessary arrangements, he sprang to his feet at my first words: "I have not been christened." I explained that my father was a freethinker and that his idea had been that I should choose my own religion, when I was grown-up.

“ Then you have never been to Confession ? ” cried he.

“ No,” I replied.

“ But I cannot perform the marriage ceremony for you without Baptism and Communion.”

“ Very well,” returned I. “ Then I will dispense with the marriage ceremony.”

At this he began to talk to me so kindly and wisely that at last I gave way. “ Can I not manage the Confession and Communion in this way ? ” I asked with a significant movement of the hand.

“ Yes, unfortunately,” answered he.

I had to go to him several times and we had most interesting conversations, for he was a very clever, highly cultured man. He had been a teacher at the Lycée and in consequence of a love affair had entered the Church. When Napoleon III. wished to be shown over a new church, Sacré Cœur, he was deputed to act as his guide. He entered the carriage as a vicar, he left it as a bishop.

In due time I was christened and Turgenieff acted as my godfather.

The first years of my married life I spent at Berne. It was a very dull time, for there

was no amusement of any sort, no concerts, no theatres, no intellectual society in those days. My only amusements were to watch the feeding of the bears in the bear-pit, or to go for rides or walks in the woods. I often drove to the woods, walked about there for hours reading, and then drove home again when the carriage came for me. One day I was walking in an avenue in the woods, when a tall swarthy fellow emerged from behind some bushes and came towards me, one hand stretched out for alms, the other flourishing a big stick in menacing fashion. I put my hand into my pocket as though feeling for my purse, drew forth the little pistol I always carried about with me, aimed it full at him, and, crying, "Back, back, back," drove him before me till he vanished in the bushes. What terror the sight of such a little weapon can cause! It was not even loaded! Afterwards I was told that the whole wood was infested with people of this description, who were called the "homeless." They were men who had committed some breach of the law and were sent from canton to canton till they took refuge in the woods of Berne. Of course my solitary walks came to an end.

A year later, my husband was appointed consul at the Cape. My little boy had been born a short time before our departure, and we were obliged to make special arrangements for him during the voyage. At the last moment the wet-nurse refused to go, and, to the indignation of my relations, I decided to take a goat (or rather two goats in case one got ill) in her place. The French consul at Southampton, our place of embarkation, procured the animals for me and they were kept on deck in a railed-off place, and milked by the cook twice a day. One morning there was not a drop of milk. The sailors had milked the goats for their own benefit, and I was obliged to have a padlock put on the enclosure. For some days all went well; then suddenly one of the goats was taken ill and her milk left her. The other luckily continued to thrive. There was a young married woman on board with a baby and a wet-nurse. The latter lost her milk, and my goat had to feed both children. How thankful I felt that I had not listened to my family.

We reached Capetown in safety. The villa which we had taken a little way outside the town had a large garden, which was a

source of constant delight to me. It was full of beautiful and interesting flowers, orange-trees, mandarines, and the most luscious figs imaginable. The owls were so fond of the figs that they had to be watched at night if we wished to save the fruit. There were plenty of trees in the district in which we lived, thanks to the sensible old Dutch law that was still in force, that, for every tree cut down, two new ones must be planted. The result was that there were plenty of shady trees in the neighbourhood of Capetown.

The life was very pleasant, and, as is always the case in English colonies, there were plenty of entertainments. I chose my own amusements, however ; I rode or drove and I devoted myself to music. I found that in Capetown there was scope for the best sort of music, so I started a choral society of good amateurs, men and women, and we sang a great variety of music, and especially the charming old English glees *a cappella*. In the Cathedral we sang masses for charitable purposes, and in a hired hall we gave a real concert to invited guests, for which we worked very hard. Every member of our society paid twenty shillings a year, and as we numbered more

than thirty it was easy to provide plenty of music.

On the whole, I was able to do just as I liked, according to the usual custom in the colonies, and I could ride or walk by myself. Of course there was no lack of occasional little adventures, such as losing one's way or being pursued by a wild bull, and sometimes very funny things happened.

One day, after a long and interesting ride, in the course of which I lost a stirrup, I stopped at a small village to rest my horse. I told the innkeeper to give it a bottle of ale, and I never dreamt of the possible consequences, which were highly absurd. The horse became intoxicated, snorted, staggered, reeled, and bumped up against every tree, so that we could only go at a snail's pace. We reached home safely, but I could not help laughing; the horse's behaviour was so exactly like that of a man's under similar circumstances.

Another time I was riding in a sandy plain and was parched with thirst. I saw a hut in the distance and rode up to it. A negress appeared and I asked for a drop of water, as I felt sure she must have some in the house. She went in and soon returned with a broken old

jug. My horse was so restless that I could not drink out of the jug, and asked for a glass or cup. She brought me a dirty, greasy glass out of which it was impossible to drink. "Oh," said I, "that won't do. Can't you clean it?" She looked surprised, thought for a minute, and then, raising her skirt, began to rub the glass with a very unclean-looking undergarment. At this, I turned and fled.

One day I rode out into a sandy plain to enjoy a fine sunset. As usual I was not going anywhere in particular. I had been riding for a considerable time, when in the distance I saw something that I could not make out. It looked like the trunk of a tree, and that struck me as rather strange here in the desert, as there was not a single tree growing there. I rode towards it to see what it was. My horse grew restive and the nearer we came to the mysterious object, the more restless he became, till at last he refused to advance. I had the greatest difficulty in making him go on; he snorted, trembled, was bathed in perspiration, and kept on trying to turn back. Suddenly I saw the tree-trunk move, it rose up, and the head of a mighty lion became visible, standing out sharply against the horizon. Then I was

of the same mind as my horse, and we turned and rode off at a furious gallop in the opposite direction. Luckily the lion had not seen us, or he was not hungry and could afford to despise us.

I had trained my horse myself and he was a splendid racer. He would allow no one else on his back, but he sometimes played even me a trick. One day I was acting as starter at a race. When the other horses flew past us, mine became uncontrollable, jumped over the barrier, and forced me to take part in the race till, by dint of much pulling, I was able to bring him to a standstill. I was anxious to accustom him to noise, and accordingly one day we were present at the artillery practice. At the sound of the first shot he fell to the ground, and the report spread through the town that my horse had killed me.

I took part in some very exciting sport, a leopard hunt at night. On a dark night a number of people, accompanied by dogs specially trained for this sort of work, ride out along the shore where there are large rocks or boulders. Each of the hunters is provided with a spear. The dogs find their prey lurking among the rocks, force the leopard out of his hiding-

place, and the skilful hunter kills it with his spear.

One very fine day I went for a long, lonely ride into a district which I did not know at all. It was very desolate; the ground was stony and the only traces of vegetation I found were the Cape tea-plant, with its gleaming white leaves and some thorn-bushes. I turned a corner and saw before me a pretty little English cottage built against a rock, and as I was thirsty I rode up and knocked at the door with my whip. A middle-aged lady opened and politely asked me to dismount and come in. Her sitting-room was charming with its solid old furniture and it was almost painfully neat. We talked together for some time and she told me that she was of Dutch extraction. Her brother was in business in Capetown, and they lived together. I asked her why they lived so secluded a life, and she answered that they both loved solitude and were perfectly happy. I told her my name, and she became still more friendly. A guitar adorned with pink ribbons hung on the wall, and I asked her if she was fond of music and if she played herself. "I sometimes sing and accompany myself on the guitar," she

answered. "But if you would sing to me I should be delighted." "With pleasure," I returned. "But I can't play the guitar; I know nothing about it."

"Oh," she answered, "I'll find something that we can manage, for of course you sing at sight." She fetched her guitar and produced an old, well-thumbed book of music, which contained a number of very sentimental old French romances. She selected the well-known *Fleuve du Tage*, and accompanied it on the guitar with pointed fingers. I felt as if I had been carried back to the Rococo age. A pretty pastel drawing might have been made of the scene. The contrast between the dreary desolate neighbourhood and the sentimental affected manner of the old maid struck me forcibly as I rode away. It is very curious, that, go where you will, you are sure to find something that takes you back to other times.

CHAPTER VII

ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA

NOT long after I took part in an adventure that was as exciting as it was dangerous. My husband persuaded me and two other ladies to ascend Table Mountain. As he had already made the ascent, he declared that a guide was unnecessary, for he knew the way perfectly. We took my faithful Newfoundland dog with us. The ascent would take only a few hours, and we intended to descend on the other side, and go to Constantia. It was the middle of the summer and we all wore thin white garments. We began the ascent in the best of spirits, but after we had been climbing for some hours, my husband became uneasy and came to the conclusion that he had missed the right way. We thought it did not matter which path we took as each was bound to lead up to the plateau. We soon found, however, that the way bristled with difficulties. Great

rocks lay in our path, and we had to stand on each other's shoulders in order to get on to them. The last person was pulled up by our united efforts. Hour after hour passed away and still we had not reached the summit. Suddenly darkness fell. What were we to do? A council of war was held, and we resolved that as it was full moon we would go on and try to reach the plateau. We had already made several attempts to turn back, but each time we had been brought to a stop on the brink of a precipice. On and on we went; our way led us through ravines with streams trickling through them, and soon we were soaked. At last, worn out by hunger and fatigue, we were obliged to call a halt, and alter our plans. We determined to spend the night where we were, on the edge of a precipice that rose sheer out of the sea.

The night was bitterly cold; we dared not sleep for fear of wild beasts, who in those days made Table Mountain very unsafe. So we sat back to back to keep ourselves warm, and any one who fell asleep was promptly awakened by the others. There we sat, listening to the weird concert in the distance, the mewing, howling, and roaring of the wild beasts. We

repeatedly heard the rustling of snakes near us. As we had intended our excursion to be a matter of four or five hours only, we had taken no provisions with us, and we searched our pockets in vain for any chance crumbs. My husband discovered a peppermint-drop in his waistcoat pocket and divided it fairly among us. Unless you have tried it, you cannot imagine how refreshing a little bit of peppermint can be to a person worn out with fatigue and hunger. We had only to stoop down to obtain water.

The night wore away drearily, and at the first ray of the sun we started on our way, in search of the right road, but with diminished strength. On each side was a sheer abyss; often we were obliged to creep on hands and knees along a narrow ledge in order to get round the high rocks that obstructed our path. All that day it poured in torrents, and we were literally soaked to the skin. My dog, who had started on the first day in such high spirits, broke down and lay at the foot of the rocks, looking at us so piteously that we were obliged to lift him up as best we could. The cold increased as we climbed higher. We could not go straight

up, but had to wind round, and our progress was consequently very slow. Night again overtook us. The cold was so intense that we crawled a long way down to get shelter for the night. Our hunger, misery, and suffering increased, and we wondered what would happen next day if we were not rescued. Some one suggested killing and eating the dog, but I protested vehemently, declaring that I would rather die; besides, as my husband truly pointed out, we had nothing to kill him with and no matches to light a fire. So we pulled ourselves together and began to plan the most fantastic menus. It was the grim humour of despair, for naturally we felt almost desperate. Thus passed the second night, and at daybreak we rose up, and, stiff, sore, and well-nigh exhausted, we started on our way, once more calling all our courage to our aid. We had to drag the dog for the greater part of the way, and sometimes even to carry him. I could scarcely drag myself along, but the others kept up fairly well. What a sight we were! A recent fire on the mountain had destroyed the vegetation, and as we had to catch hold of anything we could find to pull ourselves along, our faces, our

hands, and our torn clothes were absolutely black. The soles of my boots and the feet of my stockings were quite worn out, and I was walking on my bare and bleeding feet. On we went for hours and hours, till suddenly I collapsed and entreated the others to leave me where I was and to go on. My face turned purple, and I thought it was all over with me.

“Why, we are at the top!” cried my English friend. “This must be the plateau.” Hope gave her strength, she ran on quickly, and we heard her cry out: “Hurrah, come on! There are people here.” We dragged ourselves along and saw, at a little distance off, a column of smoke. There’s no smoke without fire, so we concluded that there were some human beings there, and we scrambled towards the place where the smoke rose up and paradise awaited us. There we found the entire garrison of Capetown, which had turned out in search of us, and had lighted the fire as a signal. No sooner had we reached our rescuers than we all collapsed and lay down on the ground unable to move. The soldiers had brought warm wraps and food. A plate of roast beef, a knife and fork were given to each, and then

an unexpected thing happened, which struck me even at the time. We one and all, as if at the word of command, threw away the knife and fork and seized the meat with our hands. It gave me a pang to think we had already come to that. I could not swallow a morsel, so they gave me a thimbleful of port wine, which I eagerly drank, but it went to my head at once and I knew no more till I found myself on the back of a coolie. Coolies had been sent out in all directions to signal to us with whistles. They had found our tracks, but had not dared to go down into the ravines. "People cannot climb down into those ravines; only the monkeys can do that," they asserted.

We had, it seemed, performed a wonderful feat. All of us, the dog included, were carried down on the backs of coolies, a carriage was brought as high up as possible, we were placed in it and driven home. As we lived on the other side of the town, in the country, we had to drive right through the town. We went very slowly, because we were so exhausted, and because the road was crowded with people. Hundreds of hands were stretched through the windows to grasp ours; we could not see to whom they belonged. It was very touch-

ing; the whole town was in a state of excitement, for it was feared that we had met with a fatal accident.

When we reached home my two-year-old boy had disappeared. Kind neighbours, convinced that we should never return, had taken the child to their home. Of course we were immediately put to bed, and I stayed there two days and nights. For a whole week I could not wear shoes or boots, as the soles of my feet were so sore. Strange to say, not one of us caught cold.

On this occasion, when I came into such close contact with the coolies, I noticed the well-known smell. The cleanest of them have a horrible smell caused by their food. They live almost entirely on a fish, the "snook," which they pull out of the sea with their hands, and put under their arm to stifle it at once, as it can give a severe bite. This fish has a bad taste and a strong smell, but as it costs nothing, they live on that and rice, and always smell of the fish.

Fish, I may mention incidentally, was a very cheap article of food at the Cape in those days. A small lobster cost about a halfpenny and the very biggest cost twopence-halfpenny.

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Oysters I got for nothing from a fisherman to whom I had rendered some assistance. These oysters were as big as soup-plates, and had to be cut up into ten or twelve pieces, but they were not very palatable.

It is a curious thing that the blacks in South Africa are not in the least afraid of snakes. During the harvest, I saw a snake under every sheaf, but when I asked the black labourers if they were never bitten, they answered: "Oh yes, but it does not matter. We all have our tobacco-pipes. We scratch out the rancid oil [the nicotine], and put it on the wound. Then we feel no ill-effects from it."

Even the most uncivilised blacks seemed to consider their pipes indispensable. I saw several chiefs, who lived as prisoners on a small island called Rabbit's Island, who went about in their native costume, that is to say, as Dame Nature had made them, but they had large holes pierced in their ears, and in one they carried their pipe and in the other a box of matches. People without pockets have to manage as best they can.

The blacks have a curious superstition about snakes. I once watched my gardener as he was digging up a bed. A very poisonous,

long black snake crept out of the ground, which he took up and threw to a great distance; this manœuvre he repeated each time he came up to it. "You are very imprudent," said I, "it might bite you." "Oh no!" said he, "it can't. I was once bitten by a dog. Now the snake cannot bite me."

During my lonely rides I sometimes saw things which many have had no opportunity of seeing—for instance, a fight between the large secretary-bird and a poisonous snake. It was very exciting. When the bird is strutting about in the tall grass and comes across a snake, of course he pecks at it, for it is his food. The snake coils itself round his leg and bites as hard as it can, but in vain, for the legs are as hard as wood. The bird rises into the air and the fight begins. The snake tries to reach the fleshy thigh, but is always prevented by the powerful beak and the flapping wings of the enormous bird. The fight may be a long one, but at last the bird crushes the snake's head with its beak. It is a strange sight, for now the snake uncoils, stretches itself out to its full length, and falls to the ground, whereupon the bird swoops down and devours it on the spot. I kept two secretary-

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birds in a courtyard behind a high fence. Their food was a difficulty, as they only ate raw meat, large worms, and snakes which the blacks had to catch for them. If anybody approached their enclosure, they ruffled their feathers and prepared to attack him. But they fell a victim to a miserable house-cat. It crept up to the wire fence, and the birds were so frantic with terror that they broke their long legs and we had to kill them.

One day I met a whole troop of monkeys, great baboons which threw sticks and stones at me. When I persisted in advancing, they fled before me, and it was interesting to see how they pushed their young ones before them and sheltered them while they kept looking back at me.

Of course monkeys were hunted for their skins, which were valuable. They were pursued on horseback and with specially trained dogs. The dogs were following an old monkey one day, and as he saw no other way of escape he jumped up behind an acquaintance of mine who was riding near, clung to him tightly and gave him a severe blow each time he tried to turn round. My friend could not get rid of the animal till some of his com-

panions came to his assistance. These monkeys generally live in large troops, but when one of them becomes very old and feeble and his teeth grow so long that he cannot eat, he is driven forth from the community without mercy, because he is of no further use and has to be cared for. These miserable old monkeys are sometimes found alone and very near their end.

I liked to follow the pretty, brownish-yellow Cape gazelles, because it was so interesting to observe the change of colour in their backs when they were pursued. The colour is white, but it assumes a yellowish tint corresponding to that of the rest of the body when the hairs rise up and lie back. This mimicry serves to help it to escape from its pursuers, as its colour now resembles that of the surrounding sand.

Very often I took my rides in the direction of Simon's Town, a distance of twenty-five miles, to visit the family of the British admiral. One day his wife took me to a meeting of the Freemasons. We had to inscribe our names in a book, and as soon as my name became known, I was asked if I really belonged to the Garcia family. I answered in the affirma-

tive and every one crowded round me and acclaimed me as "young wolf." My grandfather had been "Rose-croix," and I was not a little surprised to find that they knew this in South Africa. They equipped me with all the insignia of a Freemason, including the red cloak, and I had to wear them all the evening, much to my own delight.

After living at the Cape for three years, I returned home with my son. Our steamer touched at St. Helena and Ascension Island, where we stayed for one day. I went on shore, of course, to get a little rest from the perpetual motion of the sea, leaving my little boy in the best hands possible, a company of English soldiers who were going back to England. No nurse would have been as gentle and as good to children as these great, bearded men. One day I gave them a small bottle of rum, and as they received none on board, they were exceedingly pleased.

At St. Helena I drove to Longwood, Napoleon's house. The only things that really interested me there were a beautiful marble bust of the Emperor and the miserable little bed in which he died. His remains had already been removed to the Hôtel des Invalides

in Paris. I was the only lady who ventured to land, if it can be called landing. The sea was very rough ; we had to go in a small boat to the foot of a cliff, where a rope was let down from above. This we seized, and when the boat was raised on the crest of a wave, we scrambled up by the steps cut in the face of the cliff. At least that was how we managed forty years ago.

It is easy to land in Ascension Island, because the ships can come right in, but the whole island is so steep that no vehicle can go to the summit. There are no carts or carriages of any description. Again I was the only lady to land, and I climbed up with two fellow passengers. It was very hard work. The island is formed of lava, there is no vegetation, and the whole place wears a dark and gloomy look. It is impossible to get a firm foothold, as the lava crumbles easily, but we clambered up beneath a broiling sun, which made the lava so hot that, on our return to the ship, we discovered that the soles of our boots were charred. Here and there we saw a few huts scattered about, but we made our way towards a more respectable-looking white cottage, as we thought its inmates would not refuse

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to give us a glass of water. We were simply parched with thirst. We were most kindly welcomed by a young lady, and ample refreshments were placed before us. I inquired why the walls and the ceiling of the little room were decorated with flags, and she said that her husband was the port captain, and that they were giving a ball that evening. The island was a naval station, and most of the soldiers and officers invalided home from India were stationed there for a time to break their journey on the way home to England, and sometimes spent two or three years there; this time was reckoned as service, and they could have their wives and children with them.

As most of the officers were accompanied by their wives it was possible to give balls. I asked whether the ladies came in ball dress, and our hostess answered: "Oh yes, just as they do in England." "But how do they get here?" "They come in their ball-dresses, riding on horses or donkeys." We took leave, and slid and slipped back to our ship, and no sooner had we arrived than I was suddenly taken ill and lay unconscious for two days. It was a slight sunstroke.

The island is quite barren, and all provisions

were brought once a fortnight from the Cape. As a rule mutton was the only meat provided, and every family received so much per head. On the shore were the famous tanks for the gigantic turtle. Every ship could obtain a supply, and the inhabitants were able to buy what they wanted. Mutton or turtle—what an alternative!

Various excitements enlivened the rest of the journey. In addition to such trifles as flying-fish, dolphins, and whales, we had a waterspout to break the monotony of the journey. Our ship was whirled round and round for about two hours, and we were in great danger, but we were gradually whirled out of the vortex. Not long after, we encountered a still greater danger. In the Bay of Biscay we were overtaken by a cyclone. Everything on deck was swept overboard—masts, sails, boats, one of the crew, all the animals which we were bringing to Europe, cattle, zebras, monkeys, parrots, cows for the use of the passengers, and a huge boa-constrictor, which had been a source of interest every morning when it was fed. Its mouth had been injured when it was captured, and it could not feed itself. It lay in a box with a

glass lid, and the chickens and rabbits which were given it for its food ran fearlessly about it, as its injury prevented it seizing them. At last it was decided to feed it by force, and every morning four sailors took it out of its case—three held the strong, heavy body, a fourth seized its jaws in his strong hand and forced raw eggs into its mouth. It had been kept alive with much difficulty ; now it had been washed away. We scarcely spared it a thought at the time. Our small, badly constructed boat was in great danger. After many hours of anxiety, our captain came into the cabin pale and excited. The passengers surrounded him, clamouring to know if the danger was very great. Our worthy captain was a very religious man and probably thought it was his duty to give his passengers time to make their peace with Heaven. “ We are in God’s hands. If the fire of the engines is extinguished by the water, we are lost, as we can no longer steer the ship.” He had soon cause to repent of his candour, for an indescribable scene ensued, and men and women showed how low human beings can sink in their terror. They screamed, sobbed, some prayed aloud, others cursed horribly as they

rolled on the ground, while others again would have thrown themselves overboard, but fortunately they could not go on deck. The ship was a veritable pandemonium. There were more than a hundred passengers on board. Three people—an English civilian, an English officer, and I—sat grave and self-controlled, and only our pallor showed what we felt. The gentlemen were playing chess with small chessmen that could be screwed to the board. I tied my unsuspecting little son to a couch, where he lay sleeping soundly, while I sat and watched the chessplayers. We sat thus for fully two hours, and at last the storm ceased, the engines worked, and we were safe. In those days the journey lasted forty-eight days; now it takes twenty-five. We left Capetown at the beginning of December, the hottest summer month in those parts, and reached Plymouth January 22, so that we felt the cold very much.

I have always had an unconquerable dislike to the sea since that cyclone, for now I know of what it is capable. I once saw a cyclone at Capetown. It was terrible. The sky grew dark and threatening, then red like glowing iron; a dim light spread over the landscape and

a great storm swept over the district. There was no rain, only wind, and that was so fierce that any one who did not hold on to some support was thrown to the ground. In the harbour steamers and boats were stranded, and the crews were drowned. A large three-masted vessel tried vainly to enter the harbour. We watched her anxiously. Rockets were fired from the ship. Two lifeboats tried to reach her. In vain. One was capsized; the crew reached the shore with difficulty. The other was dashed against a rock. It was impossible to save the ship. The crew had climbed up into the rigging, and were looking shorewards. We knew too well that all their hope was in us. The ship reared right up, and a terrible cry arose from the despairing men. The great, beautiful vessel vanished from our sight like a flash of lightning. We on the shore joined in the cry; tears coursed down our cheeks at the pitiful sight. The storm dropped a little towards evening, and I was able to think of returning to my home, which was at a place called Mowbray, outside the town where I had been paying a visit. Our return was not free from danger. It was pitch-dark, and the wind blew out our lights.

It was not possible to drive along the shore in the dark, and now and again a vivid flash of lightning lit up the path and frightened the shying horses, so that they flew along at a breakneck pace. I did the best I could. I lit a lamp inside the carriage and held it close to the window so that the coachman was able to see one side of the road at least. We reached home safely, but what terrible sights we passed on the way! Great fires were burning on the shore, and people were fetching up the bodies which the waves threw ashore in a terrible condition. I shall never forget it. Twenty-two steamers and fishing-boats had gone down, and three hundred bodies were washed ashore next day.

CHAPTER VIII

MY LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG

I WENT to stay with my parents at Baden-Baden, and for some time after my arrival I was very ill and was obliged to go to Tarasp for treatment. As soon as I recovered my health, I returned to Baden-Baden, where, as I have already related, I became acquainted with Rubinstein. He recommended me warmly to the Grand Duchess Helena, who offered me a post as professor at the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg. I accepted at once and left for Russia in the year 1867. The Grand Duchess Helena, a very clever, highly cultured woman, had founded the Conservatoire, of which Rubinstein was for some years the chief director. When he left, she continued to act as patron of the institution and to take a lively interest in the smallest details. We were mutually attracted to each other. I have seen her cold and proud to



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others, but to me she was ever a kind friend. I was always admitted to her presence, and many a morning we spent chatting cosily in her boudoir, where no one was allowed to interrupt us.

The staff of the Conservatoire was very superior, and included many famous names such as Davidoff, Wieniawsky, Leschetitsky, Auer, Czerny, etc. Unfortunately, our director, Zarembo, was half mad. At one time he had been the right hand of the terrible Muravieff, then he became a pious Moravian, and finally a very feeble musician. He was really of no use except to settle minor details such as time-tables and staff meetings, so we nicknamed him "Femme de ménage." He conducted a harmony class at which his pupils learnt very curious things. I will give an example:

On the origin of the major and minor key. "In the beginning was the major key. When Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, the minor key came in addition, and since then has remained on earth."

It is easy to understand that with such a man as our director we all did as we liked, and quarrelled among ourselves, though we

were very polite to each other in private life. Madame ——, who also taught singing, and I could never agree at the staff meetings. Her theory was that students of singing should study nothing but singing; I on the other hand wanted them to learn the piano, theory, and foreign languages, and endless discussions took place on this subject. It was the same in every department; the professors disputed, and our miserable director was, like Buridan's ass, between two bundles of hay.

Madame —— was a German who had married a second-rate composer, and had been on the stage for a short time. She was not very successful, though she was a good singer (naturally, for she had been a pupil of Garcia), but her voice was not very pleasant, and she had a very conspicuous wart on the tip of her nose. All her attempts to get rid of it failed, as an operation was out of the question, and her efforts at concealment were worse than useless, for they only made the audience laugh. At last she gave up the struggle and devoted herself to teaching, with excellent results. Her avarice and miserliness were notorious, and all sorts of anecdotes were told about her, which were more or less

true. I can, however, vouch for the truth of the following stories. Her husband was not allowed a fire in his study (in Russia with the thermometer showing 30 degrees of cold!), and I found him one day at his writing-table wrapped in his furs, fur gloves on his hands, writing with difficulty. She always managed to let her pupils know what she wished for her birthday—a silk dress or an evening wrap—and as a rule she treated her poorer pupils very badly. Once the Grand Duchess gave her a beautiful silver tea-service as a Christmas present, whereupon Madame — asked for an audience and, when it was granted, thanked the donor with all due respect, but ended with the remark that unfortunately something had been forgotten. “What?” “The sugar-tongs.” The Grand Duchess was most indignant; she sent the sugar-tongs, it is true, but from that time she rarely forgot to ask me: “How is our old Jewess?”

Avarice is in itself a very unpleasing quality, but it sometimes brings about very comic results. Madame — once gave a grand musical soir e, at which all her pupils performed, and as usual there was a supper. When we came into the dining-room, we were

amazed at the profusion of cakes, pies, pastries, and jellies which covered the table. Most musicians are fond of sweets. My father used to tell a story of a dinner-party at the house of Meyerbeer's mother in Berlin, where, just as every one was rising from table, two people sitting *vis-à-vis*, stretched out their hands at the same time towards a large cake that had not been touched. They were Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

The beautiful dainties on Madame ——'s supper-table looked very inviting. A hot dish and a salad were served, and then the hostess folded up her napkin and was about to rise. "Oh no," cried my neighbour, Rubinstein; "we want to enjoy the sweets first." He attacked a big cake with his fork. There was a hollow sound. He tried a jelly with his spoon. It gave forth a jingling sound. The cakes were of wood, the jellies of glass, like those I used to admire in the confectioner's windows in Germany when I was a child. Rubinstein complained loudly, while we roared with laughter, but our hostess did not seem in the least put out. "Earn as much as you can, and spend as little as possible," was Madame ——'s motto, and at her death she

left her husband a considerable fortune. He was henceforth able to live at his ease and to enjoy himself. I met him later on in Stockholm, where his manner was somewhat patronising. He had developed into an old mannikin, who, like Rossini, had three wigs, but this was his sole resemblance to the composer. His best wig was as curly as a lamb's fleece, and obtained for him the nickname "Cherub." This old cherub flirted in the most approved fashion with all the young girls, and it never struck him that they were making fun of him.

The Grand Duchess Helena had commissioned me to arrange a concert every week, and she left it to me to draw up the programme and to engage the singers. The audience was most select, and we had many an enjoyable evening. At the first concert, at which we sang Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, a somewhat unusual incident took place. There was a platform in the chief drawing-room of the palace, surrounded on three sides by heavy plush curtains, which were drawn. Here we singers awaited the signal to begin, the semi-obscurity making us feel like canaries in a covered cage. "I don't like this," thought I,

but for the moment there was nothing to be done. The curtains were drawn back as soon as all the guests were seated, and the concert began. At the end of the first part the curtains were drawn again. Her Imperial Highness sent one of her ladies, Baroness von Rhaden, to ask me to go to her, and this gave me the desired opportunity, which I eagerly seized. I pretended to be very embarrassed, and said that it was very painful for me not to accept her Highness's invitation, but I feared my colleagues would feel slighted by the favour shown me. If only those dreadful curtains had not been there to cut us off from the rest of the company; they obliged me to share the fate of my friends. She looked at me with some surprise, but returned at once to the Grand Duchess and told her what I had said. Two minutes later the footmen drew back the curtains, and I felt at liberty to enter the room and be introduced to the Court. When the concert was over, there was a supper. Long tables were carried in, one for the Court, one for the guests, and in the next room one for the artists. We seated ourselves, and were talking and laughing, when the Baroness von Rhaden reappeared to lead me to the royal

table, as her Imperial Highness wished to have me near her. The matter was somewhat more complicated this time, but I again explained that I could not desert my companions without offending them. What was the result? The Baroness disappeared. In her place came four footmen, who lifted up our table and placed it next to the Imperial table. I must confess to having felt somewhat uneasy at the result of my boldness, for at Court a wish is equivalent to a command. But I had gauged the intelligence of the Grand Duchess correctly. The matter was settled once for all. The curtains disappeared, the artists always sat at the Imperial table and were treated with the utmost consideration.

My mother once behaved in a somewhat similar manner at the Court of some petty German princess. After she had sung, she was commanded to an audience next day. Her Highness was most gracious, and even dismissed her lady-in-waiting, so as to be alone with my mother. After the audience my mother played a little trick on her Highness. She went backwards to the door, in accordance with the laws of etiquette, made her

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curtsy, and tried to open the door. She seemed to be very awkward, for in spite of all her efforts she could not turn the handle, and at last her Highness opened the door with her own hands, to the intense astonishment of the courtiers in the ante-room, at this sign of favour, and my mother was escorted out with deep bows.

These two anecdotes point a little moral. Why is it that in certain parts of the Continent artists do not occupy the social position to which they have a right? We are told that it is because they are often uneducated, conceited, and have bad manners. I grant that this is often the case, but there are many refined, cultured people among them. They are famous, they are admired, yet every petty squire, every new-made lieutenant thinks he has a right to look down on them or patronise them. Why is this? Because few of them have the moral courage to show these people, who are so greatly their inferiors, how artists should be treated. The higher the rank of those they have to deal with, the firmer must be the behaviour of the artist, but he must behave tactfully and choose his time well, not mistaking conceit or impertinence for

pride. In my case, the little lesson was well received. The Grand Duchess was kinder than ever to me and invited me to pay her a long visit in the summer at her country seat, Oranienbaum. I spent a very pleasant time at Oranienbaum, where I occupied a whole wing of the palace. I went for delightful walks in the park and woods, carriages and servants were at my disposal, and I had nothing left to wish for. The evenings I generally spent with the Grand Duchess. Rubinstein often came over from St. Petersburg, when we played and sang the whole time.

My free evenings formed a great contrast. The secluded situation of the house, the perfect silence of the night had a most soothing effect on me after the rush in which I lived in St. Petersburg. I read and wrote till a late hour, and I had an audience, namely, the owls, who sat in long rows on my balcony, staring at me with their bright unwinking eyes and hissing softly. At first I thought them very uncanny, but at length I became so accustomed to the feathered crew that I gave a name to each bird and talked to them. "Now, Longear, how sleepy you look to-day! You are keeping one eye shut. Crooked-

beak, how ruffled you look! Go to the hair-dresser and get brushed." Whereupon, they would utter a long-drawn-out "To-whooh." As soon as I put out the light they all flew back to the wood. I no longer interested them.

As my health was bad, I was obliged to obtain leave of absence from the Conservatoire from Easter to January, and I spent my holiday in a somewhat unusual manner. A married friend of mine wished to follow her husband into the interior of Russia. As she was very delicate, she was afraid to undertake the long journey alone and asked me to go with her. It was close upon midnight when we reached Moscow, where we meant to spend the night in a hotel we knew, and we accordingly instructed the cabman to drive us thither. "The hotel was burnt down two days ago," said the grinning driver. "Well, take us to another." We stopped in front of a hotel, got out, and were conducted by a sleepy porter to two small, badly furnished bedrooms, but as it was late and for one night only, I thought of my grandfather, and said to myself: "Well, for this time it may pass!" So we decided to stay, and my friend, who was

worn out, went to bed at once, while I, according to my usual habit, went into the passage and prowled about. I heard loud laughing and swearing, and it struck me that there was something strange about the place. When I wanted to lock the door, I found there was no lock. Now I understood where we were, but I did not wish to wake my friend. I therefore pushed the big table against the door, put my trunk on it, and, seating myself on a chair, pressed both feet against the barricade and kept watch all night. At six o'clock I waked my friend, who was surprised at being roused so early. "You must get up at once. We must breakfast in some other hotel. I'll tell you all about it afterwards." Luckily no one but the porter had seen us, as we arrived so late and left so early. It was noon before we left Charkov. In order to reach our destination in the Government of Ekaterinoslav we had to leave the railway. We hired a clumsy, closed four-wheeled vehicle that was fixed on a sledge and drawn by four good horses, and set forth on the hard, frozen, slippery road. After a few hours a thaw set in and now we began to slide from one side of the road to the other in the most extra-

ordinary fashion, and we were in considerable danger. Only those who have travelled into the interior of Russia in a carriage can imagine what it was like. At last it became impossible to go on in this fashion. The sledge had to be removed, and so we went on till we reached G—— with aching limbs and thoroughly worn out.

There were coal-mines in G—— of which my friend's husband was director. Some time after our arrival, his secretary and book-keeper disappeared, and as he required assistance, I undertook to act as secretary till a new one could be procured. My novel employment interested me very much for a time, as in addition to attending to the French, German, and English correspondence, I had to act as overseer to the workmen, and had to go to the mines at 6 a.m. and see that all the men were there.

Spring is very early in South Russia, and consequently the roads were nearly impassable. If the weather was fine, I walked and had to wear men's high boots to protect me from the dirt. In bad weather I rode a weak-kneed old horse which had a trick of falling on his feeble, old knees every ten minutes,

and it was not easy to get him up again. There I learnt to understand the poetry of the Steppes. That immeasurable plain, covered with flowers and heath, and wearing so melancholy an aspect, gives a faithful picture of the soul of the Russian people. The mild spring, the charm of the warm evenings, inspire one with great sympathy with the people and the country. Nowhere have I heard such glorious nightingales, for there is a great difference in their song, according to the land and zone in which they live. Some have a hard, harsh note and behave like triumphant prima donnas. Others, like those in G——, have a soft, poetic, soulful note ; I never wearied of the touching magic of their song. Formerly—I do not know if it is so still—there was a regular school for nightingales at Tula. The eyes of a specially good singer were put out ; the cage was suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room, and cages with young nightingales were hung round it. As it was always night for the blind bird, it sang almost incessantly, the young birds imitated it and learnt the best song.

Fortunately I did not have to act as secretary

very long, for I grew tired of it. I returned to my duties in St. Petersburg, where I found my work at the Conservatoire very fatiguing. My class was full, and I did my best to improve it. The social life in St. Petersburg is not easy for people who have to work. You soon feel the effects of staying up till three or four in the morning when you have to be at work by nine, especially in that unhealthy climate. You very soon feel languid and run down. This was the case with me, and after a few years I found that the work at the Conservatoire was too much for me, and that it did not satisfy me.

At this time I made the acquaintance of an interesting couple, Serov and his wife. Alexander Serov, the father of the famous painter, was an excellent musician and very original, like most famous artists. As a composer he followed in Wagner's steps, but his works, unlike those of many modern musicians, were free from all imitation and reminiscences; he only followed to a certain extent the direction of his master. His operas were realistic rather than poetic; they were more in the nature of recitative and contained little of the lyric element; his orchestration was not to be compared with that of his model. This

direction was comparatively new in Russia, and found both opponents and admirers, but Serov's works interested every one. We soon became friends, and I was an almost daily visitor at his house. He and his wife were very liberal in their views and naturally attracted many young people, musicians, writers, students. We were a merry party, for our hosts were always ready for fun. The relations between husband and wife were decidedly original, and most unusual from a European point of view. He was much older than she, worked much at home, and went out very little. She was very lively, and as she had a wide circle of acquaintances she was nearly always out, and sometimes spent several days with one of her friends. The couple allowed each other complete liberty and took everything as a matter of course. It is hardly necessary to say that their house-keeping was of a most Bohemian type. One day they met in the street; they had not seen each other for a week. They burst out laughing, and he called out after her: "When shall I have the pleasure of seeing Madame Serov at my house?" Unfortunately, Serov did not live long; he died quite suddenly from

heart failure. I became very intimate with his widow, who was a very uncommon character. She persuaded me to go on the stage and sing in Russian operas. The stage had always been my ideal, so I was easily persuaded, but as it is impossible to serve two masters well, I handed in my resignation at the Conservatoire, never dreaming that this would cause any ill feeling or that any one would try to punish me cruelly for what I had done.

The director of the Russian opera came to me one day to tell me that a favourable opportunity for my début had presented itself. Would I make use of it? "Why not? What am I to sing?" "The title part of *Rogneda*, one of Serov's operas." "Very well. When?" "In five days." "What! Only five days to learn a perfectly new part by heart and in a foreign tongue too!" "Certainly; else you must postpone your début for a month." "And how about rehearsals?" "You can have one rehearsal with the orchestra. The others do not require it as the opera has often been performed." I thought it over and consented, telling myself proudly that I must conquer all difficulties and try my own strength. I worked day and night and



LOUISE HÉRITTE-VIARDOT.

In the title part of Serov's Opera "Rogneda."

managed to form a confused idea of the character I was to impersonate. I remained perfectly passive at the rehearsal, thinking only of my exits and entrances, and marking the places where I had to begin singing. The evening arrived and I was to make my first appearance as an opera-singer. I was very excited and so uncertain of myself that I felt as if I had to throw myself into the water and swim as best I could. I made my first entry, but before I had sung a single note I was received with a perfect storm of whistling. As we were not in Ireland, I hesitated a minute and looked closely at the audience to see from whence the whistling came. The whole Conservatoire was present, whistling, and, worst of all, my friend Rubinstein was leading them. My indignation gave me added strength. The thought flashed through my brain: "You must conquer or die." I began to sing without paying any attention to the disturbing element. I did my very best, and, to my joy, it was not a case of dying, for at the end of the first act the whistling ceased, the struggle ended with general applause, and Rubinstein came rushing round to me and humbly kissed my hands. My success in-

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creased with every act, again and again I was called before the curtain, and when it fell for the last time, I had the most delightful ovation an artist can desire. The chorus crowded round me and kissed the hem of my dress and my mantle, while the famous old singer Petrov blessed me in the name of art. It was a solemn moment, and I was so moved that I burst into tears. When I went to my carriage I found a great crowd waiting, which greeted me with loud cheers. A loud voice called out in French : “ *Vive la grande fille de sa grande mère !* ”

That was the greatest compliment I ever received.

I now obtained a regular engagement at the opera.

After three months' work came the summer holidays, and I went to stay with some dear friends of mine in the Crimea. While I was packing my boxes, an incident occurred which can only happen in Russia, but which is by no means one of the pleasant features of life in that country. A young woman, Madame X——, whom I had met several times at the house of an acquaintance, came to me and asked if I would do her a great favour. “ Certainly.

What is it?" I asked. Then she told me what she wanted. Her husband, a medical student, whom I did not know, had been arrested a few hours ago, and she thought she would very likely be arrested herself, because of her intercourse with the students. Would I take care of some books that were prohibited in Russia and of some papers? "Oh, that's rather awkward," said I. "I am going away the day after to-morrow. I won't take the things with me, and it's dangerous to leave them here. What guarantee have I that they will not search my house in my absence?" "Oh no," she returned. "You belong to the Imperial opera. Your name is well known. The papers will be safer here than anywhere else." "What papers are they?" "False passports."

It was a very unpleasant affair. I did not like to refuse to help the poor woman. I was never a coward. "Very well. Bring me your things."

"They are in my cab downstairs," replied she. "I will bring them up."

She dragged up an old, yellow, leather portmanteau without any fastening but a strap. I opened it and made her show me the

books and papers. When she had taken a grateful leave of me, I remained lost in thought. What would be the best thing to do? Should I have a strong lock made for the portmanteau or should I put it in the attic with my boxes just as it was? If my house was searched an unlocked old portmanteau would look less suspicious than my carefully locked boxes. It seemed to me more prudent to fill up the half-empty portmanteau with music and to leave the books and papers underneath. No sooner said than done. I fetched a quantity of unbound music, and put it carefully into the portmanteau. A ring at the bell. My servant opened the sitting-room door and said: "Three gentlemen wish to see you."

Before she had finished speaking, the three gentlemen were in the room. One was a very elegant-looking man with a fair beard, very carefully trimmed; the other two were *gendarmes*—pistol in hand,

"What does this mean?" I wondered, but though I was alarmed I kept calm outwardly. "Be so good as to enter, sir," said I. "But we don't want those two gentlemen. Let them wait on the stairs." The *gendarmes*

went out, but I knew very well with whom I had to do. It was the dreaded third section, the secret police. We sat down, the police agent on the sofa, I on a chair, the portmanteau between us.

“What can I do for you, sir?” said I.

“It’s a delicate matter,” answered he. “Quite confidential. You may have heard that M. X—— has been arrested?”

“Really? I am sorry for him, though I don’t know him.”

“But you know his wife,” interrupted he.

“Oh yes, we have met a few times at other people’s houses. What have I to do with her?”

“Why, I must tell you in confidence that we are interested in young X——. He has been a little imprudent, and that has led to his arrest. But we would like to find a means of setting him free. Knowing how amiable you are, we thought you might be in a position to help us.”

“Haha!” thought I. “Bears are caught with honey, but you won’t trap an old fox like me.”

“Willingly,” said I aloud, “if you will tell me how.”

“ We thought they might have given you things to take care of.”

“ Things ? What sort of things ? ”

“ Why, books or papers.”

“ Not that I know of ; and I should have known it just now when I am packing my boxes. The day after to-morrow I am going to——”

“ The Crimea.”

“ Oh, you know that already ? ”

“ We know everything.”

“ Well,” thought I, “ if they know everything, things may turn out badly. I must find out.” So I said aloud : “ I have a suggestion to make, sir. I have packed everything, but you can search my boxes. My music is in the old yellow portmanteau there. I know exactly what is in it. In the other boxes are my private papers, and perhaps strange papers have been slipped among them, though I can hardly believe it. But I would rather not guarantee this. Will you follow me into the next room ? ” The man with the fair beard followed me at once. We turned out my boxes, the empty wardrobes and drawers were opened, my papers were closely scrutinised—no strange property was to be

found. I felt quite at my ease, for now I had proof positive that he knew nothing about the yellow portmanteau. I was much amused at his vain search in my empty cupboards and boxes. I laughed inwardly, remembering how my mother had once acted under similar circumstances.

When Napoleon III. carried out his *coup d'état* on December 2, 1851, every house was searched, and as my father was well known as a republican, his did not escape, as I have already mentioned. The police were searching for suspected people, arms, and letters, and they looked everywhere, even under the beds. My mother was exceedingly amused at seeing the Commissary struggling to open a drawer which she, knowing it to be empty, had refused to open, with an air of great embarrassment.

At last my friend concluded that he was losing his time, for he apologised for having disturbed me. I answered, laughing, that it did not matter, but that I was very sorry that his search would be of no advantage to poor M. X——.

We had to go back to the sitting-room, where the yellow monster seemed to grin at me. The

police-agent took leave of me, and scarcely had he gone, when my knees gave way, and I fell fainting by the side of the portmanteau. What would have happened if I had not acted so well or if the *gendarmes* had stayed in the room and, while my things were being searched, had lifted up a few pieces of music? As soon as I had recovered, I took out the papers, made them up into a parcel, sealed it, fetched a cab, and drove to a friend, to whom I told the whole story. When M. X—— was set free later on, he was able to escape with a false passport and continue his studies in another country.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT TO THE CRIMEA

I WAS free and could go to the Crimea. This was in the summer of 1868. A few extracts from my diary of my second journey to the Crimea in 1886 may be of interest. They give a faithful picture of the Crimea in those days, and as much has probably changed since then, an accurate account of the habits and conditions prevailing in Russia at that time may not be out of place.

“ For the second time I am in the Crimea. My first visit was paid years ago, and I am much struck by the great changes. My friends’ estate has increased in size and is greatly improved. The house has been rebuilt.

“ Formerly they were obliged to keep a pack of powerful dogs, as Master Isegrim had grown most insolent. We were often awakened at night by the rush of the pack, as, swift as

lightning, they pursued a wolf, uttering that curious howl which dogs only give when they scent a wolf, and which closely resembles the howl of that animal. It is a struggle for life and death. Many dogs are killed, others are scarred all over their heads, sides, and shoulders; others again have had their ears torn to tatters. Wolves were always found near the dwelling-houses, and this did not add to the pleasantness of the walks. One day I was sitting on the verandah, when a large wolf came into the courtyard, seated himself some ten yards away from me and looked at me with great interest. The dogs soon frightened him off, but this shows how bold the wolves were in those days. Now none are to be seen here ; they have retreated into the mountains, and only come down when the sheep are driven down in the winter. All day long there is firing going on in the vineyards, to kill the thrushes and other birds that eat the grapes, and all night to frighten away the foxes and barsuks. The barsuk is a quadruped, half bear, half pig, which is frightfully greedy and is not afraid of attacking man.

“ There are plenty of unpleasant creatures here ; in the open air there are not so many,

a tarantula or a harmless snake. But in the house! Cockroaches, black-beetles of every size and shade, large jet-black spiders, grasshoppers, crickets that chirp the whole night through in the most insufferable manner, and are nowhere to be seen, beetles, moths, gnats that bite, mosquitoes, wasps, fleas, bugs, even frogs, and, worst of all, the horrible centipedes, with which my bedroom seems to swarm. These centipedes are thin, hairy creatures, about six centimetres long, of a light yellow or orange colour, and in my opinion they have far too many legs. I have a horror of them. At night, when you are itching all over and cannot sleep, you see these centipedes playing circus on the ceiling of your room. They run very quickly, and you are obliged to follow their movements for hours with your eyes and get quite giddy. At least that is the case with me, for they fairly hypnotise me. Or else you see a thin line on the wall which you did not notice before. As in this land it is always well to be cautious, you carefully draw near with a candle. Suddenly the line grows wider, horrible feet become visible, and in a second the Thing has fled to the ceiling or behind the furniture. My weapon

is a boot. A race now begins. I am getting very skilful, as the walls of my room testify, for they are full of horrible stains. The most detestable habit of these creatures is that of falling from the ceiling with a faint, languid rustling and vanishing. It makes me feel quite sick. The other inmates of the house do not mind, and sleep the sleep of the just.

“The walls are never papered on account of the swarms of insects—they are only white-washed. The floors are of white wood and are scrubbed daily. Yet fleas and bugs cannot be prevented, for the servants bring them into the room.

“We must not forget that we are not in Great Russia or in Little Russia, but in the ancient land of the Tartars, which is still inhabited by Tartars. The Tartar women never wash. In the summer-time they may perhaps wade through a river. They are therefore appallingly dirty, go barefoot, and, if possible, wear red clothes with gay bead-trimmings and a flower in their hair, and they think themselves most beautiful. They have, however, one very excellent custom. Every evening they sing all kinds of songs that have an oriental touch. They are a great treat

to me, and I am writing them down. The men have remarkable natural colorature. They wear Turkish trunkhose, waistcoat, and turban, and are true orientals.

“ This estate lies in the midst of a motley neighbourhood, a Tartar village, a Greek village, a Tartar gipsy village, an Italian, a French, and an English graveyard. These three graveyards (*jardins d'acclimatation*, as the French soldiers called them) are the sole relics of the Crimean war, and as they are on the hilltops, it is impossible to avoid seeing them. The result of that war was to lay waste this beautiful land for many years.

“ The first time I came here, Sebastopol was still a heap of melancholy ruins. On my friend's estate the soldiers had cut down all the fruit-trees. To-day the estate is flourishing, and Sebastopol (more correctly, Sevastôpol) is a new, white, coquettish-looking town, built round the sickle-shaped harbour and on the hills that surround it. The chalk hills give a peculiar appearance to the whole neighbourhood. Some of them are barren and rocky, others are covered with forests, but all are slightly rounded and announce the proximity of the sea. At sunset the whole land-

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scape assumes a vivid colouring. The mountains are deep blue or violet. It is a glorious sight. Slowly the colours fade and the world looks grey and dead.

“The sea, as seen from Balaclava or Sebastopol, is of an intense indigo colour; it could not have had a more suitable name than the Black Sea. It is beautiful, grand, uncanny. At night, when it is bathed in the rays of the full moon, it turns to liquid gold, and is full of magic charm. . . .

“We went for a long drive, which would have been delightful but for the roads, that were atrocious, having been cut up by the Tartar carts during the rainy season. In the winter the mud reaches to the axle. In the summer the dust lies almost as high, and in either case you are abominably jolted. This jolting is worse if you drive in a linejka, a long, narrow, open carriage with two wheels, in which the coachman is the only person who can sit upright. The other passengers sit sideways, back to back, as in an Irish jaunting-car. When the wheel disappears in a rut, those sitting on that side have to hold on tight with hands and feet, to save themselves from falling on their faces. Those on the

opposite side are also in an unpleasant position, head down and legs uppermost. After a few hours of these gymnastics, your back is bruised all over, and your knees tremble. However, you get accustomed to everything, and many people go long journeys in these vehicles without feeling uncomfortable. Habit plays an important part in Russia, especially in the Crimea. Habit enables you to regard the society of all kind of insects with indifference, to enjoy the food prepared by an unskilful and dirty cook who is suffering from boils, and at last the dirt itself becomes a matter of course. The servants say: 'Why clean it? It will only get dirty again.' And they act accordingly. The want of logic, which is so characteristic of Russia and which meets you at every turn, enables my friends to be scrupulously clean in their persons, yielding to none in the matter of baths, and yet—like almost all Russians—they are not nice in their table manners. One substitutes his fingers for his fork, another drinks out of the cream-jug, a third cools his perspiring brow with the bread-knife. One day a gentleman at table remarked, 'Every animal can be recognised by its track,' and at the same moment he

helped himself to salt with his fingers, whereupon some one called out, 'What animal has just been at the salt-cellar?'

"I know many people in Russia with very liberal views. Here they are called revolutionaries, and on some pretext, or on none, they are transported to Siberia as suspects. They are often educated and worthy people, who, either because they were formerly in good circumstances or because they are in bad health, are obliged to keep servants to wait on them. This is not in accordance with their principles, but they cannot help it, and instead of submitting, they reproach themselves and embitter their whole existence. The Russian Government has built new universities at a great expense. No sooner are they opened than they are closed again, for fear they should be frequented by young people with revolutionary ideas. That is Russian logic. One's heart aches for these young Russians. So little is needed to arouse suspicion, and when one sees the tricks and traps of the police when they want to ruin some one or obtain some privilege or an order, then one understands that life in Russia is no easy matter. Here is an example :

“ A short time ago there was a rumour that Tolstoi was going to the south coast and would travel viâ Sebastopol. When the train arrived, 300 people stood on the platform with flowers in their hands, eager to give an ovation to the excommunicated man. Tolstoi did not come, to the evident satisfaction of the police-agents. Five days later it was reported that Tolstoi was really coming. Great crowds awaited him, the chief of the police and his officers were also there. Again Tolstoi did not come, but a policeman turned his camera on the crowd and thus obtained a photograph of those who were bold enough to protest against a sentence passed by two Ministers. From that day there were no more rumours of Tolstoi's coming. It was only a trap to enable the police to get acquainted with these people, who from that time forth were regarded as suspects and carefully watched. If Tolstoi had not been so popular and had not had so many enthusiastic disciples, he would long ago have been sent to Siberia in chains, a cannon-ball fastened to his ankles. They dare not do it for fear of vengeance. His philosophy may be wrong, his religion not suited to our age, we may even

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consider him mad ; but he is brave and strong. He sets an example in his private life which has found many imitators, and the ‘Tolstoians’ have become a widespread sect.

“ Here in the country we feel safer, for, when you are twenty-four miles from a town, the police cannot get at you so easily. Now and then, however, you may receive an unexpected visit from the police, who come to question you. Sometimes they arrive in the middle of the night. They ask you whether on such and such a day you were at such and such a place, or saw a certain person. Your answers are protocolled, and you must write them down yourself and sign them. The visitors demand tea and refreshments and then depart, leaving those who have been questioned, in a state of nervous anxiety for fear they may unwittingly have compromised themselves or others. This is a favourable case. The matter does not always end so well. Sometimes a man is simply carried off by the police. He disappears for ever—no one knows what has become of him.

“ Very mysterious things sometimes happen. When I was in Stockholm, a Frenchman, the owner of the Grand Hotel, told me the follow-

ing story. He bought some game on a Finnish ship and sent it to the kitchen. When the cook was about to roast a blackcock, he found a rolled-up piece of paper in the neck of the bird, on which was written in Russian: 'For Christ's sake have the charity to tell my parents, [the name and address followed in full] that their son is on his way to Siberia.' Where had this been written? How came it in the neck of the shot bird? The stupid landlord took the paper to the Russian consul, and probably the unhappy parents never learnt their son's fate.

"The merest trifle, the report of a servant, suffices to deprive people of their property, and send them to Siberia. Every year 1,300 to 1,400 people are sent there. . . .

"All this accounts fully for the depression and sadness that I notice in Russia. The younger generation suffer under this system, and it is easy to understand why they have forgotten to laugh and lost all their gaiety. It is a sad state of affairs and one that must necessarily lead to desperate deeds. The present Czar (1886) is, as is well known, a good man, but weak and delicate. If he were surrounded by worthier men, we might hope

for some reforms, but he is helpless and can do nothing, much as he may wish to, and the *will* of this autocratic monarch is a mere cypher. Here is a proof of it.

“ A certain Minister was instructed to write a report on a certain important matter. He did so, and sent it to the Czar, but it was intercepted and destroyed by the Minister of the Interior, who thought it was too liberal in tone. Some time after, the matter was discussed in full council. The writer of the report alone remained silent. The Czar turned to him.

“ ‘General, I should much like to hear your opinion.’

“ ‘Your Majesty knows my views from my report.’

“ ‘What report? I never received one.’

“As the Czar insisted, all the chancelleries were searched, but of course nothing was found.

“This same general once gave a very characteristic answer: ‘What can I do? In the whole Cabinet there is but one voice in my favour, and that is only the Czar’s. I am watched and spied upon on all sides. All my letters are opened and read by the police.’

“As I write, I hear the sound of firearms; that means that the quails have arrived. They

winter in the Crimea, and in a fortnight people will be able to kill them with whips or catch them in their hands, for in a short time they get so fat that they cannot fly. Even now they are so oily that they are scarcely fit to eat. The menus here are somewhat monotonous :

Soup—with mutton.

Tomatoes or pumpkins stuffed with mutton.

Minced mutton cutlets.

Water-melons; sour milk.

Nothing but mutton, and it is always minced because the meat is of too poor a quality to roast. Unfortunately, I detest mutton. A duck or a fowl is sometimes served, but it is so badly cooked that I cannot touch it.

“ If you want to learn the real meaning of the word comfort, you must live in a place like this, far from a town and almost oriental. We are accustomed to look on our daily comfort as a matter of course, but here one learns to value the greatest trifles. The inhabitant of a big town feels much surprised when he is shown a miserable bed with innumerable inhabitants and no carpet at its side; there is a small rusty iron washstand, a room full of hateful insects, no proper sanitary arrange-

ments, bad food served on dirty plates by bare-footed maids, etc. My hostess does her best to fight against the dirt, but she is not very successful, for the servants do not understand the meaning of cleanliness.

“But there is one thing we do enjoy thoroughly, and it makes us forget our petty troubles for some hours; it is music. My friend, the owner of the estate, is a gardener, a vine-grower and an editor, but, above all, he is an excellent musician. We read scores together, quarrel frequently, agree still oftener, play our compositions to each other, and play a number of Russian symphonies as duets. In this way I am becoming acquainted with a number of new and interesting pieces, and am constantly forced to admire the imagination and the knowledge of orchestration shown by the Russian composers. There is only one class of composition that does not satisfy me entirely—the quartets for stringed instruments. They seem hampered by the definite form, and the first movement strikes me as particularly unsatisfactory.

“Where they can give free play to their imagination, as in the symphony, they achieve wonders. In spite of all their filigree work

and polyphony, they never overstep the bounds of what is 'musical,' and, however eccentric their work may be, you never feel alarmed lest they should go too far, and end in the mad-house. Liszt declared: 'The future of music rests with the Slavonic races.' We shall only be able to judge of that in the future, but their present music is a great joy to me.

"Out of doors we enjoy nature, the mountains, the plants, and the wonderful sunsets. It is very interesting to watch the carts of the Tartars fording the river; the little horses and great oxen stop in the middle of the stream, and slowly and solemnly drink their fill. These carts can be heard a great distance off. A thousand frogs, two thousand saws, and as many rattles might give an approximate idea of the awful noise of the wooden wheel, and if you ask a Tartar if it would not be possible to oil and grease his cart he is offended and answers: 'Why? We are honest people and have no need to hide ourselves.' This unreasonable sense of honour seems to me to be in reality the result of great laziness, and reminds me of the inhabitant of Little Russia, who will lie on his face in his cart, squinting from time to time at his loose hind-wheel and

murmuring : ‘ Oh yes, it’s sure to fall ; now it’s going to fall.’ And when he and the broken cart are lying on the ground, he exclaims triumphantly : ‘ Did I not say so ? Now it has fallen.’

“ Our village, which is half an hour’s distance from the estate, is quite Tartaric in character and possesses a very important personage, the Mullah or Mohammedan priest. Whenever man or beast strains, sprains, or breaks a limb, he is sent for. He examines the injury, manipulates it, sets it, and orders the correct treatment. All this for one rouble. This speciality of the Mullah’s is confined strictly to the family and is passed on from father to son. The Slavs use all kinds of remedies and the following are worth noting.

“ Some months ago the place was literally invaded by rats and mice. The house, stables, and fowl-house were overrun by them. Cats and traps were of no avail ; it was a veritable plague. The cook one day caught a fat rat, gripped its tail in the tongs, and, holding the animal over the fire, singed off all its hair and then let it run away. Three days later not a rat or a mouse was to be seen, and they never came back again. I have been told

that this approved remedy is also known in Bohemia.

“ One day I overheard two Russian peasants talking together. One of them complained of a dreadful toothache. ‘ Oh,’ said the other, ‘ toothache ! That’s bad. You must take the “ wart ” of a horse, put it in your mouth and bite on it. Then the pain will leave you.’ The ‘ wart ’ is the small, hairless place on the inner surface of the horse’s knee. It is not very hard, but it sometimes grows to a considerable size and is cut away without causing a wound. Dogs are said to like it, but whether it is a cure for toothache is another matter. I should prefer the old remedy : ‘ Fill your mouth with water, make a big fire, seat yourself on the stove, and when the water boils, you will have no more toothache.’

“ One of the most interesting trips is to the Monastery of St. George. Every one knows Iphigenia in Tauris. Well, we are in Tauris, and on the very spot where Diana’s temple stood and Iphigenia was priestess the Greek Catholic monks built their convent. They could not have chosen a finer site. On one side, the wild, grand cliff rises sheer from the

sea, the convent is on the summit, where the mountain forms a plateau. The opposite slope is densely overgrown with venerable trees. We rode up on a beautiful moonlight night and revelled till sunrise in classic recollections. A monk brought us out some excellent tea and a samovar. The night was beautiful. When the moonbeams light up the water, it looks like liquid gold, and you picture to yourself the low white temple gleaming in the marvellous light, as it stood in the days of the Scyths, the wild, rude inhabitants of Tauris. Formerly the seeker could find a fragment of a pillar or a carved stone here and there; now nothing is left but the exalted frame of mind, which the visitor may supply himself.

“The whole southern coast of the Crimea is a marvellous sight. Yalta, Alupka, the gate of Baidar, Baktchiserai (the ancient residence of the former Tartar khans)—it is all marvellously beautiful. The last-named place transports you into the very midst of the East and you only require a Scheherazade to make you think yourself living in the days of the Arabian Nights.

“The Tartar graveyards, like all Moham-

medan burial-places, have quite tiny graves, with upright stones crowned with a turban or half-moon. I saw similar stones in Pompeii, near the crematorium, but of course without the half-moon and turban. These churchyards are not pretty, each grave looks like a toy. The luxuriant verdure that makes the graveyards of North Africa so sad and poetic is wanting here; everything is dry, hard, and prosaic.

“A visit to the Mullah carries me back to the East. There is no furniture, only cushions against the walls, which you pile up as you like, one on top of the other, for sitting or lying on. Very good black coffee was served with thick grounds at the bottom of the cup, according to the usual custom.

“The Tartar dances are charming. Men and women never dance together. Two men or two women dance together, *vis-à-vis* on a narrow strip of carpet, and they must not come out of their frame. Their movements are solemn, slow, and graceful. Their down-cast eyes and serious faces make them look as if they were dancing a religious dance, and they retain this gravity even when the music and the dance become more lively or

heroic, and the dancers begin to jump. The dance measure is very interesting. Two fiddles, a sort of little bagpipe, like those used in Algiers, several drums, and tambourines form the orchestra. While the fiddles play the melody which constantly recurs, the other instruments produce a sort of kaleidoscope of improvised rhythms which are constantly changing, to which you listen with strained attention, and which cannot possibly be written down. The Arabian music is of the same type, but the Tartar music is more original, for the former moves within the ancient Greek forms, while the latter soars free on oriental wings.

“Mohammed may have forbidden the use of wine, though I have found no mention of this fact in the Koran, where he speaks of drunkenness only, but he surely never mentioned vodka. At a Tartar dance this drink is therefore handed round, not in bottles, but in buckets. The people grow very excited (I speak of the men, the women do not drink), but they never pass beyond the bounds of decorum.

“The Tartars also have their aristocracy; like the Georgians, they have many princes.

The other day I saw one who was almost as black as a negro ; on his little finger he wore a turquoise as big as an almond and surrounded with brilliants. He was very dignified. This mursak (prince) had come to receive payment for a bill, for he is our purveyor of mutton.

“ I have just heard a curious story of a stork. The narrator, a trustworthy man, saw the whole incident, so this stork is no canard. On the roof of a fairly low barn stood a stork’s nest, and in this nest were two eggs. The narrator was surprised at their resemblance to the eggs of a goose and, curious to know what would happen, he took them away and substituted two goose-eggs. Father stork came home, looked closely at the eggs, and flew away. He brought back two other storks, who looked at the eggs, and they all flew away, chattering loudly. Presently the female returned and sat on the eggs quite unsuspectingly. Suddenly the male arrived with a number of other storks, who surrounded the nest and began to attack the female with their hard beaks, till, bleeding from a hundred wounds, she flew high into the air and fell down dead on the pavement below. Did she

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fall because she died in the air, or did she commit suicide? It is an interesting question, for naturalists deny that animals commit suicide. But my mother told me that she witnessed the following remarkable incident when she was staying with Madame George Sand at Nohant. A drake fell hopelessly in love with a hen and courted her most assiduously. The hen was haughty and would have nothing to do with him. The drake was most unhappy and refused his food, and one day, after courting her in vain, he ran up a ladder that was placed against a barn and flung himself down with such force that he was killed. Surely that looks like suicide, it was so deliberately done!"

CHAPTER X

ILLOGICAL RUSSIA

“LONELY as this place is, we have many visitors; neighbours who live twelve or fifteen miles away often drive up to the door and remain for several days. There are hardly any limits to Russian hospitality, and it is quite a common occurrence for half a dozen people to drive up for a visit of several days with their coachmen and six or eight horses. Of course the housekeeping must be on a suitable scale. In other countries this would not be possible, certainly not in France, where people are not very hospitable. Sometimes it is very tiring, but my friends are exceedingly amiable, and in spite of their fatigue they devote themselves to their guests. The custom has its advantages. People learn by word of mouth what is not put in the papers. The inexorable censor allows very little to pass, and makes journalism very difficult. For

example, instead of writing 'The Czar is going to Livadia to-morrow,' the papers have to state: 'The steamer *Oriol* is starting for Livadia to-morrow.' It is another proof of the illogical Russian mind, for every one knows that the *Oriol* (*Eagle*) is the Emperor's yacht, and that it is he who is going to Livadia.

"The Czar's journeys are kept as secret as possible and great precautions are taken. When he was going from St. Petersburg to the Crimea, a whole army of soldiers was set in motion in addition to a host of police and secret police. Soldiers are placed on both sides of the railway-line, and they stand so close together that no one can break through the ranks. The distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow is 604 versts (a verst is a little more than three-quarters of a mile). From Moscow to Sebastopol it is 1,440 versts, and this makes 2,044 versts altogether. It is almost impossible to imagine the number of soldiers required to line this route. The poor fellows are sometimes kept at their posts for forty-eight hours at a stretch, as no announcement is ever made of the hour when the royal train will start or arrive. Of course no other train is allowed to run during the whole time,

and every station is in the hands of the military. And yet the greatest precautions are of no avail against fate.

“Every one knows that Alexander III. died of a disease of the kidneys, but few people are aware that it was caused by an attempt on his life. When the Czar travels, a car with a kitchen is coupled immediately behind the dining-car of the Imperial train, so that the cook standing on his platform can hand the dishes to the servant on the next platform. While the Imperial family was sitting at table, the cook threw a bomb. The bomb exploded, the cook was killed, the roof of the dining-car was smashed. The Czar, a giant as far as muscular strength went, held up the roof with his back till the Czarina and the children had got out. He received internal injuries that caused his illness and death.

“Inquiries were made, and it turned out that the cook was an officer of good family, who was in sympathy with the revolutionists. He had served as apprentice in the Imperial kitchen at Gatschina, and had in time become the head cook, and always travelled with the Czar.

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“Truly the lot of the ‘Emperor of All the Russias’ is no enviable one. Poor Alexander III. lived in a perpetual state of terror. Every night he slept in another room, because it had been discovered that his bedroom was undermined. Everything was carefully examined daily, including the candles on his writing-table, because, quite by chance, it had been discovered that one of them was filled with dynamite. The result was that he constantly suspected his immediate surroundings. What a life to lead !

“My readers may think I am exaggerating, or mixing up fact and fiction, but I am only stating what I was told by trustworthy people who were in a position to know. . . .”

One of the greatest scourges of Russia is famine. In this great country, which is so rich in corn, there are whole provinces to be found every year where the harvest is a failure, either because of drought or cold. The Government does little to help the poor people who perish in great numbers, of starvation, scurvy, or typhus. Private individuals do a great deal, but it is not enough, as the money must pass through the hands of

officials, and we all know what that means. If every inhabitant of a district is to receive, say, two pounds of flour, he will receive only one-and-a-quarter pounds. Three-quarters of a pound therefore disappear in the capacious pockets of the officials. This makes a difference of 1,500 lb. among 2,000 people.

Attempts have been made to arrange matters differently, but in vain. The lady who told me this had collected some money (about 6,000 roubles) and went to Saratov herself, where there was a terrible famine that year (1901). In every *isba* she came across the most terrible scenes. Hundreds died before her very eyes of typhus, weakness, and despair, but with noble courage she fulfilled her mission, distributed the flour, and awakened hope, till the Governor sent for her. He proceeded to interrogate her. What was she doing there? She replied that she had come to bring bread to the starving.

“Were you sent by the Government or a member of the Imperial family?”

“No.”

“No? Then I *forbid* you to help any one, and I assure you there is no famine here.”

A few days later the papers received orders from the authorities to announce that there was no famine anywhere. What can be the object of this cruelty? Is it merely folly, or is it an attempt to exterminate the people? Whatever the object, there will be a bitter reckoning one day, when the nation rises against its persecutors. It is wonderful how long and how patiently it has borne its sufferings, saying resignedly: "God is far off and the Czar in St. Petersburg."

The lady who told me this story is the sister of the well-known Vera Sassulitsch, and is herself well known among the revolutionaries. Her husband was banished for life to the mines of Siberia. She followed him and lived there for six years till his death. He was found hanged, and whether it was suicide or murder has never been cleared up.

Readers of Dostoeffsky's books ask whether his accounts are true, whether they are possible. But the feelings he arouses are nothing compared with those awakened by reading the heartrending reports of Mr. G. Kennan, which appeared in the *Century Magazine* in 1885. My readers may remember that Mr. Kennan came to Russia fully con-

vinced that all that had been written about Siberia, Nihilists, and political prisoners was, if not absolutely false, at all events grossly exaggerated. As he was entirely on the side of the Government, he received the necessary papers and letters of introduction. But after he had become acquainted with the prisons, their inmates and officials, he began to pity the prisoners profoundly, and in time to admire them and sympathise with them. Many had been transported for trivial reasons or none at all. An order signed by the Minister of the Interior sufficed for them to be set to the most severe labour in that terrible climate.

They never heard of their relations, nor could they communicate with them. Many did not even know why they had been banished, and their inquiries remained unanswered. The severe toil in the mines does not seem to be the worst trouble. It is the prison that is hardest to bear, for the conditions prevailing there are truly appalling. After spending the whole day in the mines of his Imperial Majesty the Czar (the mines are his private property), escorted by soldiers with loaded rifles, in a temperature of 28-

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35 degrees of frost they return to the prisons, which are overcrowded, unventilated, and horribly dirty. There is no furniture except long benches with sloping seats, which take the place of beds.

In spite of the 30-40 degrees of cold, no coverings are provided. The hospitals are crowded. It is no wonder that prisoners go mad or commit suicide. The marvel is that any one is able to endure the life.

Sometimes we hear of an attempt at escape, and this always takes place on the way to or from the mines. Several prisoners escape at the same time, each in a different direction. The guards fire, the majority fall, but sometimes one or the other succeeds in escaping into the woods without being recaptured. He remains hidden for months, living on roots. If he is not frozen to death or killed by wolves, he goes into any village he may come across, of course at night, and eats the bread and drinks the milk which the Siberian peasant puts on his window-sill every evening in case a fugitive should arrive. A few have managed to escape abroad, no one knows how. Of course they keep as far as possible out of the way of "Holy Russia."

Things are still much as they were in 1885. A few improved prisons have been built, no doubt, but as the number of prisoners is always two or three times greater than the number the prison was built for, most of the old faults still exist.

If only the Government knew how many of its subjects deserve to be sent to Siberia. The law is very clear on this point: "Every person who has any knowledge of evil-thinkers (i.e. those who criticise the Government) and does not denounce them, is to be punished by banishment to Siberia, confiscation of property," etc. Why, the whole of Russia is full of these "evil-thinkers." With the exception of officials, the army, in short all who are in the Government service, the rest of the population, especially the educated classes, are all hostile to the ruling powers. There are weak people who suffer passively, there are strong people who revolt, but they all think alike. The Government is often obliged to close its eyes to what is going on, as Siberia would not be large enough to hold all the "evil-thinkers."

In spite of their severity, the police are often tricked, thanks to their customary

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want of logic. For instance, when I was preparing to leave Russia, I had my passport viséd by the French consul, but I simply sent it to him instead of going myself. The consul, with the customary politeness of a Frenchman, did what was necessary to obtain for me the permission of the police to leave Russia. It is not very easy to enter Russia, but it is harder still to escape from the mousetrap. A friend fetched the papers from the consul and everything was in order. Suppose I had been a revolutionary! How easy it would have been for me to give my permit to some one else, who could, without difficulty, have crossed the frontier, for neither the consul nor the police had seen me. The officials certainly have a good memory for faces. An old official recognised me after an absence of twenty years. But one need not always cross the same frontier.

The word frontier reminds me of the customhouse, which does not cause those who have their luggage with them in the express much inconvenience. Everything is examined, but chiefly for photographs, on which there is a duty, and for printed or written matter. Books and music with the text are retained

till the censor has seen them. They are sent back three or four months later to the address you have given, and you are charged a very high postage.

I wanted to manage things in a more economical fashion, and thought myself very clever, when I had a large, heavy trunk sent me from Germany to Sebastopol by sea, as it was very much cheaper than by train. In Sebastopol I waited anxiously a whole month for my things, which I wanted very much. At last I received an *avis* and also a summons to attend at the custom-house on a certain day. I was asked for my passport, which I had been wise enough to bring with me. I opened my box, and three officials emptied it completely. They then sorted its contents into separate little heaps. All the dresses were put together, next to them the linen, the flannels, the leather, glass or metal objects, and last of all the photographs, papers, writing-paper, envelopes, music, manuscripts, each in a little heap by itself. This done, the box was measured in every direction to make sure that it had no false bottom or hollow sides. Next, every little heap was separately and carefully weighed, and the

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weight was carefully noted in a large book, but the reason of this was still hidden from me, till a copy was handed to me, and I understood only too well. I had to pay for everything except the clothes I had worn, whether it was old or new, even for a broken pince-nez. While the officials were throwing my things back into the box anyhow, I had to go to the bureau, *i.e.* the pay-office. For a long time they scribbled in two books, my passport was again demanded, a bill and receipt for £3 10s. were handed to me, and at last it was over. I arrived at the custom-house at 11 a.m. and I left at 5 p.m.—six hours to examine one box. This looks as if they had very little to do at the Sebastopol custom-house, but, on the contrary, it is a very busy place and brings the State many million roubles annually. But the officials can do as they like and the public can just wait. That is what it is there for.

I mentioned the *Century Magazine* with Kennan's articles on Siberia, and I also said that everything must pass the censor. Yet I read that number of the *Century* in Russia. How is that possible, when the daily papers

are sometimes so covered with printers' ink that scarcely a line is legible—a sign that the censor did not like that number? It is a new proof of the illogical Russian mind. This magazine was addressed to the editor of a Russian paper, and all that is addressed to an editor is free from the censorship. Is it to be wondered at, that all forbidden writings are known and spread abroad through the country? There are legal restrictions, no doubt, but they are a mere delusion. No printed paper may leave the office of a paper, it is true, for the law says: “If forbidden books or writings censuring the Government are found in the possession of a private individual, this private individual will be punished by so many years in a prison or a fortress.” But who cares about that, and who can forbid me to read all the forbidden writings in the editorial office?

Fortresses or Siberia! There is very little difference. Those who are sent to the fortress—Peter and Paul—endure the same misery as their friends in Siberia, perhaps rather more, on account of the great loneliness, for there they have the system of solitary confinement. The prisoner sees no one save during

the hour's exercise on the ramparts. He is forbidden to exchange signs with his companions in misfortune, and the guards and soldiers with loaded rifles keep a close watch over them. On one occasion, the former police prefect Trepov had a hapless student flogged, because he did not take off his cap quickly enough to salute him. Vera Sasulitsch was a witness of this act, which formed one more link in the long chain of cruel acts committed by this Trepov. She never forgot it, and when she was set free, she one day fired a revolver at him in the street, and wounded him in the shoulder. An attempt was made to seize her, but already a hundred people had surrounded her, who concealed her and carried her off in safety. I do not know how she managed to escape to Switzerland, but she is living there, happily married. Some time later I met this same Trepov in Ems, where he was slowly recovering from his wound.

To return to my diary :

“ There are a few remarkable characters in our neighbourhood. One of them arrived suddenly one fine day ; no one knew whence he had come. He was accompanied

by his wife, a well-educated woman, but he was quite penniless. They rented a small plot of ground, built a hut of twigs and leaves, and cultivated their land, on the produce of which they lived for years. The man made experiments, some of which were successful. A tree had been uprooted by the wind, and it struck him that there was no reason why the roots should not grow at the top as well as at the lower end of the trunk. He immediately carried out his idea. The tree was replanted upside down, and soon the top sent forth roots and the other end sprouted. An uprooted tree is therefore not a lost tree. *Probatum est.* He had not the least idea that this had been tried before. In England and Germany gardening and horticulture have been added to the professions open to women, but this is not so in Russia, where we find only a few women who have taken up gardening with more or less success. This is the case in our neighbourhood here in the Crimea.

“A German, the widow of a clergyman, lived here with her three grown-up daughters. She bought a house and some land with the remains of her capital and began to dig and

manure the soil, to plant fruit-trees, vegetables, and flowers, and to work hard without any outside help. The only amusement the daughters had was to smoke cigarettes, while the mother had her pipe. For years they lived on the produce of their labour and would have become rich if they had not taken to drink. One day they were found burnt to death among the ashes of their house. It was never known if it had been done by themselves accidentally, or whether it was the act of some malicious person or of a thief. But the fact remains that women can keep themselves by gardening, and that it is a splendid profession.

“In the country you sometimes come across quite ignorant people who are much more clever than those with a scientific training. We have had an example of that here. A terrible illness broke out suddenly among the cows. They lost their milk and grew thin, while blood poured from their mouths. All the veterinary-surgeons declared that it was galloping consumption, and that the cows must be killed. One of the farm hands, a simple Tartar, told the owner that he did not believe it. It must

be something else, and he hoped his master would allow him to examine them. He felt them, looked at their ears, and opened their mouths and found—leeches! The cows had drunk from a pond, the leeches had fastened on to their palates and throats, but none of the vets. had thought of examining them carefully.

“There are many remarkable things that have never been explained. There was a malicious old turkey here who suddenly began to sit. He seemed to be in a fever, and a perfect mania seized him. Wherever he found eggs, he sat on them, and of course crushed them. At last they gave him three round stones which to the end of his days he tried to hatch out. What sort of illness is this? Is there a physiological explanation or is it insanity. Should there be asylums for animals?

“There is a welcome visitor here just now. My old friend, Madame Serov, is passing through, and is to spend a few days with us. She is one of the most remarkable characters I have ever come across. She is small and insignificant; Dame Nature has not bestowed many of her external gifts on her, but what a

fine character is hidden beneath this unattractive exterior. A fiery temperament, enthusiasm, tremendous eloquence, noble aims, which no difficulty can keep her from pursuing, these are, indeed, qualities which force one to admire her immensely. As her late husband had the rank of a general in the Russian *Tschin*, and the title of 'his Excellency,' she received a small pension, on which she has lived since his death. Listen to what can be done with one thousand roubles.

"She settled in a small village in the interior of Russia, lived among the peasants, and devoted herself to their education and welfare. She was honoured by all and called 'Mamma.' She was their doctor, teacher, adviser, nurse, in spite of the difficulties the clergy put in her way. Musical and artistic herself, she trained these peasants so that she was able to perform complete operas with them. Consider what it means to train an uneducated person to such a pitch that he can sing a whole part by heart, though he has never heard any music.

"She also founded a school for children, a seminary for teachers, trained a good church choir, and is now about to start an orchestra.

She also manages to find time and money for a journey to Germany now and again, so that she may revel in music.

“She has composed a good deal, but she is never satisfied with her work, and intends to begin her musical studies all over again. I have no doubt she will do so, though she is no longer young. Well, we can but honour such energy.*

“These Russian women! In them lies the moral strength of the entire nation. The male Russian as a rule has rather a weak character, but the woman is different. Of course I am not speaking of the society dolls, the pleasure-seeking aristocracy. I speak of the brainworkers, and, strange to say, the women are superior to the men whenever it is a question of overcoming obstacles and difficulties in the social movement or of new enterprises. They stand in the foremost rank, always ready to devote their time, their property, even their lives to the cause of progress and improvement. These women must not be judged from the students living

* Since the above was written, fate has decreed otherwise. She has had a stroke, and it is extremely doubtful whether she will ever be able to carry out her intention.

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in foreign countries, some of whom study to while away their time or because it is the fashion. Many have done splendidly, and even if a few work as amateurs, after all, that is better for a girl than for her to spend her time waiting and watching for a husband.

“My stay in the Crimea is drawing to a close, for my holiday is nearly over, and my work calls me back. We have had a great deal of music, and I am growing fonder and fonder of modern Russian music. It is very curious that so many of the foremost Russian composers are not professional musicians. Cesar Cui is a staff officer and professor at the Military Academy; Borodine is a savant; Blaramberg has been the chief editor of a political paper for over forty years; Rimsky-Korsakov was an officer in the navy. The whole nation is thoroughly musical, down to the lowest classes.”

CHAPTER XI

ARTIST AND STUDENT

Moscow made a strange impression on me. It seemed half city, half village, a mixture of high culture and primitive conditions. When you leave the station on your arrival, you suffer greatly because of the roads, on which the light cabs hop up and down like wagtails. Only in Warsaw did I experience worse roads, where you have to take care not to be thrown out of your carriage in some of the streets.

The streets, broad or narrow, long or short, with their low, wooden houses, little shops with large, heavy signboards, remind me of a neglected village. Gradually you approach the centre of the town, and then everything changes. There are long streets, high houses, fine shops, wide squares, elegant carriages. This is the civilised town. And then the Kremlin! It is a world in itself. The palaces,

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State buildings, and churches which form the Kremlin have a style of their own. It is probably oriental, but fantastically oriental, with unexpected forms, now heavy, now slender; an immensely high tower rises up above a low, broad dome that looks like a huge red or green onion from a distance. Every dome, every roof, has a different colour, but as green predominates, this gay colouring is not unpleasing.

The old wall which surrounds the Kremlin extends for a considerable distance along the river, and is interrupted by small, low, very characteristic, copper-green towers. The broad, calm Moskva is very grand. This part of the town, which is built on a hill, is really extremely fine, and you get a splendid view of the city and its environments from there. It is pleasing, and at the same time wonderfully grand.

It is amusing to watch the passers-by pull off their caps every minute before the holy images and cross themselves. One wonders why these images are put over a door, in a corner, or elsewhere, when there are so many chapels and churches in front of which a Russian can cross himself. A few of the

small chapels are very interesting. In one of the most frequented streets, between two little shops, is an open room, about four yards long and three wide, which was probably formerly a shop. The walls are covered with small and large ikons. These gold and silver Byzantine pictures glitter and sparkle in the light of as many candles as can be introduced. At the end of the room, on a large altar, surrounded by candles, stands a large picture, the black Virgin with a black Infant Christ in her arms, in a frame of gold enamel. As there is no door, the chapel is open day and night, and you can always see people kneeling on the threshold, and even in the road in front. All who pass by cross themselves reverently, for it is the miraculous Madonna who is taken to visit the sick. I often met her carriage, for she has her own equipage, a black closed carriage with black horses and a coachman in black livery. When she is driven out, she stands on the back seat, and two hanging lamps throw their bright light upon her. Two popes sit opposite, who carry her in and out of the carriage. When she has visited a sick person, she is taken home and replaced on the altar, the church

being the richer by one hundred roubles. But now comes the amusing part of the story. She has an imitator and rival, who lives a little farther on, is an exact copy of her, and has her own chapel and carriage and also visits the sick, but she is less exacting and asks only fifty roubles. In this way the less prosperous patients are also made happy and the church profits in either case. There is something exquisitely naïve about these rivals.

It is amusing to watch the passers-by, especially the common people. You see types that appeal to you sympathetically. The Moscow mujik always looks neat, his clothes are well-brushed and pleasing. The women wear gay colours, but as a rule they are not very pretty, for their faces are too flat, and their cheek-bones too prominent, but they look good-natured, gentle, and patient, like all the inhabitants of Moscow. The Moscow merchants in their black-cloth caftans, with broad red belts and brilliantly polished high boots, look dignified, comfortable, well-fed and complacent, from the little shopkeeper to the wholesale merchant and millionaire. There is a considerable number of the latter. You recognise them from afar by their quiet,

dignified walk, for I have never seen one of them in a hurry. Should he be pressed for time, he may take longer steps, but never will he lose his dignity.

The officers generally drive out. They are very simple in their habits; only the very young ones are conceited. And as for the horses! There is something elegant even about the Rosinante of the poorest *Isvostschik*. It is inherited from its ancestors, who bequeathed to it its small head, arched neck, and rounded thighs. And then the *Risaks*, the Orloff trotters!

There is nothing to equal the joy of driving in a troika, that is a sledge drawn by three fine horses, of which the middle one trots, while those on the left and right gallop. It looks very smart, and you cover the ground at a furious rate. How often I have driven in this fashion from St. Petersburg to some small islands in the neighbourhood. Towards midnight people drive out to the "Orange-ries" (large hothouses), sup in pleasant company, and stay there till 6.0 or 7.0 a.m., because they cannot tear themselves away from the enchanting gypsy music.

Music plays an important part in the life

of Moscow. There are several lyric theatres, fine symphony concerts, a large conservatoire, and in every public park or garden near the town there are excellent orchestral concerts, with very good programmes.

All the Russians love music; even the common people are extremely musical, as I said before. It is a real treat to listen to the choruses of female peasants in the villages. I was in the woods one hot Sunday evening when some thirty women, who were looking for mushrooms, came towards me singing, and I was astonished at the correctness of their intonation, and the exactness of their rhythm. These voices have a remarkable peculiarity—I see teachers of singing shaking their heads, but I cannot help it. Where we already sing with “head voice,” they still use the chest register. Their voices sound more like those of young men, but they remain sonorous, fresh, and pleasant.

The Russian folksong is peculiar and sometimes charming, but I must confess that I can only stand a limited quantity of it. When I hear a song containing fifty verses, each of which ends with fifths or in unison (a characteristic feature of the folksong), I

feel inclined to behave like the dog who bays at the moon. I decidedly prefer the Russian "art music," though, like the Scandinavian, it had its origin in the folksong.

A short time ago I was discussing the co-relation of colours and sounds with some musicians. It was curious how we all agreed in connecting special colours with each key, while we all differed as to the actual colours. There are only certain keys which suggest definite colours to me, the others vary according to the mood of the moment. It may interest musicians to compare their sensations of sound and colour with mine. The definite colours are in italics.

MAJOR.	MINOR.
c, <i>white</i>	c, <i>brown</i> .
d, terracotta	d, nut brown.
e, <i>deep blue</i>	e, <i>grey</i> .
e flat, <i>sky blue</i> .	
f, bright violet	f, shining <i>black</i> .
g, <i>red</i>	g, <i>yellow</i> .
a, grass green	a, pearl grey.
a flat, <i>deep velvety green</i> .	
b flat, copper	b, colour of an Havannah cigar.
b, gold.	
d flat, a lovely <i>garnet</i> .	c sharp and f sharp are very <i>dark</i> or quite <i>black</i> .

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Now I must mention something so strange that it sounds almost ridiculous. The keys signify the days of the week to me.

c major is Sunday.

a major is quite certainly Monday.

f major is Tuesday.

d major is Wednesday.

g major is Thursday.

d minor is Friday.

b major is Saturday.

Can any one explain this ?

In 1871 I became seriously ill, but in spite of my bronchitis, I sang at the opera till I could not go on. I also had trouble with my digestion, which caused me much suffering for the next twenty years and affected my breathing. I was therefore obliged to give up singing and the operatic stage. No one knows what this cost me. It was a terrible blow, a break in my whole existence. The chief thing to do was to attend to my health, and during the ensuing years the doctors sent me to various watering-places, Spa, Ems, and elsewhere.

I now learnt from experience how difficult it was formerly for a woman to obtain higher

culture. I studied for a year at the Geneva Academy, now the University, and I never regretted it, as I was able to study the anatomy of the larynx, which was most useful to me when I began to teach singing. I was one of the first to obtain admission to the courses, where women students were objected to. A Russian friend and I attended the same lectures, anatomy, physiology, zoology, and literature, which subject was to begin our course. Dressed in unassuming black, we seated ourselves at eight o'clock in the morning on the remotest bench in the empty hall. The students assembled gradually, and when they saw us, they stood in front of us, crying: "Ex, ex!" For a quarter of an hour they yelled, shrieked, and howled at us. I began to think they would break up the benches, and I said to my companion: "Keep calm! Don't look excited or frightened." As we did not move or seem offended, the storm gradually died down, and it stopped altogether when the professor came. It was Professor Amiel, whose writings are well known. The opening words of his lecture were unfortunate. He was speaking of psychology and his first sentence was as follows:

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“Psychology is—h’m—the bonbon of the nineteenth century.”

At the end of the lecture the students went out, and we too left the building. All the students were standing in two lines in the courtyard, and we had to pass between them. I was afraid of a demonstration, but, to our surprise, they let us pass unmolested, and raised their white caps respectfully. We had conquered the students and remained good friends from that time forth.

But the struggle was not ended, and the second day was a hard one, for we were no longer contending with the younger generation, but with an old professor who was furious that women were admitted. He was a medical man, Dr. Mayor by name, thin, dull, and rude. He stood for some time glaring at us, before he began his lecture on physiology. A lecture on the sexes can be made very unpleasant if the lecturer so wills, and our coarse-minded professor made it so horrible that my nervous, excitable friend could not endure it, and fainted. Dr. Mayor rushed up, carried her out of the hall, laid her on the table in the next room, and returned to his lecture, rubbing his hands and

convinced he had got rid of us. He was greatly mistaken. I took my friend home and lectured her as follows: "The day after to-morrow we are going back to the lecture on physiology. Put cotton-wool or wax, or anything you like, in your ears. Take Ulysses for your model, and do not listen to the voice of the siren called Mayor. You need not listen to what he says, but it is absolutely necessary for us to be present. If we do not put in an appearance, we own ourselves conquered, and not only that, we shut the door against all women wishing to study, and I cannot consent to that. We are in and we must stay in." My friend pulled herself together and stuffed cotton-wool in her ears. We thoroughly enjoyed the horrified face of Dr. Mayor when he saw us sitting calmly on our bench. In spite of his renewed efforts to get rid of us, we held our own, and he had to give in.

We got on better with the other professors. Karl Vogt, who gave the lectures on zoology, was delighted to have a female audience, and turned to us whenever he had anything specially interesting to explain. It suited his liberal views to have us, and he could not have

had more attentive auditors. This was not the case with all his students, and it made him angry, and rightly so, for his lectures were always interesting and valuable. One day some young men sitting near him were talking, especially an elegant young fop, who did not seem to attend at all, although Vogt fixed his great black eyes sternly on him. At last he stopped his lecture and said: "You are not here to talk. Please be quiet." "Sir," returned the young fop angrily, "you do not know to whom you are talking. I am Prince N. N." "Oh, indeed! Well, Prince N. N.! There is the door. Out with you." And Prince N. N. had to march out amid the laughter of the assembled students.

I did not continue to attend the lectures on literature, for I must confess "the bonbon of the nineteenth century" had disgusted me.

From Geneva I went to Dresden, as I wished to study the sources for some biographies of artists that I had undertaken to write for a Russian paper. The following curious little episode happened there. A friend and I were staying at a hotel, and when the visitors' book was brought, I asked her to inscribe my name. As she knew that I disliked titles,

she simply put "artist" (*Künstlerin*), not knowing that she ought to have put "musical artist" (*Tonkünstlerin*). A few days later, at the *table d'hôte*, at which the landlord presided, the conversation turned on horses, and some question was asked about their training. The landlord asked me for information.

"How should I know?" asked I.

"Of course you must know. You belong to the circus."

The word "artist" had been taken to mean circus-rider (*Kunstreiterin*).

From Dresden I went to Paris, where I was very unwell the whole winter.

The doctors sent me to Carlsbad, and there I met some friends who invited me to spend the end of the summer with them at their country house in Finland. I gladly accepted their invitation. Our life there was very simple; the only change we had was a drive with the Orloff trotters. My host had a large distillery close by, which was infested by swarms of rats, attracted thither by the corn stores. It was impossible to drive them away, they killed the cats, and the modern remedies were not yet known. No one ven-

tured to try my Crimean remedy, and they became a regular plague. Every evening we watched a long procession of rats down to the river, where they had their drinking-place. They were shot at with every description of gun, and this was the only sport to be had except fishing.

The Finns eat an immense quantity of smoked fish, which is very good. I was astonished to find how cheap provisions were. Two partridges, I remember, were to be had for fivepence, and a hundred big crayfish for a shilling. Fish is very cheap of course.

I am here reminded of an adventure that befell my son in Finland. He was passionately fond of fishing, and was very anxious to catch some trout. A Russian prince possessed a large estate above the well-known fall of Imatra, and as he was an enthusiastic angler, he had the banks on both sides of the river faced with white marble. Every fish that was caught there was immediately weighed, and the weight of specially heavy trout was inscribed in gold letters on the marble. It was a curious fact that the trout above the Imatra Fall were much bigger than those below. The latter were just ordinary

fish, but those caught above the fall weighed from 40 to 50 lb. each.

My son had received permission to fish there, and he gave up his nights to this sport. A young peasant drove him to his destination in the evening and fetched him again in the early morning. One morning, long after sunrise, the peasant, who had already brought the trap, was nowhere to be seen. My son waited and then walked into the wood with his gun, which he always took with him on the chance of getting a shot. Suddenly he heard a curious roar. What could it be—a bear or some other wild beast? It approached nearer and nearer, and, raising his gun, he stood listening and waiting. All at once he saw the young peasant in the distance, tearing towards him through the wood. At first he thought some wild beast was pursuing him, but he soon discovered that it was the lad who was roaring. My son thought he had gone mad and aimed his gun at him, whereupon the other shrieked out as he came nearer: “Do not shoot! do not shoot!” He came up, screaming and gesticulating in a frantic fashion. “What is the matter?” asked my son.

“The snake! the snake!” cried the poor fellow, holding his hands to his stomach. My son seized him and distinctly felt something moving in his inside. He put him into the trap, drove at full-speed into the village and gave him a powerful emetic, which resulted in the appearance of the snake. The young man had fallen asleep in the wood with his mouth open, and the moment he woke up, he realised that he was swallowing something.

From Finland I went with my friends to Stockholm, and I was greatly interested in the Venice of the North. The thought that I could no longer sing nearly broke my heart, but it was necessary for me to earn my living somehow, so I gave several chamber concerts in Stockholm, and had a great deal of work in connection with music, as most of the singers at the opera engaged me to coach them. I also did something that was very unusual for a woman, I conducted a large orchestra. For this purpose I hired the hall of the opera, engaged solo-singers, chorus, and orchestra, and began with the rehearsals of my cantata *Bacchus*, which, as I have already related, I had composed for the *grand prix de la Ville de Paris*.

When I appeared at the first rehearsal, the gentlemen of the orchestra looked at me with ironical smiles. Of course, I was only a woman! I made a little speech, in German—most of the musicians were German—and asked them not to mind whether I was called *Mr.* or *Mrs.* So-and-so, but to see in me only the composer. This seemed to please them, for they scraped their bows on the backs of their violins in applause. One of them, however, tried to play me a trick. In the course of the rehearsal I missed the lowest note of the bassoon in one passage. I knocked on the desk and asked the player: “Why do you not play the low *b flat*?”

“Oh,” said he, “you have written it, it is true, but there is no such note on the bassoon.”

“Indeed!” replied I. “Perhaps it is not on yours. Please bring another bassoon, *Système Boehm*, with you to to-morrow’s rehearsal.” He was silent and at the next rehearsal the low *b flat* was heard.

I asked for, and obtained, an audience of the King. He received me most graciously and promised to come to my concert. He showed me his palace on this occasion, and his small but

very interesting collection of historical objects belonging to the former kings of Sweden.

The concert took place, all went well, and it was a great success. I gave a supper to the solo-singers and the chief members of the orchestra, and we were very merry. That evening made us all feel that I could conduct and control large numbers, and this gave me great pleasure and made me feel satisfied with myself. My pupils were also a source of much gratification. A number of them had good voices, but for the most part they were the genuine Scandinavian voices, high, pure, cold.

I derived much enjoyment from the performances at the old opera-house, since destroyed by fire and rebuilt. The orchestra was good, the chorus correct, and there were some very good singers. The first opera I heard in the old house where Gustavus III. was murdered was the *Ballo in Maschera*, which deals with his assassination. It moved me strangely.

I frequently had the pleasure of hearing King Oscar sing. He had a small but pleasing tenor voice, and sang well and with much expression. He had only one fault, he would

never leave off, though he often had to fortify himself with a glass of champagne.

I was privileged to be present at a solemn event. On the quay and square in front of the palace stood all the population of Stockholm, in dense crowds. The full moon shone over the Northern Venice, and by its light we discerned a black object approaching on the water. This black speck changed to an insignificant little, black ship, the *Vega*! Nordenskjöld and his companions were returning from their first expedition to the North Pole. The ship stopped at the bridge in front of the palace, and its occupants went to the King amid the joyous acclamations of the crowds. When they came out and went on foot into the town, there was an outburst of wild enthusiasm. A brilliant display of fireworks ended this memorable evening. What was really remarkable was, that though the houses stood empty all night and were neither locked nor bolted, there was not a single case of burglary, so honest were the people in Sweden in those days. A friend of mine was walking over a windy bridge one day, counting some bank-notes which he had just fetched from the bank, when the wind blew them out of his

hand, and they were swept away by the water. He advertised in the paper, and gradually all the notes were returned to him by different people. This honesty is a thing of the past, if we believe what the Swedes themselves say.

I now became very ill, and was quite apathetic and depressed. My friends were always urging me to consult a "wonder doctor," and at last I consented. I had no confidence in any doctor, so it was all the same to me whether I saw one or not. They wrote to him, and he came to see me from a remote village. He was an old peasant with a greyish complexion, who could not write, so his daughter acted as his secretary. He examined and questioned me. "Can you help me?" I asked. "What is it—cancer?"

"No," said he; "and I can make you better, even if I cannot cure you entirely."

"How did you obtain your knowledge? Have you studied?"

"No! My father was a veterinary-surgeon, and he taught me how small is the difference between a man and a pig. So I can cure certain diseases of the stomach and the blood,

but these only. With the others I have nothing to do.”

I had to write down his prescription myself, three letters and two figures, and he sent it to a special chemist who worked in connection with him. I received six little packets of dried leaves, which had to be boiled in water for twenty-four hours, and I was to drink half a pint of the decoction every day. I carried out his instructions without much faith in his assurances that in a month I should be able to eat properly. At that time I could take nothing but tea and salted cucumbers. After a fortnight I felt hungry—I tried some ham and found I could eat it. Next day I tried something else, the improvement continued, and before the month was over, my appetite was normal. Later on I had the herbs analysed in the well-known laboratory of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and some of them proved to be unknown, and probably grow in Sweden only.

When my health had somewhat improved, I tried to sing again. My voice was there, but my breath troubles returned, and as no one can sing without breath, I was obliged

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to give up every hope. For a long time I was very depressed, till one fine day a desire to compose overcame me and I was saved. I could earn my living by teaching, and compose to satisfy the cravings of my soul. With that I must rest content.

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF MY WANDERINGS

WHILE I was in Sweden, I visited Italy for the first time, in the month of April. When I left Stockholm, it was still winter and everything was in the grip of frost. When I reached Innsbruck and found the town covered with snow, I felt annoyed that I had not waited till the end of May. It was too late to repent, and I must make the best of it. During the first part of our descent of the Brenner, it was bitterly cold and the snow was so deep that we had great difficulty in opening the carriage-doors at the stations. Gradually the snow decreased and violets became visible, and when we reached Verona late at night there was not a trace of winter to be seen. Next morning I was up at six to visit the town. Quite accidentally, I came into the well-known beautiful square, the Piazza dell' Erbe, and luckily it was the day

of the flower-market. The numerous stalls of the sellers were filled with great piles of dewy flowers, which overflowed on to the pavement of the big square. Never again have I seen flowers in such profusion. It was a fairy-like scene. With difficulty I made my way through all this beauty to the interesting palace of Can Grande della Scala (The Big Dog of the Ladder), the generalissimo of the German emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. Here Dante took refuge, feeling like a dog to whom a few bones are thrown. "Strangers' bread tastes bitter," he complained.

Of course I visited all the important towns of Italy—Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples and its environs—and I found that Italy could be divided into three zones :

1. From Milan to Rome, the zone of *buona mancia*.

2. From Rome to Naples, the zone of *per il caffè*.

3. From Naples to the "toe of the boot," the zone of *per i maccheroni*.

These three phrases conceal the eternal greed for money and the mendicancy of the Italians. It is inherent in them, and they

are brought up to it. Every one begs for a tip without the very least excuse; even the small toddling children on the road stretch out their hands and lisp: "*Bacochi, Siora.*" In Naples the shopwomen came out of their shops and begged of me with the same words, only better pronounced: "*Biacchi, Signora.*"

As begging easily leads to theft, it is no wonder that in Naples you are robbed in broad daylight, and sometimes with violence. A friend of mine not only had her earrings dragged from her ears, but the flap of the ear was also torn, and it was she who warned me never to go out with jewellery or money about me. Of course I followed her advice. One day as I stood on my balcony I saw an open carriage stop before a shop, a gentleman got out and went into the shop. Scarcely had he gone, when his fine, big, bearskin rug disappeared. The coachman at once noticed its disappearance and called out and made a great noise, the gentleman rushed out, some two hundred people were standing round the carriage, the thief wound in and out of the crowd with his booty, but no one dreamt of stopping him. All the Neapolitans seem to be a band of robbers, and one helps the other. My

uncle Manuel Garcia maintained that if all the inhabitants of Naples were shot and a new race put in their place, the town would be an earthly paradise.

I explored Pompeii thoroughly, not like the ordinary tourist, who thinks that one day is enough for him to see everything and understand the spirit of that extraordinary place. I spent four days among the ruins, and believe I saw much that most people do not see, for I employed the same guide, who did his best to show me the most interesting things. "It is a pleasure to take you about," said he, "you look at things with quite different eyes from most visitors." Those four days were like a dream; I felt quite removed from the present. I seemed to see the people of those past days go about in their sandals. I saw the baker in his shop, the young officer, his helmet on his head, driving swiftly through the streets in his chariot. Once only did I again experience the same feeling. It was at Bayreuth, when I heard *Parsifal* for the first time.

I shall never forget my solitary evenings on the terrace of the Hôtel Diomed, with Vesuvius flaming in the distance, and the

donkey-drivers singing near at hand. I do not know if the little Hôtel Diomed still exists, but I cannot imagine a more attractive scene for an artist. The people in the public room downstairs behaved so well that it was a pleasure to take my meals there. The landlord, a friendly old gentleman with a grey beard, silver locks, and big shrewd eyes, was an enthusiastic republican and Garibaldian; he sometimes seated himself at my table and talked to me for hours.

There was only one floor over this room, with a flat roof. I occupied the two best rooms, one of which was a regular drawing-room with a pianino; in front of it was a wide terrace with flowering oleanders, looking on to the street, from which I could admire Vesuvius in different lights. My chief amusement in the evening was to sit on the terrace quite quietly, listening to the curious songs of the carters, donkey-drivers, and passers-by, and writing them down. At the back of the house was a small Pompeian museum—that is to say, a room filled with things which were said to have been dug up, a statement which I begged leave to doubt. Medals, pots and pans, and fragments were kept there on sale,

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and also a number of articles made of lava—probably the only genuine objects. From this museum you stepped right on to the Pompeian wall and were in the very midst of Pompeii.

In later days I often dreamt of spending a few months quite alone in these same rooms in the Hôtel Diomed, occupied with some great work, but I have never been able to make my dream a reality.

The begging that went on in Amalfi was worse than anything I had yet come across. Old and young in that fishing-village followed me about, one with a flower, another with a stone, a third with a dead fish, all yelling and screaming. At last the nuisance became so intolerable that I never went to the shore, and I complained of it to my landlord. "Oh," said he, "there's a very good remedy for that. I'll see that this begging stops." Next day he followed me with a long whip when I went out, and any one who came up to me to beg received a sharp cut on his legs. After he had done this a few times I was left in peace and could roam about as I liked.

Amalfi has an old cathedral, a Bishop, and a priests' seminary, survivals of the ancient

glory of this little town. At one special festival there was a solemn procession. The Bishop and clergy in full canonicals, all the males of the place shrouded from head to foot in white sheets, and holding lighted candles in their hands, paced through the cathedral and walked round its walls outside, then they returned inside, singing and praying, and High Mass was celebrated.

These fishermen in their white sheets are meant to represent the innocence of the pure, but their sunburnt faces framed by the white wraps gave them a somewhat alarming aspect; the pure souls looked remarkably like robbers and criminals.

During the celebration of Mass a shepherd came in a little late, and knelt at the back. He had brought his dog with him, but as the animal kept on pushing him with its muzzle and interrupting his devotions, the worthy man got up, took his dog, placed him on the altar of a side-chapel, and stroked him till he quieted down and fell asleep. Nobody seemed to think it at all strange, and I was therefore not in the least surprised when I saw the curs running about and barking in St. Peter's in Rome. I was much struck in Italy

by the want of reverence in the congregation and the music. The music was very inferior in St. Peter's, the choir did not sing in tune, the stout monk who conducted beat time audibly. The only thing that interested me was to hear one of the "papal singers," a soprano. In Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, a portly monk played the organ during Mass, and what did he play? Nothing but polkas! And the whole time he rocked himself to and fro on his seat in time to the music, as if he wanted to dance. And that was reverence!

In Rome I unfortunately had malaria, and instead of being able to spend three weeks there, I was obliged to leave at the end of a week. I saw the most important sights, but I was much disappointed at not being able to stay longer. Strange to say, I had scarcely been an hour in the train when the fever left me. These fevers are very curious; they suddenly incapacitate you and leave you as suddenly. Some years later I had the same experience in Algiers, for as the steamer passed the Balearic Islands, I had an attack of fever, from which I suffered the whole time I was in Algiers and which left me as we



KARL ALEXANDER, GRAND DUKE OF WEIMAR.

passed the islands on the way home. I was told by way of comfort that this often happens to Europeans.

I have frequently heard people speak of the beauty of the Roman women, but never of that of the Veronese, and yet I was greatly struck by it. They have not the majesty of a Juno, but they have charming little heads, like antique bronzes, with very regular features.

I did not care to live long in Stockholm, so I returned to Paris in 1875, after having spent three years in Sweden. In Paris I met the musical director, Lassen, and he made me show him my compositions. He was so pleased with a little opera of mine, *Lindoro*, that he had it performed at Weimar. I therefore went to Weimar for a few months, and for the first time I learnt to what an extent the German composer must pay court to the singers, who behave as if everything depended on them alone. It was a most disagreeable experience, but I spent a very interesting time there.

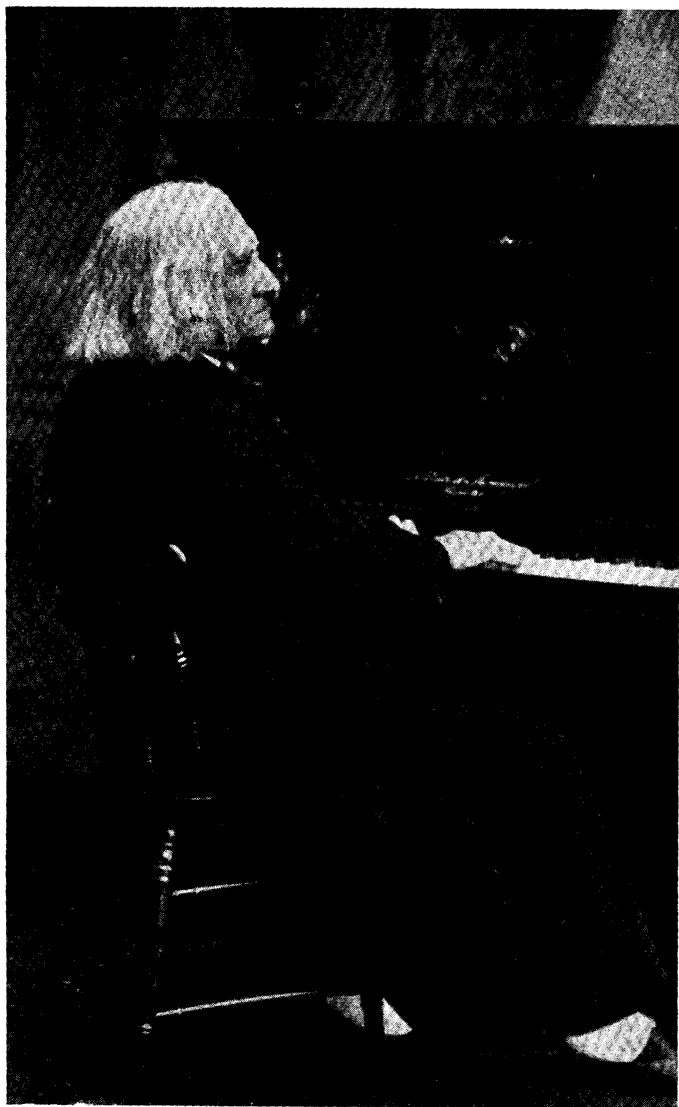
It is well known that the original of the "Serenissimus" of the comic German papers was the late Grand Duke of Weimar, Karl

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Alexander. Though in some ways he deserved to be laughed at, the portrait was not altogether fair. At times he was certainly very naïve, and showed a sort of intellectual helplessness, which could be very ridiculous. But on the whole, he was a prince of distinguished parts and high aims, and he was sincerely interested in art. He was very kindhearted and amiable. Sometimes it was impossible to help smiling at his naïveté, but I admired him. He took great interest in the school of painting at Weimar, and did his best to raise its standard, but unfortunately he did not achieve much. He was, however, very successful in his efforts to improve the theatre and the music of Weimar.

Liszt would assuredly not have spent a part of every year in Weimar had it not been for Karl Alexander. Wherever Liszt went, thither went also the musical world, and Weimar became a place of pilgrimage for musicians and musical aspirants, so that for some months of the year the life in the little town wore quite a peculiar aspect.

I was lucky enough to come to Weimar at that time, and I spent several enjoyable months with Liszt, Lassen, and the Grand



FRANZ LISZT.

Duke, whom I met daily. It was a very stimulating time. My greatest pleasure was to argue with Liszt, who was so spoilt by every one, and so tired of flattery, that he was agreeably surprised when any one did not agree with all he said.

He had brought from Rome an Italian servant, Ercole by name, who behaved as if part of his master's fame had fallen on him. He was famous for his characteristic answers. I called on Liszt one day, and Ercole said to me: "The master is asleep—that is to say, he is sleeping with his eyes, for his spirit never sleeps." He was about five years with Liszt, who then set him up as a barber in Rome. I think his master was tired of his jealous attentions, which bordered on tyranny.

Liszt took no money for his lessons, and so many pupils came to him that at last he had no time left for the work he wanted to do, and this was just the time when he was engaged in composing his *Christ*. He therefore wrote to Hans von Bülow: "Dear friend, I want a broom. Come." Bülow came. The broom was set in motion and in the course of a week all the pupils vanished. He could not have done it himself, for he could never

say no. He had the best and noblest heart of any man.

His ironical remarks were always to the point and never ill-natured. He used to make me laugh, when in private he referred to the Grand Duke as "my noble patron" with a sly smile and twinkling eyes. Wherever I came across him at this time, whether in Weimar, Baden, Paris, or Brussels, people sought to do him honour by performing his own works. He submitted, was present at the performance, and went to sleep. His death was a great blow to me. It was not only because I respected him so highly, but also because it put an end to a project which was of the utmost importance to me. He had intended to conduct my cantata *The Cloud of Fire* (the text was by Victor Hugo) at the next festival of the Tonkünstlerverein and to conduct the rehearsals himself. This and the affair of the *Prix de la Ville de Paris*, to which I have already referred, were the severest disappointments in my musical career, and I learnt by bitter experience that luck is just as necessary for getting on as talent.

From Germany I went to Brussels, where I became acquainted with Gevaërt, the famous

director of the Brussels Conservatoire. I remember a funny anecdote he told me.

A young man called on him and said he had come from Ghent, where he had obtained the first prize for piano-playing at the Conservatoire. He had finished his studies, but he was anxious to obtain some advice from the best professors. Gevaërt asked him to play, but his playing was miserable, like that of a pupil. He was, however, so complacent and self-satisfied that Gevaërt had to proceed warily. He let him talk, but he kept his eyes fixed on his mouth and at last he said, in a tone of admiration: "I never saw such a mouth before."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Why, your mouth and lips seem made for it. I'll tell you what. In your place, I would become a trumpeter."

"But, sir," said the other angrily, "I am *premier prix* for the piano."

"Yes; I know that. But with those lips you would be still more successful with the trumpet."

The young man began to hesitate, and after a good deal of persuasion Gevaërt played his

trump card. "If you will learn the trumpet, I will give you a silver one."

That settled it. He became a pupil at the Conservatoire, and in the course of time he made a very good trumpeter in the orchestra instead of a poor pianist.

On my return journey from Brussels to Paris I had a very unpleasant experience. My friend, the late General Brialmont, the well-known strategist, accompanied me to the station and said reproachfully: "How can you travel on a Monday and in a ladies' compartment? If there is an accident, you will have no one to help you." I laughed at him and got into the ladies' compartment, where three comfortable-looking Belgian women were sitting, and we started. Not far from the French frontier, the carriage began to oscillate in a strange way. "We are off the line," I cried, and at the same moment I flew through the open window into a field of Brussels sprouts, and knocked my head against the trunk of a tree that was lying there. The carriage had been overturned and had fallen over the embankment. The tree lay aslant, and the carriage was on top of it—and me.

Dreadful cries arose from the train, for some of the carriages had remained on the embankment, and a number of passengers had received injuries. The cries, the running about and shouting of those who were helping, went on for more than half an hour. I said to myself: "Keep calm. Don't faint. Wait patiently."

After a time the noise grew less and I raised my voice. "Where are you?" cried the seekers.

"Here, under the overturned carriage," cried I.

"Impossible!"

"No, it is true. Please help me."

They wanted to lift up the carriage, much to my dismay. "For goodness' sake, leave the carriage alone," I said. "If you lift it, it will slip and crush me. I will tell you what to do—raise the tree on the side towards the field; my left arm is caught under it, and if I can get it free, you can pull me out through the window." They obeyed me; through the gap I could see the wooden shoes of the peasants who had been summoned to help. The tree was raised a little with wooden levers, and I was able to get my arm free. It hurt dread-

fully, for it was, though not broken, very much bruised. As the carriage was lying on one side, I felt like a worm, when they pulled me through both windows. My fellow passengers were all safe in the village inn, and I was also taken there. A French doctor, who had been travelling in the same train, looked after me, and washed and bandaged my arm. What a sight I was! The blow on my head had raised a bump, and I looked as if I had two heads. My eyes were quite bloodshot.

We were given our choice between going on in the train or waiting for an express to take us back to Brussels. I chose the former; the kind doctor went with me and looked after my arm, and at last we reached Paris, four hours late.

My brother was waiting for me at the station, and was very annoyed at the long delay. As I came up, he looked at me, but did not recognise me till I spoke to him. That was because of my two heads.

Next day we found that the bones of the arm were bruised and I could not open my hand. My Paris doctor fixed an arrangement to the ceiling over my bed, my arm was

gradually stretched, and then my hand, finger by finger. This took a fortnight!

I had arranged with the other injured passengers to bring a case against the Belgian State, because the accident was caused by the defective wheels of the carriage, that is to say, by bad material. The case lasted a long time and was very expensive. The verdict was that the Belgian State was not responsible. There was therefore no compensation, though for two years I could not play the piano or give any lessons. To this day I feel pain when I am tired or when the weather changes.

I spent this time of enforced leisure in Paris in the winter, and during the summer at Bougival, in its vicinity, where my parents had a country house.

On my mother's birthday I gave her a beautiful white poodle called Phanor. He was a very remarkable animal. For a whole week he pretended to be deaf. We could call and call, he would not hear or obey. After a week had passed, he became accustomed to us, and his hearing became very sharp. He was taught all kinds of tricks; among other things he learnt to sing, and this was really very curious. My mother would sing a note to him,

He would try for it with the deep part of his voice. Every time the note was repeated he went higher, and when he had found it he held it firmly. The same thing happened with any note that was tried, and when he had hit on the right one, he held it as long as he had any breath, but he always got very excited and trembled all over.

He really was a very interesting dog. When my mother was giving a singing lesson, he generally lay under the piano asleep; if the pupil sang out of tune, he came forth from under the piano, seated himself in front of the singer, looked at her with astonishment, and wagged his tail, as if he were saying: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. How could you do it?"

There was one thing that none of us could explain. When his mistress went to Paris to give her lessons in her town house, we never knew at what hour she would return. It was always uncertain. On these days Phanor lay almost immovable on the steps in front of the house, which was separated by a lawn and railings from the street. The steam tram which stopped near our railings, always whistled there. Phanor did not move; we knew that

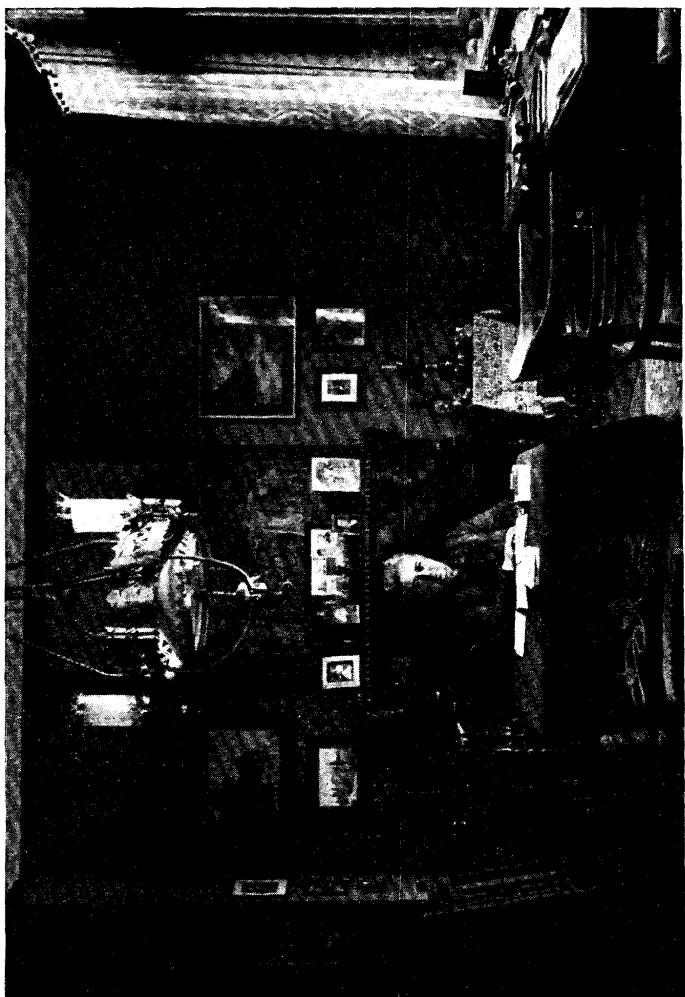
my mother had not come. If he rushed to the gate, we knew she would arrive directly. He never once made a mistake. It was certainly not instinct, but what are we to call it ?

I was not idle during my enforced rest, for I composed a great deal—trios, quartets, plays without words, and a number of songs. I have composed over 300 works, and I suppose they will all be published in good time, though I care very little about it.

When I was able to work again, I went to Frankfort, where I taught the singing class, the operatic class, and the chorus at the Hoch Conservatoire. My greatest pleasure was my friendship with Clara Schumann, who had known me since my birth, with Brahms, when he came to see her, and with Frau von Guaita and Frau Willy von Rothschild. The work, however, was too much for me, and that, coupled with various intrigues and other disagreeable circumstances, led to my handing in my resignation, and settling in Berlin, where I founded an operatic school of my own. I soon had a great deal to do. During my stay in the capital, I frequently saw Frau Amalie Joachim, and Professors Hausmann

and Wirt. For two years all went well, but then I was taken ill so suddenly that I had to give up my work at a day's notice and return to Paris. The doctors sent me to Algiers.

I was in London in the years 1891-4, and taught the operatic class of the London Academy of Music. I also gave many private lessons and met various interesting persons, among them Joachim, Piatti, Madame Liza Lehmann and also Goring-Thomas, who was very amiable and talented and a very good friend to me. He often visited me, and I frequently arranged the French texts for his compositions. He was engaged to be married and radiantly happy. One day his uncle came to see him, and Goring-Thomas ran down to meet him, slipped, and fell head foremost over the banisters. He was ill for a long time, and when he was able to get up, his doctor told him that he would lose his eyesight. This misfortune and the breaking off of the engagement by his fiancée filled him with despair, he became melancholy and had to be watched constantly. One day when he was travelling on the railway and had to change, his companion left him for a minute.



MADAME HÉRITTE-VIARDOT IN HER SITTING-ROOM AT HEIDELBERG.

The train came up, and Goring-Thomas threw himself on the line and was killed.

From London I went to Hamburg, where I was always ill, and from there I went to Aix-la-Chapelle. Here, at a performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, I met my former pupil, Raymond von zur Mühlen, who was singing the part of Judas.

In 1904 I settled at Heidelberg, where I have lived ever since, happy in the love and respect of those around me. Here I fill up my hours with work and regard the world philosophically. Here, too, my seventieth birthday was celebrated in 1911 with all the pleasant circumstances that attend these festivities in Germany.

I have but one regret. Of the many with whom I came in contact in the course of my varied career, scarce three or four are left. It is a mournful feeling that fills me at the thought.

MY MOTHER'S LAST HOURS

On each of my visits to my mother during the last years of her life, I saw that she was gradually growing weaker, so that I knew that the end was not far off. She had cataract

in both eyes, her hearing was not good, she was not able to move about, but at times she was so bright and original that we could almost fancy she had taken a new lease of life. These lucid intervals grew less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. During the last three years of her life a former pupil, Miss de Nogueiras, whose father had been Portuguese Ambassador in Paris, lived with my mother, and tended her day and night with rare patience and the most touching devotion.

My mother passed away in our arms on May 18, 1910, without the least struggle. Two days before, she suddenly said: "I have two days left me to live." (My readers will remember Turgeneff's words.) From that moment she did not speak, but it was evident that she was conversing with visionary people, for she smiled, nodded, and gesticulated with her hands. I suppose scenes from the past were in her mind; perhaps she was thinking of her former triumphs, for the only word that escaped her on the last day was "Norma," pronounced loudly and clearly.

She fell asleep in the evening, in her comfortable armchair, and at three in the morning



PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA (HER LAST PORTRAIT).

she passed away without waking. A hand-mirror showed me that she had ceased to breathe. Her face retained a rosy hue and wore a contented smile. A beautiful, successful, happy life was crowned by a gentle, blessed death.

May death deal with us all as gently and kindly as with her.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

THE DISCOVERY OF THE LARYNGOSCOPE

THE birthday of the modern medical treatment of the larynx coincides with the discovery and introduction of the laryngoscope, just as the modern medical treatment of the eye dates from the discovery of the eye-mirror.

Before that time no one had ever been able to look into the larynx of a living being, except when, in very serious cases, a glimpse had been obtained by means of an external operation. The great anatomists and physiologists at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century had already, it is true, given a fairly accurate account of the formation of the larynx and the physiology of the voice ; the diseases of the larynx were also known, through careful studies on dead bodies. But we were still quite in the dark as to the diagnosis of these diseases and their treatment. The symptoms that were apparent, such as hoarseness, loss of voice, breathlessness, were not sufficiently characteristic

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to make it possible to distinguish the different diseases of the larynx, and to determine the correct treatment. As these diseases presented great difficulties to the medical man, the idea of a "light-bearer" which would render the interior of the larynx visible was a very natural one. In fact, ever since the beginning of the last century and since Dr. Bozzini of Frankfort invented an inconvenient "light-conductor" a number of English and French medical men had made experiments with this object, but without any practical result.

And yet the laryngoscope was invented some years before the medical world began to use it!

A certain romance surrounds its invention, for it was made by a layman, who was anxious to make use of it in the interests of the noble art of singing—by the Spanish singer and celebrated teacher of singing, Manuel Garcia.

Garcia, a member of one of the most famous families of singers—his sisters Malibran and Viardot are still remembered—was, first in Paris and in London since 1850, the celebrated teacher to whom pupils thronged from all parts of the world, among them many of the most famous singers, such as Jenny Lind and Julius Stockhausen. The creator of the new art of singing had for many years been at work on purely scientific principles on the unsolved problems of his art and had endeavoured to establish the teaching of singing on a physiological basis.

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His efforts to ascertain the real cause of register and *timbre* made him recognise the absolute necessity of seeing the glottis during the process of singing. For a long time he thought this was a wish that could not be realised, but one day he had a brilliant inspiration. He took a small dentist's mirror with a long handle and, opening his mouth, he held it close to his uvula and reflected the rays of the sun on it by means of a hand-mirror. "To my great joy," said he, "I saw at once the glottis wide open and so distinct that I could even see part of the windpipe."

He now devoted himself enthusiastically to examining his own larynx and that of others, by means of the mirrors, and he noted with extraordinary accuracy the movements of the vocal chords during the acts of breathing and singing.

For the first time he was able to establish the most important facts relating to the production of the voice—for instance, that it is produced by the vocal chords only, while the parts situated above them have an influence on the different *timbres* alone, so that each register is produced solely by the difference in the tension and the vibrations of the vocal chords—and not, as some people seem to think still, in the chest or in the throat.

After a few months Garcia was able to lay his *Physiological Observations on the Human Voice* before the English Academy of Science. March 22, 1855, is therefore the birthday of the examination of the larynx by means of the mirror—of laryngoscopy.

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Garcia discovered it, not by mere chance, but by long years of arduous work, and he based his discovery on physiological and methodical experiments, the results of which have been fully confirmed. And he, who was not a medical man, foresaw clearly the importance of examination by means of the laryngoscope for the treatment of diseases, for he strongly advised several doctors to apply it to their patients. . . . No wonder that the news of this invention spread rapidly amongst the doctors and it was promptly made use of by them. The darkness that had enveloped the inner structure of the larynx was suddenly pierced, and a number of unexpected and new details were revealed, which were destined to revolutionise completely the medical treatment of the larynx. For the mirror made the larynx accessible not only to the eye, but also to the hand of the surgeon. Already in 1861 laryngoscopy could boast of a great triumph. Victor von Bruns extracted a polypus through the natural way with the aid of the mirror instead of having to cut open the larynx, as had been done up to that time. This fact laid the foundation of a new branch of surgery, laryngoscopic surgery, which was eventually destined to restore voice and health to thousands of people. . . . In March 1905, the fiftieth birthday of the laryngoscope was celebrated, together with the hundredth birthday of its gifted inventor, Manuel Garcia, who was fortunate enough to be able to share in the celebrations, perfectly fresh in mind and body. The celebration was of the most brilliant description and

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took place in the presence of deputations from several Academies and Universities, from the various laryngological societies of the world and from the musical institutes of London.—Dr. von Bruns (*Deutsche Revue*, April 1908).

APPENDIX II

MALIBRAN

SOME singers, in spite of the shortness of their artistic career, have been crowned with laurels by their contemporaries, and their names remain famous. These are a few of the elect, divinely gifted artists, who were not only able to charm and fascinate the public by the originality of their performance and the beauty of their voice, but who, by means of the exciting incidents that marked their lives, still arouse an interest in succeeding generations. Such a prima-donna was Maria Felicià Malibran (born in Paris, March 24, 1808, died Sept. 23, 1836), whose name is still well known. She is, perhaps, the most poetic of all the "divas" whose names occur in the annals of the stage.

Even one of the most spiteful and malicious of critics in the last century, the satirical writer, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, celebrated her memory on the occasion of her early death by a rhapsody which was all the more impressive because this witty satirical scoffer very rarely had a word of praise for any one. I will quote the following eloquent passage from his funeral oration as it reflects

the sorrow that filled the art-loving public all over the world :

“ A rose has been plucked and a jewel has become dim, a star is extinguished and a nightingale has ceased singing, a laurel wreath has fallen to pieces, a genius has disappeared for ever and ever. Malibran is dead. She was a rose in the garden of life, a jewel on the brow of Creation, a star in the artistic firmament, a nightingale in the melodious grove of song, a laurel wreath crowning the century and a genius of melodious sound, of consolation and intellectual joy to all who heard her. The angels listened to her singing and thought : ‘ What is this pure harmony doing in a world so full of discord ? How did these heavenly sounds stray down to such a distracted world ? ’ And they raised her from the realms of discord into her true home, the realm of everlasting harmony . . . Have you seen her ? She was like the bloom on a pomegranate, full of freshness and glowing fire. Have you seen those eyes, deep as the heavens, shining like the Spanish skies at early dawn, with those long lashes like evening twilight ? Have you seen those lips, like a rosebud that has opened in the act of growing ? Have you heard that voice, pure as the tear of pity, soft like a virgin’s heart, full as a heart overflowing with love, soulful as the eyes of a child, consoling as a blessing from the pious, and inspiring as the sound of bells borne on the evening breeze ? . . . She was taken away to the realms of everlasting youth, all the verdant and splendid wreaths of life, of art, of glory,

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and of love, untouched and undefiled by time and age, and she returned whence she had come, a beautiful, youthful poem, that dwelt among mankind for the space of a morning to bring them happiness. . . .”

It would be a mistake to think that Malibran's voice was perfect ; it was as far removed from perfection as Jenny Lind's, or Schröder-Devrient's. But there was something very captivating in the sound of her voice, her execution was so full of soul and intellect, and her “technique” was so perfect, that it was easy to overlook the faults in the voice itself. She had one of those voices of extraordinary range that cannot be classed (it was not a contralto, as Mr. Mackinlay states), so that she was able to sing a contralto part as well as a soprano, with the greatest ease and virtuosity, as technical difficulties did not exist for her.

In addition, she cast a poetic charm over the parts she sang, a “je ne sais quoi” that fascinated the public. Rossini declared that she possessed the most wonderful talent for singing, and the great range of her genius seemed to him perfectly marvelous. Whoever heard or saw her as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, full of delightful playfulness and irresistible charm, and then saw her as Desdemona in that sultry tragedy, was certain to fall completely under the charm of her remarkable artistic personality.

It is easy to understand that such a phenomenon in the world of art not only occupied the minds of both the public and the critics, but that a number

of legends and anecdotes, more or less truthful, have grown up round the name of this idol. . . .

In Naples it was the custom for singers who were appearing there for the first time to go to the king and ask him to honour their *début* with his presence. Maria Felicià followed this custom—that is to say, she went to the palace, but implored the king not to come to the theatre on the first night. His Majesty, much astonished, asked her why. “It is for a very simple reason, Sir,” answered she. “I have been told that it is contrary to etiquette to applaud till your Majesty has given the signal. But I am so used to being received with applause on my first entry, that I am sure I could not sing a single note, should that applause fail me.” The king laughed and promised to give the signal for applause as soon as she appeared, a promise that he kept.

She was both clever and witty; her sayings and her letters prove this. Here is an interesting *aperçu* of hers on the public: “The public seems to me like a basket full of unlit candles. If you hold a great fire over them, they will melt, but if you light them one by one, they will produce a brilliant illumination. Well, I light my public one by one. . . .” She showed great self-control in private life as well as on the stage. Her intimate friend, Countess Merlin, asked her one day, after she had heard her singing the romance of Desdemona, while tears coursed down her cheeks, how she could manage to sing so beautifully and yet to cry at the same time.

“Oh, I had no need to practise it specially.

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As a child I often used to cry during my singing-lessons, and as I did not want my father to notice it, I used to stand behind him, and so learnt to get full control over my voice, while my tears were flowing." The enthusiasm aroused by the singer showed itself in a very peculiar fashion in Italy. The first time she appeared in Milan she was escorted out of the theatre with torches, every garden and palace was illuminated, military bands played everywhere, and the next day gold, silver, and bronze medals were cast in her honour. But it was in Venice, where she sang in the Teatro Fenice during the carnival season, that the enthusiasm reached its height. The City offered her a gondola, richly ornamented with gold and silver, which was rowed by fantastically attired gondolieri, so that wherever she went, people should know that she was Malibran.

At the end of her performance she was literally covered with flowers and laurel wreaths made of gold and silver leaves, two white doves fluttered over her lovely head, and an immense crowd waited in front of the theatre to escort her home by torchlight. The torchbearers ran along both sides of the canal. When she landed, she was raised on the shoulders of the crowd and carried home. She was asked for her shawl and pocket-handkerchief; these were torn into shreds, distributed among the crowd, and preserved as relics. She had scarcely rested a moment in her apartment, when a deputation of gondolieri appeared, bearing a golden cup filled with wine, which they begged her to touch with her lips.

Then the cup was passed round among the gondolieri and the torchbearers waiting underneath her windows.

The City also presented her with some beautiful jewellery, and a theatre was named "Teatro Malibran" in her honour. It still bears this name. . .

—*Neue Musikzeitung*, 1908.

APPENDIX III

SUR LES DÉBUTS DE MESDEMOISELLES RACHEL ET PAULINE GARCIA

Ainsi donc, quoi qu'on dise, elle ne tarit pas,
La source immortelle et féconde
Que le coursier divin fit jaillir sous ses pas ;
Elle existe toujours, cette sève du monde,
Elle coule, et les dieux sont encore ici-bas !

A quoi nous servent donc tant de luttes frivoles,
Tant d'efforts toujours vains et toujours renaissants ?
Un chaos si pompeux d'inutiles paroles,
Et tant de marteaux impuissants
Frappant les anciennes idoles ?

Discourons sur les arts, faisons les connaisseurs ;
Nous aurons beau changer d'erreurs
Comme un libertin de maîtresse,
Les lilas au printemps seront toujours en fleurs,
Et les arts immortels rajeuniront sans cesse.

Discutons nos travaux, nos rêves et nos goûts,
Comparons à loisir le moderne à l'antique,
Et ferrailons sous ces drapeaux jaloux !
Quand nous serons au bout de notre rhétorique,
Deux enfants nés d'hier en sauront plus que nous.

O jeunes cœurs remplis d'antique poésie,
Soyez les bienvenus, enfants chéris des dieux !
Vous avez le même âge et le même génie.
La douce clarté soit bénie
Que vous ramenez dans nos yeux !

Allez ! que le bonheur vous suive !
Ce n'est pas du hasard un caprice inconstant
Qui vous fit naître au même instant.
Votre mère ici-bas, c'est la muse attentive
Qui sur le feu sacré veille éternellement.

Obéissez sans crainte au dieu qui vous inspire,
Ignorez, s'il se peut, que nous parlons de vous.
Ces plaintes, ces accords, ces pleurs, ce doux sourire,
Tous vos trésors, donnez-les nous :
Chantez, enfants, laissez-nous dire.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

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