

W B  
MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 04516 3474

FRIENDS  
AND  
MEMORIES

MAUDE  
VALERIE WHITE





*Presented to the*

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

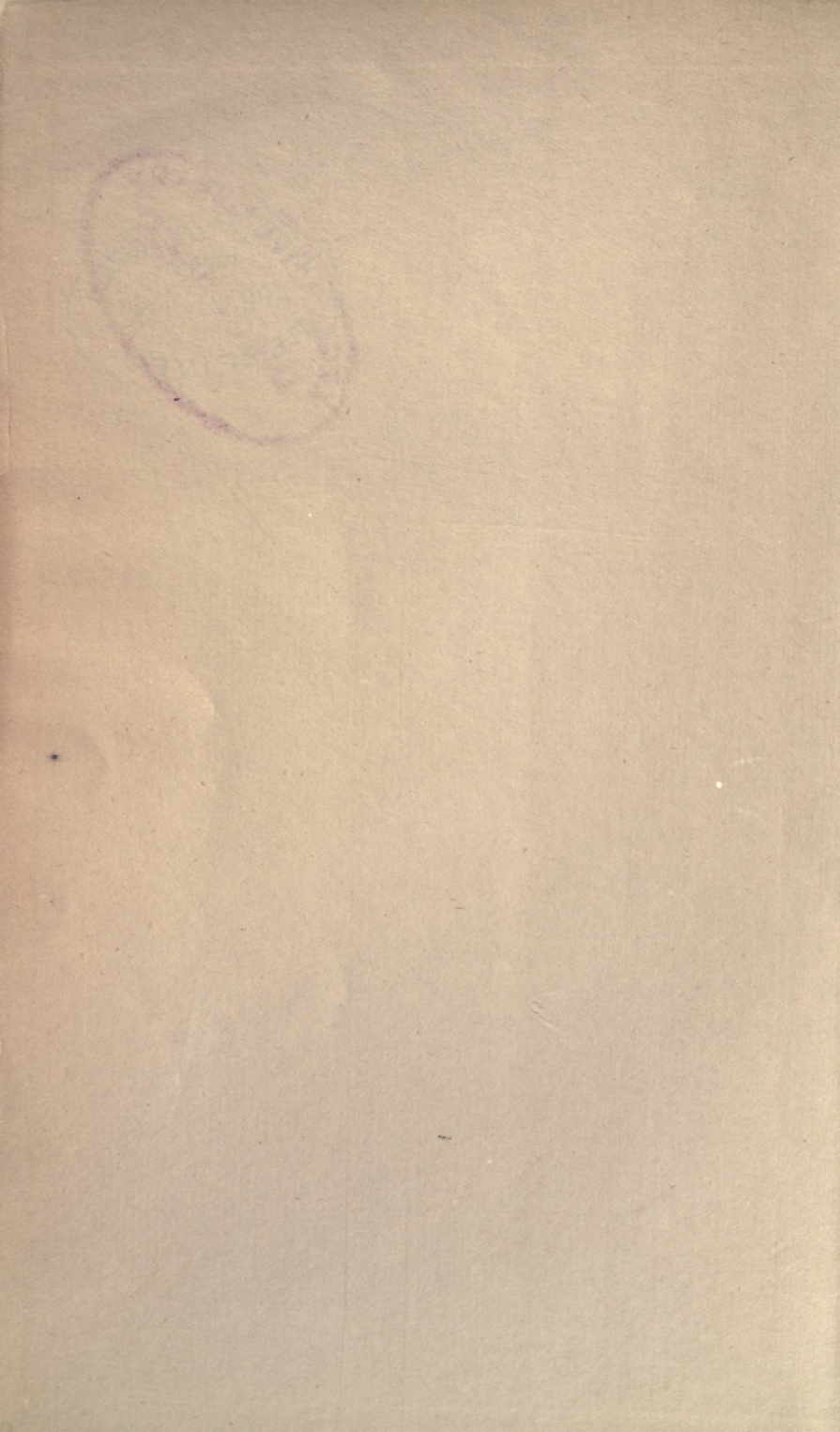
*by the*

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE  
LIBRARY

1980



LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY  
TORONTO  
APR 25 1932  
RECEIVED





FRIENDS AND MEMORIES





94927

FRIENDS AND  
MEMORIES



BY

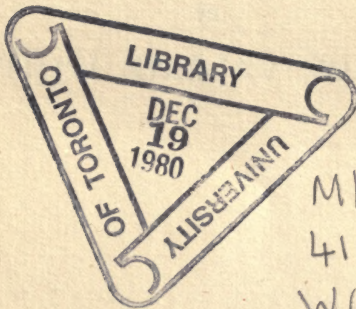
94927

MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE

LONDON  
EDWARD ARNOLD

1914

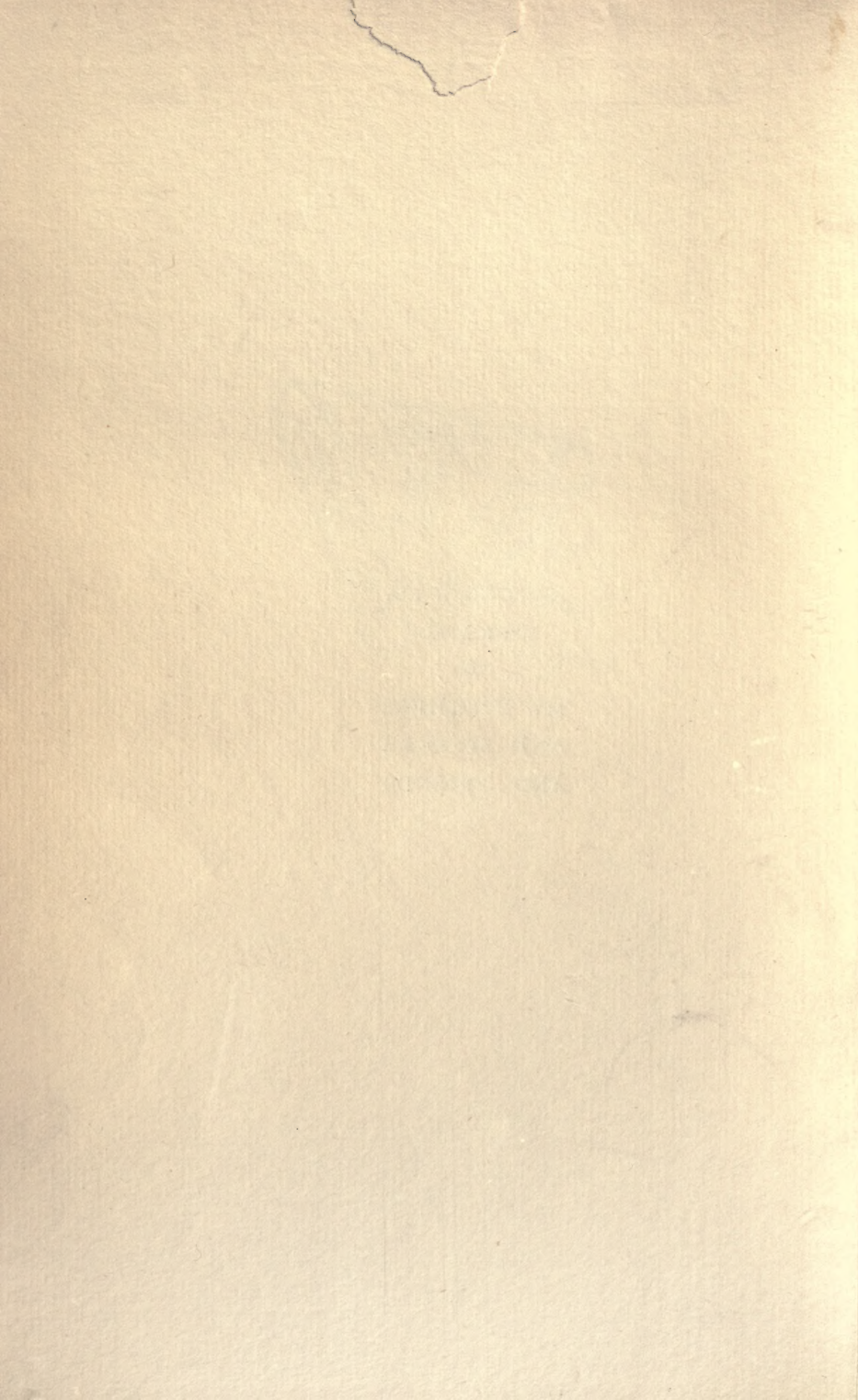
[*All rights reserved*]



ML  
410  
W64



AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED  
TO  
MY BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS  
AND FRIENDS





## PREFACE

A SHORT time ago, during one of my periodical visits to London, a friend asked me if I had never thought of writing my memoirs. I was very much astonished, for it had never occurred to me that anyone would care to read anything I had to say about myself and my extremely erratic life. And I couldn't help thinking of a little story that had just been told to me by the landlady of the rooms where I was staying. She was one of the kindest and nicest women I ever came across, and was often extremely amusing. This was her story.

In former days she kept a country hotel, and on one occasion some young man of the neighbourhood engaged her dining-room for the purpose of giving a dinner to the local cricket team. It was a very grand dinner, she said. When, after spending a good deal of money on various wines, the youthful host finally called for some expensive liqueur, she frankly protested against his extravagance. "I was 'orrified. I says to 'im, 'Don't you order nothing more,' I says; 'you've 'ad as much as is good for you; the lot of you 'as 'ad enough.' Bless your heart, ma'am, they no more didn't want that 'there stuff than a cat don't want side-pockets, and I just told them so."

My kind landlady's motherly and protective instinct was evidently aroused, and really I also began to feel motherly and protective towards the friends who might think it was their solemn duty to wade through my memoirs, should they ever find a publisher. But after a few days I began to consider the matter.

"After all," I thought, "people sometimes do really want the most extraordinary things. I once knew a shopkeeper in Sicily whose stock in trade consisted almost exclusively of wooden life-sized gorillas and large china

babies slumbering peacefully in monster shells. These articles were evidently in demand, for he was making a small fortune out of them. "Who knows," I thought, "whether cats, if approached *really* tactfully on the subject of side-pockets, might not respond to the suggestion with passionate enthusiasm?"

After a day or two, it seemed to me that nothing was more likely, and that as there were plenty of two-legged cats in the world who would be only too delighted to pick my literary side-pockets (to pieces) it would be quite a pity not to give them the chance of doing so!

M. V. W.



# FRIENDS AND MEMORIES

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in Normandy, in an old house on the Route d'Arc, near Dieppe, on the 23rd of June in the year —  
Of course I have not the slightest objection to revealing my age—what middle-aged woman ever has? But I had hardly written down the date when I remembered having read somewhere that the greatest proof of genius is to know just when and where to use the pruning knife. So I decided to avoid all useless detail. To harp on so personal a subject seemed to me positively indelicate. So I just ran my pen through the date. Certainly virtue is its own reward: somehow I seemed to breathe more easily after making this little act of self-sacrifice.

Well, then, I was born in France, and during the first years of my childhood I had every reason to bitterly regret the fact. I was nicknamed "Froggie," which I hated, and was repeatedly told by my small brothers and cousins that I would run away as a matter of course should I ever find myself on a field of battle, which of course was extremely likely. They knew for a positive fact that Frenchmen always ran away, whatever happened. Everyone knew that. If one had a grain of self-respect, one was born in England or in South America. That is what *they* had done. Of course England was best, but it was so grand to have sailed across half the world before one was eight that it came to more or less the same thing. I hadn't even managed to be born in Brittany, in which case I would at all events have been entitled to call myself a Britain. "Soyons net," as they say in France, and let me at once admit that I began life as a miserable French

1856

failure and a rank outsider. No *entente cordiale* was possible on this subject—I had even had a French nurse. She was naturally “on my side.” She said she couldn’t understand how civilised people could give so dreadful a name to her poor baby. “Voyons, est-ce que c’est possible d’appeler un enfant ‘Maudit’ !” That was her way of pronouncing “Maudie.”

It seems that I had quite long black hair when I was born. Rose (my nurse) looked upon it as a sign of good fortune and, I suppose, must have refused to cut it off. Apparently no one else dared approach a new-born baby with a pair of scissors, and a coiffeur was actually sent for, who heroically, and without running away, though he was a Frenchman, performed the task to the despair of Rose and the satisfaction of everyone else.

It certainly was a very cosmopolitan world into which I was ushered on my first birthday. My parents had just arrived from South America with their five elder children, who spoke nothing but Spanish. A German governess had been engaged for them by an old friend of my mother, Madame de Laboulaye (after whom I was called Valérie). Madame de Laboulaye was the wife of Edouard de Laboulaye, a very well-known literary man, the head of the Collège de France, and the author of *Paris en Amérique* and *Le Prince Caniche*, a political satire, which had an immense success at the time it was published. He was also a Senator. My mother spoke French perfectly. Though born in England, she went to live in France before she was a year old, and lived there till her marriage with my father, with whom she went out to Chile. My grandfather, Captain John White, was a naval officer, who on retiring from active service was appointed English Consul in Valparaiso. Chile was a sort of El Dorado in those days, and on leaving school my father joined him, and went into business there. My grandfather was the son of Lucy Nagle. She and the great Edmund Burke were first cousins, the children of a brother and a sister. Burke was very much older than herself, and after the death of her parents she went to live with him as his ward. She



was a Catholic, but my grandfather was educated as a Protestant. It was his father's religion. In those days Catholics were not obliged, as they are at present, to make it a *sine qua non* to have their children baptized in the Catholic Church in the event of marrying someone of a different religion. My grandfather was extremely handsome. Like Henry VIII., he was "one of the greatest widowers that ever lived." He married four times, but as far as I know he did *not* decapitate his wives in his leisure moments! One of his daughters married three times. And then people ask me why I am a spinster! Of course the reason is obvious. I am a person with some idea of proportion, and an overpowering sense of duty has compelled me to restore the balance of things as far as lies in my power. My father was the son of his first wife. She was of Bohemian origin, and like so many people of Slav blood most members of her family were very artistic. The first to settle in England was a soldier. His name was Von Rinagel. He came over to England in connection with the Prince Charles Edward Stuart expedition in 1745. He fought at Prestonpans, and was imprisoned both at Stirling and in Dover Castle. He married, and became an English subject, and from that time spelt his name Reinagle. His son, Philip, and his grandson, Richard Ramsay Reinagle, were both well-known painters, and both were R.A.'s. One of the Reinagles was a very beautiful violoncello player, but he died quite young.

My mother's father, Lieutenant Daniel Harrington, was also a naval man and an Irishman. He had the honour of serving under Lord Nelson on board the *Victory*, and fought at the battle of Trafalgar. Once when I was staying with my uncle, Frederick Harrington, I saw my grandfather's diary, a tiny book, in which he had written a short account of the battle of Trafalgar immediately after it had taken place. I have never forgotten the last words, though I read them so many years ago:—

"And I can safely say there isn't a man on board this ship that wouldn't gladly have laid down his life for his lordship."

It was such a queer little book ! Facing this account of one of the most celebrated battles in the world was a list of clothes he had sent to the wash and the dates of his last letters to my grandmother !

After the battle of Trafalgar my grandmother received the official news of his death. She refused to believe it : she would not take the pension offered to her, nor did she wear mourning or put her children into mourning ! She said she felt it was not true. She had had a dream just after the battle in which she saw him sleeping on the deck of a ship that was not the *Victory*. And she was perfectly right. There had been a mistake—my grandfather had written to her immediately after the battle and had given the letter to someone going back to England who never posted it. Almost immediately after the battle he was sent to the Dardanelles on another ship, and quite a long time went by before she received the good news of his being alive and well. She went down to Portsmouth when the *Victory* came home, and I've heard her describe the whole scene. She was over eighty, and I was a tiny child, but I remember how excited she got over it. She described it splendidly, and I can still see her before me, her eyes blazing with enthusiasm as she told us all about it.

My grandfather fought in several battles besides Trafalgar, but he died a lieutenant for all that. Promotion was not rapid in those days. A friend of his, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, who was indignant at the way he had been treated, actually managed to bring his case before the late Queen Victoria, who wrote on the petition presented to her : "This case merits consideration." Even in spite of that, nothing was done for him. Yet we have in our possession a testimonial given to him by Lord Nelson and signed by him, giving him the very highest character. One of my aunts (who was already eighteen years old when my mother was born) once showed this paper to Lady Nelson. It was a little worn and crumpled. She said to her, "Ah ! some day you will all be very proud of this little piece of paper ; you mustn't let it fall to pieces ;" and then she took it from



my aunt and gummed it on to a lace handkerchief of her own.

And she was quite right. We are proud of that piece of paper. Who wouldn't be proud of it if it belonged to them? I hardly dared touch it when it was shown to me—the paper was quite yellow and the ink was faded, but the writing was perfectly legible, and so was the celebrated and beloved signature.

Sir Robert at the end of one of his conversations with my grandfather said to him, "Harrington, you are getting very bald." My grandfather, who wasn't an Irishman for nothing, answered, "Well, you can hardly wonder at that, considering all the men who have walked over my head!"

Before I was a year old we all left Dieppe and came to settle in England. My father had taken a house in Staffordshire, and we lived there till I was seven years old. The first thing I can remember is Christmas Eve at Chapel Ash—that was the name of our house. I was between five and six years old, but I can still see the beautiful glittering Christmas tree that stood on a large table in the middle of the drawing-room. It was brilliantly lighted with wax candles, and was hung, German fashion, with apples, nuts, and oranges wrapped up in silver and gold paper. On the table beneath lay the gifts intended for each child. I have forgotten all the presents I received that Christmas, with one exception—it was a book called *Old Gingerbread*, and was bound in light green. No present ever pleased me so much as a book, for I read both English and German quite easily before I was six years old. I owed this entirely to our German governess, Fräulein Marie Stieffel. She came to us shortly after I was born, and stayed with us till I was ten years old. The grown-ups of the family called her "Mademoiselle," but she was always "Mel" to all of us children. I remember my delight when I realised that the lovely green book was to be mine; and though the presents were still being distributed, I went off into a corner and began reading it there and then. I don't

believe any child ever loved reading more than I did. Everything was grist that came to my mill. German fairy-tales were what I enjoyed most—Grimm, Hans Andersen, etc. But the *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe* were also great favourites, and any and every book of travel that I could get hold of. I read *The Discovery of America* in German, in a child's edition, and I think it awoke in me the love of travel which has never left me. There was magic to me in the very sound of the names of far-away countries. Certain of them set my imagination galloping! My favourite lesson was geography. We had an immense globe in the schoolroom which I looked upon as a delightful friend who was always suggesting thrilling and exciting adventures. I loved turning it round till I came to the Pacific Ocean, and wondered what the little islands were like with which it was dotted. I dreamed over that particular part of the globe and gazed at it till I conjured up visions of delight! Visions of sapphire seas on which floated strange canoes rowed by wonderful people dressed in—very little; visions of marvellous coral reefs and golden sands on which lay the loveliest shells waiting to be picked up by lucky little savages of my own age; visions of cocoa-nut trees and bread-fruit trees, beneath which terrific cannibals sat during the heat of the day meditating on the delights of little-boy chops and little-girl outlets! This last vision was certainly very alarming, but even the awful idea of being served up as a succulent entrée to a cannibal king, in the event of visiting his tropical realms, did not really quench my longing to start at once for the South Sea Islands.

Just about that time Mel taught me how to knit. Perched up on a high chair, I learned to make socks. I sat at the same table where my elder sisters did their lessons and picked up information, whilst Mel picked up the stitches I dropped at every moment. Sometimes I had to read the book from which they did their dictation. I felt very grand dictating to my elders and betters. I remember a great scene which once took place in the



schoolroom. My three sisters, whose ages varied from sixteen to thirteen, had just had a history lesson. They had all answered the questions put to them to Mel's entire satisfaction with the exception of Annie, the youngest of the three. She hated lessons. This time she wasn't able to make a single satisfactory answer. Mel was very angry, but was almost struck dumb when my sister said dramatically, "Mel! the lesson has been said, and well said. What does it matter to you *who* said it?"

At the venerable age of seven I went to Germany with my mother and the rest of the family. Mel accompanied us, but my father was obliged to remain in England on business. We went down the Rhine, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I was delighted to be travelling at last. Then we made straight for Dresden, where my elder sisters were to be "finished." As I was hardly "begun," I was sent to Heidelberg with the faithful Mel. Heidelberg was her home, and I spent two years there with her and her kind old father. I always called him "Der Vater." We lived in a quaint old house at the corner of the Hauptstrasse. There was a stork's nest on the roof. It was still there when I passed through Heidelberg on my way to Oberamergau some years ago.

I had rather a lonely life in the old house, and for a long time knew no other children. How well I remember the sitting-room in which I used to do my lessons. There was a window in the corner of the room which was approached by a high step, so that when one sat in the window-seat one was slightly raised above the level of the rest of the room and was able to get a peep into the Parade Platz, and to look right down the Hauptstrasse as well. There was a draper's shop just opposite our house, and his shop windows towards Christmas were the joy of my life. He used to fill them with tarlatan ball-dresses which looked to me like the dresses fairies and princesses would wear. One of these tarlatan dresses was a lovely green, and I thought it looked like the sea, and began to weave all sorts of fancies around it. I peopled the folds

of the Greek and Roman gods and legends, and I read them all.

My mother had a very-see-through dress in which I had to go to school, and I wore shoes which were common to the girls of the lower middle class. Now and then I had to go to school with my hair pulled up in a bun, which I can still recollect with a shudder. I never read anything but I went to read and I never forgot it. I was very well educated in English and French. I could get on with an English boy and a French girl. I had to go to my school in the streets.

My mother once made me a present of those volumes which I still possess and still love. They were by Gustav Schwab, and were exquisitely illustrated. They contained charmingly written stories of Greek mythology, and one whole volume was dedicated to the story of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Very soon I hardly cared to read anything else. I talked about "der Agamemnon" and "die Clytemnestra" as if they were personal friends, and took the greatest interest in the gods and goddesses who protected the Greeks and Trojans. I couldn't bear Juno, and thought of her as a fat, jealous old woman, but I worshipped Diana, and longed to go hunting with her. I made myself a bow and arrows and *felt* like her, though I certainly never flattered myself that I looked like her, being a very chubby little girl, and anything but slim! I was an enthusiastic champion of the Trojans, and when I read the Story of the Wooden Horse and the way the Greeks finally entered Troy, my indignation rose to fever heat. I thought they were the greatest snakes I had ever heard of, and hated them cordially. I expect I hated even the Trojans simply and solely because they lived in Asia Minor, one of my beloved far-away countries.

Later on I lost my heart with equal fervour to Greece — I was always losing my heart to someone or something when I was a child, but I generally lost it most hopelessly to beautiful places.

I really adored Heidelberg. During the two years we lived there we went for long walks every day. The



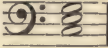
mountains that surround the little town are lovely. They are not high, but they are covered to the summit with beautiful trees. The woods are full of lilies of the valley and wild strawberries. One has to be careful not to tread them underfoot in some places. To stand high up amongst the fragrant firs and to look down on the orchards of cherry-trees in full bloom is a sight of unforgettable beauty. I remember saying to my governess one day, "Mel, which would cost most,—a view like this, or a grand piano?" I really didn't know which I would rather possess for my very own. To this day, the smell of lilies of the valley carries me back to the days of my childhood, and suggests to my mind innocence and beauty as nothing else ever does. I honestly believe that were I on the verge of committing a murder and were a bunch of lilies of the valley to be put into my hand, I would instantaneously become incapable of hurting even a black beetle!

Mel was a first-rate musician, and played the piano beautifully. The first time I remember really appreciating music was on one winter afternoon. I was alone in the sitting-room, trying to do my lessons, perched up on my favourite window-seat. In reality I was listening to the trio my governess was playing in the next room with a violinist and 'cello player, friends of hers, who used sometimes to come over from Mannheim to make music with her. I don't know what they were playing,—it was probably something classical,—but it began to affect me very strangely. I felt horribly sad, but I wasn't crying. I was simply longing for something, but I didn't know what. After a while they left off playing, and Mel came into the sitting-room to see what I was doing. Evidently I didn't look quite normal, for she asked me what was the matter. I said in a choking voice, "I think I have a sore throat." I hadn't a sore throat, but it was the first time I had ever had a lump in my throat, and I didn't know what it meant then.

One day I got into a terrible scrape!

Mel had gone out, and during her absence I conceived

the idea of giving a concert in the Eckzimmer, the corner drawing-room, into which I was never allowed to set foot, because it was the home of the sacrosanct "Flügel," on which I was only allowed to play when I had a music lesson. The programme was to consist exclusively of my own compositions, Op. 1 and Op. 2.

These two noble works consisted of about four bars each. Each piece, if I remember rightly, had the same bass! I can't say it showed much imagination, for it consisted exclusively of one chord  repeated at intervals. The melodies were no doubt equally interesting, but I have forgotten them.

Of course there can be no concert without an audience. But I soon managed that. Tante Malchen, Mel's old aunt, lived in the same house, and I went and retrieved her in her little flat and escorted her triumphantly to the drawing-room, where she was asked to wait, while I went in search of the cook. I couldn't think of anyone else. When both ladies were in their seats, I climbed up on to the music stool and began to play.

The concert lasted for about two minutes, with long intervals between each piece. The audience was more than kind, and I was much applauded. The cook's enthusiasm knew no bounds. Tante Malchen was sympathy *in propria persona*. Just as the congratulations were pouring in, the door was suddenly flung open, and in walked Mel! There was a regular scene. Tante Malchen took my part like a brick, and the cook vanished like a beautiful dream, whilst Mel accused the old lady of encouraging me in disobedience. When it transpired that I had actually charged them a farthing each for admittance, Mel's wrath rose like puff paste. In vain I pleaded that it wouldn't have been a real concert if they hadn't paid for their tickets. Mel refused to listen to my excuses. She might have forgiven the invasion of the sacred drawing-room, but what she couldn't get over was the revolting fact that I had done Tante Malchen and the cook out of a Kreutzer each. It was evidently



the beginning of the end—the *dégringolade* of my whole being! She considered that the white flower of my hitherto blameless life was faded and smirched and only fit for the dust-heap. Tante Malchen was purple with indignation. She was of opinion that since Mel's moral standard rose to Himalayan heights, it was quite impossible to expect any child of eight years old to scale them. While they were quarrelling over me, I followed the cook's example and shot like forked lightning out of the room. I can't remember how it all finished, but one thing is very sure. It was my first and last recital in Heidelberg, and Op. 1 and Op. 2 are lost for ever to the world.

In order to encourage me in habitual truthfulness, Mel made me read and ponder over the story of Ananias and Sapphira, till I literally shook in my shoes every time I was asked a question for fear of tampering with the truth and tumbling down dead. When I inked my fingers one day she said, whilst she scrubbed them with pumice-stone, "Those ink stains are like the stains of sin, very easy to put on, and very difficult to get off." I was tremendously impressed and rather frightened.

But on the whole I was very happy in Heidelberg, and I have no doubt I richly deserved the punishments I sometimes got. Mel was honestly devoted to me, though her anxiety to do her best by me made her a little too severe at times.

When I had been more than usually wicked I was sent to bed in the middle of the day, to repent of my misdeeds between the sheets. I don't think I ever did. But I felt fearfully humiliated at retiring to rest in broad daylight and without feeling in the least sleepy. On one occasion, as I lay in bed, I happened to put my hand to my back, and for the first time in my life felt my shoulder-blade. I was terrified. My ideas of anatomy were distinctly vague. I thought I had begun to grow a hump! I kept this hideous suspicion to myself and suffered agonies. Every now and again I furtively put

my hand to my back to see if the dreadful bone was still there. Yes, there it was, just in the same place and bigger than ever. Of that I was positively certain. At last it seemed to me it was taking the shape of a leg of mutton, and I went through an episode of absolute despair. It is all very fine to laugh now, but never shall I forget the silent torture that I endured.

One day Mel gave me a beautiful little bed for my doll. When Easter came round she gave me several Easter eggs—real eggs painted blue and green and red. She also gave me a dear little hare with long ears, made of sugar. I loved that hare. But those hard-boiled eggs set me thinking. I secretly determined to raise chickens out of them. But how? After a while, I had a real inspiration. When no one was looking I put the whole lot into my doll's bed, and tucked them comfortably up. Then I waited excitedly for the result. I constantly examined the bed when no one was looking, to see if they had arrived, and when I found nothing, waited patiently till the next day. I waited for a week or two. One morning, to my horror and disappointment, I found the doll's bed swarming, not with chickens, but with dreadful little worms! I nearly had a fit.

How I hated some of the German food to which I was introduced! There was one dish which I utterly abhorred. The very name was enough, "Schweinefleisch und Sauerkraut" (pig's flesh and sour cabbage). When I saw it being brought to table my blood ran cold. I knew I would have to get it down somehow, for I was never allowed to make a fuss over anything and was expected to eat everything that was set before me, without making any remarks. Sometimes I protested, and once or twice, backed up by "der Vater" I came off victorious. He was a dear, kind old man, and I was very fond of him. Often, after the "Abendessen," a nondescript meal that was served at about seven o'clock, he used to lie on the sofa and tell me stories. I nestled up to him, and never allowed him to pause for breath. "Reinecke Fuchs" was the favourite story, and he told it very well,



as far as I was able to judge. He certainly held me spell-bound from start to finish.

I thought that Mel and "der Vater" and I were going to live for ever and ever in the old house with the stork's nest on the roof, and was quite taken aback when one day a letter arrived from my mother saying they were all returning to England and that Mel and I were to join them in London.

One of my aunts was returning from South America with her husband and children, and my mother wished to be in England to receive her. My uncle was very ill—dying, in fact.

Mel said I was to write a letter of condolence to my aunt. I was in despair. I really felt life wasn't worth living with such a task in store! I couldn't imagine what to say. I didn't know my uncle, and hadn't the faintest idea what my aunt was like. There was a regular battle between us—I felt the whole thing was utterly beyond me. From the very moment I was told that I *was* to write that letter, my mind became a complete blank. The proverbial village idiot was a Leonardo da Vinci compared with me. There I sat, staring vacantly at the sheet of note-paper and feeling perfectly miserable.

At last Mel consented to help me. It wound up by her dictating the whole epistle! At the end she wished me to say, "God help you in your trouble!" But here I struck. I laid down my pen and refused to go on.

"Do as I tell you," said Mel.

"No," I said. "I'm not going to say that."

"And why not, I should like to know?"

"Because," I answered firmly, "it's so frightfully grown-up."

Mel finally gave in, and I was allowed to finish the letter more naturally if less piously.

My last recollection of Heidelberg is a concert given by the celebrated violinist Joachim. I was taken to it as a great treat, and wore a new silk dress for the occasion. I also wore a grand little opera-cloak trimmed with swans-down. To tell the truth, I was so taken up with the

unusual splendour of my appearance that I hardly listened to the music. It is an awful confession, but I am obliged to make it.

Shortly after the concert Mel and I packed up our trunks and started for England. I loved Heidelberg, but the idea of another journey was delightful to me. We were not going straight to England. We were first going to the Tyrol to see some of Mel's relations.

I was just nine years old when I said good-bye to the kind old "Vater" and the stork's nest and the quaint old house, to the fascinating shop window with its fairy-like dresses, to the Parade Platz where I had so often met students whose faces were scarred with wounds, but whom I secretly admired nevertheless, and above all to the beloved and beautiful mountains where I had spent so many happy hours dreaming the happy, innocent dreams of happy, innocent childhood. A new life was beginning for me. I was to live again with my own people, I would have brothers and sisters and cousins to play with. This thought alone filled me with delight, and it was a very happy, excited little creature who again started on its travels one beautiful summer day many many years ago.



## CHAPTER II.

I DON'T remember any of the details of our departure from Heidelberg, or of our journey to the Tyrol. But I do recollect arriving at a chalet and being shown into a room quite unlike any I had ever seen before. There was no paper on the walls, and everything in the room seemed to be made of wood. It looked extraordinarily clean and tidy. A short, stout lady of middle age was waiting there to receive us. She had a kind, nice face. This was Frau Sohm, Mel's married sister. Her husband, who was called "Der Sohm" by his wife and Mel, was a tall, dark, good-looking man, far more like an Italian than a German. He was so good-looking that I felt a victim on the spot. Nothing beautiful ever left me indifferent, so it was not likely that the handsomest man I had ever seen should make no impression on me, although I was only nine years old! Fortunately for me, he seemed fond of children, so I suffered no disillusion.

One day someone suggested an excursion into the mountains. I was in the seventh heaven of delight. The idea of a whole day among the pines with "der Sohm" in attendance seemed to me the height of bliss. Frau Sohm and Mel were not the least in the way, they simply ceased to exist from the moment we set out!

How I enjoyed that splendid summer day! What I remember best is the wild, though shallow, mountain stream up which we wandered, jumping from stone to stone across the amber-coloured water. We were shut out from the rest of the world by the pine-covered mountains that rose on either side. This was life! Life full of tremendous possibilities. One's foot might slip; one might fall backwards into the foaming waters; one

might, on the other hand, be rescued from the jaws of death by "der Sohm"—which would indeed more than compensate for any amount of horrors. The fact that the water was *so* shallow that even the most suicidally inclined dwarf could not have succeeded in wetting more than his ankles did not in the least disturb my sense of adventure. Like all imaginative children, actual circumstances did not in the least interfere with my dreams. Impossibilities were the rule, not the eternal exception! How often had I not already transformed a mere brook into the great Amazon River, on which there floated a solitary canoe, with myself inside, wandering through mysterious tropical regions. A few hills became the Andes for me in the twinkling of an eye; cats became tigers; dogs became gazelles; and Heaven alone knows what "der Sohm" became during that memorable picnic! In any case, he was the magician who conjured up that glorious day, which I shall always remember as one of the happiest of my childhood.

The rest of our visit to Dornbirn has completely faded from my memory. I can't even remember saying good-bye to anyone, though I probably shed "*una furtiva lagrima*" on parting with the beloved and black-bearded Sohm who had been so kind to me. But I quite forgot all about him and everyone else in my disappointment at Schaffhausen, where I had been taken, as part of my education, to see the Falls of the Rhine.

Were *these* the celebrated Falls? Was it this mere perpendicular sheet of water that everyone made such a fuss about? I was positively indignant. If I was asked to believe that *this* was the Rhine, which I had seen only two years ago flowing peacefully through beautiful vine-covered hills crowned with ruined castles, then I found it far easier to believe that Mel had taken leave of her senses, or that she had cast her principles to the winds in an overwhelming desire to go one better than the hitherto much maligned Ananias and Sapphira. What I *had* expected to see was the Rhine, in its entire length and breadth, like some gigantic fluid personality falling



in an ecstasy at the feet of Mel and myself towards four o'clock, as we sat at a little table in the neighbourhood drinking coffee and eating Zwieback.

I now know what the American lady felt like when she saw the celebrated Venus of the Louvre for the first time. I now know why she whispered through her disappointed nose, " Daughter! if *that's* the Venus of Milo, excuse me!"

Later in the evening we went for a row on the lake which somewhat consoled me, and next morning we started for England, *via* Ostend, where we spent a happy day on the beautiful beach. I bathed in the sea, and as I waded out and felt the waves rippling over my little bare legs, I thought how nice it would be to go on just like that till I reached England. I never thought how soon I would be out of my depth and that I hadn't the faintest idea how to swim. I never worried about insignificant details in those days. I always thought, " Something nice is sure to happen, and everything will be all right." And I am not at all sure that I don't feel very much the same now. The delicious blue sea isn't the only element, alas! in which one is out of one's depth before one knows where one is. Yet again and again, when I have been sinking out of mine, after the first moments of distress I have certainly heard that happy little whisper, " Something nice is sure to happen, and everything will be all right."

And even if one is mistaken all along the line, as far as *this* world is concerned, still, who would not be the happy optimist who, after a thousand disappointments, is convinced, even on his death-bed,—perhaps especially on his death-bed,—that " something nice is sure to happen, and everything will be all right" ?

After Ostend we went to London, where we stayed for a few days, during which I was introduced to no end of new relations, including several Spanish-speaking cousins from South America who had just arrived in England. I also renewed acquaintance with my own people, from whom I had been separated for some time,

though on two never-to-be-forgotten occasions I had been to see them in Dresden. During the two years I spent with Mel in Heidelberg, my mother lived in a large and charming flat in the Ostra Allee with the seven other children, her mother, and eldest sister. I loved being with them. They all seemed so happy. The flat was so pretty, so cosy and bright. Such a lot of interesting things seemed always to be going on there. We were such a large party that every meal seemed like a small festivity. Dresden is a very cosmopolitan place. At least it certainly was in those days, and my people had friends of many nationalities. My mother had had introductions to several charming German families who had houses both in Dresden and in the country. This gave her a real insight into German life, which of course was very interesting to one who had never been in the country before. The best friend of my eldest brother was an American boy with whom he had fraternised at school. During the first year of their stay in Dresden, two of my sisters attended a famous girls' school which was run by a clever Frenchwoman, Madame Jung; there they became acquainted with other children from every quarter of the globe, and their favourite friend was a charming and beautiful young Russian girl. Of course all these different people brought great colour and variety into their lives.

Herr Fritz Spindler, a very popular composer of light music and a celebrated pianoforte teacher, was a great source of interest to me. Never before had I seen a real live composer. All those whose names were familiar to me were lying in their graves. He gave music lessons to my sisters, who used to practise with all the enthusiasm of youth the gay "Husarenritts" and "Bagatelles" and "Cascades" which he gave them in endless succession. Now and again they learned a sonata. Two of them played really well, and I think he was rather proud of them.

My eldest sister was supposed to be "out"; the other two were "in and out." But they *all* seemed



to me equally grown-up and of equal importance, especially while their portraits were being painted by one of the Court painters. When they used to go off to his studio dressed in lovely white dresses, after having had their hair waved and curled into unusual splendour, I thought they were the most beautiful and enviable human beings on earth. A lady's-maid called Emilia seemed always to be turning out pretty dresses for one or the other of them. They even went to dances and coffee-parties. They really were frightfully grand.

But in my opinion the climax was reached when my mother gave a ball followed by a delicious supper, which was smelt, but, alas! not tasted, by the younger members of the family. It was attended by a great many grandly dressed ladies and smart officers in uniform. The loveliest dance music went on all night, right into the small hours, after which I was firmly convinced that the flat in Ostra Allee was the hub of the world! I certainly thought my brothers and sisters far nicer than the skipping-ropes and hoops which were my only companions in Heidelberg. Instead of solitary walks with Mel, I used to go with the younger children to the Grosse Garten, where we would play for hours together, and where we once made a quite unexpected acquaintance. One day not knowing what o'clock it was, my little brother Harry, who was about five years of age, ran up to an old gentleman who was passing by to ask him if he would tell him the time. The old gentleman consulted his watch, and was very kind and friendly to the little fellow. What was our surprise when the moment afterwards someone came up and told us that my small brother had had the honour of talking with the King of Saxony. The nurse was thrilled!—and so were we.

I wonder if a quaint custom still exists in Dresden which was in full swing forty or fifty years ago? There used to be public balls for the people which the men and maid servants attended with the greatest gusto. As the maids did not like to go alone, it became the fashion to hire a man chaperon! A father was dirt

cheap,—so was an uncle ; a brother could be had for a mere song, a cousin cost a good deal more. A friend was downright expensive, and a lover—well, one had to save up for weeks to be able to afford such a luxury, and when one finally appeared at the ball, attended by a swain whose professional duty it was to make love till the echoes of the last waltz had died away, one simply held the floor. The other unfortunate maids who were accompanied by mere blood relations looked on with covetous and hungry eyes and wished they were dead ! It was a glorious triumph.

I must say those holidays in Dresden were the joy of my life. Sometimes we used to go to the Grüne Gewölbe to look at the treasures there ; sometimes we went to the picture gallery to look at the lovely Raphael Madonna ; and once we all went out to the Bastei, in Saxon Switzerland, where we roamed about the lovely hills all day. It was heavenly ! I was miserable when the time came for returning to Heidelberg. I remember a wonderful hamper that arrived for me one Christmas from Dresden. It was crammed full of lovely presents from all my dear ones. How sadly I unpacked the things, and how passionately I longed to be with them all, though kind Mel had provided me with a beautiful little Christmas tree, and had done all she could think of to make me happy.

Now, however, my loneliness was a thing of the past, and I was once again a member of a large and happy family. My father had taken a charming old place in Staffordshire—Pendeford Hall ; there was a capital school at Brewood, a village about four miles away, where he intended sending my two eldest brothers ; and Mel was to look after the education of the three younger members of the family—Harry, Emmie, and myself.

We all loved Pendeford ; and its crowning glory was that it possessed a ghost !—a ghost that was actually seen on one occasion by one of my sisters. I can't say I am a believer in ghosts, but I am bound to admit that several things occurred which were never satisfactorily accounted for.



I remember one of these occurrences perfectly. The nursery at Pendeford was shared at one time by the three youngest members of the family—Emmie, Harry, and myself. One night we three children were startled and alarmed by a violent and sudden noise. We thought someone was throwing large stones at our windows. At last the noise grew so loud and so threatening that we rushed in terror out of the room, crying for help at the top of our voices. At the same time one of my sisters, who happened to be in her room close by, and who had also heard this extraordinary noise, ran out on to the landing, equally startled and frightened. My mother and the butler, who had heard nothing except our cries, were the next to appear on the scene. They found us shivering with fright on the landing, and all of us sobbed out the same story : “ There is someone outside throwing big stones at the nursery windows.” My mother tried to comfort us by telling us she was sure it was only a hail-storm. She even sent the butler down to see if that would not explain the whole matter. The man returned after a few minutes. He said there wasn't a breath of wind outside ; the night was calm and perfectly still. Two or three days later we heard that the heir to the property was dead. He died that same night. I heard afterwards that the house and grounds had been Church property and that a curse was supposed to have been laid on the family who took possession of the place : the eldest son would always be born half-witted for generation after generation. I believe there was a good deal of truth in the latter part of the story.

The house was supposed to be haunted by a little crooked old woman, and my second sister had an experience that was rather odd, to say the least of it. It occurred during the visit of an aunt of ours, an aunt by marriage Mrs. Dashwood Harrington. She was a woman of about sixty, and one of her shoulders was a little higher than the other, which gave her a slight look of deformity. One morning, just before luncheon, my sister Dora was coming down from her room on the second floor. She

saw my aunt come out of her room, and followed her down the stairs from top to bottom. As they reached the ground floor she lost sight of her. She was rather puzzled, but went straight into the large room which was used as a general sitting-room. There she saw my aunt sitting on the sofa, quietly at work.

"How in the world did you get here so quickly?" said my sister.

"What do you mean?" answered my aunt. "I have been sitting here all the morning."

"Ah, you can't take me in—I followed you down the stairs."

"Followed me down the stairs! Why, I've not been out of the room for the last three hours."

My sister still thought she was joking, and said so. But when everybody else in the room corroborated my aunt's statement, she didn't know what to think, and felt rather nervous. It was an uncanny experience. When she was told afterwards that the house was haunted by a little old crooked woman, she not unnaturally concluded that she had seen the ghost! In any case, the matter was never explained away.

But comical things as well as uncanny ones took place at Pendeford.

And one day there was a perfect uproar in the nursery. The dramatis personæ of the uproar were our old nurse, the venerable Anna Maria Cope Wiley Smith, and myself. She was a stern old woman who would have liked to rule us with a rod of iron. But that wasn't so easy.

She lived in a chronic state of disapproval of everything we did and said, and almost daily we were made aware of the fact that Anna Maria Cope Wiley Smith would have none of our sauce! The expression is hers—not mine. I have not the slightest doubt that most of our responses were seasoned with a good deal of *sauce piquante*, which disagreed more or less violently with the poor old lady. But there is such a thing as self-defence!

She was rather a handsome old woman, although she always wore a hideous Early Victorian cap that would have spoiled the beauty of a Venus. It rose ominously from the back of her neck like a tidal wave of spotted net, and culminated in a jungle of black lace and ribbon that divided at the top and flowed in cascades down either side of her face. Should anyone be inclined to think that the description of this cap is exaggerated, let him remember that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Well, on this never-to-be-forgotten day she was "tidying me up" for dinner; the process consisted, as far as I can remember, in trying to scalp me to the best of her ability. If I have even three hairs left with which to adorn my middle-aged and aching head, it is not owing to the tender solicitude of the late Anna Maria. She did her level best to reduce my head to the state of a billiard ball, to such a pitch did she tug and pull at my hair, which was tremendously thick and always in a tangle. She had plumped me down on a chair opposite the dressing-table, and I was waiting quite resignedly to be operated upon. I really was not feeling out of the way wicked that morning.

The storm did not burst at once, but there was an ominous and alarming crescendo, that culminated in a veritable pandemonium. She ordered me to "'old my noise," and I refused flatly to hold anything in creation with such vehemence that it roused the tiger that slumbered all too lightly in the jungle of Anna Maria's Early Victorian cap. She gave another vicious pull at my hair, and (of course) dramatically refused to have another drop of my "sauce."

And then I had an inspiration. I threatened to go down to dinner just as I was, tousled hair, doubtful hands, filthy pinafore, muddy boots, and goodness only knows what else, and when Anna Maria sarcastically observed that she would like to see me do anything of the sort, I hastened, with malignant courtesy, to oblige her without a moment's delay, bounced out of the chair like an elastic ball, and would have been as good as my word



when the old wretch suddenly secured one thick strand of hair to which she clung like grim death. I must say she was a grand old sportswoman, for she never once let go, though I dragged her through the nursery door, down a passage, on to the landing, down two flights of stairs, through the kitchen, across the yard, and right down to the bottom of the orchard! It was a case of sturdy ten-year-old legs versus sixty-year-old spindle shanks, and of course the poor old thing collapsed while I was still as fresh as paint.

She was almost speechless when, beneath an apple tree, she finally let go of my hair. I can't remember what happened after I regained my liberty. I have no doubt I strutted back to the house with my nose in the air, whistling carelessly, as though such victories were mere everyday occurrences. One thing, however, is perfectly certain. Never again did the venerable Anna Maria try to pull my hair out by the roots. No doubt she came to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle.

This capillary episode reminds me of another.

Till she left us Mel and I shared the same bedroom, and great was my admiration of her rather scanty black locks. I used to lie in bed watching her as she braided her hair into two plaits that tapered beautifully away to nothing. "How lovely and graceful are the plaits of Mel!" I thought wistfully. "How different from my own nasty ugly ones that are just as thick at the beginning as at the end!" I knew nothing in those days of a Spanish proverb that says, "Hay gustos que merecen palos" (There are tastes that deserve the rod).

While my brothers and boy cousins were at school, I also did lessons at home—more or less satisfactorily. I went on with German and my beloved geography, and I learned little sonatas by Haydn, Mozart, and Clementi. Mel never taught me anything but classical music, and I loved it. I also began to learn English History. I read, learned, but in no wise digested a volume by the eminently respectable Mrs. Markham on the subject. In fact, the

conversations carried on by the three children at the end of each chapter distinctly disagreed with my literary digestion. They seemed to me the three greatest prigs in Christendom. I thought that sugary little boys who thirsted for information and who constantly prefaced each question with "Pray, Mama," ought to be ducked in a pond. Their goody-goody reflections made me sick. This was the sort of thing:—

"Pray, Mama, ought we not to be deeply thankful that our own dear England is so very different from the rest of the unfortunate Continent?" or—

"Indeed, Mama, it is very sad to think how many people *still* believe in the Roman Catholic religion; ought we not to be deeply thankful——" etc. etc.

Sometimes I indulged in lighter literature and read the stories in my little sister's spelling-book. There I learned, to my utter amazement, that "Miss Jane was a nice girl, but she was cross and told fibs." How could this be? Nobody thought *me* a nice girl when I was cross and told fibs. My ears were boxed, or I was sent to bed in disgrace. I could not swallow this commentary on Miss Jane. If she was cross and told fibs, she was *not* a nice girl, she was a vile sneak. I gloried in the unmasking of Miss Jane. It was my first attempt at psychology.

My grandmother Harrington and my aunt Dora Harrington always lived with us. "Auntie Dora," as she was called by friends as well as relations, was one of the most lovable human beings I have ever known. To the last day of her life there was something childlike and guileless about her that was infinitely touching. It isn't often that one can say with absolute truth that one knows one was really dear to another. But I would have had to doubt my own existence before I doubted her love for me. I was with her when she died, and even then she seemed more anxious to console me than to give a thought to herself and her own sufferings. She belonged to the fast vanishing type of woman who knows how to grow old gracefully.

I thought of her one night, long afterwards, in Rome, at a small dinner at the house of the well-known novelist, the late Marion Crawford. I sat beside a very agreeable and good-looking French naval attaché, a man of about forty. Someone having remarked that there were no old women nowadays, he turned to me and said regretfully—

“C'est peut être vrai, mais comme c'est dommage. Ah, ce qu'elle était délicieuse, ma vieille grand'mère. Elle portait toujours des machins comme cela!” (Here he rolled imaginary curls round his fingers and touched his ears.) “Mais où les trouver maintenant, ces adorables et charmantes femmes qui vieillissaient avec tant de grâce?”

I have an idea we will find a good many of them in heaven if we ever get there ourselves.

My grandmother and Auntie Dora were both Catholics. The Catholic religion, I am told, had never the same hold on my mother, who after her marriage with my father became a Protestant and brought us all up as Protestants. My mother was a clever and unusually sincere woman. She changed her religion from absolute conviction and for no convenient worldly reasons. I never heard a single discussion on religion in our household. If “love is the fulfilling of the law,” then certainly the law was fulfilled at home. I became a Catholic at the age of twenty-four; but religious intolerance is utterly abhorrent to me. I am firmly convinced that loyalty to one's own convictions is absolutely compatible with a generous understanding of other people's sincere beliefs (or incapacity of belief)—however opposite to one's own. If “charity understandeth all things,” why should not we, at all events, do our best to try and understand that other people may be just as sincere as ourselves without arriving at the same results? What bitter and useless discussions would be avoided in this way!

We often had visitors to stay with us at Pendeford, but the one who made most impression on me was



General Milan, a Spanish general, who had come over from South America with my father. Before returning to Spain, he spent a few days with us. He was the most fiery little man I have ever seen. I was absolutely fascinated by his talk about the Carlists, Queen Isabella, etc. etc. I lived in a hotbed of romance and adventure during his visit. Never shall I forget the extraordinary nail he cultivated on the forefinger of one of his hands. It was like a bird's claw. I am certain it was quite an inch long. My little sister Emily some time afterwards grew a similar one on her own forefinger, and great was her distress when my mother unmercifully cut it off. She assured me the other day that she fainted during the process! My admiration did not go to such lengths. True to the instincts of a budding musician, I preferred long hair to long nails, and left the cultivation of the latter to Spanish generals and baby-sisters.

But the budding musician was all unknowingly on the eve of a great change.

### CHAPTER III.

NEVER shall I forget my dismay and distress when I heard that Mel was going away.

One of my sisters took me aside and told me what was about to happen. She said something to the effect that there was a strong feeling that Mel's influence was alienating me from the rest of the family and that my mother thought it was high time that it should cease. I asked for no details, in a vague sort of way I understood what my sister was trying to convey to me. But I had a strong affection for Mel, which was not shared by the others—there was absolutely no reason why they should have felt the same affection; they had never stood in quite the same relation to her as I had. I had been given almost entirely—at one time quite entirely—into her care. And during my sister's little speech I felt overcome by a strong feeling of loyalty and reserve. That Mel should have been weighed in the balance and found wanting seemed to me almost cruel, and the thought that she who had ruled my destiny for so many years was now no longer to rule her own, impressed me as humiliating and sad. I think I dimly realised for the first time in my life that even grown-up people are not always able to do as they like; my instinct told me that she did not wish to leave us and that my mother's decision would make her suffer. I felt restless and unhappy, longing to console Mel, but feeling somehow as if that would not be quite loyal to my mother. I believe there was another reason which made her going away a necessity, but it was never discussed before me, nor had I any chance of ever forming an opinion of my own on the subject.

No doubt my mother was perfectly right in the course

she pursued as far as I was concerned, for I was so much with Mel, even sharing her bedroom for years, that I did perhaps begin to think I owed her more allegiance than anyone else. She was a very unworldly woman, and I am positively certain she was a good one; the sacrifices she made for her own family after she left us convinced me for ever of that. But for some time she had been under the influence of a very Low Church clergyman, a really good man, but rather narrow-minded. I remember him perfectly: he had snow-white hair and mild blue eyes; he also had a cough, and a wife who threatened to turn him out of bed if he dared go on coughing two minutes longer than was quite agreeable to her. Now I know all about coughing,—indeed I may say I am an authority on the subject,—for I caught cold when I was eleven years old and have barked perseveringly through several decades. I have seriously alarmed my family, my friends, and my Sicilian servants by an apparently ruthless determination to cough myself out of this world into the next; and once, at the theatre, after choking and spluttering through half the first act of a new play, I detected on the face of the very kind friend who had not only invited me, but who had also presented me with my stall, an expression which really frightened me: it was the sort of expression that one would not exactly care to live with, or to meet at dusk on a lonely road. He will certainly recognise himself, should he ever read this, but I am too much of a coward not to preserve his incognito in these pages, as his name is very well known when he signs it to his own!

Considering these circumstances, I ought perhaps to understand the feelings of the old clergyman's wife, but I'm bound to say my sympathy rushes out unhesitatingly to the reverend gentleman whose better half had progressed so little under his spiritual direction. After all, if the result of prayer-meetings is, on the part of the "prayer-meeter," a violent and irresistible desire to turn an innocent and afflicted old gentleman, neck and crop, out of the conjugal four-poster, with nothing on his back but a nightshirt, and nothing in his mouth but a cough lozenge with



which to get through the night in an arm-chair on the landing, all I can say is they can't be quite the right sort of prayer-meetings.

When he wasn't coughing he took a keen interest in Mel, and I feel pretty sure he impressed her with the belief that it was her solemn duty to play the rôle of spiritual alarm-clock to my mother's slumbering conscience, which certainly showed no signs of awakening during the dances and picnics to which my grown-up sisters went as a matter of course. As to my father's conscience, I am quite certain it not only slept soundly but also snored cheerfully throughout the whole episode. He was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived, and he had a very keen sense of humour. I have seen him laugh till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and one of the most vivid of my childish recollections is the almost helpless way he used to wipe his spectacles after one of these prolonged and hearty laughs.

Poor Mel! I am afraid she gave the whole family up as a bad business. She constantly read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, I am sure, had visions of the Evil One flying off with Pendeford under his wings to the "Hill of Error," where its conversion into a second "Beelzebub Castle" was only a question of time. She had centred all her hopes on me, and I also was made to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If things had not come to an end when they did, no doubt I should have started private visions of my own in which I should have beheld the whole family rolling headlong down the "Hill of Error" into the "snares, pits, traps, and gins" of the celebrated book, Grannie and Auntie Dora leading the way as decorously as possible with due attention to their respective crinolines, father and mother behind them and all my brothers and sisters after them, while Mel and I stood sorrowing at the top in spotless garments of uncertain shape, shedding a few natural (if rather superior) tears, and quite unable, in spite of Mel's nationality and my own long residence in the Fatherland, to wish them "eine glückliche Reise" with anything like heartfelt sincerity.

I felt absolutely lost the day she left Pendeford. I

could not imagine what was going to happen to me. When she kissed me good-bye and I saw the tears running down her sad, thin face, I felt really wretched both for her and myself. She may have had her weak points, and of course she had her faults like the rest of us, but I felt somehow as if I understood how things had gone wrong. I understood a good many things in a way that I honestly think was really rather unusual in so young a child. Many, many years afterwards I received a letter that amused and touched me, and made me hope that I had not altogether flattered myself in thinking that I had sometimes understood things *à demi mot*. The letter was from my dear and faithful friend Liza Lehmann. She wrote rather despondently, from Heligoland where she had gone for her health; she was staying in lodgings in the Kartoffel Allee (Potato Avenue), a stodgy address which was hardly calculated to raise her spirits! She said she felt ill and depressed, and in the course of the letter she wrote: "I wonder if you understand how . . . but there . . . I *know* you understand! It is the greatest feather in your cap, it trails along the ground for miles and is never out of curl."

It was Mel who awoke my imagination, Mel who revealed to me the Wonderworld of Fairyland; it was she who handed me the magic wand with which I peopled the dark mountain forests with fairies and witches, with gnomes and magicians, and myriads of tiny elves; it was she who gave me the magic shuttle with which I wove the mossy carpet on which they danced in the moonlight with the wild hyacinths, till the warning bells of the lily of the valley rang out the coming of the dawn; it was through her that I knew Dornröschen and Rothkäppchen and I know not how many splendid young princes and beautiful young princesses, who, I felt quite sure, lived in wonderful and mysterious castles on the other side of the Heidelberg mountains, over which the lucky little birds were able to fly, but where I could never, never follow them; it was she who led me by the hand through the enchanted regions of Greek mythology which I loved

so much that it really changed the aspect of the whole world for me. I felt as if it were always radiant morning in that wonderful land of the imagination in which I secretly wandered for hours at a time.

Not many years ago, in Sicily, on my way to Taormina, as the train ran beside the beautiful wild mountains with orange and lemon groves on one hand, and the Ionian Sea on the other, I saw a shepherd wandering along the golden sands, driving a herd of goats before him. It was early morning; one of those heavenly blue Sicilian days when the world looks as if it had just left the hands of Almighty God with a cry of ecstasy at its own beauty, a world which it is impossible to connect with anything but radiant happiness. As I watched the shepherd and his shaggy goats I felt as though I were watching a scene which belonged not only to the youth of the world, but a scene which belonged ineradicably to my own.

Vernon Lee has written a charming and touching essay on the subject of how much we owe our German governesses. I endorse every word she says, for though I was only ten years old when Mel went out of my life, she left me with a treasure of which no one has ever been able to rob me, and for which I shall love and bless her memory to the end of my life.

One day I was told that it had been decided to send me to a boys' school as a day-boarder. This was a piece of news with a vengeance! The school was in Wolverhampton, about four miles away from Pendeford. I was to drive there every day with my father when he went in to business, returning with him towards five o'clock. My little brother Harry and several little boy cousins (Harringtons) were already there as weekly boarders. My two eldest brothers, one of whom has spent most of his life soldiering in India and who is now a retired Colonel, were among the props of this establishment in their salad days. The school was kept by a delightful woman—Miss Reach. I suppose she had a Christian name, but I never knew what it was. She was just—*Miss Reach*. I can't imagine even her father or mother ven-



turing to call her anything but "Miss Reach" after she started her boys' school. It really was not necessary to glance twice at her to take in the fact that even as the Asra of Heine and Rubenstein belonged to the race of those that "die when they love," so Miss Reach belonged to the race of those who to the day of their death will stand "no nonsense." But she was a dear, for all that,—you couldn't help liking her. I detected a twinkle in her eye on more than one occasion, and doubted whether she was as stern as she pretended to be. As to Miss Reach's hair, I simply raved about it. It was coal black and as stiff as a poker; it looked as if she went over it carefully every morning with the best (the very best) boot-blackening. That Miss Reach anticipated Mr. Edwards and his hair drill by at least forty years I am perfectly certain, and Mr. Edwards would be the first to acknowledge the fact publicly had he ever seen Miss Reach's immaculate head, as she emerged from her bedroom towards eight o'clock in order to preside at the breakfast-table. Each well-drilled hair "knew its place" as well, if not better, than her polite parlourmaid knew hers. Of course I quite realise that this particular sort of hair may not rouse the same enthusiasm in other people as it did in me; indeed I am quite prepared to admit a certain amount of change in my own taste since those days, for some years ago I almost came to blows with a German gentleman whom I met at a Sanatorium in Germany, and who refused point-blank to share my admiration for the glossy and really beautiful wavy hair of a young Jewess who sat opposite to us at dinner.

"I do not like hair with a *fat glance*,"<sup>1</sup> he said loftily, there and then dismissing the subject for good and all.

But to return to Miss Reach and her school, which was attended by about forty little boys. For some reason or other, Miss Reach always liked to have one little girl to educate at the same time. I don't know why she limited herself to one! Perhaps she thought that one girl was as

<sup>1</sup> A literal translation, I suppose, of "ein fetter glanz"—"glanz" being the German for *shine*.

hard to manage as forty boys. Who knows? Anyhow, the little girl who preceded me must have had artful designs on my eldest brother, for he spoke of her in the most disrespectful terms. When asked why he did not like her he said, "Because she is a frightful cockard" (he meant "coquette"!).

Miss Reach was evidently on the look out for similar symptoms in myself, and she told my mother a story about me which, though I do not in the least recollect it and cannot personally vouch for the truth of it, I mean to relate, as I have no reason to believe that Miss Reach was in the habit of telling fibs. She informed my mother that a highly unattractive youth of about eleven had been seen kissing me in the corridor. She said that she had immediately sent for me and had sternly demanded an explanation. It appears that this chaste salute had affected me so very little that I was genuinely surprised at Miss Reach's attitude. Still, as she seemed to expect me to say something, I finally exclaimed, "I'll tell you what, Miss Reach, even if he *did* kiss me it was only by a fluke, so what does it matter?" I remember the boy quite well, a skinny little wretch with red hair—not at all my sort!

During school hours Miss Reach sat very primly on a straw chair in front of a round table covered with books; a cane lay conveniently to her hand, but she did not often use it; she generally busied herself with needlework while the classes were going on. When the boys were unusually dense she sometimes jogged their memory by rapping their heads with her silver thimble. She never punished me, as far as I can remember. I dare say she thought it was punishment enough for a lively and restless child like myself to be obliged to retire every day at one o'clock with her and the assistant mistress to the ugly, dreary dining-room where a joint and a milk pudding generally awaited us. I was thankful when the meal was over and I was able to return to the large and cheerful schoolroom. My desk was at the top of the long table. I sat next a boy called Dickinson. He sharpened slate-

pencils to perfection, and sometimes he condescended to bestow his attention on mine, but in his heart of hearts he thought I was a mean cat. And so I was. For on one occasion I was altogether rather more diplomatic than is consistent with strict honesty. I may as well confess that where arithmetic was concerned I was stupid to the last degree. I knew that the fatal day would inevitably dawn when I would have to learn the Rule of Three, I even feared it would dawn ere long; so I thought I would prepare the way by asking Dickinson, who was a shining light in "Vulgar Fractions," to initiate me into the mysteries.

One day I said carelessly, "I say, Dickinson, how do you do the Rule of Three, by the way?" I hoped he would fall into the trap; in any case, I hoped he would give me a hint in a kind and fatherly way, for after all he was thirteen and I was only ten. But Dickinson was even sharper than his celebrated pencil-points! Do you think he was taken in for one single solitary second? Not he! He said something to the effect that I needn't think he didn't know why I was sucking up to him, because *he did!*

His refusal to help me in this matter did not signify in the least. I foundered hopelessly in the quicksands of Long Division, and every effort to haul me out of them was perfectly useless. I only sank deeper. I was still in Long Division when I left Miss Reach's, though I had won a prize, and had even been "head boy" for about two minutes on one memorable occasion. Oh! the miserable tears I have shed over sums so absurdly easy that it was no wonder my teachers thought they were well within my capacity. I was an idiot, a perfect idiot, over arithmetic. I now try to console myself by reflecting that to bring anything—even idiocy—to absolute perfection is somewhat in the nature of an achievement.

One morning a small boy had the misfortune to incur the righteous wrath of Miss Reach. I will call him Blumenkranz; that was not his name, but it is near enough, and will prevent me at all events from being



had up for libel. I don't know what the offence was, but I do remember the punishment.

Blumenkranz—a child of Israel—was to be whipped that evening on his return from the dancing class: the whipping was to take place just before supper—a sort of dreadful cock-tail! Miss Reach called him “sir” when she pronounced his doom. I must say, had I been in her place there would have been no whipping that evening—I would have decorated Blumenkranz and given him the D.S.O. For he heard his sentence like a hero; though he was only a yard high, he didn't condescend to shed a single tear, and he went bravely through the dancing lesson, though every time he glanced at his shining pumps he must have thought with a shiver of Miss Reach's discarded slipper whose acquaintance he was to make that evening. He obeyed the order to “chassez, croisez,” with cheerful alacrity; he stood with his toes turned gallantly out in the first position, though his legs must have been shaking with apprehension; he waltzed with the rest of us round the room to the strains of old Mr. Ridgeway's fiddle, and I am not at all sure that he didn't invite me to hop through a polka with him. I believe he even danced a hornpipe! My heart bled for Blumenkranz, for I had fully realised what lay in store for him. Most of our futures we are told lie on the knees of the gods. But the future of Blumenkranz, at all events his immediate future, and the whole of his diminutive anatomy, lay on the uncompromising knees of Miss Reach, and it was awful to see him pirouetting to his doom!

Music was almost entirely neglected during my years at Miss Reach's. I had no lessons, but was sent to practise by myself for an hour every afternoon on a horrid little upright piano in the dreary dining-room.

Of course I did nothing of the sort; in the first place, I had nothing to practise, for I certainly had no intention of learning any of the really dreadful drawing-room pieces with which the piano was covered. Occasionally I played through one of them, for I read music quite

easily. How I jibbed at the "Prière d'une Vierge"! The "Gems of Scotland," set in arpeggios and triplets, were sham jewels for which I had unmitigated contempt, and one or two pieces by Brinsley Richards made my flesh creep. I had such frightful attacks of low spirits in that dreary back room that I never think of it without horror. After some months I began to connect music itself with those four walls and those hideous tenth-rate compositions which lay in bilious green and yellow covers on the top of the piano, and it seemed to me that my own love of music was being slowly poisoned to death. So much for atmosphere! When I left Miss Reach's at the end of the year, I would not have cared if I had never set eyes on a piano again. I almost hated the sight of one. Something lovely in me had died. Or had it only fallen into a deep and dreamless sleep, like the long sleep of the Dornröschen of legend?

At the beginning of each term we had to present ourselves to Miss Reach, who, seated at the round table, inquired of us the amount of pocket-money with which we had returned to school. When Gardner, the head-boy, arrived one term with thirteen shillings and sixpence in his possession, and informed Miss Reach of this fact before the whole school, there was a mild sensation! A look of profound respect dawned even on the face of Miss Reach. Where were the rest of us, with our "Three and sixpences" and "One and ninepences"? Simply nowhere. Gardner was the hero of the hour. Outwardly he remained perfectly calm, but he must have felt like an embryo Pierpont Morgan inside. I couldn't get over it. *Thirteen and six!* All of us, including Miss Reach, felt that we had heard the gentle lowing of the Golden Calf! And with one accord we made our best bow to it.

During the year I went to Miss Reach's I did my very best to forget that I was a girl. I coaxed the great Anna Maria into putting two pockets into all my skirts, one on each side; I then stuck my hands into them, and cultivated the art of whistling. Emmie and I learned to ride, and were actually given a pony between us.

This had for years been the goal of our desires. I envied the coachman who looked after it, and consulted anxiously with him as to whether it wouldn't be a good thing if a bed were made up for me over the stable. He was full of sympathy. We even went together to inspect a loft, which we thought might do. Unfortunately no one else shared our opinion, and I continued to sleep in the nursery under the lynx-like eye of Anna Maria.

And now the first break in our family was to occur. My eldest sister became engaged to Captain James Marret, and after a short engagement went out to India with him. Her wedding took place in June. The house was filled with cousins, both boys and girls, for the occasion, and the way we tormented my poor sister and her fiancé was perfectly scandalous. Did they meet in the hope of spending a quiet afternoon together, they were at once pounced on by relays of horrid little imps whose delight it was to discover whether any *real* love-making was going on. We thought the whole thing a huge joke,—made plans to “catch them at it,” to jump out at them when they least expected it, and to point the finger of scorn at them when the dinner-bell finally obliged them to emerge from the drawing-room, to which the poor persecuted “*promessi sposi*” sometimes retired, taking good care to lock themselves in. What did we care for that? The drawing-room had windows, and what are windows for after all if not to look either in or out?

When the great day of the wedding finally dawned, and the ten bridesmaids and ten groomsmen had to be packed away in a perfect string of carriages (for the church was about four miles away), even the former imps were awed into something like good behaviour. We hardly recognised each other in our smart white dresses and immaculate Eton jackets; we even refrained from pointing the collective finger of scorn at the happy pair as they came down the aisle arm in arm. There was a wedding breakfast with speeches, at which the youngsters of the family tasted champagne for the first time in their lives. It made me so sleepy that I cannot



remember how the great day finished. Anyhow, for about eight of us our "occupation was gone." The nine fingers of scorn that had embittered the last weeks of my sister's maiden days retired into private life, where they died nine natural deaths, not in the least regretted by those who had known them !

One of my last recollections of Pendeford is that on one occasion the hounds met in our grounds. They met in a large field opposite the house, quite early one morning. It was the first scene of the sort at which I had ever been present, and it made a great impression on me. I thought all the red-coated riders were perfectly fascinating ; so was the pack of hounds which, however, I admired at a discreet distance, I was rather frightened to go amongst them. The boys ran after them for quite a good way, but I stayed at home to watch the preparations which were being made for luncheon beneath a splendid horse-chestnut tree at the bottom of the lawn. To this day I associate spiced beef with huntsmen and horse-chestnut trees ; the smell and taste of it make me feel so young that I really should like to order it for luncheon every time a tactless hint from my looking-glass reminds me that "things as is, is not as 'ow as things as *was*."

Shortly after the departure of my eldest sister and her husband for India my father was obliged to go out to South America on business. Before he sailed, it had been arranged that my mother with my two elder sisters should spend the winter in the South of England, as he did not care for them to remain alone at Pendeford during the winter ; my brothers were all at school, and my little sister would of course go with my mother wherever she went.

But what was to become of me ?

It seems that I had developed into such a tomboy during the Miss Reach episode that my father and mother thought it necessary to call an imperative halt in my mad career. The summer and winter holidays without the surveillance of a governess, which had been

so delightful in my opinion had in theirs been absolutely disastrous. Just when things had reached a climax, my mother received a letter from Mademoiselle Lalande, the lady who had been French governess at the famous school in Dresden to which my elder sisters had been sent two years ago. In it she said that she and an English lady, who had also been a teacher at Madame Jung's, had set up an establishment of their own in Paris, and would be very much obliged to my mother if she would recommend pupils to them. My mother hurriedly recommended me! I remember the morning my fate was sealed: I was called into the dining-room, where my father often invited me for the express purpose of chopping off the top of his egg, which I was afterwards allowed to eat, and I went down without any horrid suspicions. But I had hardly crossed the threshold when I realised that it was not the egg's head but my own that was in danger. My usual *flair* told me that some plot was being hatched in which I was intimately concerned, and I felt guilty and uncomfortable during the inspection that followed, and after which I was pronounced "perfectly hopeless." I remember feeling vaguely miserable when the interview was over. I can still see the whimsical and puzzled expression on my father's kind face and the slightly desperate look on my poor mother's. No doubt I had only myself to thank for this unfavourable verdict. It was ten chances to one that the "nasty ugly plaits" that were just as thick at the top as at the bottom were guiltless of the smart black bows which ought to have finished them off, and that my pretty frock was gaping at the back, with half the hooks undone. And if the inspection of my fat little hands had proved satisfactory, no one would have been more genuinely surprised than myself; for very often, to say the least of it, they were the sort alluded to by the little boy whose schoolmaster asked him to describe the nature of water. He replied, "It is a white liquid which becomes perfectly black the moment you dip your hands into it."

I remember the way my parents sighed, half despondently, half humorously, and I distinctly heard one of them say, "Well, we must see if Paris can do anything for her." I was then told to "run away."

But my step was not as elastic as usual. My "mad career" was at an end, though I still had some years of childhood before me.



## CHAPTER IV.

It was about the end of September when my mother and one of my sisters accompanied me to Paris. I had never been in France since I left it as a tiny baby. That Paris was the capital to which my father sometimes went and from which he occasionally returned with a wonderful pâté de Strasbourg, was about all I knew of my native land. The only French book I had ever read up till then was *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, by Madame de Ségur. I believe it is the first story-book that even French children are usually given, though it isn't by a French writer at all. Madame de Ségur was only French by marriage; she was a daughter of the famous General Rostopchine who, it is said, ordered Moscow to be set on fire rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the great Napoleon.

It seems to me strange now that I should remember absolutely nothing of my last days at Pendeford, which I had really loved. Why should tiny details relating to absolutely insignificant circumstances stamp themselves so indelibly upon one's memory while events which really alter one's life should so entirely fade from one's mind, leaving no trace whatever of their existence? Who can say? But how strange it seems!

We arrived in Paris at dusk, and on our way from the station caught a glimpse of the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe as we crossed the brilliantly lighted Champs Elysées on our way to the Rue Kepler, where Mademoiselle Lalande had established herself. Rue Kepler is a short street not many minutes' walk from the beautiful Avenue, and close to the Avenue Marceau, which then was called Avenue Joséphine. The

gay days of the Empire were still in full swing, and those who have only known Paris in its Republican dress can hardly imagine how its aspect has changed. A Republic may suit France, but it doesn't suit Paris in my humble opinion. The splendid Palace of the Tuileries had not yet been torn down by the cruel and brutal hands of its destroyers. It still hid from view the Place du Carousel, completing the great quadrangle that on three sides was composed of the vast Palace of the Louvre. Outside it was the very ideal of an Imperial home; it was shut off from the Place de la Concorde by great and beautiful gates which only swung open for the Emperor and Empress when they went out driving on great occasions. I once had the good fortune to be taken over the state rooms, and for a few minutes I stood on the balcony which led out of the throne-room, to look at the view. Though I was still so young, I remember how it thrilled me. Yes, those were the fit surroundings for even the kings of my childhood's dreams: the palace itself with the Louvre in the background, the Place de la Concorde with its wonderful obelisk in the centre evoking visions of Oriental splendour, the great fountains playing on either side, the Corps Législatif and the Ministère de la Marine facing each other, the long sweep of the Champs Elysées crowded with carriages and people on foot, and lined on either side with chestnut trees in full bloom, sloping gently upwards towards the great Arc de Triomphe, beyond which one caught sight of the Avenue de l'Impératrice (now Avenue du Bois) losing itself in the lovely woods and lakes of the Bois de Boulogne . . . it was an unforgettable sight, and one that was enough to fire the imagination of any child who saw it for the first time from the throne-room of the famous palace. When I think that never again shall I see that beautiful pile, I could cry with sheer despair at the wanton stupidity of the Vandals who razed it to the ground and wiped out in a moment of frenzy one of their most beautiful buildings from the face of the earth.

Sometimes when I walk across the stretch of ground

that formerly was the Emperor's private garden, and where the poor little Prince Imperial used to play in the days of his own unclouded childhood, I feel like an impertinent intruder and would almost welcome the *sergent de ville* who took me by the shoulders and turned me out!

The Empress, in those days, drove constantly in the Bois, so did Princess Metternich, the famous Princess Pauline, whose husband was then Austrian Ambassador. She had nicknamed herself "le singe à la mode"! Whether she maligned herself or no, I am unable to say, as I never saw her till she was a woman of fifty, when I happened to meet her, twenty years later, at an antiquary's shop in Vienna, and then she was so made up that it was almost impossible to tell what she had looked like when young. But that she was the most fascinating of women I don't think anyone ever attempted to deny. Her escapades and witticisms were the town talk.

Offenbach's comic operas were the rage just then, and the whole world flocked to see Mademoiselle Schneider in the *Duchesse de Gérolstein*. Wherever one went someone was sure to be humming "J'aime les militaires" or "Voici le sabre de mon père." Ambroise Thomas was then head of the Conservatoire, which had just introduced to the theatrical world one of its greatest glories—Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt. His operas and Gounod's were among those most often given in Paris at that time. It seemed to me that there was a glitter and excitement about everything and everybody. Certainly echoes of what was going on penetrated very frequently even the walls of No. 6 Rue Kepler. The fact is, Mademoiselle Lalande's house was not only a school. She also received guests; some of whom—rich Russians and Americans—mingled a good deal with the great world outside.

At dinner, where we all met, and where for the first year I was the only child at table, the conversation was often really worth listening to, as it continually turned on topics of the day which drew still more interest from the fact that some of the guests present had actually taken



part in them, or were acquainted personally with the people concerned in them.

A great many foreigners were received at the Court of Napoleon III., and now and again some of them would come to Rue Kepler for the winter months. They all seemed to have heaps of money and heaps of friends, and their lives were one perpetual round of gaiety. Of course they had their own private sitting-rooms, but when they dined at home it was at the table where Mademoiselle Lalande and her partner Miss Morton sat with the rest of us. Sometimes there would be quite a small party and someone would say, "Eh bien, elles ne dînent pas ce soir, Madame X. et ses filles?" "Mais non," would come the answer, "ces dames dînent aujourd'hui à l'Ambassade de Russie"—or "à l'Ambassade d'Amérique." These words would set my little brain whirling. What was an Embassy? A palace, I felt quite sure. And an Ambassador—what was he? Someone tremendously important, that was perfectly certain, or else "ces dames" would not have made such a fuss about what they were to wear when they went to dine with one.

I hadn't been many months in Paris before I realised that Monsieur Worth was almost as important a person as the Emperor himself, and that it was very nearly as exciting to spend an hour with him in the Rue de la Paix as to go to a ball at the Tuileries. And, what was an attaché like? I longed to see one. Oh to be grown-up and visit all the wonderful countries that had embassies in Paris! Oh to be clever enough to talk to an attaché, or, perhaps, some day, to an Ambassador! What bliss to speak as many languages as the beautiful Princess Alexandrine who came with her charming mother, whose name I quite forget, to stay with us during the great Exhibition, when Paris literally overflowed with royal visitors. Princess Alexandrine was a maid of honour to the Empress of Russia. On one occasion when she and her mother were going to a ball at the Tuileries they begged for me to be allowed to sit up to see them in their Court dresses. Princess Alexandrine was about nineteen; she looked

lovely that night ; and, if I remember rightly, she wore on her shoulder a miniature of the Empress set in diamonds. All Russian maids of honour are obliged to do so, I believe, but I knew nothing of the custom at that time. I thought she was a privileged and unique specimen of humanity and admired her with all my heart. I would have gone cheerfully to Siberia with her had she been exiled, and would have thought myself lucky had she consented to take me with her. For years she lived in my memory as a sort of "Etoile du Nord." Meyerbeer's opera was just then being given very often in Paris, and the name had fascinated me when I read it on the hoardings in the street.

But to go back to my first evening in Paris. We arrived just in time for dinner. A group of pretty English and American girls, beautifully dressed, were standing about in the hall and the drawing-room when we came down. I gathered from their conversation that they were going to the Opera. I think it was to hear *Faust*. "Oh," I thought, "if only they would ask me to go with them!—why don't they? I'm not a bit tired. Why doesn't Mademoiselle Lalande ask mother to let me go?" And all through dinner, during which I never uttered a word, I sat almost trembling with excitement, waiting to be invited. It was, of course, so very likely! I hadn't been an hour in the house, and, after the long and tiring journey, bed was my destiny—not *Les Italiens* or the Opéra Comique. When I saw all the pretty girls rising with one accord from the table with their chaperon before dinner was actually over, so as to arrive at the theatre in time for the Prelude, a feeling of despair invaded me.

"It's too late now," I thought; "in two minutes they'll be gone, and I'll be left alone with all these old ladies! Why, why, why?"

And there I sat, disappointed and dejected, and trying to imagine what an opera was like, and suddenly feeling that music was again desirable and beautiful. My only experience of the theatre was a pantomime to which I had once been taken in Wolverhampton one Christmas. But it hadn't made much impression on me. I didn't care

about the clown, and almost hated the pantomime itself, which was, I believe, *Puss in Boots*, and which I thought was going to be a beautiful fairy story, but which was quite spoilt by a lot of vulgar jokes and all sorts of incidents that had nothing on earth to do with either Puss or his boots. The whole thing was a regular fraud. I hadn't been three hours in Paris, but my instinct already told me that an opera there was likely to be very different to a pantomime in Wolverhampton!

And I made another discovery that evening. A woman need not necessarily be young to be extremely attractive! After a while I noticed a delightful old lady, who apparently had found a good deal to talk about, with my mother. As a matter of fact she cannot have been more than forty-five or fifty, but children are as vague as Arabs on the subject of age.

She was a Brazilian, and her name was Madame Navarro d'Andrade. For some years she had made Paris her headquarters. I never saw anyone who resembled her in the slightest degree. She was extremely good-looking, really clever, as fiery as old General Milan, and passionately fond of things intellectual; she also adored music. She used to go regularly to the Collège de France, and was a great admirer of Monsieur de Laboulaye who used to lecture there, and who, as I have said in a previous chapter, was the head of the Collège and one of my mother's oldest friends. My mother happened to mention this in the course of conversation, which naturally interested Madame Navarro, and they struck up a friendship which after my mother's departure was extended to me, and which I am glad to say I thoroughly appreciated from the very beginning, young as I was. Madame Navarro, as she was always called, was one of those women who had an instinctive love for everything beautiful, no matter what form it took, and her personality was quite out of the way delightful. She was never idle, never bored, never too busy to be kind, and she was alive, alive to her finger-tips! Not only was she interesting herself, but she managed



to convey to others how amazingly interesting life can be, and that it rests with ourselves to make our lives successes or failures quite independently of circumstances. She herself had known great happiness and great sorrow. After a few years of happy married life, she had lost not only the husband she adored, but her only son ; it was then, I believe, that she came to Europe in the hope of finding new interests with which to fill the void in her life. Only once did I ever hear her allude to her dear ones, and then such a look of unutterable sadness came into her charming face, so gay and animated as a rule, that I realised that her grief had been no surface sorrow, but one that had gone deep and hit hard. How often and often in after years have I wondered what it is that makes some people (and all that concerns them) stand out so vividly from the many others who, while they please, and even charm us, do not succeed in really "holding" us. I use the word "hold" purposely, for it has sometimes seemed to me that there are some personalities that literally *grip* us, to such a degree are we unable to detach our interest from them. Of course I am not alluding to the people with whom we fall in love, for they are often hopelessly dull, and when nine engagements out of ten take place it is no wonder that a thousand amateur composers immediately rush to their desks, inspired by the happy couple to re-set the eternal old chorus, "What *could* she see in him? What on earth attracted him to her?" I once made this remark myself to a very charming old lady, the sister of a former Ambassador to the United States. She had seen a good deal of the world, I need hardly say, and on this occasion she replied, "Well, my dear, what I always say to you critical young people is: 'Did he ever make love to *you*?' or, 'Did she ever give you the chance of making love to *her*?' That makes a good deal of difference, you know." Perhaps it does, but surely for only a very short time! A donkey remains a donkey even if one's imagination paints him with the stripes of a zebra, and paint, alas! washes off very easily.

No, the people I mean are those rare ones of the earth whose minds are as responsive as electric bells in perfect working order: however lightly you touch them, you immediately hear them ring. Don't we all know, on the other hand, how maddening it is to go on pressing our thumbs to a stupid button which stares us silently in the face, till we hate the very sight of it?

And the people I mean may be as rich as Cræsus or as poor as church mice, but in either case it is they who really possess the earth. It is they who see the beauty, the interest, the eternal pathos and the eternal humour in all things, till at last, to those who know and love them, they stand for the incarnation of all that makes life the splendid thing it is. They seem to absorb the beauty of all that touches them just as the ocean acquires additional beauty from the radiant light of the rising sun; just as the snow-capped mountains of Calabria become still more ethereal beneath the silver light of the moon. To feel things intensely, to be genuinely fascinated by what is intrinsically interesting, to let oneself go without reserve when an appeal to one's sympathy is made, to fling the doors of one's imagination and of one's heart wide open to welcome the splendid visitors, who if once admitted would return again and again laden with precious gifts—this is in itself a power, this in itself is bound to attract others to us.

Often when I passed the door of Madame Navarro's sitting-room I heard the sound of the piano. She played with a verve and an enthusiasm that quite carried me off my feet in a whirlwind of emotion. She had real temperament. Her eyes positively blazed when she was excited over anything. No wonder she woke me out of my lethargy and indifference and made me long to look at everything through her eyes. I began to study music again with Monsieur Jacques Baur, a first-rate teacher and a really good musician. He at once gave me Bach's little Preludes, and after a time I began to learn the easier preludes and fugues in the *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*. Sometimes instead of practising I began to

improvise. But no sooner had I begun to enjoy myself in this way than a governess would poke her head into the room: "Allons, finissez, ma chère—combien de fois faut-il qu'on vous dise que c'est l'heure d'étudier votre piano?" I obeyed at the time, but the temptation to improvise whenever I got the chance was always perfectly irresistible.

Once, during the visit of the beautiful Princess Alexandrine and her mother, a very smart and nice-looking young man came to call upon them. He was shown into the drawing-room where I happened to be improvising as usual, instead of studying Bach. He said to me, in such a pleasant voice, "Continuez, continuez, Mademoiselle; je vous en prie, ne vous dérangez pas," that I decided to go on. Unlike Op. 1 and Op. 2 of Heidelberg fame, which firmly refused to budge outside the limits of a single octave, this new inspiration fled from top to bottom of the piano, like a hunted hare with a pack of hounds in full pursuit. I believe I really didn't play at all badly for a little girl whose skirts hardly reached below her knees—anyhow, the nice-looking young man was quite impressed. He cried, "Brava! bis! Mais comme vous jouez bien—c'est étonnant, c'est vraiment étonnant!" I didn't look round, but I was "tickled to death," as my American schoolfellows would have said, at so unexpected and warm a tribute to my performance. Then the old Princess and her daughter appeared on the scene, and I beat a hasty retreat, feeling triumphant but suddenly shy.

It wasn't often that I had such a chance of "showing off," and like everyone else I had my little share of vanity, even at that early stage of my career! It has had a good many knock-down blows since, but what a hardy perennial it is!—It flourishes on the sandiest soil and in the most inclement weather, and shows no signs of premature decay!

I had only been at school a short time when I received the news of my dear father's death. I felt utterly desolate and miserable when I thought that never, never again should I see his kind good face. I can't remember his ever



having spoken a single harsh word to me, nor do I believe that a kinder, more tender-hearted man ever lived. He died on his way home from South America ; he caught yellow fever in the neighbourhood of Panama and was buried on the little island of Tobago in the Pacific Ocean. He was only taken ill in the morning, but they buried him before sunset. To my poor mother, who had only just had a letter from him saying he never felt better in his life, his death was a frightful blow, from which she never recovered. My father adored her ; when he was only fourteen years old he made up his mind that he would marry her, and though he was only a lad when he went out to Chile to join his father, he never forgot her. When he returned to Europe after several years the first thing he did was to come to Dieppe to ask her to marry him in real earnest. It is worth while being loved like that, but it doesn't happen very often. Everyone in the house was kind and good to me when they saw how unhappy I was, and they all did their best to lead my thoughts into another channel. That Christmas Eve I was taken out to see the pretty booths that had been erected all along the Boulevards, extending from the Boulevard de la Madeleine to the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. It was a wonderfully gay sight ; the child doesn't live who wouldn't be delighted by the fascinating shop-windows of Paris at Christmas. I believe it was the first time I had ever been for a walk there ; our daily promenade was generally limited to the Champs Elysées, or the Avenue de l'Impératrice.

When Christmas Day came round they got up a little tree for me and gave me presents—one of the presents, a pretty little Yule-log which looked as if it were burning, and which was filled with delicious chocolates, I remember to this day, also the kind-hearted and graceful American girl who gave it to me. I had never to my knowledge seen an American till I went to Paris, all my ideas of North America and its inhabitants having been gleaned from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which had fascinated me as it had fascinated everyone else. I distinctly remember the

very strong impression made upon me by my American schoolfellows, most of whom were very much older than myself, their ages varying from sixteen to nineteen. I thought of them as the personifications of independence, good looks, chic, and unlimited wealth, whose parents were entirely under their control and existed merely to carry out their orders—beings who had consented to come into this world on the sole understanding that they were to be allowed to do exactly as they chose. If they chose to study—well and good; if they chose to have an attack of nervous prostration (they called it *noivous* prawstration) instead of learning French grammar or having a music lesson, that was their own affair and concerned no one else. They just waved the Stars and Stripes, and cast-iron rules were upset like teacups in their favour. I expect they threatened to have themselves removed elsewhere unless they were allowed to follow their own inclinations in everything. They knew (and poor Mademoiselle Lalande knew) that they would be backed up to the hilt by the proverbial, if sometimes mistaken, kindness of their parents. When they disapproved of anything the youngest of them would suddenly acquire the look of a woman of long years' experience, who knew just exactly how to deal with people who must be got rid of.

"Mamzelle Lalande," they would say, thrusting forth a beautifully shod foot, and looking at it approvingly, "vous ne savvy pas les Americaines. A New York nous trouvons cette espèce de chose que vous parliez parfaitement ridiqioole, vous savvy." The aplomb with which they would fire off their atrocious French was simply great. If, after any such speech, the argument showed signs of prolonging itself, an attack of "noivous prawstration" immediately took place, with complete success. In those days I thought that this was a strange disease which only attacked American girls. Children certainly have some queer beliefs, for I knew an American girl who, as a child, was so firmly convinced that her country was able to outdo all others, that for years she thought no one but Americans were able to have indiges-

tion. Later on she thought it was a curious privilege which did not extend beyond her own immediate family circle, a sort of hall-mark of distinction like that which enables you to keep your hat on in the presence of the King.

As to American children of my own age, I felt a mere baby in their company. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion the twelve-year-old daughter of a New York banker, Miss Allie G——, who used to come to the dancing class at Rue Kepler, made me feel not only like a baby, but like a baby-worm !

On the afternoon of my great humiliation, kind Miss Morton had taken me to "Old England," the big shop on the Boulevard where they supply a great number of excellent English goods, and where she was going to buy me a new hat for everyday wear. My boyish instincts were still alive, and I had pleaded so hard to be allowed to have an English sailor hat that Mademoiselle Lalande had at last given in, though it was quite against her principles to let me wear anything so rakish ! But even Miss Morton had been on my side ; after all, I was only eleven—it would hardly have been natural had I wished to wear a velvet bonnet with a sable tail, though that happened to be the fashion just then for ladies of Mademoiselle Lalande's age. Well, we had just secured seats in the omnibus that was to take us home, and I was nursing my new hat quite happily on my lap when the conductor pulled up again to take in two more passengers—Miss Allie G—— and her maid. Allie was, as usual, beautifully dressed, and looked like a vision from that desirable world where everyone does exactly what pleases them best, and economy is a thing unknown. She sat down beside me and immediately noticed my parcel.

"Been shawpping ?" she inquired airily, through her pretty nose.

I nodded.

"Let's have a look."

"It's only a sailor hat," I said, feeling suddenly that she would think it hideous.



"Oh," she said, "one of those nice velvet ones, I guess, with a band of moiré ribbon—that's the sort I always buy to go around in the morning."

"No," I said humbly (wishing passionately that I could have said, "Yes, of course"), "no, it's only made of toile cirée."

Dead silence. I suppose she couldn't believe her ears.

"Do you import your clothes?" was her next question. She tossed off this amazing query as though the wardrobe of a child of eleven was, as a matter of course, under her own control.

I squirmed. I longed to say I had imported my clothes from Paris from the day of my birth. Not in vain, however, had I been brought up on Ananias and Sapphira, and with bitter regret I told the truth. I knew to what depths I should sink in the estimation of Miss Allie G—.

"We always do," she went on, drawing herself up with the air of a seasoned woman of the world. "We live in New York. Mâma imports all her clothes, and I import all mine—it's the only thing to do."

By this time I felt not only a worm but a worm of doubtful, not to say criminal lineage, for my mother most certainly had never thought it the least necessary to import her clothes from Paris when she lived elsewhere, although she had passed more than half her life in France; as for me, I was being brought up according to French ideas, which decree that a child at school should be dressed with a simplicity bordering on the verge of downright ugliness. I writhed as I looked down on my hideous black cotton gloves, and then at the six-button "gants de Suède" of the little American, at her beautifully made "suit" and dainty hat. My love of beautiful clothes dates, I honestly believe, from that afternoon, and it has never left me, though I have seldom been able to indulge it; but oh, the joy when I have thrown discretion to the winds and shopped recklessly in the Rue de la Paix regardless of consequences!

But every dog has its day! When holiday time drew near I also became the possessor of a charming hat and a trim little suit, and when I was allowed to buy myself a beautiful pair of long buttoned boots, finished off at the top with little tassels, my cup of bliss was full to overflowing. I did my duty by those pretty boots I fainted in church and was carried out by two members of the congregation, who, it is to be hoped, admired them as much as I did, for my first words on recovering consciousness were, "Anyhow, it was a good thing I had on those boots." No longer was Miss Allie G—— "the only pebble on the beach." She was obliged to share it with me, whether she liked it or not.

I travelled back to England alone, under the charge of the guard, who saw me safely on to the boat. I didn't lose my head on the journey, but I did lose my hat, which was blown overboard. Much I cared! there were too many humiliating memories connected with that sailor hat for me to regret its loss.

The first days of my holidays were spent with my cousins, the Robertsons, at Brewood. They at once began to jeer at my French clothes. "You've got on top-boots, like a man," they said scornfully; "why don't you wear decent things like ours?" The "decent things" were low boots with elastic sides—hideous things, made in the village—but they themselves were so pretty that it didn't matter in the least what they wore, they always looked nice.

This time, however, I was invulnerable. For staying in the house was our trustee, Mr. Rose-Innes, and from the very first moment we met, he took me under his wing, and made me feel that I had a friend who would always be on my side as long as he lived. I grew to love him dearly, and had every reason to do so.

My mother, who was not at all musical, was dreadfully disappointed with the results of my musical studies in Paris, but Mr. Rose-Innes (whom we always called Mr. Innes) told her she was quite mistaken, and that I had been extremely well taught. Of course Mr. Jaques Baur, who was really a fine artist, had not wasted either his time or

mine by giving me any of the "showy" drawing-room pieces that were the fashion just then in England, and no one appreciated this more than Mr. Innes, who assured my mother I could not possibly be in better hands, and that she would realise the truth of his words in the years to come. It was during these holidays that he took my sisters to the Birmingham Festival, and it was when they returned that for the first time I heard of the famous baritone, Charles Santley. They spoke so enthusiastically about his magnificent singing that I could hardly resign myself to the fact that I had been left behind.

‡ How little I thought then, that I was to make my first bow to the real public hand in hand with the great singer, when for the first time he sang my song, "Absent yet Present," at a crowded "Monday Pop." But those days were still very far away. I was only just twelve years old. Who knows whether, if I had been taken to hear him then, I would have proved any more appreciative than the little son of Madame de Navarro (the celebrated and beautiful Mary Anderson of former days). He is a boy of seventeen now, and one of the most sincere young music lovers I have ever known. He loved music even as a tiny child, and on the strength of his achievements on the piano his mother took him when he was only ten years old to hear *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival. I have known him from his birth, as his parents and I lived next door to each other for years in the lovely little village of Broadway in Worcestershire, and "Toty" and I often had confidential chats together. On their return from Birmingham we had one of these talks, "a quattr' occhi," and I said to him—

"Toty, do tell me what you enjoyed most at the Festival?" He thought for a while, and then said, almost surreptitiously—

"Well, if you really want to know what I liked best, really and truly best in the whole Festival, it was—John Harrison's moustache."

I dare say if half the tiara-wearing ladies of Covent Garden were to tell the plain unvarnished truth after a



performance of the *Ring*, for instance, their answers might be quite as irrelevant as that of Mary Anderson's little son.

That summer I drove with my mother and one of my sisters, in our small phaeton, from Staffordshire to Merionethshire, where we were to spend a few weeks by the sea. It was a delicious experience, though I dare say in these days of motor-cars we should think it a tedious way of travelling. But the scenery was so lovely and so was the weather that I enjoyed every moment of the day. I have lately come to the conclusion that I have a capacity for enjoyment that is absolutely unlimited, for even now it shows no signs of abatement.

I expect the good fairy "Joie de vivre" accompanies some of us through life and casts her beautiful shadow over the path we tread from the cradle to the grave. Even when life locks us up from time to time in the dark prison of sorrow, she slips in with us and begs the gaoler to be merciful to her dear ones, and when he locks the door upon us, she persuades him to leave the key with her, and it is never long before we again escape together into the blessed sunshine!

I learned the slow movement of the Beethoven C sharp minor sonata during those holidays. My sister Annie taught it to me. It was to her that, many years afterwards, when she was far away in South America, I dedicated my song, "Absent yet Present." She was the ideal grown-up sister to all of us; it was she who shared our games, told us stories by the hour, and took our part whenever we got into trouble. It was she who was the favourite cousin of every boy and girl in the family, and it was she with whom my brothers' schoolfellows fell hopelessly in love when they came to Pendeford. One of them, who shall be nameless, for he is married to someone else, and is not only a father but a grandfather into the bargain, actually went the length of having her name tattooed upon his arm, and though none of us followed his example, perhaps her name is still more indelibly engraved upon the hearts of her brothers and sisters who are still alive and who love her as dearly as they ever did in days long past

## CHAPTER V.

MY second and third year in Paris were rather different from the first one. My beloved Madame Navarro d'Andrade was still there, but none of the other grown-up people seemed particularly interesting to me when I returned after the first holidays.

On the other hand, there were a good many more pupils; some of them were not far from my own age, and though I was still the youngest of them all, I was no longer the only child to be petted and spoiled by kind guests—I was just one of the crowd.

We worked really hard. From 7.30 to 8.30 we had a German lesson; after that we had prayers; we also read a chapter in the Bible, each pupil in turn reading a verse. One morning the whole class disgraced itself by giggling *en masse* at the mistake made by a rotund damsel of nineteen who stammered quite dreadfully. She went through a regular process of spluttering and choking that was embarrassing to the last degree. The blood surged to her face, her eyes filled with tears, and her lips protruded like those of an anxious negro in the effort to dislodge the obstinate word which tossed about on her pouting lips like a paper boat on an angry sea. We all sat staring at the poor thing waiting for the mysterious bomb to burst—which would shatter the word to pieces and fling it forth upon our expectant ears.

On this particular morning she had to read a verse from the seventh chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, containing the sentence, "How knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" But she read it, "How knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt *shave* thy wife?" whereupon a yell of delight

went up that lasted so long that the class had to be broken up.

Breakfast, consisting of coffee and "petits pains," took place at nine o'clock. During my first year I had always been allowed to order what I liked best on Sunday morning, and a cup of chocolate accompanied by a boiled egg figured with monotonous regularity on my little menu. Mademoiselle Mathilde, the resident music-mistress, whose brother was an opera singer, thoroughly approved of this arrangement.

"C'est comme cela," she said cheerily, "qu'on fait aimer le Dimanche aux petits enfants."

I don't know whether St. Francis of Assisi or St. John of the Cross would have approved of her argument, but mercifully neither of them were there to raise vexed questions.

I generally had a headache and felt squeamish on Sunday afternoons, but I took good care to keep this fact to myself, for if there was one thing on earth I delighted in, it was that cup of chocolate and that egg.

One Monday morning, however, the consequences of the dominical orgy were so disastrous that it was tabooed *in æternum*. My sister Emily and many other cousins went to that school a few years later, but not one of them ever succeeded in coaxing a cup of chocolate and a boiled egg out of Mademoiselle Lalande. When they plaintively protested, they always received the same answer: "Ma chère, tu sais parfaitement bien que Maude avait toujours mal au cœur quand on lui permettait de prendre une tasse de chocolat avec un œuf." In vain they argued that though the family features might resemble each other, the family insides might be very different, but they always received the same answer: "Ma chère, tu sais parfaitement bien," etc. etc. Poor things! They can't have blessed my memory.

Most of the day was devoted to preparing our lessons for the "Cours" of Monsieur Levi d'Alvarez, a very well-known professor of that time who held classes for girls. They were very well attended. Nearly all the



pupils were French. Two of Béranger's granddaughters were among the nicest girls there. They were charming and extremely pretty children of twelve and fourteen. Both spoke English beautifully — too beautifully altogether in the opinion of Monsieur Levi d'Alvarez, for his wrath, when on one occasion Claire, the eldest, made some trifling grammatical mistake, was positively frightening. "Quand on a l'honneur d'être la petite-fille de Béranger," he cried indignantly, "au moins on n'écorche pas la langue Française." He almost attacked her, and poured forth a torrent of sarcasm on the absurdity of learning foreign languages before one was able to speak one's own correctly. The poor child was terrified.

No doubt it is very stupid to make mistakes in one's native language, but all I can say is that one sometimes makes them in uncommonly good company. I remember the late Lord Northampton, who was a very kind friend of mine to the day of his death, asking me if I had ever, during the whole course of my existence, heard anyone speak of the India Office as anything but the India Roffice. I have heard a man whose name is known all over the English-speaking world say "my year" instead of "my ear"! And once at a great house in London, after I had finished accompanying a beautiful young girl in my song "How do I love thee," Lord Northampton, who happened to be at the party, came up to me and said, "Do, do try and persuade her not to ruin those lovely words of Mrs. Browning by saying, 'Héow, héow, do I love thee.'" I told him I had done my very best, but she clung to her Cockney pronunciation of the word as though she suspected me of trying to rob her of it for my own benefit. Certainly nothing that I could say or do was able to induce her to part with it. However, people in glass houses should not throw stones! The late Lord Tennyson once told me that my own English was abominable, and far be it from me to deny it; for anyone who has read up to this chapter will probably have found it out for himself. He hated slang, and I

am afraid I used several unorthodox words during a conversation we once had. He pitched into me quite unmercifully, till at last I offered to continue our talk in Spanish ! Then he laughed, and said I had him there, as he could not speak one word of that language. I would have enjoyed my little victory far better had I not read somewhere that some great man—I forget who—once said it was a pity to know too many languages, as one was quite enough in which to make a fool of oneself.

Another interesting pupil who used to go to the class of Monsieur Levi Alvarez was Emilie Mocquart, the delightful little daughter of the clever and witty Monsieur Mocquart who was secretary to Napoleon III. She was not exactly good-looking, and she had a slight defect in her speech, but her little face was charming and intelligent, and her personality was very sympathetic. One day Monsieur Levi d'Alvarez asked us if we could tell him what were the absolutely necessary attributes of a picture. Some of the answers were not bad, but no one thought of saying that shade as well as light was an important factor. To all our answers he kept on saying, "Très bien, mes enfants, mais il y a encore quelque chose qui est absolument nécessaire." At last little Mademoiselle Mocquart had an inspiration. "Monsieur," she cried eagerly, "c'est le cadre !"

A German governess superintended our afternoon studies and conscientiously did her best to poison the hours she spent with us. She was susceptible *in prop. pers.* Eighty-eight per cent. of middle-class Germans, and certainly ninety-nine per cent. of German governesses, according to my experience, live in a chronic state of—what for want of a better word I will call "Semi-Offence." They don't fly into honest rages like the rest of the world ; indeed, to go to the kitchen for a simile, they don't boil over, they mysteriously simmer ! For hours together it is impossible to know what has offended them. Sometimes they don't even simmer ! They retire into private little polar regions of their own and freeze

up altogether. These private little polar regions are evidently strictly entailed, for I never yet met a German governess who wasn't the possessor of a few frozen acres. And they are such exemplary landladies ! Dear old Mel was the only occasional absentee I ever came across !

I never knew one who wasn't the victim of some deadly wrong at least twice a week. Did anyone call Fräulein von — Fräulein —, omitting the " von," there was a regular scene. The " von " had of course been left out with the deliberate intention of insulting her, and for the rest of the day she would refuse to speak to the innocent criminal except in haughty monosyllables. Did a pupil smile during the class, she at once jumped to the conclusion that she was sneering at her, and would refer hysterically to her distinguished ancestors, giving us to understand that generations and generations of Hochwohlgeboren von —s were at that very moment writhing in their graves at the mere thought that a scion of their noble family should be reduced to earning her daily bread by associating with an untitled crowd of insignificant little schoolgirls like ourselves.

Poor thing ! she climbed up that family tree till her legs must have ached !

I couldn't bear her, and there was no doubt that she disliked me more than any of the others. Perhaps for the same reason that the prophet Jeremiah disliked the poet Le Franc, who translated his Lamentations and, I am afraid, translated them very indifferently. A witty Frenchman at the time of their publication wrote the following lines :—

" Savez vous pourquoi Jérémie  
A tant pleuré pendant sa vie ?  
C'est qu'en prophète il prevoyait  
Qu'un jour Le Franc le traduirait ! "

Perhaps Fräulein von — felt in her bones that I was " taking stock " of her for future purposes !

Once, and once only, did I get the better of her ! Some money was missing, and she actually accused me of having stolen it. She turned me out of the schoolroom and refused



to allow me to associate with the others till I had restored it. But the top of the schoolroom door was made of glass, and I remember how I stood in the passage outside trembling with rage and shaking my fist at her, while a dear schoolfellow, some few years older than myself and the best friend I had during the whole of my school-life (her name was Selma, and she has been married for many a long year to a professor in Boston), bearded the lioness in her den and stood up bravely for me and told her what she thought of her.

Of course the whole thing was cleared up perfectly satisfactorily, but I was in such a state of fury and indignation that Mademoiselle Lalande insisted on her apologising to me. I tried hard to be magnanimous when I heard what was to happen, for I realised that to beg my pardon would be absolute agony to her. But I didn't succeed in the very least. She had raised a lusty little devil in me that secretly capered with joy over her downfall, and though to the very last I tried to heap coals of fire on her sleek head, I would certainly not have been in the least distressed had they set her hair ablaze and left her completely bald.

She was a rabid anti-Catholic. Luther was her hero, her god. We studied German history with her, and when we came to the Reformation she was in her element. Day after day she fed us on the Diet of Worms. No wonder that after a week or two of this succulent dish I began to feel seriously ill—I who couldn't even digest a cup of delicious French chocolate and a fresh egg! Joking apart, my health really began to break down under her hateful severity and unkindness, and I wrote such desperate letters to my mother that at last she forbade me to go on studying with her. My nerves were all to pieces, and the doctor ordered special baths, to which I was taken several times a week, and which did me a great deal of good. One day we were kept waiting in the anteroom for a little while, and seeing a book lying on the table I took it up and began to read. I wish to goodness I could remember the name of that book. It was a tiny little

volume hoary with age. The opening page contained as far as I can remember the graphic account of a quarrel between a man and his wife. He cursed the whole race of women, and even had his knife into poor innocent Adam for consenting to the surgical operation of which Eve was the result. When he further realised that she was the universal mother of us all and that without her his wife would never have existed, he lifted up his voice and wept. "Ah, funeste côtelette, c'est toi qui m'as gâté la vie!"

I always practised the piano for two hours a day. What a relief it was to be alone for a little while doing something I really cared for! I liked my music-teacher, Monsieur Baur, and he (unlike Fräulein von —) liked me and encouraged me very much. I learnt to play compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. One day he told me to get Mozart's Symphonies arranged for four hands, and at my next lesson we played through the first movement of the G Minor. How I loved it! Even now the first page of that symphony moves me as few other things have power to do. There are three pieces of music which seem to me to breathe the very essence of the spirit of youth. One of them is the subject with which the G Minor Symphony of Mozart opens: it is like the fleeting melancholy that sometimes falls like a gossamer veil over the tender, impressionable heart of youth, that longs, it hardly knows for what. Another is the beautiful song in the Meistersinger, "Am stillen Herd," with its heavenly little prelude and its delicate, exquisite orchestration: it seems to me like gifted youth awakening to a sense of its own genius and bravely determined to go its own way; like gallant youth for whom no difficulties exist; like enthusiastic youth to whom even the stars seem not wholly unattainable!

And the third is Schumann's glorious "Frühlingslied." Isn't it like the ecstasy of youth? Can't one almost hear the heart of youth quivering with excitement, the sky, the sea, the mountains, the trees, the flowers, the beloved

confidants of its hopes and fears? Oh, that wonderful heart of youth overflowing with love and waiting so tremulously—and often so humbly—to be loved in return!

My young friend Jose de Navarro, when he was quite a little boy, once asked his mother if when saying his morning and evening prayers, he might pray for anyone he liked. His mother said of course he might. What was her astonishment when next day the baby music-lover said, "God bless Beethoven and Brahms." Well, that is how I feel about my three composers. That instinct of a little child was touching and beautiful. We are all glad enough to take the splendid gifts of genius, but how many of us feel personally grateful to the geniuses themselves? I think, and I have always thought, that gratitude is one of the most lovable virtues in the world. Never shall I forget a little scene which once took place just outside the Duomo in Taormina, where I lived for many years. It was, I think, the year after the frightful Messina earthquake. As I came out of the church one Sunday morning after Mass, three pale little children dressed in black ran up to me and kissed my hand. I didn't know who they were,—they asked for nothing. I was rather surprised at their attitude, for one is often persecuted in the streets of Taormina by children clamouring for soldi, so I said to them, "I don't think I know any of you, how is it you seem to know me?" The eldest child looked at me with her great eyes, and said quite simply, "You gave us bread." I have never forgotten that little scene. I never shall.

We were made to work very hard at Rue Kepler during the winter, far too hard as far as I was concerned; for my health, very indifferent at the best of times, began to suffer seriously in consequence of the strain put upon it. We did not get half enough exercise; only one hour's walk in the middle of the day, no regular games, no recreation of any sort except dancing and gymnastic lessons once every alternate week. The dancing lessons were given by the celebrated Madame Taglioni. Of



course we all knew that she had been the most famous dancer of her time and that in her youth she had had the world at her feet, so one evening when she said to me, "Allons ! Faisons un tour ensemble," I could have hugged her, especially when, a moment later, she turned round to Mademoiselle Lalande, who was watching us, and said—

"La petite valsera bien."

I adored dancing, and now that the unkind years have brought that arch-fiend—rheumatism—in their train, and I can dance no more (except now and again with rage when the dressmaker sends home a more than usually triumphant misfit), I heartily enjoy playing for others to dance.

Madame Taglioni sometimes brought her little Russian granddaughter with her when she came to give us our lesson. She was a mongrel little princess with a vengeance ! Her mother, Madame Taglioni's only daughter, had married Prince Troubetzkoy. Madame Taglioni (herself an Italian) had married Comte Gilbert des Voisins, a Frenchman. And to complicate matters she had Swedish as well as Italian blood in her veins, for her grandfather was a famous Swedish singer called Karsten. It seemed to me very strange indeed that you could be a princess when your father wasn't a king, and when you lived in a flat like everybody else, instead of in a palace like the Tuileries. A little girl with a snub nose and wee little Tartar eyes, whose evening dress was a sort of glorified alpaca pinafore, did not correspond at all to my idea of what so exalted a personage should look like. My little American friend, Miss Alice G—— (who imported her clothes from Paris whenever she found herself in New York), cut a very different figure when she came to Rue Kepler to be taught by Madame Taglioni. When her filmy skirts flew up as she danced joyously round the room, it was only to reveal still more wonderful little petticoats all trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Oh, those petticoats ! I would cheerfully have consented to live on dry bread for a fortnight could I have possessed even one of them !

Once a week we had gymnastic lessons with a Polish lady—Mademoiselle Sierawska. The only thing I remember about her is that she was always talking about her experiences with Monsieur Un-Tel and Madame Une-Telle. I thought they were old and valued friends of hers—a married couple—and wondered again and again why in the world she pronounced their names differently whenever she mentioned them to us !

As to the gymnastic lessons they were just like any others. I, as usual, was made to wear a frightening costume, consisting of a horrid, shapeless little tunic, and equally horrid, shapeless little knickerbockers. It was as ugly as the Spanish gentleman's waistcoat described by Fernan Caballero as "insolente de feo." It was like the dreadful sort of reach-me-down suit that a shy little orang-outang might wear if suddenly called upon to join in mixed bathing with a bevy of old-maid gorillas of unusual modesty.

I suppose dear old Mademoiselle Lalande thought that hideous clothes were good for the soul ! She was certainly under the impression that the uglier the dress the more surely would the Cardinal Virtues settle down for life between its ungainly folds. Was it not perfectly natural for any normal woman-child to long for a really charming frock, if only for a change ? The sort of frock in which the seven deadly sins, for instance, might sometimes care to spend a gay week-end !

Now and again English friends turned up in Paris and would come to take me out for the day. This was a great treat. On one of these occasions we went to Versailles ; the party consisted of a brother, two sisters, and myself ; they presented me with a box of chocolates before we started, and I am afraid I dedicated far more attention to that box than I did to the famous State Apartments ! But I loved the gardens and the fountains. They were not wasted on me.

That evening there was a magnificent sunset, and I remember distinctly stealing away by myself and sitting on the grass at the edge of a long sheet of water to watch

the glorious procession of colours as they melted into each other and gradually faded away.

Even as a little child I loved to be alone with my dreams, and that evening my imagination flew away with me to a fantastic country in the sky, where mountains of fire towered one above the other, where golden meadows lay smiling at their feet, and soft little clouds like fairy boats sailed peacefully across an ocean of mystical and ethereal beauty. And then that dearest of companions dropped me gently into one of those fairy boats, and together we floated away, away across the magical sea, into unlimited space!

A few days later one of my schoolfellows asked me to write in her confession book; when I came to the question: "What is your idea of happiness?" I wrote in perfect good faith: "To look at a beautiful sunset while eating chocolate!"

And down I fell from the clouds into the outstretched arms of greedy "Little Mary"!

My school life in Paris was rapidly coming to an end, though I was not yet quite fourteen. One day my mother wrote to say that her brother, Frederick Harrington, had returned from South America, that he was going to spend a week or two in France, and that he would take me back to England with him. I didn't know my uncle, but I was quite nervous at the idea of meeting him. For he, and he alone, had it in his power to reveal a secret that had been carefully locked in my breast for one whole year! I had done something that I felt perfectly certain would cause Mademoiselle Lalande's hair—both back and front—to stand on end, should it ever come to her ears—(I mean my crime, not her hair). Something that she would condemn as *inconvenable* to the last degree, not to say downright rakish and improper. And now to make a clean breast of it. It was, as the servants would say, "all along of" Mademoiselle Mathilde, our resident music-mistress. I thought her most attractive and delightful, and was devoted to her. Mademoiselle Lalande's outlook differed radically from



mine. In her opinion she was a cut between a siren and a minx ! But then I am bound to say she was always suspicious of anything or anybody of unusual attraction. To quote a funny old masseuse who once attended me, and who was a regular Mrs. Malaprop, she thought there was something very "superstitious" about attractive people. Therefore when the fascinating Mademoiselle Mathilde introduced me *sub rosa* (not to say *sub rosissima*) to her equally fascinating brother, the opera-singer, it goes without saying that we both came to the conclusion that it would be just as well to keep this little episode to ourselves. He had just been engaged to sing in Valparaiso and Santiago. He had no friends there. But Mademoiselle Mathilde happened to know that I had relations in Valparaiso, and being a kind sister as well as a siren and a minx, she wished me to meet her brother in order that I might give him a letter of introduction to my Uncle Fred. There was only one difficulty in the way. I didn't happen to know him, and as he lived at the other end of the world, and hadn't been in Europe for years, there was no reason to suppose that he was even aware of my existence ! After a few moments of anxious reflection we all agreed to hope that my mother had sent him the English equivalent of a *lettre de faire part* on the great occasion of my birth. But what was I to say to my uncle ? I hadn't the vaguest idea how to write introducing a gentleman I had known for a few minutes to another I didn't know at all ! However, I tackled to, and finally produced an epistle which was pronounced perfectly satisfactory by both brother and sister. I don't know how they came to this conclusion, seeing that neither of them understood a word of English ! But it was certainly very kind of them to feel so sure that I had done my best.

After Signor Altavilla (that was his stage-name) had bowed himself out of the drawing-room—(I have a vague recollection that he improved the shining hour by kissing my hand)—I rushed upstairs to my room again as fast as my trembling little legs could carry me. For Made-

moiselle Lalande was a Frenchwoman of the old school. An actor or opera-singer in her opinion had no right to exist except on the stage. *Tous ces gens là* were taboo. Had she found Signor Altavilla talking to me, there would have been a regular scene. But—had she caught him kissing my hand, she would have “*raised Cain*”! (to use an Americanism).

And now my imagination began to torment me. What would happen if I were found out? What would happen if my uncle wrote to my mother and my mother wrote to Mademoiselle Lalande? I felt sick with apprehension. A veritable reign of terror commenced for me. I began to feel that writing a letter of introduction for Signor Altavilla was next door but one to eloping with him. Would I be obliged to marry him when I grew up? I lay awake for hours in a cold perspiration at an appalling thought that had begun to haunt me. Was I irrevocably in Signor Altavilla’s power? Would he, could he, wreck my life? I feared he could. Would people cut me dead when I returned to England? In fact, to put the whole matter in a nutshell, was I, or was I not, *a woman with a Past*.

And now I was actually to meet my uncle! I was frightened to death when they came to tell me that he was in the drawing-room waiting to see me. Well, there was no help for it, I had to face the music. My relief and unbounded joy can be imagined when, after a few minutes’ conversation, he said, “By the way, Maude, what a nice fellow that friend of yours is!—Altavilla, you know.—I liked him very much indeed. So did everyone, and he made a great success at the opera.”

Had I been quite Irish I am positively certain that I would have gone down on my knees there and then and breathed a fervent “Glory be,” but being half English I restricted myself to a silent though jubilant thanksgiving!

My uncle thoroughly spoiled me during his visit to Paris. He took me out constantly and introduced me to several of his French friends. And one day he even

let me accompany him to the Ministère de la Marine, to see Monsieur René de Laboulaye, the son of my mother's old friend. I had never thought to penetrate into so imposing a building, and was greatly excited. To know Monsieur René was almost as grand as to know an attaché (the goal of my ambition !)

Had I known then that he was the brother of a future ambassador to Russia, whose acquaintance I was to make some years later, I believe I might have succumbed to a violent and incurable attack of megalomania !

My last experience in Paris was thoroughly characteristic of that delightful city. I was escorted to a hat shop by two charming French ladies, friends of my Uncle Fred, and initiated into the proper way of buying a hat. It certainly was not Mademoiselle Lalande's way ! It was far more thrilling. To begin with, my old hat was removed with shrill cries of horror and indignation by Madame B—— and her assistants. I may say it was literally hissed off my head. After these preliminaries the two French ladies sank back in their chairs and looked as if they were going to make a day of it. Then the shop was ransacked for my benefit. My friends were quite determined that, for once, at any rate, I was to be "coiffée à la perfection." Goodness knows I was just as keen as they were, and stood excitedly in the middle of the room, surrounded by mirrors, into which I longed to gaze at myself as each successive hat was tried on. I should certainly have done so, but I felt far too shy to admire myself in front of so many other people. At last a beautiful little toque was discovered and placed at a coquettish angle on my head amidst thunders of applause. I thought regretfully that the séance was at an end, but I was quite mistaken ; it was only now that it had begun in dead earnest. Madame B——, the only one of the party who had kept cool during the enthusiasm roused by my sudden transformation, had evidently a good deal more to say on the subject. She drew back a few paces and surveyed me critically. So may William Tell have surveyed the apple-crowned head of his little son.



“Je ne sais pas ce que c'est,” she murmured anxiously; “c'est un de nos plus beaux modèles pourtant. . . .”

Another long silence. It was broken at last by the head saleswoman.

“Madame,” she said, with a little shrug of her shoulders, “pour *moi*, il faut absolument des fleurs à ce chapeau là.”

There was an immediate chorus of approval, led generously by Madame B——. She looked admiringly at the girl with a “Cette-petite-ira-loin” expression on her face. Someone was immediately dispatched for a box of flowers. The next moment they were all tossed aside with a “Non, non, non, ce n'est pas ça! Ce qu'il nous faut. . . .” Another pregnant silence. Then after a moment's hesitation she said in a voice that held a note of triumph—

“Mesdames, ce qu'il nous faut c'est une rose, une rose pâle!”

The assistant, who looked as if she would “go far,” said in a voice that sank to a whisper on the last word—

“Madame a parfaitement raison, pourvu que la rose soit très, très pâle—sans cela. . . .”

A shrug of the shoulders intimated that she refused all further responsibility in the event of her advice being disregarded.

But Madame B—— was equal to the occasion. In a *voix blanche* (the sort of voice in which heroines say, “Where am I?” at the end of the third act, on recovering from a fainting-fit) she murmured—

“Mesdames, il faut même que la rose soit ex . . . ces . . . si . . . vement pâ . . . !”

The two last letters died in silent ecstasy upon her lips. Their last moments were as edifying as any saint's. And there wasn't a woman in the room, including myself, who did not know to a nicety the exact shade of the rose that was to be the crowning glory of my toque!

A few days later I left Paris with my uncle. Before returning to England we spent some delightful days at a château in Normandy belonging to old friends of his.

Haymaking was in full swing on every hillside, and I could hardly be persuaded to spend a moment indoors. One day my uncle nearly had a fit! Liberty and the sun combined had proved too much for me. Shamelessly and happily I was rolling down the hill in front of the house, gathering, not *roses*, but *hay*, "while I might." His horror was all the greater, inasmuch as he had begun to look upon me almost as a grown-up young lady; he had even taken a certain amount of pride in showing me off to his friends, because I spoke three languages and played the piano whenever I was asked. Much I cared for the three languages and the piano-playing! And as for any French polish that I might have acquired at Rue Kepler it can have been nothing but very inferior Nubian blacking, for it melted away in the twinkling of an eye among the golden haycocks on the lovely, sunbathed hills of Normandy.

## CHAPTER VI.

I NEVER went back to Rue Kepler.

Our trustee, Mr. Rose-Innes, who had been in South America for some time, arrived in England a month or two before my uncle and myself. His wife and family were to follow him in a few weeks. When he heard from my mother how unsatisfactory my health had been in Paris, he begged her to let me come and live in London with them, suggesting that I should finish my education with his eldest daughter, who was only a year older than myself. This arrangement he thought would really prove a mutual advantage. I would be nearer home in case of illness, and his daughter would have a companion of her own age. He urged with perfect truth that in London I could have the best of everything in the way of tuition, and of course this greatly influenced my mother, who had just settled down in a country house in Cheshire, not far from the little town of Nantwich. I had had such exceptional advantages in Paris that she felt it would not be fair to bury me in the country at the age of fourteen, in a place where it was quite impossible to get hold of good masters. After a little persuasion she agreed to accept Mr. Rose-Innes' offer, and when the holidays came to an end she took me up to London to make the acquaintance of the rest of the family. After about a week she returned home, leaving me with them. I was to stay till the following Christmas, and if everything went well, I was to spend two years with them in London.

Mrs. Rose-Innes was a Chilian, and everyone in the house spoke Spanish, with the exception, of course, of the English servants. I was delighted with the opportunity of adding another language to my repertoire, especially



as Spanish is not only beautiful but extremely easy. The Spanish spoken in Chile is exactly like that of Andalusia. When I was in Seville some years ago, it seemed wonderfully familiar to me. I had just come from Madrid, where they speak quite differently and far more correctly, but, all the same, there is a sort of slipshod charm about the Andalusian Spanish that is rather attractive. How easy a language it is may be inferred from the fact that I learnt to speak it quite fluently in five months. I am afraid I made a perfect nuisance of myself during the whole of that period, for as soon as I knew a few words I began to write letters to the entire family. No one could go to bed without finding a note, in execrable Spanish, pinned to his or her pillow. I even victimised the nurse, a sweet and gentle woman whose name was Avelina. She always called me "La Señorita Mor." The Chilians of the upper classes are mostly of Spanish descent, but the lower classes have intermarried to such a degree with the Araucanian Indians, that they are of quite another type—rather short, very dark, with masses of black hair and extremely low foreheads, while their features are blunt, and their eyes, as a rule, dark brown and very large. The kindness of these half-Chilian, half-Indian women to children can hardly be exaggerated. They often remain for years in the same family, and it is no unusual thing for a mother and child to have had the same nurse. Miss Rose-Innes, my trustee's eldest daughter, who became the second wife of Sir Charles Santley, is a case in point. When her son—her only child—was born some twenty-eight years ago, it was her faithful old Chilian nurse—Carmen—who received him into her arms, nursing him with the same devotion in far-away England as she had nursed his mother in her own semi-tropical country on the shores of the great Pacific Ocean.

We lived in a large and charming house in Porchester Terrace, close to Kensington Gardens. It was delightful inside, and quite unusually arranged for a London house. The reception rooms were all downstairs, and included a very fair-sized billiard-room. The drawing-room, which

was a really fine room, looked on to a beautiful conservatory filled with palm trees. Mr. Innes had spent a great part of his youth in Brazil, and loved anything that reminded him of that country. No flowers were ever allowed there. He had had some difficulty in finding a satisfactory home. To rich people accustomed to live in Chile the usual London house seems positively tiny. They, at any rate, felt that they would be miserable in so restricted a space. Out there the houses in olden times were generally built, Spanish fashion, round a court (the *patio*). Every room, even the bedrooms, opened on to it, and any arrangement more delightful in a warm climate can hardly be imagined. Before the house in Porchester Terrace had been discovered I don't know how many they had been to see. One day Mrs. Rose-Innes, who had never been in England before, came home in rather better spirits than usual. She said she had at last seen a house which might do, as it had a *patio*. Of course she had only seen it from outside and did not know if it was to let. It wasn't anything out of the way, but still . . . Her husband was rather amused when she took him to see her *trouvaille*. It was Grosvenor House!

As soon as we had settled down, I began to study the piano with Herr Ernst Pauer. Personally I liked him very much indeed. He was so kind and cheery. But I cannot honestly say that I think he was a first-rate teacher, though so admirable a musician. He used to walk up and down the drawing-room, looking at the furniture, the statues, the various *objets d'art*, and occasionally suggesting that I should play a passage slower, or faster, as the case might be. Sometimes he would play the whole piece through himself, and I am quite sure I learned more from him in that way than in any other. But there was none of that unswerving attention to every detail of the pupil's performance that is the hall-mark of the teacher who works miracles with any moderately intelligent student under his care. However, he introduced me to Schumann, whose music at that time was quite

unknown to me, and with him I learnt some of the *novelletten* and shorter pianoforte pieces; but I never played them well; I muddled through them, and after a while I felt horribly discouraged, and began to succumb to the apathy that had fallen on me once before at Miss Reach's school. I had never heard the expression *cui bono?* but that is what I began to feel. It seemed to me that Herr Pauer, though he was always a perfect dear to me, didn't really care a brass button whether I got on or not. I was just one of many amateur pupils who in two or three years would be going to balls and parties, and who would never give another serious thought to music once that stage was reached. His attitude affected me strongly and generated a sort of disbelief in myself, as far as music was concerned, which I found almost impossible to shake off. There was something lukewarm in the whole atmosphere that was horribly depressing. Now by nature I am not lukewarm over anything or anybody. I feel unhappy when the breath of life ceases to blow lustily and cheerily within me. I simply cannot live in a state of mental sirocco. But I found an outlet for all these feelings, which I was then far too young to analyse with any degree of accuracy. Mr. Rose-Innes had a genuine love of music, and made me play to him every evening. But the music he cared for was of a very different kind to any I had ever heard. Like most people who have lived much in South America, he was devoted to operatic music—chiefly Italian. Those were the days when Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson drew the whole world to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the days of Tietjens and Scalchi and Trebelli Bettini, of Faure and Campanini and Cotogni, whose gay *Don Giovanni* I adored as a child. Mr. Rose-Innes constantly took me to the opera with his eldest daughter, and bought me the pianoforte scores of nearly every opera we heard. They were arranged "tant bein que mal" (generally *mal*) for two hands, but that did not disturb me much. Night after night I played him scenes out of all these operas, endeavouring to the best of my ability to reproduce the



vocal and orchestral effects I had heard at the theatre, and referring as little as possible to the dull pianoforte arrangement before me. If I didn't play a solo with all the tenderness, or charm, or brio with which some great singer had sung it, he would stop me over and over again. "No, no, you haven't got it; don't you remember the splendid virility with which he simply brought the house down with such and such an aria? Don't you remember how she lingered on that note?" Or, "Try and make that finale sound as if there were a crowd of people singing," etc. etc. And I took to this Italian operatic music like a duck to water. There was something emotional in it that appealed to the youth in me, and I loved to try and make the piano a living and breathing human voice. That my playing of these scores gave real pleasure to someone very dear to me was in itself a powerful incentive. Perhaps the actual music only stirred me on the surface—still, even surfaces are facts that cannot be denied, and have to be reckoned with. And I adored, with every reason, the really beautiful singing I heard so constantly; my love of vocal music grew apace, and in my admiration for the singer I often failed to detect the flimsy quality of the music. Perhaps it may seem incredible to any musician of the present day that anyone should have been able to work themselves up into a state of excitement over operas like *Traviata*, *Lucia*, the *Sonnambula*, etc. Well, I can't help it! I did. And, anyhow, incredible or not, it seems to me still more hateful and absurd to pretend that in the days of one's youth one was any cleverer or subtler than actually was the case. I dare say it would have been more admirable and worthy of me to have turned up my small nose at Verdi and Meyerbeer and Donizetti and Bellini. But I didn't, and there is the end of it. At the same time I cannot say I have the slightest wish to be treated to another note of *Lucia*, and I don't think a herd of wild horses would succeed in dragging me to the opera to sit through *La Sonnambula* again, not even if cocaine were poured into my ears during each *entr'acte*! Some years ago I went out of sheer

curiosity to hear the *Huguenots*. I hated the whole thing from beginning to end, though I tried hard to recapture the mood in which I had first heard it as a child. But it was dead and gone. I couldn't even raise its ghost. Had I succeeded let us hope it would have frightened me ! For, anything more alarming to a musician than to find that he or she was genuinely admiring that sort of music again, I cannot imagine !

One winter we went to some evening classes at the house of a German lady, Madame Leupold. There we practised choral works of not too ambitious a character. Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*, glees by Henry Leslie, Smart, etc. I still see before me the attractive boy at the piano who accompanied us, and who in a few years became so well-known—I allude to Frederic Cowen, who in those days cannot have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three. His two charming and pretty sisters sang in the chorus. Among other things we performed a cantata of his called *The Rose Maiden*. I rather enjoyed those classes, and sat amongst the contraltos and helped to make a noise. But there was one member of our little society who made a great deal more noise than I did, for he was able to sing two different notes at one and the same time ; the effect was quite startling, so much so that I was positively fascinated by him, and stared at him with such interest that Mr. Rose-Innes, who sang with the basses, laughingly accused me of having lost my heart to him ! If I did, it must be acknowledged that my first love was a unique specimen of humanity. Perhaps he was double-faced as well as double-voiced ! Who knows ? I, at all events, had no opportunity of setting this question at rest or of ascertaining whether I was loving “ not wisely but too well,” for he never vouchsafed to take the smallest notice of my insignificant self, beyond glaring fiercely at me for about two seconds from beneath his black and bushy eyebrows when on one occasion he caught my wondering eyes fixed on his. Under these circumstances I can hardly flatter myself that I had a “ lucky escape,” nor have I any reason to suppose that “ we should never have

been *really* happy together,"—the consecrated phrase, I believe, when some nebulous person is discovered to have as much intention of marrying, as of skinning, the lady or gentleman whose heart is overflowing with gratitude as boundless as it is unnecessary!

Madame Leupold gave me a few harmony and singing lessons, after which I never saw her again. My health again became very indifferent, and lessons were almost put on one side. The doctor advised plenty of open-air exercise and thought riding would do me good. I was only too delighted when this new régime was decided upon. At the same time I suffered dreadfully not only from blinding headaches, but also from severe muscular pains, to which I have been subject nearly all my life, at all events from the age of ten, and which have interfered a good deal, alas! with my physical enjoyment of many delightful things; but really, when everything that goes to make up the sum-total of one's personality has been allowed to bask uninterruptedly for years in a private and unclouded little sun of its own, one would indeed be a monster of ingratitude to give more than a passing thought to the discomforts of one's tiresome old body!

We often read aloud in the evenings—Walter Scott, Dickens, etc. I much preferred Dickens, and as to Miss Fanny Squeers and her letter to the gentleman who shed "the gore of her Pa," they were one of the joys of my youth.

We had a charming governess during my last year at Porchester Terrace. Her name was Miss Forster. She was a gentle, dear woman, and everyone in the house was fond of her. She went by the name of "La Frosta" with us children. She came to us just after leaving the house of a Neapolitan marchesa, to whose daughters she had been English governess. They must have been very emotional young women, to say the least of it! Did anything occur to disturb their equanimity they at once sent their maid for handkerchiefs, which they tore to pieces with their teeth to relieve their feelings! I used to listen spellbound to the misdeeds of the two wicked



young marchesine and longed to go to Italy where such extraordinary things happened.

Miss Forster once told me a story that amused me a good deal.

"You know, Maudie," she said, "I am a Catholic, heart and soul. I really am. But once I was accused of having no faith."

"Oh," I said, genuinely surprised, "I can't think that."

"It's quite true, nevertheless, I assure you."

"But why? I can't imagine why!"

"Well, I was told that I ought to believe everything, but literally everything, the Pope says. I said, 'Of course I believe everything the Pope says *ex cathedra*.' 'No,' answered my friend; 'you must believe everything he says *anyhow*.' She declared she certainly would. So then I said laughingly, 'Well, but surely if the Pope told you he could make a plum-pudding jump out of a candlestick you wouldn't believe him?' And, just imagine, she said, 'Yes, I would.' And I said, 'Well, I wouldn't.' And then she said I had no faith. We had quite a painful scene."

I couldn't help laughing. The weird religious beliefs held by some old people in remote parts of the world are rather staggering even now, and the theological questions sometimes raised are what I may call "Genre Torquemada."

An old Sicilian woman I knew told me that she had once spent several hours praying with a friend who was being tormented by an evil spirit.

"How dreadful!" I said. "But why in the world was the evil spirit tormenting her?"

She lowered her voice and said mysteriously—

"*Two* evil spirits were tormenting her! One wanted her soul, and the other wanted her ear-rings!"

I wasn't a Catholic at the time of that conversation with Miss Forster, and I am now, but my scepticism with regard to acrobatic plum-puddings and wonder-working candlesticks is, I am afraid, on a par with hers; in fact, we are in the same boat, and it is my firm belief that the

dear Holy Father would have very little objection to giving us a helping hand with the skulls !

I can, however, speak far more authoritatively with regard to his views on jam (of all subjects in the world !), especially a certain Armenian jam made of dates stuffed with almonds and smothered in syrup. I don't think it can possibly be his first favourite jam, for the other day when he was presented with several large tins of this preserve by an Armenian bishop, he hurriedly handed them over to those of his private chamberlains who happened to be on duty that week. My old friend Tony de Navarro was amongst them. He is a great favourite of His Holiness, to whom he is much attached, and when his tin was presented to him he was ribald enough to ask him if he would do him the honour of attending his funeral in the event of his succumbing to the temptation of eating his way out of it without the assistance of his family or friends ! He may have been tempted, but he certainly did not fall, for when he returned to Florence to the Villa Nuti, where he and his wife and son were staying with my sister Emmie (Mrs. Edmund White), he shared the contents with us, and very good they were. A little Californian girl who was staying at the Villa was very much interested to hear that the jam was a present from His Holiness. " I suppose," she said meditatively, " it is what you would call one of the Pope's relics ! "

Breakfast at the Vatican must be a unique meal, for Mr. de Navarro tells me it consists for the most part of black coffee, cakes, bonbons, and ice-cream !

Dear, kind Miss Forster died a short time after she left the Rose-Innes'. Till within a few years I sometimes saw her brother, a tall, good-looking priest, when I went to the nine o'clock Mass at the little Catholic Church close to Victoria Street. He was, and for aught I know still is, chaplain to the Catholic soldiers stationed at the barracks in St. James's Park. They almost filled the church, and it was sometimes quite difficult to find a seat. He never preached to them for more than ten minutes, but he certainly held their attention during

that time. One morning he closed his sermon with the following words: "I know how seldom it is that you can call your time your own, but it does not take long to say the Paternoster and the Ave Maria. Say them, my men, and say them on your knees." And then he made the sign of the Cross and said, "In nomine Patris," etc., and walked out of the pulpit. That was nearly twenty years ago, but how often, when I have felt sleepy, or tired, or in a hurry, I have heard Father Cyril Forster's kind voice across the stretch of years: "It doesn't take long to say the Paternoster and the Ave Maria . . . Say them, and say them on your knees." I dare say this little detail may seem very superfluous to those people who sometimes ask you why you think it necessary to say your prayers in a stuffy church when their experience is that one can pray so much better in the open air under the roof of Heaven. A man once made this remark to me. I couldn't resist the temptation of saying to him, "Well, now, do tell me, when the rest of us go to church, do you always go into the fields to pray?" He laughed rather awkwardly, but being a perfectly truthful person, he owned up that he did nothing of the kind. The roof of Heaven in most of these cases means a delightful basket-chair under a shady tree, and the prayer-book is for the most part strangely like a novel!

And now my two years in London were over, and it was time for me to return to my mother's little place in Cheshire. I never cared for it. There was something dreary to me about that part of the country. I don't think she really cared for it herself, as she was never well there. Some of my sisters had married, two of my brothers had gone abroad. I had no companion of my own age, for my sister Annie was seven years older than myself. Had it not been for my little brother and sister, Harry and Emmie, and six little Harrington cousins whose parents were in Chile, and who always came to us for the holidays, filling the house with the welcome noise of their chatter and laughter (and occasionally of their quarrels), it would have been dreadfully lonely. Emmie gloried



in being the only girl among this crowd of boys. If flowers were uprooted or windows smashed by cricket or croquet balls, the exasperated gardener would always begin his speech with—

“If you please, ma’am, the seven young gentlemen, with Miss Emily at their ’ead,” etc. etc.

One day a favourite dog was missing. Emmie and little Fred Harrington were in despair. The way in which they went to work to find him was delicious. There was a field close to the house in which there stood a deserted shed. They rigged it up to look as much as possible like a chapel; a pulpit was erected in the corner and a service was held for the recovery of the truant. They both got into night-dresses and swung the little black trousers belonging to some evening suits across their shoulders to look like stoles. After they had been conscientiously through the evening service, one of them read a sermon—not very edifying, I am afraid, for it was an extract from Arthur Sketchley’s inimitable “Mrs. Brown at the Paris Exhibition.” Then they turned out to see if the dog had returned. No, there wasn’t a sign of him. They were greatly dejected. What was to be done? A council was held, during which one of them proposed that they should sing the hymn for those at sea! They then returned to the shed and went steadily through every verse. “And then,” said little Fred when he excitedly told me the story, “by Jove, if we didn’t see the beggar running up the drive wagging his tail just as we finished the last verse!”

When the jolly little crowd went back to school everything in life seemed drab-colour, except, indeed, Monday mornings and Saturday afternoons, when Emmie went to and returned from the house of a clergyman and his wife, who received her as a weekly boarder. If Saturday afternoon was *couleur de rose*, Monday morning was funereal black; never did a child hate leaving home as she did. She always cried so bitterly on her way back that at last, one Monday afternoon, Leach, our coachman, sent up word to ask if he might speak to my mother. “If

this goes on," said the kind-hearted fellow, with the tears in his own eyes, "I can't stick it, ma'am; I must give warning. I can't be the one as drives the poor child back." Whether it was the kind coachman's threats, or my little sister's horror of life in a parsonage, or my poor mother's rheumatism, I don't know, but she suddenly made up her mind that we should spend the winter in London.

It was with unmitigated joy that I turned my back upon Cheshire; devoted as I am, and always have been, to the country, there was something about Parkfield that left me absolutely indifferent. The house and grounds were not really attractive, nor can I remember meeting a single interesting person in the neighbourhood, though certainly one lady with a very interesting personality indeed occasionally visited relatives of hers who lived within a few miles of us, and with whom my mother had a slight acquaintance. But I never met Miss Rhoda Broughton myself, to my knowledge, till many years afterwards, when we were introduced to each other by Sir John E. Millais at his beautiful house at Gloucester Gate. The great painter was devoted to music; in fact to be a musician was to be certain of his sympathy. On more than one occasion he said to me, "I love the profession." He happened to be at St. James's Hall the night that Mrs. Hutchinson introduced four songs of mine—settings from Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—at a Monday Pop. She sang them beautifully, with great tenderness and feeling, and she looked so charming into the bargain ("ce qui n'a jamais gâté rien") that it is no wonder she made a success of them. We had studied them carefully together, and I accompanied her that night. How grateful one feels to the really unselfish singer who enters heart and soul into the spirit of one's composition, and how much one owes them! I am sure I owed the pleasure of knowing Sir John Millais in a great measure to the touching way Mrs. Hutchinson sang "'Tis better to have loved and lost," for he liked it so much that he asked someone to introduce me to him shortly afterwards.

Sir John Millais may have had a soft place in his heart for musicians, but Miss Rhoda Broughton most emphatically had *not*! And I had a comically sincere proof of it. She, I am sure, has forgotten all about the following little scene, but I remember it very well. What little nobody at the bottom of the ladder does not remember his or her introduction to a celebrated "Somebody" at the top? But if it is a great moment for the one, I am afraid that in some cases it is rather a trial for the other! Well, I didn't happen to know anyone at this particular reception at Lady Millais', for it was the first time I had ever been to her house. The beautiful studio was crowded with well-known people who stood in little groups before the pictures, or sat talking gaily together, and I felt rather shy and lonely, when all of a sudden I saw Sir John's cheery face in the distance; he came straight up to me, and after the kindest greeting he said, "What, you don't mean to say you know no one here? Come along with me, and I will introduce you to someone interesting," and he sailed down the studio with me, like a big ship with a little one in tow. We anchored in front of Miss Rhoda Broughton, who for the moment was not talking to anyone. Poor lady! She certainly did not expect to be bombarded when she set out that evening for Lady Millais' party in a charming and most becoming gown, but there—what are we, after all, but puppets of fate? And here was Sir John heading her off from the rest of the community, and raking her fore and aft with praise of myself and my compositions! Sir John had that kind, that really adorable kind ring in his voice that a great artist often has when he is backing a young beginner in whom he believes to someone quite ignorant of his existence. He must have forgotten for the moment that to Miss Broughton music was the dullest subject on earth. A look of desperation began to run up and down her face, and in it I read plainly that she feared Sir John intended saddling her with me for the rest of the evening. But his attitude was really so much that of the kind father who is sure that everyone is going to be as encouraging to his



child as he himself, that I don't believe he saw it, and at last Miss Broughton—like Julius Cæsar—crossed the Rubicon, and said out loud what hundreds of unmusical people struggle hard to keep to themselves under similar circumstances. Looking both of us straight in the face, she said, with heroic frankness, “Unfortunately I hate music,” then she turned her back on us and hastily began a conversation with someone else! Never before had I been hurried into a back seat with such brilliant success, though I have often since been offered one decorously, smilingly, and even enthusiastically! Sometimes I have accepted them, and sometimes I have not, but this time I really had no alternative. However, even back seats have their compensations. Shortly afterwards I found that mine was close to where the late lovely Duchess of Leinster was sitting, and I quickly recovered from my discomfiture in the contemplation of her radiant young beauty.

But this is a digression. It all happened many years later, and I must go back to the time when I was sixteen, when all the world was reading and enjoying Miss Broughton's clever novels. The agony of the snub was so short, and the pleasure she had always given me so great, that the one was very quickly swallowed up in the other, and I only hope we may meet again some day, if only to have a good laugh over the whole thing. She would, I am sure, offer me a comfortable arm-chair now, and even if her whole soul longed to toss me into a back seat, she would be confronted with the stern fact that a certain amount of *avoirdupois* has—physically, at any rate—made it quite impossible for anyone to attempt to do so without considerable danger to themselves!

## CHAPTER VII.

WE spent the autumn of '71 and the spring of '72 in London, thankful to be out of Parkfield, which had by now developed into a sort of white elephant. We wished to let it, but apparently other people found it as unattractive as we did. It was quite a long time before we found a satisfactory tenant, and when fortune smiled on us at last, it was in the shape of a massive lady who dropped her aitches and was the proud sister of a wealthy brother who, she informed us, lived in Russia and drove "the 'andsomest quadrupeds in Petersburg!"

The months in London, though pleasant, were quite uneventful. I wasn't supposed to be grown-up, though I was the possessor of a beautiful white silk dress with a long train. I had worn it at the wedding of a young girl with whom I was only slightly acquainted, who had asked me to be her bridesmaid. Both she and her husband died long ago. After the ceremony I swept up the aisle on the arm of a grey-trousered and black frock-coated gentleman whose face and name have entirely vanished from my memory, but not so the ecstasy with which I heard the swish of the silk train! I don't believe the bride was half as excited as I was, but then her bridegroom wasn't half as thrilling as my white silk dress! *That* was a thing of beauty! He was a thing of sixty, no beauty, with a long nose that looked as if it had had a chequered career, full of naughty little episodes for which it was still blushing.

I did absolutely nothing that winter, or the following spring. I was too young to go to parties, and the beautiful white silk dress languished in a cupboard upstairs while I led an aimless, semi-grown-up life downstairs that bored me to death. My married sisters were staying with us

with their husbands and children—one from India, the other from Chile. The drawing-room was always full of people, and there was no room in the house where I could shut myself up and go on with my studies. Naturally, another period of mental sirocco set in as far as music was concerned—indeed, as far as everything was concerned! But again our kind trustee, Mr. Rose-Innes, came to the rescue. The house we had taken for the winter was close to Porchester Terrace, where he lived, and he often came to see us, and constantly invited my sister Annie and myself to go to the theatre and opera with him and his eldest daughter. The Carl Rosa Opera Company was performing in London about that time. Sir Charles Santley was a member of it, and it was while he was in that company that I heard him sing for the first time in the *Trovatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, and many other operas. His singing and exquisite phrasing were a revelation to me. I have heard him criticised as an actor, but at that time, as a singer, he was absolutely perfect. He possessed to a superlative degree all the qualities which make a singer stand head and shoulders above his contemporaries. The “timbre” of his warm baritone voice was quite beautiful, “simpatico” to the last degree, his technique superb (he had studied with Lamperti of Milan, the greatest professor of singing who ever lived, I suppose), and he had not only a great temperament, but he was a finished musician into the bargain, reading the most difficult music easily at sight, and able to express any and every shade of feeling. Whether the music were passionate or tender, graceful or virile, emotional or serene, sad or gay, he sang it with equal insight. He must have been about thirty-seven when I first heard him. About six or seven years ago I drove over from Broadway to Cheltenham to hear him sing once more at a concert that was being given at the Winter Gardens. Naturally his voice was not what it had been some thirty-five years ago. How could it be? But the old charm was there, the technique was absolutely remarkable for a man of his age, and when, as an encore,



he sang a very simple little ballad, it was with all the old charm and beautiful tenderness! It was worth driving any distance merely to hear words pronounced as he pronounced them. And I am glad, more than glad, to have this opportunity of saying what I think—what I have always thought—about his art, for in my opinion he is, all round, by far the greatest English singer we have ever had.

Whilst I that winter idled away my days in London, Annie took singing lessons from one of the professors of the Royal Academy of Music. I don't think he could have been responsible for the whole of her repertoire, at least, for the reputation of the R.A.M., let us hope not, for among many charming songs it included one quite hideous little ballad called "My Bark is on the Rhine." I must say that bark was a great deal worse than any bite I have ever been called upon to endure in any of the mosquito-ridden countries which it has been my lot to inhabit at various periods of my life. I once made a perfect idiot of myself over that song. It was at a musical party at the house of some Scotch friends. My host, a venerable old gentleman of about seventy-five, was in the habit of saying quite openly that Bellini was equal, if not far superior, to Beethoven, and, what is more, he expected everyone to agree with him. Accustomed as I was at that time to the glorification of Italian music, I couldn't stand that, and rebelled openly. However, when I was invited to a musical party at his house, I naturally realised that it would be useless to play anything but Italian music. Liszt's arrangement of the quartet from *Rigoletto* was one of my show-pieces; I had just heard it played splendidly by Madame Teresa Carreño at one of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. She was little more than a girl herself at that time, and what a beautiful girl! How she played even then! A piano-forte arrangement of the overture to *William Tell* was another of my "battle horses," and I played both these pieces that evening. After I had been complimented and thanked by my old host, a dark, clean-shaven barrister

with a clever face came up to speak to me. He had a brusque manner that was rather alarming, and a jerky abrupt way of talking that disconcerted me from the outset.

"Do you play Bark?" he asked, almost severely, and looking me all over.

I suddenly felt guilty. I really didn't understand what he meant.

"Bark?" I said timidly; "Bark?"

"I say, do you play Bark?" he repeated impatiently, and raising his voice as if I were deaf.

"Bark?" I again repeated stupidly; "did you say Bark?"

"Yes," he almost shouted back at me. "Bark. Don't you know Bark?"

He looked at me as if he thought that nothing short of ringing the tocsin would ever wake me out of my torpor.

"Oh," I said hastily, at a venture, "yes, I do know it. You mean 'My Bark is on the Rhine,' don't you?"

He looked at me as if he would have liked to strangle me! I'm certain he thought I was purposely misunderstanding him.

"Bark's fugues!" he roared.

And then I made the greatest *gaffe* of all. "Oh," I said, the light dawning at last, "you mean *Bach*," and I pronounced it German fashion without the very remotest intention of being offensive, which, of course, I was. My trustee stood close by, highly amused at the little scene, and finally came and rescued me.

"He'll never forgive you," he said, laughing; "that was the last straw, correcting his German."

"I didn't! I didn't!" I protested. "Anyhow, I never meant to. Let's go home."

And, of course, I hadn't meant anything of the sort, but I felt that the sooner I said good-bye the less chance I would have of disgracing myself a second time.

I heard afterwards that my barrister was a first-rate musician and a great lover of classical music. No doubt

he thought it was a pity I didn't play music of a higher class. Who knows? we might have made quite good friends that evening had I not had what I may call a rush of brains to the toes! And I thought *he* was the idiot, clamouring for "My Bark is on the Rhine"!

Such are the little ironies of Life!

We left Cheshire for good in the autumn of '72. A week or two before we left Parkfields my sister Annie started for Chile with Dora, my other married sister, who was returning there with her husband and children. We thought she was only going for a short year's visit, but unfortunately for us she married and settled there. Before leaving Parkfields my mother made up her mind to take a house in London, and we found one to suit us in a little street next Queen's Gate, close to Kensington Gardens. It was called Hyde Park Gate South in those days, and being a street with no outlet there was little or no traffic; it was charmingly quiet, a real advantage as far as my mother was concerned, for she was a great invalid and was often laid up for days together. I was seventeen years old when we went to live there. How I enjoyed it after vegetating in Parkfields, where, towards the end, I had again fallen ill, gradually becoming so weak that I could hardly turn from one side to the other of the sofa on which I was obliged to lie during most of the day! I recovered after a slight operation, and again began to enjoy life.

About three weeks after my sisters sailed for Chile in a beautiful steamer called the *Tacora*, belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, we saw, to our horror, the following telegram in all the papers: "Total wreck of the *Tacora*. Seventeen passengers lost." I was still in bed recovering from my operation when this news reached us. We lived through twenty-four hours of agony, when, to our inexpressible relief, we received a telegram: "All safe. Have been taken in an English gunboat to Monte Video." I think it is Schopenhauer who says that happiness, the greatest happiness, is the cessation of misery. I have often heard this indignantly



denied, but I must say I think there is a great deal to be said for his point of view. Hardly anything can equal the joy of knowing that one's best beloved are safe and well when one has had every reason to fear that one has lost them for ever. The *Tacora* struck against a rock in the night, and, like the *Titanic*, was lost on her first voyage, but in the case of the *Tacora* there was time, thank God, to save the passengers and crew. The only ones who were lost were those who, panic-stricken, threw themselves into the sea and tried to swim ashore. The rest were landed on a desolate beach, where, fortunately for them, there was a lighthouse, in which they found two kind Frenchmen who wired for help. I believe the gun-boat took them the next day to Monte Video.

. . . . .

“ Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,  
 Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen  
 Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht  
 Die Myrte still, und hoch der Lorbeer steht  
 Kennst du es wohl ?  
 Dahin ! Dahin !  
 Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn ! ”

. . . . .

That spring I went to Italy with a little party of friends. It was a very hurried visit “à l’Americaine.” In fact, it was a kind American friend of my Uncle Fred Harrington who suggested that I should join the party. He was travelling about with his daughter, and thought she might like a companion. We were joined in Paris by a very agreeable young married couple—Chilians from Santiago, I believe. We were only to be away a short time, but that was better than nothing. Italy was Italy, and it was something to catch a glimpse of it, if only for twenty-four hours ! I was in a perfect glow of delight at the prospect. Though I knew very little of Italy from an art point of view, I was, of course, aware that it was a marvellous treasure-house of pictures and statues. Nevertheless, it was not the Italy of galleries and museums that made my heart beat at the mere idea of going there. It was the magical, dimly remembered country of Mignon

that was the Italy of my dreams, the Italy that I had conjured up for myself from Goethe's lovely poem, "Kennst du das Land?" I longed to see the orange and lemon groves of the South, to feel the caress of the soft and balmy breezes on my face, to see the lovely deep blue of the sky by day and the dance of the fireflies by night, to see mountains again! Mountains whose wooded sides were seamed with narrow tracks up which the mules climbed steadily, disappearing into regions of mystery! In his celebrated "Italiänische Reise" Goethe says, alluding to a lovely little place half-way between Terracina and Naples: "Mignon hatte wohl recht sich dahin zu sehnen!" ("Well may Mignon have longed to be there once more!") And then he speaks of the lovable smiling landscape with its background of mountains, the grey-green myrtles that grow beneath the shadow of the grey fantastic cactus bushes, the orange trees shimmering in the sunlight with their heavy burden of fruit, the olive and pomegranate trees, and—detaching itself from the rest of the vegetation—a lovely exile from the East, one solitary graceful palm.

The fisherman of Amalfi who headed the revolution against the cruel Spanish duke and championed the poor people of Naples against the great ones of the earth was still alive for me, and, though he had been murdered more than two hundred years ago, for me Masaniello still harangued the excited mob from the scaffolding in the streets of Naples!

And I was to see Venice and Florence and Rome! It seemed too good to be true. What with Greek legends and Italian romance, echoes of heroic deeds of the Risorgimento, visions of Calabrian brigands, lines from *Childe Harold*, revealing glimpses of the Dying Gladiator, the Tarpeian Rock, St. Peter's—my brain literally whirled! Garibaldi in his red shirt, the central figure of the world just then, spun round with the Three Graces—the sirens were entangled in the colossal moustachios of Vittorio Emanuele—Pio Nono and Fra Diavolo walked arm in arm! What a *pasticcio*!

*Pasticcio* or no, I was in a perfect fever of excitement when we started. To this day I always feel when I have crossed the Channel—"Now anything may happen!" Alas, I was to be disillusioned from the very outset, and, what is more, all along the line. We stayed in Paris for two or three days at the Hôtel du Louvre. It was my first introduction to a table d'hôte, and I also saw a menu for the first time; on this one I remember perfectly a strange dish called, "Petites pattes de Cendrillon!"

I had not been in Paris since the Franco-German War, and was miserable at the disappearance of the beautiful Palais des Tuileries, round which I had woven so many childish romances. I went, of course, to Rue Kepler to see dear old Mademoiselle Lalande, who, I knew, had been through all the horrors not only of the siege but of the Commune. Like scores of others, she had faced the grim spectre of hunger. The Commune was almost worse than the siege, I believe, as far as she was concerned, for during those terrible weeks she was obliged to fetch her portion of food (horse-flesh, for the most part) from a bureau in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and to get there she had to cross the Champs Elysées—generally under a fusillade. The shots were fired from the Arc de Triomphe, I believe, and sometimes hit the poor people who, afraid to walk upright, very often crawled across the great avenue on their knees to lessen the danger as much as possible.

From Paris we went to Milan, and from Milan to Venice. When I think of the joy that a visit to Venice means to me now, I realise all I missed then. After we had been there two days it was decided that there was nothing more to be seen, and that we had far better "move on." I knew very little more about art than any of the others, but I felt desperate. St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, the Grand Canal with its splendid palaces, the Rialto, the mysterious and narrow waterways through which we glided in our gondolas, to emerge presently in front of the famous Piazza—a contrast which to this day always gives me an extraordinary feeling of excitement—all these things had set my imagination on



fire. I didn't want to go away, and when it was decided that we were to spend our last precious hours in Salviati's glass warehouse, I felt miserable. I was perfectly certain we were leaving hundreds of beautiful things and places unseen, though I hardly knew what they were, but still I felt I would be able to find them out easily enough were I given time to do so. As we were not leaving Venice till quite late in the evening, I suggested one last expedition to see—I really forget what, but I know it was something or some place that I had read about with great interest. I was alone in a gondola with my uncle when I ventured to touch upon the subject. But though he was the very kindest of men, he didn't really care for the arts, except music. He had had quite enough of Venice, and agreed with the rest of the party that it would be a waste of time to spend more than three days there. "Now look here," he said to me, "you know quite well you only want to go to this place *just to say you have been there*. You've seen quite enough to satisfy anyone," etc. etc. I said no more. What was the use? That evening we left for Florence.

And the same thing happened there. We rushed through galleries, stared at people copying pictures, stood hypnotised in front of mosaic tables and horrible modern statuary in the shop windows, and saw nothing, literally nothing, of the real Florence. We didn't even see the pictures we looked at! It was a real case of "having eyes, they saw not, and having ears, they heard not." But if dear old Uncle Fred were alive and able to look over my shoulder at this moment I am pretty sure he would say, "My dear, since you are being so very funny at our expense, you had better add that whatever was the matter with our eyes and ears, our *noses* were in perfect working condition, which is more than can be said of yours, since you admit yourself that the horrid smells in every town we went to had not the slightest effect upon you, whereas they made us sick." Whenever he made a speech of this sort it was accompanied by what we used to call "Uncle Fred's heavenly smile!" How

often and often have not his own children joined us in a good laugh over this funny little characteristic—indeed, during his lifetime how often has he not laughed at it with us ?

The dear old fellow's patience was visibly exhausted long before we got to Rome. He couldn't bear the sight of a St. Sebastian, no matter who had painted the picture. Every now and then he would burst forth with—

“ I've had quite enough of these fellows smiling away with arrows sticking out all over their bodies! Now, I ask you, in the name of all that's sensible, would you or I be likely to smile under such circumstances ? What I say is—why the blank do these painter chaps keep on, hammer and tongs, at the same everlasting subject ? What ? What's that ? Oh, my dear, don't talk rubbish. You don't care about these things any more than I do. Stuff and nonsense ! I know what I am talking about.”

Our host was kindness personified and treated us splendidly ; we always went to the best hotels, had delightful rooms and champagne at every meal. In the evenings the men of the party went off to play billiards. If I said that they went to try and shake off the impressions of the day, I really don't believe I should be far wrong ! Well, we can't all of us be lovers of Nature and Art, that is very certain, and though I am assuredly not going to champion this way of visiting Italy, still, I'll try and be as just to my kind friends as a twelve-year-old cousin was to me when he once heard that someone had accused me of snoring (of all awful things!). “ Surely,” he said indignantly, “ there's no dishonour in snoring ! ”

And certainly there is no crime in preferring a billiard-room to the galleries of the Uffizi, or the golf links of St. Andrews to the Roman Campagna, and I suppose the only really odious thing in the world is to pretend to be something you are not. Only, I must say I am still wondering which of the party suggested that visit to Italy !

It was just the same in Rome, where we rushed through everything in the same aimless, half-unconscious way.

But in Rome there were two really interesting episodes, though certainly they were as far removed from each other in their essence as it is possible for anything to be. Both, however, were unforgettable. One was the famous riderless race instituted by Pope Paul II.—the Venetian Pope. The horses galloped from beginning to end of the Corso, as far as I can remember, and the race took place during the last days of the Carnival. There is a spirited description of the whole thing in the first volume of Marion Crawford's delightful book, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, which I strongly advise anyone to read who wishes to know what sort of scenes took place in the old Roman days during the week or so that preceded Lent. I suppose the riderless race I saw in '73 was one of the last that was ever run. Our cicerone hired a balcony for us on the first floor of a house in the Corso, and, high up though we were, we were pelted with confetti and flowers. But we also had our bag of confetti and did our very best to pay our assailants back in their own coin. It was one of the merriest scenes I ever saw; the streets were thronged with people in carriages and on foot, many of them wearing masks and almost all of them disguised in the most fantastic garments it is possible to imagine. After a while the streets were cleared for the coming race. Every head in the crowd was turned in the direction from which the horses were expected; the excitement grew apace at the first sounds of their hoofs on the pavement, and when at last they rushed wildly past, almost maddened by the shouts and cheers of the multitude, there was something so primitive, so barbaric, so frantic about it, that it almost frightened me, safe as we were on our first-floor balcony. It looked horribly dangerous, and I believe that occasionally some appalling accident took place. I don't know for what reason these races were abolished, unless, perhaps, on that account.

Our other interesting experience was a visit to the Vatican. The young Chilian couple who were travelling with us much wished to see the Holy Father (Pope Pius IX.), and although they were the only Catholics of our little



party, we all accompanied them to the audience, which took place, I believe, in the Sala del Trono as it does now. There were a great many people there beside ourselves. The men were in evening dress and the women wore black gowns and black lace mantillas. I can only half remember the kind, good face of Pius the Ninth; and a great many details of the audience have, alas, escaped my memory, but I recollect that we all knelt down as he walked slowly past in his white soutane, blessing the little crowd of kneeling people, and making the sign of the Cross over Catholics and Protestants alike. I didn't become a Catholic till eight years later, and at that time it was chiefly the "mise en scène" of the whole thing that attracted my attention. But I must say even to the merest outsider it is an impressive sight, from the first moment when, at the entrance, you see the famous Swiss Guards in their picturesque costumes designed by Michael Angelo—grey coats, black and yellow stockings, and soft flat hats—to the last moment of all, when the Holy Father gives the blessing to all present, including in that blessing the crucifixes, the rosaries, the medals, etc., which so many pilgrims have brought with them, sometimes from the uttermost ends of the earth. I have not yet seen Pius the Tenth, but I hope to do so ere long, and "en attendant" I have two little rosaries that were brought to me from the Vatican only the other day by a dear friend. Both of them had special blessings attached to them by the Holy Father, and I feel pretty certain that I, who have lost nearly everything I possess in the way of jewellery, will never lose these simple little "corone."

Naples was the last Italian town we visited, and we stayed there about three days. No "dolce farniente" for us! No basking in the sun, no siesta under vine-covered pergolas, or on sunlit terraces smothered in roses! No iniquitous waste of time! The museum had to be seen, and it might have been on fire the way we hurried through it. As to the famous ruins of Pompeii we "did" them as rapidly as though we feared our mere presence

might irritate Vesuvius into another untimely eruption (I only wonder it didn't!), and finally we mounted six sad-looking little donkeys who toiled up the mountain with us, followed by a string of beggars clamouring for "piccoli soldi." When we got to the top we did our duty by the crater by gazing into its mouth like so many amateur dentists; and after a hurried luncheon and a look at the view, we remounted our little donkeys and were jogged down to the bottom. I don't think any of the party cared for the Bay of Naples, in fact, there was a general feeling that the beauties of the "Golfo di Napoli" had been grossly exaggerated. They said the bay of Rio Janeiro was far more beautiful. As I was the only one of the party who hadn't seen it, I was obliged to accept their verdict. But I have seen it three times since then, and it certainly is beautiful—very, very beautiful—but all the same, give me the Golfo di Napoli "all the time and every time!" Were I to be told that I would never have another chance of seeing the bay of Rio Janeiro again, I would accept my fate with perfect equanimity; but did I know that never again was I to see Isola di Capri floating dreamily on the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, as I have seen it often and often between five and six o'clock on some splendid July morning on my way back from Sicily, when Sicily was my home—my beloved home—I think the tears would not be very far away. It is no use arguing with any one who has succumbed to the spell of Italy or Sicily. They are the sirens of the world, and may they hold me fast in their embrace till I draw my last breath!

Although our trip was nearly at an end, I still hoped to carry out a little plan on which I had irrevocably set my heart. I had read about Capri and the wonderful Blue Grotto, and it was the dream of my life to see this fantastically beautiful sea-cave. I had conjured up a vision of such unearthly beauty that I doubt if even the lovely grotto itself could have equalled it. It seemed to me the ideal home for Hans Andersen's little mermaid—for the sirens that sung to Ulysses—for Neptune and his

sea-nymphs. What wonder if the Blue Grotto appeared to me to hover on the very threshold of the realms of phantasy! The longing to see it became intense, increasing with every day. I had taken no one into my confidence, but I secretly hoped that one of the grown-ups would propose an excursion to the lovely island. But the idea didn't occur to any of them. At last the subject had to be broached—the day of our departure was fixed, and there wasn't another moment to be lost. I asked my uncle if he would not take me there, and, to my intense delight, he didn't seem to have any objection, and went to find out the best way of getting there.

The result of his inquiries was anything but satisfactory to him. It was many, many years ago, and he was told that there was no steamer communication between Naples and Capri—that the only way of reaching the island was by rowing there in a boat. When I heard this I was keener than ever; it seemed to me an ideal way of travelling; the bay was like a sheet of glass, the weather divine, and the journey, so they said, would not take more than five or six hours. My uncle, however, refused point-blank to go by boat. He said that so many hours in a mere cockleshell was utterly out of the question; he clung to life if I didn't. I pleaded in vain, and at last gave in.

But what with the fatigue of sightseeing, the constant rush in the heat of the day, the disappointment about Capri—a really bitter one to me—the feeling that I had not had one single ideal Italian day from beginning to end of our journey,—what with all this I suddenly collapsed and had a nasty little breakdown that lasted for about two days. The others went on—I forget where—and I was left alone with my uncle in Naples. It was not till I was lying ill in bed that I realised how I had counted on that day at Capri. I thought of "Kennst du das Land," and felt that no human being could have written in that way about Italy if it had given him no more than it had given me. I felt there was something we had all missed. I was certain there was something

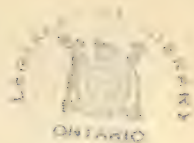


magical, something almost divine, in the country that could call forth that terrible longing, that splendid nostalgia, that immortal cry that has been echoed by so many hearts from one end of the world to the other—

“Dahin, dahin, möcht ich  
Omein Geliebter, mit dir zieh'n!”

After a day or two we started for London *via* Marseilles and Paris, and four days later I slept once more in my little bedroom at Hyde Park Gate South.

It was fifteen years before I saw Italy again. But she, like Nature, has never yet disappointed the heart that loves her, and perhaps it was because I had so trusted her, even when she veiled her lovely face from me, that in the years to come I was to see her in all the radiance of her immortal beauty, with outstretched hands laden with precious gifts, that now, thank God, lie safe in mine.



## CHAPTER VIII.

My people gave me a very warm welcome on my return from Italy, though they must have been disappointed that I did not bring home the usual amount of travellers' tales. I felt depressed when one of my grown-up cousins asked me if I had seen this, that, and the other in Venice—things of universal and historic interest. I had to say "No," each time, and felt like an idiot. When he heard that I had been to the Vatican to see the Pope, he said in a very serious voice—

"My dear Maudie, I am greatly disturbed to hear that the Holy Father picked you out of the crowd, and said, 'Mon enfant, difficilement vous vous sauverez.' Tell me, I beseech you, if there is any truth in this sinister report?" I was indignant until I saw that he was laughing at me. And then I laughed too. Anyhow, whether my ultimate salvation was trembling in the balance or no,—I *had* seen the celebrated Pio Nono around whom such controversies had raged, and my cousin had not, though he was many years older than I was, and had done all sorts of remarkable things. He was an extremely clever engineer; his name was John Maclean Price, and some years later, when he was Surveyor of Public Works at Hong-kong, he laid out the gardens there, and I have been told by no less an authority than Mr. Alfred - Parsons, the well-known painter of so many lovely gardens, that they are really beautiful.

Years and years afterwards he and Mr. Parsons helped me to plan my little garden at Broadway—I was indeed fortunate to have such valuable assistance. I told Mary Anderson—who had the charming old house next door to mine—that my cousin had come down to help me with

my garden that I might have as nice a one as hers, and I remember how amused she was when I added that among other things he had said, "We must do our best to put her pretty nose out of joint (for once at all events!)."

But so little did we succeed in our plot, that it was *she* who put *our* noses out of joint for ever and a day, for the garden and every tree I planted in it belongs to her at the present moment, and it is ten times bigger and ten times more beautiful than it was in my time. And as regards the little operation that my cousin was so anxious to perform on her pretty nose, I believe it is an open secret that no one living has ever succeeded in doing anything of the kind, and I must say, for the benefit of humanity in general and photographers in particular, I am glad our knavish tricks were so completely frustrated.

When I returned from Italy our family party had dwindled down to five people—mother, Auntie Dora, Emmie and her governess, and myself. But for a short time we were joined in London by my eldest sister, Fanny Marret, and her little girl Eva. She was a dear little creature—very gifted and very amusing. I was devoted to her. I remember some one asking her one day, "And what is your papa doing in India, Evie?" She answered promptly, "Making money for mumsey and me to spend in London." Another time, just before her father returned to India, she came down to breakfast with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. "Oh," she cried to her father, "I had such a lovely dream last night. I dreamed you had taken me to the bank with you, and the banking man was so kind. He opened a drawer full of gold, and he kept on saying, 'Help yourself, Captain Marret, help yourself.'"

Poor child, she had heard so much about the rise and fall of the rupee, that at last money affairs obsessed her little mind. She died when she was only nine or ten years old. I felt her loss very, very much.

Fanny had a really charming soprano voice, and while she was at Hyde Park Gate with us she studied singing with Signor Alberto Randegger. One afternoon—an



unforgettable one for me—I was sitting alone in the drawing-room when something compelled me to go to the piano and sing Byron's "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer." I knew the poem well, and improvised the music to the words without the slightest difficulty. It is the way I have composed the melody of almost every song I have ever written, naturally working up the accompaniment and adding many little details afterwards. I was so surprised—so utterly taken aback with the rapidity with which the whole song had taken shape, that I thought it could only be a mere coincidence which would never be repeated. I wrote it down as well as I could, and asked my sister if she would show it to Signor Randegger, without, however, telling him who had written it—merely saying it was a first attempt. She came home with the verdict after her next lesson.

"Signor Randegger," she said, "played your song over, and he said, 'Whoever wrote this music ought most certainly to study seriously.'"

I was very much excited when I heard this, but it all seemed too good to be true. I felt perfectly certain it was my first and last attempt at anything of the sort. All through my life, when dotting down the final bars of a new composition, I have always thought, "Oh dear, I suppose this is the last thing I shall ever write." On this occasion I really felt that the sun was more likely to shine at midnight than that I should succeed in writing another note. When my mother said to me, "If you compose five more songs I will have them printed in a little book for you," I merely thought—"Five more? As if that were possible!" A few days later I set Sully Prudhomme's beautiful words, "*Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre.*" This time I was far more excited; it was a very much better song, and I gave it to one of my cousins to try over. She had a soprano voice and sang with a good deal of dramatic feeling. The melody I had composed was broad and flowing, and there was something in the song that made it possible for a singer to "let himself go" in it. I was almost beside myself with

joy when I heard her sing it for the first time. She threw herself into the spirit of the words and sang the music with real passion, as she has sung many a song of mine since then. "Who knows," I thought, "perhaps after all I may be able to write four more."

What surprises me now is that the French song should have been so superior to many of those written after I began to learn harmony—another proof that fools are not such fools after all when they occasionally rush in where angels fear to tread. No doubt the sudden knowledge that one's success has been due to a lucky chance is rather a rude awakening, and it is some time before one can shake off the feeling of very real timidity when trying to judge of the merit of one's work. At least that was my case when I became aware how much there was to learn before one could stand firmly on one's feet. Still—to go back to the French song—there was no "meandering" about it; it really did go straight to the point from beginning to end, which is, of course, the reason why my cousin—Luchie Falcon—was able to phrase it so successfully. The English song didn't begin badly, but—well, it lost its figure at an early stage of its career. The French song, on the contrary, refused point-blank to spread in the wrong direction, and consequently kept its figure intact (being French, it did so instinctively, I suppose).

We spent the winter of '74-'75 in Torquay on account of my poor mother's health. She was a dreadful sufferer, but her patience was absolutely inexhaustible, and she was always ready to laugh with us. She used to be dreadfully distressed at times because, as young girls, neither Emmie nor I were as tidy as we ought to have been. We were always losing our various belongings—from hairpins to jewellery.

"I cannot understand it," she said one day quite dejectedly. "You certainly have not inherited this unfortunate failing from me," which was true enough, for she was beautifully dainty with regard to her personal appearance, and quite exceptionally neat and tidy. "As

to your grandfather," she went on, "he was always *tiré a quatre épingles*; no matter the hour of the day or night, he always looked as though he had just come out of a bandbox." We must have been hard-hearted little wretches, for the vision of an old gentleman in naval uniform rising painfully from a cramped position in such an abode, in which he could not have ever expected to be really comfortable, did not impress us in the least. I suggested that unless my mother's memory were at fault, our grandfather must have looked exactly like a hat. Fortunately I had never heard the expression "a bad hat," or my remarks might have been still bolder. Poor mother was quite nonplussed for a moment, and the lecture came to what Mr. Weller would have called "rather a sudden pull-up," but it ended in a good laugh all round. Though my reformation was despaired of, Emmie was given to understand that her chances of resembling our grandfather were far greater than mine, as she was my junior by five years.

Fortunately my mother did not exert herself in any way to bring about a physical resemblance in either Emmie's case or my own, for her poor dear old father had the misfortune to lose his nose at the battle of Trafalgar—the first time, I am sure, that he ever mislaid anything! Two heads may be better than one, but I shall always cling passionately to the belief that one nose is better than none, in spite of the fact that, as noseless ladies, we might have achieved a veritable triumph in post-impressionist circles, where we would probably have been looked upon as symbolical of the charity that suffereth long and is kind. For who can deny, even in these marvellous days, that it is perfectly impossible to turn up a non-existent nose at anything whatsoever, no matter how profound one's legitimate contempt?

That autumn it was decided to send Emmie to Paris for two or three years, so that she might finish her education under the supervision of Mademoiselle Lalande, and in consequence of this arrangement I was alone in Torquay that winter with mother and Auntie Dora. But I



was not dull. Indeed, that is a state of mind with which I have always steadily refused to have anything to do. I have been miserable enough, so miserable that I have dreaded going to sleep for fear of waking and facing the next morning, but whenever dullness in her dingy robes appears on my horizon, I am always—to use the expression of an energetic old lady I once knew—“packed and off”!

I rather liked Torquay. I enjoyed the mild climate and thought the surrounding country very lovely. We often went for long drives and got to know the neighbourhood really well. The house we lived in was cheerful and attractively situated, and when we discovered that the climate suited my mother and my aunt, and that Mr. W. S. Rockstro lived there and was willing to give me lessons in harmony and counterpoint, we were all perfectly satisfied. Mr. Rockstro had, as a young man, studied at the Leipzig Conservatorium, and was a personal friend of Mendelssohn—a fact I simply could not get over. If he had told me that he had, in the days of his youth, played *Cat's Cradle* with the Queen of Sheba, or *Puss in the Corner* with Moses and Aaron, I could hardly have been more surprised. My outlook at that time must have been very like that of the man who refused to allow Signor Randegger into the artists' room while a concert was going on.

“But you must let me in,” he persisted; “I am taking part in the concert.”

“What is your name?”

“Randegger.”

“It isn't on the programme.”

“Indeed it is. I am accompanying one of my songs,” and he pointed to a number beneath which stood the words: “Accompanied by the composer.”

“Oh,” said the man, “in that case I expect it's all right, but I thought all real composers were supposed to be dead.”

And so did I! At least I found it very difficult to believe that any composer whose music was already

publicly acknowledged as classical should have been alive at the same time as one of my own friends. Mr. Rockstro was the kindest of teachers. He taught extremely well, and made the lessons very interesting. I was always sorry when they were over. Sometimes he told me anecdotes of his student life in Leipzig; it seemed to me that no life could be more delightful, more exhilarating, and I hoped fervently that some such experience might fall to my lot. He also told me stories about various well-known musicians who lived in Leipzig in his time, and having once passed through that famous musical centre on my way from Dresden to Heidelberg as a little child, I at once peopled the streets I remembered with musical and literary celebrities. For the first time I heard about the historical Gewandhaus concerts, where so many masterpieces were introduced to the public; but what fascinated me most of all were his accounts of the gay Sunday evening suppers at Mendelssohn's house, where he must have met everyone worth knowing in Leipzig. It took him back to his own youth to talk to me about those happy times. How he could resign himself so cheerfully to the lonely and monotonous life at Torquay, where he lived quite alone with his old mother, a chronic invalid, was an enigma to me, but certainly a more devoted son never lived. I was nineteen years old when I first knew him, and sometimes when I looked at his pale, worn face (he was a very delicate man—consumptive, I believe), a great wave of compassion swept over me. It seemed to me so frightful that his life—the life begun so gaily—should die away on so mournful a note; so frightful that his life—the real life that matters—should be over when mine had only just begun! He can't have been more than fifty, if as much, when he taught me, and I wondered then, as I have often wondered since, at the heroic way some human beings devote their existence to their relations, rubbing off the colours from the palette of their own lives, in order that others should have the use of it!

Of course I know that when one has reached the age

of forty-five or fifty, one is supposed to have descended from the mountain heights where dreams are dreamed, for one has reached middle age and the dull flat meadows where middle age is supposed to dwell in placid content—where such things as love, the siren call of distant lands, the intoxicating wine of liberty, the hope of new warm friendships, do not even enter into the scheme of things. But is this true? At all events at *that* age? Do not the lips of middle age often refuse to admit what they know to be a sacred truth? Are not people conscious, in hundreds and thousands of cases, that within them still flames the torch that illuminates the road lined with many and many a future year filled to the brim with a rich capacity for happiness? But convention and fear of ridicule keep them silent and help to forge another link in the chain of pitiful lies that clank round middle age. And when a man or woman of forty-five or fifty makes the sacrifice of his or her life to an aged relative, and often enough to one who is not even dear to them, more than half the world ignores the beautiful unselfishness of the sacrifice, and speaks of it as something quite natural “*at their age.*”

And as I am on the subject of age, I should like to say what I think—what my heart thinks, independently of my head—about the man and woman, no longer young, sometimes on the verge of old age, who, in the afternoon or evening of their lives, exchange the lonely desert from which they have never seen happiness, except through the eyes of others, for the oasis, the beautiful oasis of wedded friendship and tenderness. I think they are right to accept the precious gift of happiness, and to accept it gratefully at the hands of Almighty God, whether He chooses to send it early or late. Isn't there a saying, “God's time is the right time”?

But I should also like to say what I think about those people whose imagination seems to desert them when they begin to criticise the man or woman, no longer young, who dares to love unhappily, without return, who, in their eyes, are indeed objects at which, to quote



Heine, "the sun, the moon, the stars, all laugh." If one says quite simply that one sees nothing to laugh at in a situation unutterably sad, one is silenced by a succession of indignant expostulations.

"Oh, my dear, don't be absurd! The man's a fool! As if any woman would give him a second thought; he's as ugly as sin, anyhow, and hasn't a shilling to bless himself with—fat, into the bargain. Besides, really—at *his age!*" Or—

"A dowdy old thing like her! Really, the woman can't have a grain of self-respect. She ought to be ashamed of herself. I've no patience with such a want of dignity—at *her age, too!*"

The last line of Heine's poem was not inspired by one of these ridiculous people, but it certainly might have been—

"And I laugh too—and die."

But everyone is not the same. I have in my mind one human being who is kind, kind to the heart's core, without being in the least quixotic, from whom the dreary miseries of uninteresting people, their disappointments, the cold indifference which surrounds themselves and their concerns, their often unfortunate appearance or manner, has never called forth any cheap sarcasm. I have seen the sad expression in many a face transformed too often into one of comparative happiness, almost gaiety, by this unfailing kindness, not to realise how entirely lovable a quality it is.

But I have wandered far away from Torquay, and must return there.

An old friend of my mother's—Miss Agnes Carter—lived not far from the house we had taken, and it was through her that I made the acquaintance of some delightful people, whose friendship made a very great difference in my life. Miss Carter had known my mother intimately when she was a girl in Normandy. She was the daughter of a clever journalist, who died suddenly, leaving her next to nothing. She was an extremely

clever and amusing woman, and when I knew her she made her living by giving lessons in Torquay. My mother was very fond of her, and she was naturally our first visitor. After we had been a few days in Torquay, she said to us—

“ You really must know the mother of two girls I am teaching. She is a very great friend of mine. I have spoken to her about you all, and she would so much like to come and call upon you.”

This lady was Mrs. Arbuthnot Feilden, the wife of the Rev. Henry Arbuthnot Feilden, who at that time was chaplain of St. Raphael's Home, a delightful house where poor ladies were able to go for rest and quiet after they had been ill. I believe it was, in fact, a Convalescent Home. He was a most agreeable and cultivated man. She was that most delightful of human beings, an unworldly, thoroughbred woman of the world. She became one of my dearest friends, and to say she completely transformed Torquay for me is not to say half enough. She was genuinely devoted to music, and took a real interest in me when she heard that I was studying seriously. That winter she asked me if I would help her with a concert she was getting up for St. Raphael's Home, and, of course, I consented with all the pleasure in the world.

It was on this occasion that for the first time I met Miss Mary Wakefield, who some years later became so well-known in musical circles for the successful musical competitions that she started all over the country. She was about twenty-three years old at that time, and had a charming contralto voice ; she also was a pupil, a very favourite pupil, of Signor Randegger, and sang really well, for she was an admirable musician into the bargain.

I liked her from the first moment I saw her. There was something whole-hearted and generous about her that made an instantaneous appeal to one. I wish, how I wish she were alive now ! It would be such a joy to me were she to know how gladly I acknowledge, in this little record of my own life, all the beauty and interest she helped to bring into it. Her outlook was a far wider one

than mine from one point of view. In the first place she was four years older than myself, and in the second, she had had the inestimable advantage of associating on intimate terms with many celebrated men and women, whose names, I am ashamed to say, meant absolutely nothing to me when I first met her. I really knew very few root-and-branch English people. My own immediate family had lived so much abroad, and so had I, that most of our friends were people who had also spent the greater part of their lives out of England. I remember how much Mary Wakefield interested me. I longed to know more of her. Mrs. Feilden was devoted to her.

I don't remember much about the concert we gave, except that for the first time two of my songs were performed. They were sung by my cousin, Miss Sophie Robertson. I remember the way everybody laughed at me when I was recalled. My dear old friend, Mr. Rose-Innes, who came down for the occasion, handed me on to the platform, and I felt so overwhelmed and shy when I found myself for the first time in front of an audience, that I am told I buried my face in his shirt front. I never heard the end of it, and was chaffed to death about the way I had behaved. Before we all separated after the concert, Mary Wakefield asked me to come and see her in her lovely home, Sedgwick, near Kendal, and I accepted with alacrity. I had never stayed on a country-house visit in England, and was longing to know what it was like. It was then I heard all about the Lake Country and the celebrated poets who had made it their home. One of the stories I heard from Mrs. Wakefield was, I thought, very amusing. She happened to be driving past Wordsworth's house, and the cabman turned round and said to her: "It was a poet as lived there, ma'am, 'e's dead now, but I 'ear 'is good lady carries on the business."

I helped at another charity concert before I left Torquay, but this time the concert took place at a village near Dartmoor, and the programme consisted of a series of musical (?) disasters. To begin with, hardly a ticket was



sold! Finally, when the unfortunate rector of the parish was on the verge of hysterics, the squire—who was half mad—decided on sending his butler to represent him at the concert. This was a move in the right direction. One stall was sold, and everyone cheered up. The butler sat for some time in solitary state, looking exactly like a full stop! I believe the rector in despair drove two other shy servants into the front seats later on in the evening. The one butler-filled stall got on his nerves. No wonder! If that poor functionary enjoyed himself it is more than anyone else did. One of the pieces on the programme was: “What are the wild waves saying?” No doubt they were saying what everyone else was thinking, *i.e.* that the concert was quite enough to drive them wild!

I forget what I played, but I distinctly remember being asked if I felt nervous! Considering there was hardly a soul in the room there was really nothing to be nervous about. A scandalous cottage piano had been carried from the rectory to the concert-room through the pelting rain, and the keys were sopping when I sat down to play. My hands slipped off every other second, and I was thankful when the whole thing was over. I believe we made £8, but my mother had sent £5, and I feel certain someone else must have sent £2, 15s., as there were only a few labourers and village children in the back seats. The concert was given for the express purpose of buying a harmonium for the parish church. I remember my genuine surprise when one of the rector’s daughters said to me next day—

“The whole thing has been far more successful than we anticipated; so much so that we have given up all idea of a harmonium and intend to buy an organ!”

I nearly died of laughter, but to my credit, be it said, I did not ask if she meant to provide the parish church with a barrel organ!

It was my first experience of a village concert in England, and I must say I got a good deal of fun out of it. The rector had twelve children, and his income was under £200 a year! We sat in the kitchen the morning

after the concert, as it was the only room in the house where there was a fire. It was a charming kitchen, and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Some of the sons were at Oxford. They were all clever and had won scholarships. I remember thinking how much more tragic poverty was for the daughters than for the sons. The eldest son was tutor to some rich boy, and was travelling round the world with him, while his poor sister sat in the kitchen mending stockings, and when she sat anywhere else her nose was red, when it wasn't blue, from cold. I thought the contrast between those lives was horribly tragic. The first time I saw him in a nice dress-suit and remembered the appalling and dowdy dress his sister had worn at the concert, I could have torn it off his back with sheer rage at the difference that began with their clothes, but that, alas! did not end there. Of course it was all perfectly fair, for the clothes were the result of his own hard work, but she hadn't even had the chance of working!

They all went quite out of my life, and I heard no more about any of them for years and years, when, to my surprise and delight, one of them made a good marriage and gave a musical party, at which I was engaged as one of the artists!

Taking it altogether, the winter had proved a charming one for all of us. My mother and aunt had enjoyed the beautiful climate and the pleasant society with which they had been so unexpectedly surrounded, and I had enjoyed everything that had come my way—with one exception, however—I had a perfect terror of the world suddenly coming to an end, which often cast its shadow over everything. Sometimes I quite dreaded going upstairs, even for five minutes, to wash my hands or change my frock. I thought: "It would be just like my luck if it happened while the others were downstairs." Of course I often forgot all about it; after all, it really was not my affair, and I tried to realise that when it did happen I would not be the only person to be taken at a disadvantage. It was an experience that would certainly

have to be shared with one or two others. So I cheered up and learned to skate on rollers and went to the rink with a very nice boy of my own age—Morrison Denison—with whom I skated for hours together to the strains of spirited waltzes and polkas which I didn't despise in the least, although I had been through Richter's Harmony and had begun to study Cherubini's Counterpoint with kind Mr. Rockstro.

Before we left Torquay I persuaded my mother to allow me to invite Miss —, the daughter of the concert-giving clergyman, to come and stay with us for a week. She died many, many years ago, poor girl, but never shall I forget the way she enjoyed that week, though it was in a way peculiar to herself, for she had barely an ounce of spirit left with which to enjoy anything here below. Still that ounce went on its way rejoicing from one blissful Monday morning to the following Saturday. Before she left us she confided to me that the height of her ambition was to go to an Oxford Commemoration and to pay a round of calls. I could have wept when I heard this. Fortunately we had a day still left, and though it was out of my power to take her to Oxford, I made up my mind to go and call on every human being I knew in Torquay, and to take her with me. I thought it was a dreary sort of ideal, but still, what did that matter? And off we started in a fly, jogging up and down the hills of Torquay to visit people we hardly knew from Adam and cared for rather less. I honestly believe the classic words, "Is Mrs. So-and-so at home?" repeated at intervals, gave her a succession of thrills. After her deadly monotonous life at home, was it any wonder that every front door of every pretty house we went to assumed the aspect of the gate of Paradise—a Paradise in which she might be invited to partake of exquisite, unknown joys? The visits were sometimes dull and sometimes pleasant, but in every case, alas! she sat silently apart, taking no part in the conversation. Naturally she made no new friends, which distressed me a good deal, as, in my heart of hearts, I had hoped that



the visit to our house would prove to be only the first of many others that eventually might really cause the sluggish stream of her existence to flow into other channels.

I felt quite touched when she wished me good-bye. She threw her arms round my neck and said in rather a hoarse voice—

“Darling Maude, I have *so* enjoyed myself.”

But I felt that my attempt to play the fairy god-mother had been a regular failure. No fairy prince had turned up for her either at home, or at the skating rink, or even during the celebrated “round of calls,” and my only consolation was that no fairy prince had turned up for me either. I am bound to say that in Torquay these desirable beings were chiefly conspicuous by their absence!

All the same, I was really sorry when the day of our departure drew nigh. Friends like Mrs. Feilden don't grow in the hedges. I listened to the advice she gave me, as many a girl listens to a woman she admires and respects when she doesn't, for some extraordinary and utterly incomprehensible reason, listen to her own mother. We often had long talks together, and she opened my eyes to a good many things, among others to the beauty that lies in the never-failing consideration for others. How well I remember her saying to me once, when I looked puzzled: “Oh, I don't mean any extraordinary sacrifice! This is the sort of thing I mean—When you are just about to take a comfortable arm-chair, give a look round the room and see if there isn't someone older than yourself who is standing, or some tired person or some delicate person who really needs that chair far more than you do. In fact, stick all your life to the golden rule: ‘Think of yourself last of all,’ and you won't go far wrong.”

“Ah,” she said to me once, referring to this consideration for others in which I had evidently been wanting, “I can tell you this much, my child—true courtesy to others, no matter who they may be, is the hall-mark

of a thoroughbred man or woman, and when it comes from the heart it is uncommonly like true religion."

And then she won me over for good and all, for she added: "And if you want to know what this sort of woman looks like, you have only got to look at your own mother and Auntie Dora."

And I did look at them with quite different eyes after this little talk, and was kind enough to think their opinion might be worth something after all, though they were only just "Mother and Auntie Dora."

Another friend from whom I parted with real regret was a charming and clever woman of about thirty-three, Miss Edith Bromley. She was either a daughter or niece of Sir Henry Bromley, I believe, but she lived in Torquay with an old friend of hers—Miss Baldwin—to whom she was much attached. Miss Baldwin was a very lovable woman of about sixty, and a touching and beautiful friendship existed between them. Edith Bromley was an ardent lover of books, and when she found out how much I also cared for reading, she was kinder than ever, and advised me a good deal on that subject, lending me many a volume. I spent several delightful and profitable hours with her. She certainly did most of the talking, for she had a thousand interesting things to say, about which I knew absolutely nothing, and for once, at all events, I held my tongue and was an eager and interested listener. Mallock's *New Republic* had just come out. I suppose she thought I was too young to read that brilliant book, but she read me extracts from it which made a very great impression on me. Could anyone ever forget such remarks as these?—

"Life is but a preface to Eternity!"

"Yes, but it is a preface that is generally dedicated to the wrong person."

I quote from memory, and the actual words may not be correct, but that was the gist of the matter. Many years afterwards I read the whole book through, and I think that the two first chapters of Book III. ought to be read by every boy and girl on reaching the age of

eighteen. Never was there a more perfect description of what true and genuine culture means. I really cannot resist the temptation of quoting one short sentence—

“Culture . . . is the education of all our tastes, of all our powers of enjoying life.”

I wouldn't be without a copy of *The New Republic* in my library—and chiefly for the sake of those two inspiring chapters—for anything in the world. They are stimulating to the last degree, and I never read them without feeling as though my mind had suddenly inherited a great fortune, and if that isn't enough to make one feel grateful to an author, I don't know what is.



## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Mr. Rockstro knew that I was again to spend some months at Hyde Park Gate, he strongly urged me to continue my studies with a friend of his—Mr. Oliver May. He said he was quite the best teacher he knew. And he never spoke a truer word. Never in my life have I come across anyone professing to teach composition or the pianoforte who more efficiently or more faithfully fulfilled the task. And he knew how to impart his own knowledge in a way that was almost unique. His patience was inexhaustible. He continued to explain away difficulties till everything was as clear as crystal. He never left one in doubt about anything, though sometimes he would say, laughing—

“ You know I really can’t give you any stock receipts for composition.”

He made me understand that only gradually could one hope to come into one’s kingdom; his personality was sympathetic and very attractive. I loved the old man, who was so good and patient with me, and longed to do him credit. I often said to him—

“ Oh, Mr. May, what an idiot you must think me.” Then the kindest look came into his dear old blue eyes, and he would screw them up and say—

“ Well, Miss Maude, do you think me an idiot because I don’t know Chinese? Why in the world shouldn’t you find this counterpoint difficult when you have never done it before? Now, then, let’s get on.”

And we would plod on till my head reeled, and he would say—

“ I think you have had about enough of this ”

But in spite of headaches, his lessons had a splendidly

stimulating effect on me. Here was someone who was quite certain that I wished to work seriously; never from the first moment did he treat me as an amateur, and for that alone I felt more grateful to him than words can say—so grateful that I almost worked myself ill to please him. The only thing he ever teased me about was the enormous amount of music paper I wasted. He used laughingly to call me “the girl of wealth and pride,” and assured me that many an overture or symphony had been written on less paper than I wasted on my counterpoint exercises, or on some wretched little song. The fact is—and perhaps this is the moment to be quite honest and to state what is a simple but undeniable fact—I am not at all quick at grasping anything that is not absolutely lucid, absolutely clear. To this day I am obliged to make constant copies of anything I may be composing in order to realise exactly where I am, and what it is all about. A few erasures or additions in pencil confuse me completely. There seems to be a fissure in my brain box that can only be spanned by dogged perseverance. Once I get across it I am all right again. The fact is, my brain seldom goes at an “Allegro moderato.” It sometimes feels hustled if set to the tempo of a Funeral March! At other times it goes off “Presto furioso” for hours on end without the slightest feeling of fatigue!

Apropos of this little idiosyncrasy I must tell a story. Last year I was lunching with a very kind friend, Mrs. William Rathbone, who, when I arrived at her house, said to me—

“Miss —— is also lunching here. She is supposed to be an extraordinarily good palmist. Do let her look at your hand. I know she has never seen you, and I have not told her that you are coming. It would be interesting to hear what she has to say, if you don't mind.”

I said I hadn't the slightest objection to her reading my hand, provided she limited herself to character reading.

Well, she certainly was astonishingly clever, but the most interesting thing that happened during the séance

was certainly the following. Looking a trifle disconcerted, she said apologetically—

“I am afraid you will be annoyed at something I am going to say.”

“Oh no,” I answered. “What does it matter? None of us are pieces of perfection.”

“Well,” she said. “Your hand shows plainly——” again she hesitated.

I encouraged her to go on, and so did Mrs. Rathbone; our curiosity was aroused.

“I can’t help it!” she blurted out; “the fact is, you are sometimes astonishingly stupid!”

Mrs. Rathbone protested indignantly, but I couldn’t help laughing. I told her she had hit the right nail on the head and was absolutely right. She continued to say that this streak of stupidity went hand in hand with another that wasn’t stupid at all, which I heard with a pleasant sense of relief! She kept on saying—

“Of course I do not know who you are, but that is what is marked on your hand.”

After telling her again how absolutely right she was, I said—

“Isn’t there something I can do to get rid of that queer dull feeling that sometimes takes the edge off my powers of perception?”

She answered: “No, there is nothing you can do, but you have such a very unusual amount of perseverance that you will generally achieve what you really set yourself to accomplish, only it will cost you far more labour than it would cost someone else with the same amount of talent.”

And then she added—

“For there certainly is some special talent marked very clearly in your hand, but what it is I cannot make out.”

I am positively certain that there is no one who has ever tried to teach me anything, from orchestration to the game of Poker, or from the Russian language to the knitting of baby shoes, who will deny the truth of what



that palmist saw during the half-hour she examined my hand. Should anyone chivalrously attempt to do so, I, for one, shall ungratefully suspect him of a fissure in his own brain !

I wrote several songs during the months I studied with Mr. May, one or two of which I admired enormously—they moved me to tears ! What was my horror and indignation when he unhesitatingly advised me to burn the whole lot. I couldn't believe my ears ! I thought he must be raving mad. Alas, he was quite abnormally sane ! I felt certain that after I had lovingly pointed out all their secret beauties he would certainly revise his judgment. But he only screwed up his kind eyes and looked kinder than ever. He had a funny little habit of rubbing his nose and eyes before saying anything of importance, and on this occasion he scrubbed away at them for half a minute or so. Then he said—

“ Be brave and burn them. You can do lots better than that.”

I thought desperately, “ Lots better ? *Jamais de la vie.*”

And I didn't destroy them for some days. I really hadn't the courage. I thought to myself—

“ It is all very fine, my good Mr. May, but you little think what you are asking me to do. These are probably the last things I shall ever write, and you are calmly suggesting that I should burn my swan songs before lifting up my voice to sing them to an admiring and appreciative world ! ”

During those days Life was a hollow mockery !

But I burned those songs—thank goodness !

When July came round my mother went to Wiesbaden for a cure, and Emmie and I went with her. There I met Miss Louise Jarrett, the daughter—or adopted daughter, I forget which—of Sarah Bernhardt's famous manager. I was first attracted to her by her extraordinary likeness to Christine Nilsson, whose singing I loved, and who was really the most ideal “ Marguerite ” it is possible to imagine. She looked lovely when she played the part as

quite a young woman in London. Somehow or other I struck up an acquaintance with Miss Jarrett, and when she told me in the course of conversation that she was intimately acquainted with Christine Nilsson and would ask me to meet her, I was in the seventh heaven of delight.

From Wiesbaden we moved on to Heidelberg. I was excited and happy at the idea of again seeing dear old Mel and all my old haunts, and it says a good deal for the real beauty and charm of Heidelberg that on revisiting it I thought it even lovelier than before. We only stayed there two or three days. During one of those days there was a frightful thunderstorm, and while it was going on I set to music the words in Goethe's *Faust*: "Es war ein König in Thule." It is in the first volume of German songs that were printed a few years later. They were published by Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., who at that time had a shop in New Bond Street, where the Parisian Diamond Company now stands.

I shall never forget the welcome Mel gave me. There was something so touching about her whole attitude that to this day it makes me cry when I remember it. I never realised how much she must have centred her affection on me as a little child till I saw her again in Heidelberg. She looked thin and ill, for she had almost worn herself out, working for her little nephews and nieces, who, owing to her, received a splendid education.

The tears were streaming down her face as she kissed me again and again; she had a scar on one cheek, and I remember feeling as if I could have defended Mel against the whole world when I saw the tears running over that scar. There was an expression of such love and kindness in her eyes that my heart went out to her in a rush of love. It would have been horrible had it been otherwise, for any pretence of affection would have been a cruel blow to her. I spent the whole afternoon of one day alone with her and a dear old friend of hers. How we enjoyed ourselves! I played to Mel, and she was so delighted to think I had some talent for composition that she laughed and cried with pleasure, and hugged me

after every little song I produced ! I wonder if one is ever loved in after life so utterly unselfishly as in the days of one's youth by one of these childless mothers ! As I write, I think of a little boy far away in South America whom I have never seen. He has no mother of his own, but I doubt if any mother living could be more to him than my niece Anita. Only a few years ago she was more like an independent jolly boy than a girl. But now—— What miracles little children can work, and what miracles of love they inspire, and how one's heart goes out to the Anitas of the world, and how it loves and understands them !

That autumn Mr. Rose-Innes invited me to go for a trip to Chile with him and his three daughters. They were to be away about six months. I was longing to go. I had heard so much about the delightful life that young people led out there, the extraordinary liberty they were allowed to have, the balls and *tertullas*<sup>1</sup> that followed each other in endless succession, the picnics, the moonlight riding parties, and the cortège of admirers that every self-respecting damsel managed to surround herself with, that I must say I refused with something very like a heavy heart. But, had I accepted, mother and Auntie Dora would have been left quite alone, and I couldn't bear the idea of that. So they sailed without me, and I made up my mind to spend the winter in Bath with my people.

Heavens ! What an awful place it seemed to me ! I don't know what it may be like now, but when I was twenty, it was about as lively as a churchyard ! The whole place seemed to be inhabited by old Generals and Admirals with one foot in the grave and the other in a list slipper ! Old ladies in black silk gowns, lace caps, and bugle-trimmed capes, kept them company, and they all went to tea-parties at each others' houses. Sometimes I was invited to one of these awful functions. Needless to say I refused whenever it was possible. I

<sup>1</sup> Small dances.



still occasionally gave a thought to the end of the world, but the gaieties of Bath had so chastened me, had reduced me to such depths of depression, that I began to feel that it was my own end that was far more likely to occur! Alas, neither took place, and I had to face the problem that now stared me in the face, *i.e.* how to go through the rest of the winter without allowing dear old mother and Auntie Dora to see how I hated and loathed the place. I made up my mind to work hard at composition, and to study French regularly. I spoke it quite fluently and rather well, but still there were a hundred ways in which I felt certain I could improve myself. That winter I did lots of harmony exercises, and wrote a few songs, three of which were subsequently published. One was an "Ave Maria," the other was "The Lassie I love best," by Burns, and the third was a little poem by Moore called "When Twilight Dews," which my dear little niece, Anita Compton, persistently called "Twilight Jews." These "Twilight Jews" were singularly un-Semitic! At all events they refused to have anything to do with financial success.

I sent all three songs to Mr. May, and asked him to tell me what he thought of them, and this time his verdict was far more satisfactory. He liked the melody of the Ave Maria, but advised me to make the accompaniment more interesting. After a few days I again sent it to him, and when he returned the manuscript, it was accompanied by a really encouraging letter. He said all three songs would pass muster. After this letter I determined on a bold stroke. I remembered that my Wiesbaden friend, Miss Louise Jarrett, had told me that she and her father shared their home in Tavistock street with Mr. James and William Davison. Mr. James Davison was musical critic to the *Times*. I wrapped up my three songs, and, though I felt very nervous at the step I was taking, I wrote a little letter saying I was sending him some MSS.—that I had been studying for a year or so, and that I would be extremely grateful to him if he would tell me exactly what he thought of them. I told

him that I would abide entirely by his decision, and that, unless he advised me to go on studying, I would abandon all idea of composing, as I hated the idea of wasting my time trying to do something I might never be able to accomplish. I felt that if the verdict of a critical outsider were favourable—as favourable as that of Mr. May, for instance—I would be justified in hoping that I might, in course of time, compose something worth listening to.

I waited anxiously for three or four days, and then his answer came. I have it still, locked away in a case of books that, more fortunate than myself, is at this present moment in beautiful Sicily, with many of my other possessions, so I can't quote it entirely, but well do I remember the last sentence. After a letter that was more than kind, he finished with the words—

“Go on and prosper.”

I nearly cried with pleasure and relief when I read them. I felt now that I really might “go ahead”; even Bath seemed perfectly bearable, and before I turned my back upon it for ever, I was, to my amusement and indignation, asked to chaperon a spinster of forty-three to a concert! She said it was quite impossible for her to go alone. I wondered why! She was certainly very nice-looking, but still—at forty-three! I was twenty, but after this I felt that I was a seasoned woman of the world! If I were able to take ladies of forty-three under my wing, there was no reason to suppose I would not be able to take very good care of myself. I don't know that I have managed to do so very successfully, but still—that is an irrelevant detail!

Shortly after Christmas I fell ill, and towards the end of February my mother determined to return to London. Our house at Hyde Park Gate was let till Easter, but we took rooms in Bayswater, close to a house where my aunt, Mrs. Gerald Hyde-Smith, was staying with her two daughters—Sophie and Fanny Robertson. And now I should like to say something about them, because Sophie was very closely concerned with my introduction to the big world of London.

Their mother, my Aunt Fanny, was my mother's youngest sister. She was called Fanny after Lady Nelson, who was very fond of my grandparents. Before the birth of my aunt she had asked them to call the child Horatio—if a boy—after Lord Nelson; if a girl—Fanny—after herself. When a banquet was given some years ago to the surviving sons and daughters of the officers who fought at Trafalgar, I believe my aunt was the only daughter alive to accept the invitation. She is still alive, I am happy to say, and it is certainly no wonder that her children made a success when they were before the public as professional singers many years ago, for they inherited not only her musical talent, but a great deal of her charm and attraction. Her sense of humour is still so keen that I am quite sure she will forgive me for giving her away on one subject. She has a perfect genius for using the wrong word "every time," as they say in America! One day, while strongly recommending a particularly delectable pudding to a friend, she said—

"My dear, you never in your life tasted anything so delicious! I will send you the receipt. You will bless me for it to the end of your days, for without any exaggeration it is simply food for the dogs!"

After some years of widowhood she married the Rev. Gerald Hyde-Smith, and shortly afterwards they all went to live in Cornwall, where he had been appointed Rector of Bodmin. Both her daughters had beautiful voices. I dare say many people may still remember Miss Sophie Robertson (now Mrs. Stanley Stubbs), whose phenomenally high soprano voice attracted a good deal of attention during the four or five years of her professional life. Her sister Fanny (now Mrs. Hallowes) also had a fine contralto voice, and their brother Jack was the fortunate possessor of a really charming tenor of unusually pleasing quality.

Both sisters married and said good-bye to public life after a very brief apparition, but my cousin Jack stuck to the musical profession. Two of my songs he sang really beautifully and with very great success, *i.e.* "To



Mary," and "A Youth once loved a Maiden." In fact, he sang them so often that one day I said to him, laughing—

"You know, Jack, they really are not the only songs I have written."

He was engaged by Sir Henry Irving to sing "Sigh no more Ladies," when he produced *Much Ado about Nothing* at the Lyceum (his mother, of course, called it "*Much Ado about Nothing at all*"), and the way he sang that song was certainly among the most attractive things in the performance. Although as Balthazar he had to call himself "an ill singer," the moment he had finished the last note I am quite certain that very few people in the house were ever found to agree with him. His personal appearance, too, was entirely in his favour, and how often have I not heard Mary Anderson—with whom he was a great favourite—allude to him as "your attractive cousin with the lovely voice and merry brown eyes."

Both his sisters and he studied entirely with Signor Alberto Randegger, who was very much attached not only to them but also to their mother. He certainly was a good and faithful friend to them, both in private and public, and I never heard him mentioned by any of them except with affection and gratitude.

Both the sisters and brother were great favourites with every one, and I must say it was small wonder. They were all young, nice-looking, full of spirits, they sang delightfully, and were always willing to perform whether it were for the benefit of their friends or for the charities in which their friends were interested. They never allowed anything to weigh on their minds for more than five minutes, and it goes without saying that they never bored themselves or any one else for even one! They had the social gift to a quite unusual extent; this they also undoubtedly inherited from their mother, who was the most popular of women wherever she went. It is my belief that all the members of that family were born with rose-coloured spectacles on their baby noses, and that they must have been in the habit of presenting

another pair to everyone with whom they came in contact, for, with very few exceptions, they were spoken of with universal kindness and affection. Whatever they did, they did well; they were capital at games, rode well, danced well, in fact, they were youth incarnate, and when they first came before the public they were three of the happiest young butterflies that any one could wish to meet. The two sisters really drifted into professional life, for neither of them had ever had the slightest intention of taking seriously to music. They had first begun to give concerts with the object of raising money enough to restore their stepfather's church. They sang for some time all over England, organising concerts wherever they had friends and acquaintances, and generally secured the help of other clever amateurs who were only too willing to go on tours with so charming a party.

They often had the most amusing adventures. At one of their concerts the hall was not what one might call "sold out!" for the audience consisted of one soldier and a woman with a baby in her arms. She had calmly wheeled the baby's perambulator into the artists' room, and then had taken her choice of the many stalls left at her disposal. My cousins waited for a considerable time before starting to sing, fully confident that any amount of seats would be sold at the door. But time went on and the hall remained empty. Finally, the baritone, a gay young officer with a charming voice, suggested that the tenor should wheel him on to the platform in the baby's perambulator! This was actually done amid roars of laughter, and to the delight of the woman and the soldier in the audience. I don't suppose they went through the programme, but I am quite certain that they all won golden opinions from their very limited audience, and I am only sorry I wasn't there myself, for it would have been a unique experience and one I would have thoroughly enjoyed.

The late Lord Dudley was, I believe, the first person to ask my cousin Sophie to sing professionally at his house in Park Lane. I well remember the discussion

that took place in our drawing-room at Hyde Park Gate when the subject was mentioned to my mother. She hated the idea of such a thing. She had been brought up entirely in France, where to this day the feeling is very strongly against a gentlewoman appearing in public, either as an actress or a singer. My aunt,—keen on raising the money for her husband's church (she had worked as hard as any of the others, taking her part in duets and trios, and playing almost all the accompaniments at the various concerts they had given), and very much more modern than my mother, who was her senior by a good many years,—was not only in favour of her daughter accepting the engagement that Lord Dudley had offered her, but she also approved of her singing professionally. Needless to say she carried the day, and, backed by Signor Randegger, who felt quite sure they were running no risk of failure, both my cousins began to sing in public. Sophie very soon had as many engagements as she cared to accept, both public and private. I remember distinctly hearing my cousins at St. James's Hall when they sang in Verdi's Requiem. Their voices blended quite beautifully in the lovely "Agnus Dei"; the opening phrase sung in octaves by the soprano and contralto affected me strongly. I did not know it at all at that time, and well though I know it now, that "Agnus Dei" always touches me by its purity and simplicity and strong religious feeling.

It goes without saying that Sophie, whose voice reached up to G in *alt*, without the slightest difficulty, was perpetually requested to include the famous song from the *Magic Flute* in her programmes. Two or three of my songs also figured in her repertoire. One of them was a lyric, by Heine, which I had been bold enough to translate into French, as she did not know German. She made a great success of it, and it is in a great measure to that little song that I was invited to my first party in what it has been agreed to call "the great world." It all came about very simply. Sophie



was asked one day to sing at a charity concert at Grosvenor House. The concert was, I believe, organised by Mrs. Gladstone. My cousin put this little song on the programme and asked me to accompany it. I forget whether I was allowed to do so, for my mother's prejudices against these public appearances were very deeply rooted. But at all events I was at the concert, and after it was over Mrs. Gladstone came to ask Sophie if she would be able to accept an engagement to sing at a party she was giving at her own house in a few days. I believe Mr. Gladstone was Leader of the Opposition at the time, and they were living in Mr. Arthur Balfour's house in Carlton Gardens. Mrs. Gladstone added that Princess Louise was dining with them, and that they wished to have some music after dinner. She was seated between Sophie and myself as she said all this. I was just twenty, and although I had travelled a great deal for my age, I had been very little in society. It all sounded tremendously brilliant to me. I began to think it was rather grand to have a cousin who was invited to sing to Royalties and Ex-Prime Ministers, and was listening to the conversation with the deepest interest and attention when suddenly Mrs. Gladstone turned to me—

“Would you like to come?” she said kindly.

I was so much taken aback at this unexpected invitation that I hardly know what I said, but one thing is certain—I did *not* refuse it! I was very much excited. I was dying to see Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Rose-Innes, who was a staunch Liberal, was always talking about him, and I wished to goodness he could have been invited also! I felt rather shy at the idea of meeting a real live Royalty, but hoped to survive it, though the mere idea of such a thing thrilled me to the backbone. I am quite sure I felt like a youth I once heard of who went to Paris to see what he called “Lar vee.” He, however, if rumour was correct (which it probably wasn't), contented himself with driving round and round the Bois de Boulogne at the wrong hour, whereas I had every intention

of driving straight to Carlton Gardens at precisely the right one. Sophie had arranged to sing one or two of my songs, and I was to accompany her. I remember being very thankful that I happened to have a lovely new evening frock for the occasion. I had just been to Paris with the Rose-Innes's, and had frivolously spent everything I possessed on pretty clothes,—in fact, I had spent more than I possessed, and my kind brother Fred, who was at that time a young lieutenant in the 4th Dragoon Guards, was so full of sympathy for the tragic state of my finances, that he presented me with £20 to avoid my being "found out." This prevented me from getting the "wiggling" I deserved, and I blessed him then, as I have often blessed him since, for many a dear, kind action. I remember one quite comical incident in connection with this celebrated party, and it was comical in spite of it being connected with a solemn vow I had taken.

Mrs. Gladstone's party—"To have the honour of meeting H.R.H. Princess Louise," occurred in Lent, and during that time we were in the habit of making some little sacrifice of our personal tastes. This Lent I had soared to unusual heights. (Mlle. Islande would have said to me, had she been there, "Ah, ma pauvre Maude, en voilà encore une de tes idées lumineuses!") I had actually conceived the heroic idea of not curling my hair from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday. It was the fashion at that time for everyone to cut the front hair in a fringe, which was curled and trained to lie lightly on the forehead, while the back hair was worn in a coil on the nape of the neck. I believe Mrs. Langtry was responsible for this coiffure. When I realised that I would have to go to my first big London party without curling my hair, I knew the full meaning of the word despair. It was one thing to look a pious fright at home, another to look a pious fright at Mrs. Gladstone's grand party! I felt as if I had been taken at a mean advantage. I felt certain I would never have the courage to keep that vow. And I really can't conceive

how I managed to do so. As I dressed for the great occasion I fervently hoped that no one would look at me, though, as I was to accompany my cousin, I didn't see how it was possible to escape observation altogether. I thought to myself—

“With this sleek front hair I look exactly like a low-spirited seal, and that is about the long and short of it. What is the use of trying to imagine that I look nice when I just simply know that I don't.”

The knowledge that I was trying to behave what the boys would have called “jolly decently” kept me up to some slight degree once I had torn myself away from the looking-glass, which, in the most maddening and anti-pathetic way, refused to tamper with the truth, and told no friendly and comforting falsehoods. I finally drove away with only one faint hope, and to that I clung frantically—I hoped that I had succeeded in arranging my back hair *so* becomingly that no one would notice the dull and prosy effect of the front! It makes me laugh now to remember the agonies I went through that evening at my toilet-table. I only wish I had known then what I know now, *i.e.* that one hardly exists for people in London unless one happens to belong to their particular set, or unless one is a well-known person of some sort. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, neither of these conditions applied to me on the evening of my *début* in the great world of London.

I have only the vaguest recollection of the party that was the occasion of so severe a struggle with my conscience. I believe that Mrs. Gladstone kindly presented me to the Princess, but on that subject I feel rather like the little boy who was prepared to take his oath but hesitated to bet sixpence! But on one fact I can stake every sixpence I am ever likely to possess. After my cousin had finished singing my first song, she was at once surrounded and made much of. This was only natural, as she was already a well-known and very popular young artist. I was perfectly unknown, and, as a matter of fact, had not a single acquaintance among the guests. So I remained standing



by the music stool from which I had just risen, feeling rather forlorn in spite of the brilliant crowd scattered over the room. All of a sudden my heart went pit-a-pat. Mr. Gladstone was making his way to the piano where I stood quite alone, and was coming to speak to me. And then I suddenly felt that I didn't care a brass button if every man or woman in the room ignored me so long as the "Grand Old Man" didn't think me beneath his notice. He said a few kind words in the beautifully modulated voice which so many of us can still remember, and asked me some questions with the simple and charming courtesy which so often fascinated even those who hated him politically. I thought him a perfect darling! I knew nothing about politics. I only knew that one of the people I loved best in the world admired him very much and would be pleased that he had been kind to me.

From that time forth I was an enthusiastic Liberal, firmly convinced that if one thing was more certain than another, it was the fact that Mr. Disraeli was not fit to black the boots of the parish in which Mr. Gladstone lived!

## CHAPTER X.

THAT same winter (1876) I heard that there was to be a competition for a pianoforte scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, which then was situated at No. 4 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. Any girl under twenty-one was free to send in her name as competitor. Mr. May was my informant on this subject, in fact, it was he who kept me posted up in most musical matters. He had been a student at the R.A.M. in his youth, and later on, when Sterndale Bennett was Principal, he was on the staff of professors. He always spoke of Bennett with real liking and regard.

I was one of the many young girls who entered the lists. I played Sterndale Bennett's "Allegro giojoso" on this occasion, but the scholarship was won by Miss Ethel Gould who was a far better pianist than myself. I was very much disappointed, as I had secretly hoped to win it, but to my surprise and pleasure I received a letter two or three days after the competition from the Secretary of the Academy, to say that the Directors had desired him to write and tell me that, in consideration of the way I had played, I was at liberty to become a student without paying the preliminary entrance fee. This was balm in Gilead, but owing to some quite private reason I did not take advantage of this very kind offer, and continued my studies at home with Mr. May.

I worked hard all the spring and summer at our house in Hyde Park Gate, and was delighted to think that we were to remain a winter in London. But towards the end of the autumn I began to feel very restless. I loved my lessons with Mr. May, but at the same time I felt a great longing to come quite definitely out of my amateur shell.

Mr. May, like Mr. Rockstro, often spoke to me of his young days and of his happy student life at the Royal Academy, and it was during those conversations that I realised what far greater opportunities I would have for developing any talent I possessed if I also went to some such public School of Music.

At the Royal Academy there was an orchestra composed of professors and students, and a choir composed of students alone ; important orchestral and choral works were constantly being performed there, and, as a student, I would have the right to attend these rehearsals whenever I pleased. I would also have the chance of playing with the orchestra. This was a tremendous inducement, but when I heard that those who made composition their principal study were able to have their scores rehearsed, and sometimes actually performed at the Student's Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall, I hesitated no longer. I felt very strongly that the time had come to desert the great army of amateurs. The only thing I really hated was having to tell dear Mr. May the decision I had arrived at. I was afraid of hurting his feelings. How little did I know him ! When at last I screwed up my courage and told him, he was so kind, so understanding, that I began to cry, and it was he who was cheering me up at the end of the interview. I made him promise not to go out of my life, and asked him if he would mind giving me lessons now and again if ever I wanted extra help. He said—

“Of course I will. You really mustn't distress yourself like this. Why, you never did a wiser thing in your life !”

But it was a long time before I felt that I had been anything but a monster of ingratitude.

My mother also had to be consulted ; her prejudice against even the shadow of public life would have to be overcome, and I knew that this would be no easy task, but, fortunately, the *Zeitgeist* was on my side, and even a Napoleon would find it difficult to make much headway against so subtle an enemy. Of course the usual “sincere



friend" appeared on the scene, warning her of the appalling dangers to which I would be exposed if allowed to associate with the students of the R.A.M. Those dangers were indeed enough to make one's flesh creep! She said I might be obliged to associate with the children of tradespeople! I am thankful to say my mother refused to be properly impressed. She might be old-fashioned, but anyone less of a snob never existed. This "sincere friend" also feared that it might lead to my introducing young men with long hair and doubtful nails into the bosom of my family. (As a matter of fact, the only young man I ever made friends with was the late Arthur Goring Thomas, and he was quite exceptionally attractive and agreeable; he was really gifted, and had he not died at so early an age would, I am sure, have done great things.) If I didn't drop my aitches, and if all my friends didn't drop me by the time I left, it would be little short of a miracle, etc. etc. She would have been very much surprised had she known one tradesman's daughter with whom I made friends. She was one of the most charming and charming-looking girls I ever had the pleasure of meeting. I once asked her to come to the opera with me. I remember the occasion quite well. Lady Ripon—then Lady de Grey—had very kindly lent me her box one night, and I invited this young girl to come with some other friends. I shall never forget her telling me that her father kept a chemist's shop, after which she said quite simply—

"I thought perhaps you didn't know when you asked me. Perhaps Lady de Grey mightn't like me to come."

I certainly didn't know it at the time, but as Lady de Grey had not thought me too much beneath her to lend me her box, I thought I would certainly be a rank snob myself if I didn't follow her lead, especially as I was "nicht einmal geboren" myself! ("not even born") as they say in Germany when one happens to be just one of the crowd, without any handle to one's name. What a comical expression that is! Really, when one has taken the trouble to come into the world with a con-

siderable amount of inconvenience not only to one's dear mother but also to one's precious self (nobody having taken the slightest trouble to find out whether it suited one or not)—when one has consented to live on an absurd and monotonous milk-diet for at least twelve months, as if one were raging with fever, when anyone can see with half an eye that during the process of feeding, at all events, one is as calm as a Hindoo idol—when, finally, one has shown the greatest magnanimity (compulsory, I admit) to one's nurse and her soldier by never addressing a single word of reproach to them when they repeatedly tore one's character to shreds during the dull and uncomfortable drive in the degrading "pram" in which one has been wheeled along as though one were so much refuse on one's way to the dustheap,—I say that when one's sense of dignity and justice has been outraged to such a degree for the first two years of one's existence, it is rather too much of a good thing to tell one, when one reaches years of discretion, that one isn't even "born"! I wonder that any self-respecting infant consents to come to life in Germany without making special arrangements with the editors of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

I became a student at the Royal Academy of Music in the autumn of 1876, unless my memory is very much at fault. I accomplished this feat though I was not "born," and no one showed the slightest sign of astonishment at this remarkable achievement. Nature went on her way as usual, and I was inscribed on the list of students without even a comet making its appearance! Sir George Macfarren, the Principal, took me into his class for harmony and composition; Mr. Westlake gave me pianoforte lessons; and for a very short time I studied the violin with Mr. Ralph, but I was obliged to give up all idea of ever playing that instrument, as owing to the severe muscular pains I always suffered from, I found it impossible to hold it properly for more than five minutes at a time. I also attended the sight-singing classes which were held by Mr. Eyres. I dreaded those classes. It really is rather alarming to be suddenly picked out from

thirty or forty girls, and to be what the Germans call "fixiert" by a professional eye, while a professional voice proclaims (without a shade of justification)—

"And now Miss Maude White will kindly give us the leading note in the scale of E sharp, after which she will sing the minor third above it."

Alas, neither kindly nor unkindly did I ever give poor Mr. Eyres anything he asked for. Never did I take a note within even measurable distance of the one I was so politely requested to produce with my raucous bass voice. I could easily go *down* to the low E flat, but to come *up* to the scratch at the critical moment was altogether beyond me, and at last my repeated failures caused the eyes of Mr. Eyres to grow perfectly round with surprise; indeed, on some occasions they looked like outraged saucers!

The fact is I have an atrociously bad ear. I can hear a piece of music three or four times without recognising it, and, as a young girl, sang quite cheerfully out of tune without the slightest idea I was doing so. I was rather like the lady whose husband said to her—

"My dear, how charmingly you would sing if you stuck to the key. But since you persist in warbling in a *bunch* of keys, don't you think it might be wiser to give it up altogether?"

My principal study, of course, was composition, and during the three or four years that I was in his class, I had many an opportunity of admiring the extraordinary patience and cheerfulness of dear old Sir George Macfarren. I don't think he had received his knighthood when I first became his pupil, but at all events that is the name by which we all remember him now. He was stone blind, as everyone knows, and well do I remember the wave of compassion that used to rush over me when he was led into the classroom by Mr. Eyres or Mr. Gill, who then was Secretary to the R.A.M. He was kindness itself to all of us. I am afraid I was rather an unruly pupil, for I would persist in writing songs long before I had finished the exercises in the dear old man's treatise



on Harmony, which was a far more elaborate affair than the book in which I had studied with Mr. Rockstro. He used to sit by the piano, alert and attentive, and it was almost impossible to believe he was blind, so extraordinarily accurately did he follow the manuscripts we played to him. In fact, his terrible infliction, which he bore so bravely, didn't interfere in the least with his work. At least, it only interfered in one way—he was, of course, not able to judge how we had actually written down our compositions. We naturally played them as we had conceived them, and though he continually asked us whether we had slurred legato passages, and put dots on staccato ones, etc., still it was impossible for a blind person to know whether his instructions had been carried out carefully or not, either by us or by the secretary he employed at home to look over them again.

I believe this accounts for my own compositions being so defective in this respect. I didn't want to worry Sir George at every moment over what I then thought was an insignificant detail, but as I didn't feel quite sure how I ought to mark what I wrote, I just didn't mark anything at all!

Singers and accompanists have constantly said to me—

“I can't quite make out how you wish this passage phrased. You have indicated nothing in the way of phrasing or expression.”

Though I very much regret my carelessness in this respect (for I certainly ought to have taken the trouble to learn what is after all a perfectly simple thing), still there is one thing I do *not* regret, and that is the fact that the dear old blind man wished to have me in his class. He taught splendidly, but oh, what a mystery it is to me how any gifted human being can have the patience to go on teaching for hours on end, when some of his pupils are certainly anything but stimulating. “Old Mac,” as we affectionately called him behind his back, took us all perfectly seriously. I never remember his powers of endurance collapsing to any appreciable extent except on one memorable occasion, when a pupil brought him a

really horrible little ballad she had composed. I can see him now, frowning and fidgeting on his chair. He always sat bolt upright with his hands on his knees. After she had finished singing the first verse he said—

“I can’t make head or tail of it; perhaps you had better read me the words first.”

And she did so. Poor thing—they were dreadful! Absolute doggerel!

Then he said dryly—

“Let’s get on to the music, please.”

Alas! The music was worse than the words. It was all over the place. From an artistic point of view it was what I once heard described as “un desastro” by an Italian friend of my acquaintance!

“Look here,” said Old Mac rather irritably, “get back to the place where your gentleman dies at the stile on G flat, and lets see what we can do with him.”

The poor lady protested. In a flurried, nervous way she suggested that the professor had slightly misunderstood the drift of the words . . . perhaps she had better sing the whole thing over again? . . . etc. etc. I can’t say that I have actually seen anyone jump out of his skin, but Old Mac at this prospect looked as if, for him at all events, the feat was quite within the bounds of possibility! His face—naturally a long one—fell as suddenly as a barometer in April, he looked almost dangerous, and the next moment he and his pupil were in a state that can only be described as “hairy-teary”! I can’t remember whether the hero of that song did actually expire at the stile on G flat, or whether he pulled somebody’s nose at the stile on A natural, or whether he cut his fiancée’s throat at the stile on an arpeggio, but whatever he did at that unfortunate stile, and on whatever note (or notes) he did it, it was something so outrageous and unpardonable that it brought the lesson to an untimely end. And the only wonder is that dear Old Mac didn’t cut the composer’s throat on two big, big Ds—one of them very natural indeed, and the other double sharp!

He once lost his temper with me, but I must say it

was only for a few seconds. He thought it was a pity that I devoted myself so exclusively to vocal music, and advised me to try my hand at something instrumental. Unfortunately he suggested a concerto. I was in despair. I told him I was positively certain I was incapable of such a thing, but he insisted on it, and I went home to do my—worst! He had been so kind and encouraging over all the songs I had written during the term, that it was gall and wormwood to me to think of bringing him something that he would cut up unmercifully. And, of course, that is just what happened at my next lesson. He listened for a minute or so in grim silence.

“Do you call *that* music?” he growled at last.

I said I most emphatically did not, and so heartily, so thankfully, did I agree with him that my dreary manuscript was only fit for the waste-paper basket, that there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

Once we had a tremendous discussion. He wished me to change something in a song I had brought him, but I clung desperately to what I had written. I said that whether it was right or wrong I *loved* it like that, and that I had meant just that and *nothing, nothing* else. What was my surprise when suddenly the dear old fellow laughed outright.

“Keep it,” he said; “I love your obstinacy.”

I could have hugged him.

I was allowed to publish some of the songs I wrote during my first two or three terms. Several of them were afterwards included in a “German Album,” published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co., and became quite popular; among them were “A Youth once loved a Maiden” and “The Sea hath its Pearls.” Of course I wrote the music to the original German poems by Heine, though I afterwards translated them—very feebly, I am afraid—into English; but no translation that I could get hold of fitted my music, which accounts for my dashing into literature (Save the mark!).

We used to have informal little concerts every two



weeks, at which the students were—among other things—allowed to perform each other's compositions. Most of the professors used to attend these "Fortnightly Meetings," as they were called, and in this way they were able to see how we were all getting on. I once wrote a most sentimental little ballad that was performed at one of these Fortnightlies. It was called "Loving and True." Needless to say the words were utter trash, for I had written them myself after reading a novel that had harrowed my feelings to a considerable extent. I thought they were very beautiful and pathetic. Alas, I had not yet heard that there was such a word as "bathos" in the dictionary! "Loving and True" lives in my memory chiefly in connection with an amusing mistake that occurred in the first proofs I received. Two of the lines ran thus—

"I've never once forgotten  
The vow I made that day."

My feelings can be imagined when I found that they had printed them—

"I've never once forgotten,  
The *Row* I made that day."

Considering that in my heart-rending poem a lady, whose disposition is extremely loving (who has, in fact, been engaged from birth in the "little clinging ivy" business), is parting with an equally loving and devoted swain, the mistake was indeed a cruel one. This new version suggested rather too painfully that the fidelity of the gentleman had only been secured by violent threats on the lady's part, not altogether unconnected with an unsavoury little process known as "breach of promise."

As in duty bound I had shown the song to the Principal. I felt as though I were laying bare the innermost recesses of my soul as I sang the words, into which, by the way, I put as little expression as possible, "pour me donner une contenance," but either he was too busy listening to the music or he was too kind to chaff me about them. In spite of the dreadful sentimentality of the words—perhaps for that very reason—the song had an unqualified

success. It was loudly encored, and both the singer and I stepped off the platform highly pleased with each other. I had never written anything the least like it. It belonged to the same category of songs as Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again" and "Once Again"—two songs which one never hears now, but which had an immense vogue at the time they were written. Madame Christine Nilsson introduced the first of these ballads to the public. Her English was not always beyond criticism, and when she sang the words of the refrain—

"Oh, do not wake me,  
Waking would be pain."

she sang something which sounded dangerously like—

"Oh, do not whack me,  
Whacking would be pain."

Mr. Edward Lloyd, I believe, brought out "Once Again," which had an extraordinary and instantaneous success. But it received its death-blow at the hands of *Punch*, who caricatured it so unmercifully and so amusingly that it sent the whole of England into a roar of laughter one Wednesday morning. The picture, as far as I remember, represented a long street in which a shabby-looking individual was singing the celebrated ballad. Underneath were written the words of the refrain—

"Meet me once again."

The roofs of the houses were covered with cats, who, at the first sound of the dear, familiar word "Meet," had rushed out to secure a meal.

At my next lesson Sir George congratulated me on the success of my song, and told me I might take it round to Mr. Stanley Lucas to see if he would publish it.

Mr. Stanley Lucas's father had at one time been President of the R.A.M., so he himself was on the friendliest terms with everyone connected with that Institution. I had a very hearty liking for Mr. Lucas. I don't think he was a good business man—in fact, I know he was not, but not being a shining light in that direction myself, this did not impress me in the least. He took my first

compositions when I was only too thankful to have them accepted, and I am quite certain he can't have made more than sixpence out of them. When my trustee suggested after a while that he should make a regular business contract with me, he was perfectly willing to do so, and we were the very best of friends to the day of his death. He was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever breathed. Many is the laugh I have had with him in Bond Street, where he sat from morning till night in the little office at the end of his long and narrow shop which has, alas, disappeared for ever, like St. James's Hall and so many other dear, familiar haunts. I can see him now standing in the middle of that shop and brandishing the MS. of "Loving and True" in my face.

"I say," he exclaimed, "what an awful title you have got hold of. 'Loving and True!' That will never do."

No one knew that I was the author of the words and was responsible for the title. I had taken good care to keep that to myself.

"It has got to do," I said firmly. "That's the name of the song."

"Call it something else," he urged. "You can easily find another name for it. 'Loving and True!' Good heavens!"

And he began to argue with me in real earnest. He said we would both be the laughing-stock of the town if we brought out a song with so sentimental a title.

"*I NEVER DID*," he kept on saying. "I say, Miss White, really, it's beyond everything! You **MUST** see that for yourself."

I squirmed, but I wouldn't give in. I had almost shed tears over the composition of that sugary little poem, and it wasn't the "likes" of Mr. Lucas who was going to make me rechristen my beloved and only literary child.

"Look here," he said, "be a good girl, and think it over. 'Loving and true,' he murmured again," "Oh, it's perfectly impossible."



I could have smacked him.

“Well,” he said at last despondently and resignedly, “I suppose you must have your own way, but——”

He was turning over the pages of the song as he spoke, and a horrid suspicion crossed my mind that he might begin to declaim my poor, wretched, little verses in front of the salesmen who stood behind the counter grinning like Cheshire cats. And without another word I bolted!

Dear old Stanley Lucas! He did more than face the music! On this occasion he faced that title-page! And, thank goodness, the song had quite a little success, and sold fairly well for a time.

Another song I wrote during my first or second year at the Academy was Victor Hugo's “Espoir en Dieu.” This I orchestrated, and, while it was still in manuscript, it was sung by a charming contralto—Miss Orridge—at one of our orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall. I recollect an amusing incident that occurred in connection with that song, which is dedicated to Miss Mary Wakefield. She was, as I have said in a former chapter, an admirable musician, and it was a delight to try over a new composition with her, as she read music extremely well and with real insight. She generally spent the season in London with the rest of her family, and when they didn't go to Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, they took a house in the neighbourhood of Wimpole Street or Portland Place. I had a general invitation to go there whenever I liked, and as I was extremely fond of the whole family I continually took advantage of it, though, of course, it was Mary who was my special friend. We had a number of things in common and got on splendidly. One day I thought I would go and lunch there on leaving the Academy. When I was shown into the dining-room I found that luncheon was finished, and the room empty except for Mary and a very nice-looking, middle-aged man to whom she introduced me, but whose name I didn't catch. She explained that I was studying composition at the R.A.M. and said a few kind words about

the things I had already written, but she evidently didn't think it in the least necessary to explain him to me.

"Well, Maude," she said cheerily, "what are you working at now?"

I said I was orchestrating the song I had just dedicated to her, and said something enthusiastic about the poem and something still more enthusiastic about Victor Hugo.

"Oh," said the nice-looking man, "are you a great admirer of his?"

The words were innocent enough, goodness knows, but I thought they were said in a very superior way, and felt, and—I am afraid—looked, slightly hostile.

"I should rather think I am," I answered. "So is everyone who knows anything about poetry, I should imagine."

"Well," he said, in a very agreeable voice, and not in the least disturbed by my rather aggressive tone, "I think he is a good deal over-estimated as a poet, and I cannot share your admiration."

"Do you know 'Espoir en Dieu?'" I said icily. (I longed to crush him.)

"I can't say I do," he answered, smiling agreeably, and evidently quite unaware that I had summed him up in my youthful mind as a person who didn't know what he was talking about. "But isn't Victor Hugo's poetry just a trifle—well, is it—is it *quite* first-rate? Isn't it . . .?" And then he proceeded to dissect him.

I was absolutely indignant, and poured a red-hot flood of protest over him, which apparently didn't even singe a hair of his whiskers. As a matter of fact I had only read a few of Victor Hugo's detached poems—none of his plays—and was quite incapable of discussing the subject from a really literary point of view. But I thought then that I was a very good, not to say a brilliant, judge of French literature, and at that moment I was positively certain I knew a great deal more than this creature who was laying down the law as if he were Poet Laureate to the great Panjandrum. It suddenly

struck me that Mary Wakefield was keeping very quiet ; once or twice she looked quite uncomfortable—I couldn't make it out.

“ I suppose like all Englishmen,” I said as sarcastically as possible, “ you hate everything French and foreign, no matter how good it is.”

“ Oh no,” he said, smiling indulgently, “ not at all—not at all.”

This certainly ought to have soothed my savage breast, but it didn't. I felt as I imagine a baby might feel to whom Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is being administered against its will, and I suddenly determined to “ let him have it.”

“ It wouldn't surprise me in the least,” I said, with a withering glance (which he didn't seem to resent in the slightest degree either), “ to hear you had never read one single word he ever wrote.”

When he received this staggering blow from the shoulder he didn't smile in a superior way. An expression of such kindly humour came into his face that I was quite taken aback. He looked so attractive that I had a sudden revulsion of feeling. It was a regular *volte face* on my part. I forget what he actually said in answer to my accusation ; I only remember that it seemed to amuse him a good deal, and that Mary Wakefield looked absolutely horrified. When we parted a few minutes later we shook hands quite warmly, and were on the friendliest terms. Mary went to see him off, and I remained in the dining-room to “ get outside ” an uncommonly good luncheon that the servant had just brought in. She returned after a few minutes' talk with her guest. She still looked scandalised, but far less anxious. He had evidently convinced her that he bore me no malice.

It was Matthew Arnold whom she had just escorted to the front door !



## CHAPTER XI.

ONE day I received a letter addressed in a handwriting unknown to me. It was from some one at Mitchell's Box Office in Bond Street. The writer said he had been asked by Lady Sophia Macnamara to find out the name of the "young lady" who had accompanied Miss Sophie Robertson some months ago at an evening party at Mrs. Gladstone's—my name had been given to him and he wished to know if he had been correctly informed. I was very much surprised. Why on earth did this lady want to know my name? I wrote, however, to say that I was the person in question, and thought no more about it. What was my surprise when, a day or two later, I received a letter from Lady Sophia herself, telling me that she had been desired by H.R.H. Princess Louise to invite me to an evening party at Kensington Palace that was to take place in a few days.

I hardly knew which feeling predominated—pleasure or alarm! But what young girl would not have been flattered and delighted at being remembered by so exalted a personage after so long a time had elapsed? At the same time I was rather frightened at the idea of going alone to a party—of that sort. I had seen for myself at Mrs. Gladstone's reception that certain formalities were observed when a member of the Royal Family was present, and I felt dreadfully shy at the idea of a royal lady being my hostess. Some one—probably one of my cousins—told me that I would have to curtsy and to say "ma'am" (at the same time I realised I needn't trouble to drop my aitches like those people who curtsayed and said "ma'am" to me).

If I had known how charming the Princess was, and

how immediately she was going to set me at my ease by the kind way she received me, presenting me to her husband—the Marquis of Lorne as he was called then—and several other of her guests, I would not have felt anything like as timid.

Our small household was quite excited at the unusual prospect that lay before me. The question arose, "How was I to go?" As I had been invited alone, my mother decided that the best thing to do would be to send me in a brougham attended by Cobbett, our butler, who for the occasion was to play the rôle of footman and sit on the box, etc. etc. But the transformation of Cobbett from a butler into a footman was a far more serious affair than the transformation of Cinderella into a princess, and thereby hangs a tale!

Never shall I forget, when it was all over, how we screamed with laughter at the recollection of the vehement, the passionate, protestations of this usually mild functionary when he was given to understand that on one condition alone would he be allowed to escort me to Kensington Palace. To be frank, there were certain details connected with his personal appearance that were in startling contradiction to what is generally known as "The Proper Thing." Connoisseurs of that subtle art "What's What" would certainly have fallen foul of "Our Mr. Cobbett." Now, whatever that mystic "What" may be, Cobbett at all events had made up his mind to treat it as a negligible quantity. He said he was a relation of the great William Cobbett. This may or may not have been true. I certainly will not take it upon myself to say who or what Cobbett was, for it is my firm belief that his origin, like that of the unicorn, was shrouded in mystery. But he certainly might have been an incarnation of the United States of America by the desperate way he fought for his independence, and though the results of the struggle were not equally successful, still they were on the same heroic scale.

But the time has come when I must speak plainly, even at the risk of my whole family losing caste for ever.

Well, then, Cobbett, our butler—Cobbett, who opened the front door, and stood behind my mother's chair at dinner—Cobbett, who certainly ought to have known better, who, as a matter of fact, *did* know better—Cobbett wore an enormous military moustache, and neither mother nor Auntie Dora had ever insisted on its removal. They hadn't dared!

But there were extenuating circumstances. I feel that I must hold a brief for my mother and aunt, lest we all be suspected of hailing from the purlieu of Peckham, where I have heard that strange liberties are taken with "the proper thing" as understood in Grosvenor Square.

Well, then, Cobbett was married to Sarah, who for years and years had combined the duties of parlour-maid with those of attendant on my dear mother who was a great sufferer. Mother and Sarah could simply not be imagined apart. We talked of them as other people talk of "body and soul" or "pepper and salt"—the one instinctively suggesting the other!

Cobbett first knew Sarah in Torquay where he was footman in the service of a family who had taken apartments in the same house as ourselves, and propinquity had gone busily about its business as usual. They met—they walked out on Sunday—and let us hope they loved, for they certainly exchanged vows, and, for aught I know, exchanged hats, which in certain circles is, I believe, a sure sign that Cupid is hovering about the neighbourhood. When everything was satisfactorily arranged between them, Sarah hypnotised my mother into engaging Cobbett as our butler. According to her, no butler that had ever butted was fit to be compared to him. Mother, of course, did as she was told, and Cobbett was taken on.

And then Cobbett did a mean thing! Instead of growing mustard and cress in the cellar, he started growing a moustache in his bedroom. None of us noticed what was happening, till,—lo and behold,—THERE IT WAS—bright red into the bargain!

What was to be done?



It really was like the house that Jack built. Mother took on Cobbett, and Cobbett took on a moustachio, and both the Cobbetts "took on somethin' crool" at the bare idea of shaving it off. The situation was really fraught with peril! What if Cobbett (the only man in the house, after all) should suddenly assert himself? What if he suddenly braced up his loins and gave warning? If, instead of taking off his moustache, he should take off the indispensable Sarah?

That was the real rock ahead. That was the secret of mother's lamentable want of spirit. Auntie Dora's attitude (she was a peaceful soul) was: "My dear, far better leave the man alone, his moustachio can't do Us any harm." As far as I was concerned I didn't care two straws if Cobbett chose to grow a pea-green moustache beneath his turned-up little nose (as well as under ours), so long as he didn't ask me to follow his example. The conventions didn't trouble me in those days. (I can hear certain intimate friends murmuring, "Much they trouble you now.") And the whole affair blew over.

The lionesses (mother, Auntie Dora, Emmie, and myself) lay down with the lamb, and the lamb once more lay down in perfect security with his moustache and his Sarah, when he retired to rest after the toil of the day.

But all unknown to us the apple of discord was growing on a far-away tree in South America, and was to be plucked ere many weeks were over, and, what is more, it was to be stored away safely in one of the many trunks of my sister Annie, now Mrs. John Compton, who, with her two little boys, was coming to England to pay us a visit.

And as she unpacked her trunks at Hyde Park Gate, out rolled the fatal pippin, and Cobbett's moustache again became the sole topic of conversation. Annie was frankly indignant.

"You oughtn't to stand it for a moment longer," she said to mother. "It is a piece of rank impertinence on his part. Sarah knows perfectly well, and so does he,

that it's all wrong. They are both taking advantage of your kindness, and you ought to IN-SIST on his shaving off that absurd moustache this very day! No, mamma, I am *not* mistaken, I am perfectly right. Sarah may be a perfect angel, but Cobbett is a devil and a hypocrite if he dares to pretend that he doesn't know that butlers do NOT wear moustachios." Etc. etc.

And then came the famous invitation to Kensington Palace.

At this crisis Annie took matters into her own hands.

"If Cobbett is really to take Maudie to this party," she said firmly, "he CANNOT do so without shaving off his moustache. Believe me, mamma, I know what I am talking about—and so do you. Don't tell me he isn't dying to go, if it's only just to show off to the other servants when he gets back. Conceited little wretch! Now is the moment—now or never."

She was quite right. Cobbett was secretly devoured by ambition. He longed to know what it would be like to go and stand outside Kensington Palace, to converse on equal terms with gentlemen who powdered their hair, and wore beautiful white silk stockings and plush knee-breeches. It was a unique opportunity; he must think twice before he tossed it aside. "South America" had thrown out dark hints as to what would eventually happen unless he consented to change his tactics!

And before the day was out "South America" was complete mistress of the situation!

On the morning of her famous victory, Annie said cryptically—

"Just you leave Cobbett to me!"

If she didn't bribe him with the promise of a brand-new overcoat! It was to be *le dernier cri* in livery, and, buttoned up inside it, she assured him that he would be able to "hold his own" with all the other "gentlemen's gentlemen" with whom he would be called upon to mingle in exalted spheres hitherto unknown to him.

Annie had gauged her man rightly. Cobbett was

dazzled. The head of Cobbett reeled at the idea of all he might miss if he obstinately persisted in retaining the offensive appendage, to which, in his heart of hearts, he knew he had no right. That evening he shaved off his moustache—the next day he went to be measured for the coat, and, a week later, attended by a perfectly correct footman, I drove in solitary state to my party.

And instead of being frightened to death I enjoyed myself very much indeed! After presenting me to Lord Lorne and several other people, the kind Princess finally put me under the wing of Lady Herbert of Lea, who was there that evening with her beautiful daughter, Lady Gladys Herbert—now the Marchioness of Ripon; her eldest daughter, Lady Mary von Hügel, who for many a long year has been one of my most faithful friends, was not there that night, but her mother looked after me as kindly as she herself has done on many an occasion when her house in London has been my *piéd à terre* for weeks at a time. Miss Violet Lindsay was also there with her father. She is the Duchess of Rutland now. Then she was a slim young girl, and well do I remember how frail and lovely she looked in a filmy white dress with a broad blue sash round her waist. Lady Herbert told me who everyone was, which, of course, made the evening far more interesting to me than it would otherwise have been. While we sat talking, there was a sudden stir in the room; some one unusually interesting had evidently arrived. We looked in the same direction as everyone else, and saw that a graceful, most lovely woman of about twenty-two was making a very low curtsy to the Princess. It was the most enchanting curtsy I ever saw in all my life. It was more like a flower swaying for a moment in a gentle breeze than anything else. Madame Pavlova herself would have found it difficult to surpass the consummate grace with which it was accomplished. As she rose leisurely, and stood beside the Princess, slim, erect, and absolutely radiant with youth and beauty, one really no longer wondered at the extraordinary way her name had spread all over the English-



speaking world. For it was Mrs. Langtry who had caused that sudden stir in the room—the celebrated Mrs. Langtry who inaugurated the era of the professional beauty, whose photographs filled the shop windows and sold by the thousand, whose hats and dresses were copied by every woman in the kingdom in the vain hope of achieving some fleeting resemblance to the famous beauty—the celebrated Mrs. Langtry who dressed her beautiful hair so simply that simplicity became the fashion, and coiffeurs were reduced to despair and wept like children at the cruel way they were neglected!

She made a sensation wherever she went, and people actually stood on their chairs in Hyde Park to catch a glimpse of her as she walked or drove past. Her eyes were glorious, and shone like two splendid blue stars. It really was not surprising that people went down before her like corn before the sickle.

I was not introduced to her that night, but I met her some time afterwards at a delightful party given by Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson at his studio in the house in Bedford Square, where he still lives with his beautiful wife and children. I saw those little children for a minute or two a short time ago. Their father was standing with me at the front door of his own house, wishing me good-bye, as they returned from their morning walk with their nurse. He has had a successful and brilliant career, as we all know, but I expect he will agree with me that those three little children are worth a good deal more than all the applause the world has ever given him. Their innocent loveliness made such an impression on me that I shall remember it as long as I live. They reminded me of Longfellow's lines—

“Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said,  
For ye are living poems  
And all the rest are dead.”

It was at this same party at Kensington Palace that I first had the pleasure of hearing Herr Georg Henschel. I was told that he had only just come over to England,

and that some German Royalty had given him an introduction to Princess Louise, who, as everyone knows, is devoted to Art in every shape and form, and is herself not only a painter but a sculptress into the bargain. I think it was Herr Henschel's first appearance at a big private party in London, and he was so young that I can well believe it. We were all young then, for this party took place a very long time ago—nevertheless, I remember how beautifully he sang, and how beautifully he accompanied himself in several interesting songs of his own composition.

Lady Herbert said to me that evening—

“I must introduce my son-in-law to you some day. He is a composer, you know.”

But I didn't know! And then she explained that his name was Hubert Parry, and that he had married her daughter, Lady Maud Herbert. But, as a matter of fact, it was Sir Charles Santley who introduced him to me some years later at the Gloucester Festival. In his youth, Hubert Parry was one of the handsomest and most attractive men I have ever seen, with a “way wid' him,” as they say in Ireland, that “knocked everyone sideways,” to quote the favourite phrase of his son-in-law, Mr. Plunket Greene! I fell a victim like everyone else, and a few years later my sister, Annie Compton, and her husband helped to swell the list, for when Sir Hubert once went to Chile, for the sake of the long sea journey, I gave him an introduction to them, and to this day they speak affectionately and appreciatively of the pleasant hours they all spent together, in company with Mr. Franklin Taylor, with whom, I believe, he made the journey.

It was not long before I again met at various houses most of the people to whom I was introduced that evening at Kensington Palace. Often and often when I think of them now, my mind travels back to the Past, and I see them once more as I saw them that night in the beautiful drawing-room of the historical old palace, in all the radiance of their youth and beauty, with the world at their feet, and their lives before them to make of them what they chose!

I don't know if the clean-shaven Cobbett enjoyed his evening as much as I did, or whether, like Shelley's widow-bird, he "sat mourning" (his moustache) "on a wintry bough" in the gardens which were so conveniently near; but I have no doubt he related his experiences to Sarah and the other servants in the kitchen, with much the same gusto as I related mine to mother and Auntie Dora and Emmie, in what Sarah, born and bred in the country, persisted in calling "The Room."

In spite of the utter failure I made of the concerto that Sir George insisted on my attempting to write, and whose epitaph might well have been that of the Somersetshire baby—

"Since I was so quickly done for, I wonder what I was begun for"

I determined to try my hand at a pianoforte piece, and wrote a rondo, taking one of Beethoven's very simple ones as a model. I called it "Rondo Scherzando," because everyone used to laugh when they heard the last tiny phrase, which was totally unexpected, and which, occurring after a long pause, sounded quite comical. It was the sort of effect that ought really to have been thought of by a composer with a turned-up nose, and—now I come to think of it—it sounded exactly like a wink! But it had quite a success, and not only was it performed at one of our Academy concerts or Fortnightlies, I forget which, but I was also allowed to publish it, and this time Mr. Stanley Lucas accepted it, title and all, without turning a hair!

Miss Margaret Bucknall played it charmingly for me. She was a very favourite pupil of Mr. Walter Macfarren, a clever musician, and so pretty, and kind, that she was one of the most popular girls in the place. She gave herself no end of trouble to play it just according to my ideas; indeed, I can never say half enough for the goodwill and cordiality with which my fellow-students undertook to get up the various songs and pieces I composed



during the four years I worked at the R.A.M. Everyone who has ever had to decipher a musical manuscript knows how tiresome a task it is, and my MSS., I am sorry to say, often left much to be desired from every point of view.

Shortly after composing that Rondo, I received a letter from Mrs. Feilden, with whom I had always kept up a warm correspondence, asking me if I would again come down to Torquay for another concert, the proceeds of which were to be given, as usual, to St. Raphael's Home. She said that Mary Wakefield had promised to sing for her, and that Mr. Charles Wade and Mr. Spencer Lyttelton were also going to help.

I think, but am not quite sure, that my cousin Sophie Robertson was again to be the soprano. I was delighted at the prospect of seeing my dear, kind friend, and accepted to take part in the concert with very real pleasure. Mrs. Feilden said she was putting up Mary Wakefield, and asked me also to stay with her. I had been working hard, and was rather glad to get away from the Academy and London for a few days. When I arrived in Torquay I found we were all booked for a dinner-party, I forget where, though I still remember the extraordinary names of three people to whom I was introduced that evening,—Mrs. Death, Miss Dance, and Mr. Tombs. Mr. Tombs took me into dinner, and I recollect expressing a mild hope that he might prove to be less sepulchral than his name, but I am afraid this rather obvious witticism was not at all appreciated—in consequence of which I wisely refrained from asking him if he thought he could ever be induced to tear himself away from the Family Vault to come and see me in London. I devoutly wished I were at the other end of the dinner-table where Mary Wakefield and Mr. Lyttelton evidently had a great deal to talk about, whereas Mr. Tombs and I could hardly drag a word out of each other. But the longest dinner-party reaches the stage when the hostess catches the eye—generally the glad eye—of her most important guest, and at that moment I escaped from my charnel-house

into the drawing-room with the other women of the party. Mary Wakefield, always my staunch friend, took me aside immediately—

“Look here,” she said, “promise me, that if you are asked to play to-night, you will give them that ‘Rondo Scherzando’ of yours. I particularly want you to play that.”

I said I’d do so with pleasure, and asked her why she made such a point of just that particular piece.

“Well,” she said, “Mr. Lyttelton and I have been having a regular battle royal about you. I said you had written things I thought good, and he did nothing but laugh at me. He said he knew quite well what ‘young ladies’ compositions were like! I stuck to my point, so now, of course, I am anxious that he should hear what you can do, and then afterwards I might sing ‘Espoir en Dieu,’ and some of your German songs.”

Mr. Lyttelton was not staying at Mrs. Feilden’s house; he was the guest of the people who gave the dinner-party, and there had been no opportunity, nor indeed any reason, for introducing us to each other before dinner. Little I thought that I was about to make a really good friend that evening, and one whose death—following so closely on that of his brother Alfred, so much beloved, and so deeply mourned by every one—was to make me feel so sad. He was quite a young man in those days, only twenty-nine. Many people thought him handsome, but I don’t know that I should have used quite that word to describe him. I think it was something unusually distinguished about his whole appearance that set him apart from other men. His personal appearance was undoubtedly attractive, but it certainly was that look of extreme distinction that first drew my attention to him. He had a curiously brusque manner that almost took aback those who only knew him slightly. But his abrupt little speeches were so often followed by a smile so kind and genial, so lovable, that one never remembered anything else; indeed, his friends—and almost everyone who knew him was his friend—never spoke of any of his little idiosyncrasies without laughing

affectionately about them. Only the other day Sir Rennell Rodd, our Ambassador in Rome, said to me—

“ Spencer Lyttelton had a very tender heart beneath that brusque manner,” and then after a moment he said, laughing—

“ Do you remember that never-to-be-forgotten speech of his to George Leveson-Gower when, in the middle of the conversation, he said suddenly—

“ ‘ George, your language is coarse and your meaning obscure ! ’ ”

Long before one had time to be indignant at being apostrophised in so startling a manner, to say nothing of being hurled neck and crop so unceremoniously into the Palace of Truth, one was laughing with everyone else, completely “ bowled over ” by something in his personality which we all loved.

We used to quote these “ Spencerisms ” to each other, for everyone of us were victims in turn, but never did the conversation wind up except amid hearty laughter, and everyone would agree that “ no one but an idiot could ever be offended for more than two minutes—if that—with anything “ dear old Spencer ever did or said.”

There was something about him—perhaps that indefinable something that is the essence of charm, and that like the wind “ bloweth where it listeth ”—that appealed to scores of us who knew him from our youth. There was something in him that could be stirred to profound compassion, something really indestructibly kind. He was a man to be trusted blindly, and I can say so, for I once had an occasion to trust him up to the hilt, and a truer, more loyal, friend never existed. Perhaps it is only a woman friend who has made an appeal to his friendship in an hour of acute mental distress, who can adequately speak of the firm rock of deep-down chivalry on which his whole character was founded.

It is not for nothing that a man is universally popular while he is alive—not for nothing that when he passes away even his little weaknesses and peculiarities are dwelt on so affectionately, so tenderly, among those that are left



behind, and who miss his genial, kind face at every turn. It is because there is something about a man whose heart is in the right place that disarms criticism, something that, when that heart has ceased to beat, makes his friends realise how much they cared for him, and how dear he was to them.

But I want to forget for a little while that he is no more among us, and will now go back to the evening I first met him at that dinner-party in Torquay.

## CHAPTER XII.

It was quite a long time before the men returned to the drawing-room, and at last it was decided to begin the music without them, but at the very first sounds I saw Spencer Lyttelton's tall figure in the doorway. He was a genuine lover of music; seldom, indeed, did he ever miss a concert of any importance, and his face must have been a familiar one to many a concert-goer with whom he was personally unacquainted. He was interested in a great variety of subjects, and was exceptionally well-informed, indeed, to know "le dessous des cartes" about everything that was going on was of absorbing interest to him; he delighted in books and was a great traveller, and he certainly enjoyed a good story as much as anyone. His interest in politics was naturally very keen, for he was not only a nephew of Mr. Gladstone, but also one of his three private secretaries. The other two were Mr. Eddy Hamilton and Mr. George Leveson-Gower. For many years a photograph of Mr. Gladstone, surrounded by his three secretaries, and signed by all four of them, stood on my writing-table—that photograph has, alas, been lost, so often have I changed my abode, so often have I been a wanderer on the face of the earth, and I cannot say how sorry I am to possess it no longer, for it reminded me of so many happy and delightful days. I can hardly say I knew Mr. Leveson-Gower, for I only met him once or twice; on one of these occasions we were both guests at a week-end party at Panshanger, the beautiful country place in Hertfordshire that belonged to the late Earl Cowper, whose wife I loved from the first moment I met her. I often wondered that Spencer Lyttelton never tired of going to so many festivals, orchestral and Chamber concerts,

private recitals, etc., but his interest in music was so keen and unflagging that only a very few days before his death he went to a classical concert, the last music, alas, that he was ever to hear !

I forget with what we opened our little concert that evening, but later on, when I was asked to play, I naturally began with the "Rondo Scherzando." I wasn't often nervous when I was asked to play in drawing-rooms, though I always hated having to perform a solo in public, in fact, I have always disliked public appearances, and the concerts I used sometimes to give myself always weighed on my mind like so many tons of lead till they were things of the past ! But on this occasion I felt a little excited, as if I were being put through my paces, for I realised that I must do my very best to live up to the musical reputation on which dear Mary Wakefield had almost risked her own. Her kind eyes shone with satisfaction as I played the last bars (the bars that sounded like a wink !) for she saw Mr. Lyttelton making his way up to the piano, evidently with the intention, to judge by the expression on his face, of making friends. And so he did. He beamed on me with that nice smile of his, and said something that put me very much at my ease.

"Do tell me," he said quite eagerly, "who is the composer of that charming Rondo. I don't remember having ever heard it before."

I said that I had written it, and added that Mary Wakefield had told me all about their conversation at dinner, and that I was quite *au courant* as to his opinion on the subject of women composers. He threw back his head and laughed, and for the first time I heard that sudden "Ha !" that all his friends used to try and imitate whenever they quoted a "Spencerism." "Come and have a talk," he said ; "I'm quite open to conversion You certainly haven't gone in for the 'Goutte d'Eau' sort of drawing-room piece which is the only thing up to now connected in my mind with lady composers. Do tell me what you are doing, and with whom you are studying."



And that was the way our friendship began.

Mrs. Feilden's concert took place on the following afternoon, and went off capitally. Though the singers were all amateurs, yet they were real musicians; they had studied seriously, and knew what they were about almost as well as any professionals. Few indeed were the concerts given for charitable purposes in which all three of them did not constantly take part. As for Mr. Charles Wade, he sang all over England for years, but Londoners would, I think, connect him specially with the celebrated performances of Bach's Passion Music, which always took place in Lent at the church of St. Anne, Soho, of which his father was the Rector. He had a very agreeable tenor voice.

While Mary Wakefield and Mr. Wade were singing a duet, Mr. Lyttelton and I were left to entertain each other in the artists' room. He suddenly said to me—

“Why don't you join Henry Leslie's choir? Miss Wakefield is a member of it, so am I, so is Wade. I believe you would enjoy the practices, and you would meet any amount of pleasant people there.”

I thought it sounded delightful, and told him so, and then he said he would arrange everything for me, and would let me know when the next rehearsal was to take place; they sometimes met at the house of one of the members.

I did not happen to know Mr. Henry Leslie, who was a very important person in those days, but I knew his son, Mr. William Leslie, very well indeed. He had been introduced to me, at the house of my trustee, by Mr. John Lloyd, a barrister friend, and I had often danced with him, both at home and at Porchester Terrace. No doubt his dancing days, like mine, are over, but when he was a youth no one ever waltzed better, and he was quite one of my favourite partners. I was always glad when I saw him making his way up to me in the beautiful drawing-room of the Rose-Innes's house, which we often used for dancing purposes. And he was a charming companion as well as a perfect dancer. Everyone was fond of “Willie Leslie.”

Mrs. Feilden's concert had gone off so well that we all promised to return for another in the following year. She loved getting up concerts. Her eldest daughter used to say laughingly, "When mother goes to heaven, she won't be *really* happy unless she is allowed to organise some sort of a performance there every now and again." And Mr. Rose-Innes, who was very fond of her, used laughingly to accuse her of deliberately and systematically—by some means known to herself alone—undermining the foundations of St. Raphael's Home, and maliciously causing dry-rot to ensue, with the sole object of having another concert. He said the annual collapse of *some* portion of St. Raphael's Home amounted to a phenomena!

Two or three days after I returned to Hyde Park Gate, I received a note from Mr. Lyttelton saying that the next practice of the Henry Leslie Choir was to take place at Mr. Arthur Balfour's house in Carlton Gardens; he added that the members would shortly give a concert at St. James's Hall, and that there was some idea of asking me to play at it. I went to that practice with my sister Emmie, and to my surprise the first person to greet me, after Mr. Lyttelton, was Princess Louise, who was also a member of the choir. I think she sang with the soprani; she was sitting close to the door, as I came in with my sister, and was as kind to me as the last time I had the honour and pleasure of meeting her. I have often thought that the charming courtesy shown to others by the various members of our Royal Family that I have had the honour of meeting, is an object-lesson to all of us. And so is the consideration and kindness of most members of the English aristocracy with whom I have come in contact during the course of my life. When I became a *bona fide* professional, some few years later, I was continually asked to teach my own songs to many of them; I was also asked, in some cases, to give pianoforte lessons and to play or accompany compositions of my own at private parties at their houses. Some of my pupils were married women, some of them

young girls who were already going out into society. I hadn't the slightest idea what life would be like from a teacher's point of view, but I had made up my mind to give lessons for some time, as I was anxious to make a certain sum of money for one or two objects on which I had set my heart. Most of those lessons are among the most delightful recollections of my early womanhood; all my pupils became intimate and close friends, with very few exceptions, and a lesson generally meant a delightful luncheon party as well, at which, in course of time, I met almost everyone worth knowing in London.

I saw Mr. Arthur Balfour for the first time at that rehearsal. I thought there was a certain likeness—but not at all of face—between him and my new friend, Spencer Lyttelton—the same careless way of wearing their clothes, the same “something” that I think often exists between men born and bred in the same milieu, who have been at the same school, the same university. But I never met him to speak to until some time afterwards, when he took me in to dinner one evening at Lady Cobham's house. Mr. Balfour is also a great lover of music, but whenever he has asked me to play, he has generally asked for Bach. I recollect, however, also playing Brahms' Hungarian Dances for him, and those he seemed to like very much; in later years, when we met at the houses of common friends, he would also ask me to play certain of my own songs. I don't think modern music, what we understand by modern music now, has ever appealed to him much.

Mrs. Edmund Wodehouse and I played a duet, by Bach, for two pianos at the next Henry Leslie concert at St. James's Hall. She was in every sense of the word a beautiful pianist, for she was as beautiful as she was talented. She was a daughter of Rev. C. W. Bagot, Rector of Sandringham. Sandringham, as every one knows, was the favourite country home of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.). I became very friendly with her, and it was she who, a few years later, wrote a little paragraph about my songs in Sir George Groves'



Dictionary of Music. I met her not long ago at one of my own concerts in London, and felt inclined to ask her whether she had spent the intervening years in searching for, and finding, the Elixir of Youth. I had not seen her for about twenty years, and she was not in the least changed. She told me that her mother was so extraordinarily young looking that, at a ball at Sandringham, where she was present with her eldest daughter, one of her partners asked her if it were her own first ball! I had an exactly opposite experience, alas! When I was eighteen, I once stayed at an hotel in Scarborough where I had gone with my trustee and his three daughters for a breath of sea air. His second daughter, a pretty girl of fourteen, was one day walking upstairs slightly in front of me, when I was joined by a portly lady of about fifty, who entered into conversation with me. "What a charming girl," she said, pointing to my little friend, "your own, of course?" Her face was a study, and so, no doubt, was mine, when I told her I was only eighteen myself. Needless to say she did not believe me, I could see that, and silently and sadly I swallowed the bitter pill. A few years later, when I was only twenty-two, I was asked after my six darling little children (pill No. 2). I had been mistaken for one of my married sisters nearly nine years older than myself. Since then I have always felt in sympathy with the old Irishwoman who lived somewhere in an un-get-at-able bog in County Kerry, and who applied for a widow's pension on which she lived contentedly for years. One fine day it was discovered that she was not a widow at all. She was a single lady of spotless reputation; her life had been almost criminally blameless. Had she written her memoirs, the police would have been absolutely justified in arresting her (and her publisher) on the charge of "wilful murder," for without the shadow of a doubt every copy sold would have bored some one to death. When she was accused of having behaved in a most deceitful manner, she was indignant.

"Divil a bit, yer Honour," she said. "Isn't it the

worst kind o' widdy I am, since I niver had a husband at all, at all!"

No more had I—at least if I had, I don't remember who he was, so the probability is that I also am the worst kind of widdy, and, what is more, I haven't even had a pension to keep my spirits up. Even my godmother never gave me anything but a bog oak owl with glaring eyes of yellow glass! It was made up into a large brooch, and she really expected me to wear it when I was only nine years old. *Somehow*—I mislaid that brooch. True, that when she died she left me a legacy of twenty pounds which was forwarded to me by her lawyer, but it was borrowed on the spot by a relation, who, with a "flair" that can only be described as uncanny, called upon me the very evening I received the cheque! Needless to say, not a penny of it was ever returned. I can't say I was much upset. To this day it makes me laugh to think of the cinematographic rapidity with which the whole affair was transacted, and which was worthy of being described by the immortal Jingle—

"Godmother in extremis—Extra twenty pounds kicking about—Codicil—godchild. Godchild bit of an idiot—receives cheque 10 a.m.—entire sum relation's pocket 10 p.m.—MEM., HOPELESS."

Yes, it's a serious thing to be the worst kind of widdy, and I must say that since married people are allowed so unblushingly to make such capital out of their weddings in the first instance, and then again out of their silver and golden weddings in the second and third instance, spinsters and bachelors might at least in common justice be allowed one miserable, paltry, little Jubilee upon reaching the age of forty-five. If presents came pouring in whether one were married or not, I for one would not succumb to such appalling attacks of low spirits when I lunch or dine out with prosperous couples whose tables and sideboards are literally groaning beneath the weight of silver dishes and ornaments for which they certainly have never paid one single, solitary brass farthing.

"One of our wedding presents, wasn't it, John, darling?"

Or—

“The dear Howards sent it to us for our silver wedding, didn't they, Charlie, dear?”

It's more than spinster blood and flesh can bear. I lose my appetite and my spirits when I think that never, never has any one given *me* two perfectly useless silver tankards, or a silver bowl the size of a baby's bath; never have *I* been given nine umbrellas or eighteen photograph frames,—just because I'm a spinster, forsooth! I think of that bog oak owl (that's the sort of present spinsters are presented with, even when they are only nine), and the tears roll silently down my soured expression, and when “John, darling” or “Charlie, dear” asks me with sham anxiety “What is the matter?” I answer with perfect truth (for after all we are at table) that it is something that has stuck in my throat, and that I simply *cannot* swallow!

Mary Wakefield and Mr. Lyttelton introduced me to so many of their own friends, and were, indirectly, the cause of my meeting so many other interesting and agreeable people that I soon began to go out a great deal. I thoroughly enjoyed it; people were so charming to me that I began to think they had all formed a “League of Kindness” for my special benefit!

But I worked as hard as ever—I think, indeed, that I worked even harder, for I had read in the *Times* that there was to be a competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship in February 1879, and I had made up my mind to go in for it. The Scholarship was one that had been founded in honour of Mendelssohn, and though it had been only held by men up to the time of which I am writing, it was also open to women. In the article I read, it said that the preference would unhesitatingly be given to composers, unless a singer or instrumental player should give some proof of genius far superior to any shown by the composers. The latter were free to send in anything they chose—vocal or instrumental; they were at perfect liberty to send in compositions written two or three years ago or compositions specially written



for the occasion. But one had to be under twenty-four to be eligible. When I read the article in the *Times*, I thought to myself, "Here is my one and only chance of winning a scholarship." Hitherto there had always been certain cut-and-dried conditions attached to every prize I had gone in for at the Academy; either a special piece had to be played, or a special composition to be composed. As a rule (and I am afraid in my case there was never an exception to prove the rule) the mere fact of having to conform to any conditions whatsoever crippled me to an extent that was almost pathetic. I invariably did my worst, or at any rate very far from my best, on these occasions, and if I never won a scholarship at the Academy it was because I never wrote anything that deserved to win one. The Mendelssohn Scholarship had nothing to do with the Academy. Anyone, provided he or she were a British subject, was eligible. There was a freedom, a latitude, about the whole thing that appealed to me. Manuscripts had to be sent in by a certain date, and on another day, about a month later, there was to be a *viva voce* examination, when composers would have to perform their scores to the best of their ability, improvise, read music, etc. etc., while pianists and singers would have to play and sing the pieces they had prepared. I think I am right in saying that singers also were eligible for this scholarship, though it is all so long ago that I find it difficult to remember details which did not concern me. Eighteen students entered their names for the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1879—sixteen youths and two girls, Miss Cécile Hartog and myself. Miss Hartog was half, if not wholly, French, but being a naturalised Englishwoman she was eligible. The scholarship was really well worth having, for it meant eighty pounds a year to the successful competitor, who was generally sent to Leipzig or any other place in Germany where the very best tuition was to be had. I was told that one or two students had spent the years during which they held it with some well-known German composer. If so, they were very fortunate; to

live in a congenial atmosphere is certainly half the battle, as any artist knows who has been obliged to struggle along in one at variance with his temperament. As soon as I had sent in my name to the Committee, I held a council of war with my dear and faithful old friend, Mr. Oliver May. I believed in him as I believed in no other teacher of music living. As I have said before, the Mendelssohn Scholarship had nothing to do with the R.A.M. ; I had asked and received permission to compete for it, and now I considered it was my business to prepare for it to the very best of my ability. I have forgotten to say that composers were also expected to play two or three pieces. The pianoforte was only my second study at the R.A.M., and I had only two lessons a week, which lasted half an hour. Excellent as they were, I felt they would not be sufficient to enable me to get up the pieces which I had chosen. For on this occasion I would be expected to play like a pianist, not like a composer—two very different things! I knew that Mr. May would be absolutely pitiless with me. If he told me I was fit to play, I felt quite certain it would be all right. What a blessed thing it is to be able to trust anyone! I knew that though it was quite on the cards that someone else might carry off the scholarship, still, if Mr. May “backed me” there was no chance of my disgracing myself, and that was always something.

We decided that I was to get up the following three compositions: 1. Liszt's arrangement of Bach's Organ Fugue in G Minor. 2. Mendelssohn's Andante and Presto capriccioso. 3. Sterndale Bennett's Allegro gioioso.

He advised me to play the Mendelssohn piece because the Scholarship was in his honour, and he thought that, as an English student I ought most certainly to include a composition by an Englishman. I thought so too. I am the most out-and-out cosmopolitan that ever lived, but on one subject I feel English to the backbone, and that is in my desire to let everyone know that if I have ever done anything that has given pleasure to my con-

temporaries, it is owing to the training I have received from English professors.

Mr. Rockstro and Mr. Oliver May were the first to teach me the rudiments of harmony and counterpoint, and I wrote a few songs under their guidance.

At the Royal Academy of Music I studied composition with the Principal, Sir George Macfarren, and during the time I held the Mendelssohn Scholarship I had extra lessons with his son-in-law, Mr. Frank Davenport. Many, many years afterwards, when I was working on my own account, I studied orchestration with that best of professors and kindest of friends, Mr. Sydney Waddington, of the Royal College of Music. Later still I had lessons in orchestration from Mr. Herbert Bedford. He is not attached either to the R.A.M. or to the Royal College of Music, and more's the pity, in my humble opinion, for he teaches splendidly. Were I going to open a school of music I should refuse to do so till I could head my list of professors with Mr. Sydney Waddington and Mr. Herbert Bedford as Professors of Orchestration, for they both have the secret of imparting their knowledge to an extent I have never seen equalled, to say nothing of their kindness and patience. To all these men I owe a debt of deep and affectionate gratitude, and I am glad and happy—more happy than I can say—to acknowledge it publicly now that I have the chance of doing so.

I don't think I consulted anyone as to the compositions I should send in to the Committee. I felt that I was very much "on my own" in this affair, and thought I would simply dispatch whatever I cared for most myself. I had no concerto or symphony with which to "fare figura" as they say in Italian. But at any rate I had some songs that had been a real labour of love, and one composition on a somewhat larger scale. This was an "Agnus Dei" for solo voices and chorus. It was scored for full orchestra, and was afterwards performed at one of our Orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall. How well I remember a remark dear old Signor Randegger once made to me about it. He was playing it through one



day at Porchester Terrace, where he had been having tea with us.

When he came to the phrase—

“Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem”

he played it quietly and calmly. He could not imagine that any one could wish to interpret these words otherwise.

He was almost shocked when I said to him—

“Don’t play it in that calm way, play it with passion.”

He turned round in his chair and said very seriously—

“My dear child, what do you mean? That is not the way to interpret those beautiful, sacred words.”

I remember our conversation as though it had taken place yesterday. After a while he said—

“Your conception of this is all wrong; you are not praying, you are ordering the Almighty to give you what you want.”

I said that was not what I had intended, but that I wanted to convey in my music that it was some one who longed for peace so desperately, that he could only pray for it desperately. But we both understood each other before we said good-bye that evening. He had a kind, a tender, heart.

The three songs that I remember sending in to the Committee were—“Espoir en Dieu,” “Chantez, chantez, jeune inspirée!” (both poems by Victor Hugo), and a setting of “My ain kind dearie O!” by Burns. I had written the music to the latter in a fit of red-hot enthusiasm—

“Gi’e me the hour o’ gloaming grey,  
It makes my heart sae cheery O  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O!”

Mary Wakefield, very little older than myself, sang it with such spirit, that (though I who say it certainly shouldn’t) it really brought the house down whenever we did it together. The accompaniment, toned down to meet the publishers’ requirements, was a terror, as I played it myself. It was ten times more difficult than

the printed one, and dashed along like a mountain torrent gone mad with joy !

“ Down by the burn where scented birks  
Wi’ dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I’ll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O ! ”

I loved that poem. The youth of all womanhood, glowing with love, seemed to me to live and breathe in those lines ; the eternal woman who will meet her “ ain kind dearie,” though all the legions of hell stand between them to bar the way ! The eternal woman who laughs at obstacles and welcomes them almost joyously, so that they may be overcome and flung aside—proofs of a love that is strong—stronger than anything that dare confront it, stronger than Death itself.

Burns knew woman, the heart of woman, when he wrote that last line—

“ My ain kind dearie O ! ”

Father Faber says somewhere—

“ Kind words are the music of the world.”

But the beautiful, unflinching kindness of the man to the woman he loves, and who loves him—what music can equal that ?

Each candidate for the Scholarship had received a memorandum from Mr. Julian Marshall, Secretary to the Committee, advising him of the day and hour which had been fixed for the competition. It had been decided that it should take place at the house of the late Mr. W. G. Cusins, which was, if I remember rightly, at the top of Wimpole Street.

And the great day dawned at last—the day that meant so much to all of us !

On arriving at the house towards three o’clock, I was ushered into the dining-room downstairs, where a number of young men and one young girl were standing round the fire. I knew and liked Miss Cécile Hartog, and I was on pleasant terms with several of the boys, who, like myself, were students at the R.A.M. I remember

thinking "I wonder which of you will win the Scholarship." Of late I had been asked so often, "Who do you think has the best chance?" that I had begun to think I had founded my own hopes on very little.

And after a few moments the ordeal began. One by one we were summoned to the drawing-room upstairs. It was Mr. Eyres, the professor of the sight-singing class at the Academy, who appeared every quarter of an hour or so at the dining-room door, and called out the name of the student who was to go up for examination. He looked almost, if not quite, as solemn as my bog oak owl, and could hardly have looked more impressive had he been summoning us to the gallows! Those left behind tried to talk, but we were all far too nervous, far too excited, for any real conversation.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, my turn came round, and I followed Mr. Eyres up the staircase. As I entered the drawing-room I glanced at the long table at which about a dozen men were sitting. My old professor, Sir George Macfarren, the veteran of the party, sat at the head of it in his capacity of Principal of the R.A.M. There was a look of real anxiety on his kind, blind face, and a longing to do well for his sake as well as mine rushed over me. I remember noticing the rather leonine head of Mr. Norman Grosvenor, who was also on the Committee. Mr. Julian Marshall next attracted my attention, as well he might, for he was extremely good-looking. Then I saw the tall figure of Mr. Cusins, who I only knew by sight. I had seen him conduct at the Philharmonic concerts at St James's Hall.

And then I saw a very well-known face, the face of a man with whose name the whole of England was familiar, the composer of the innumerable and delightful comic operas that have gone the round of the world and have certainly done their share to contribute to the gaiety of nations. I saw the clever, genial face of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the last man to hold the scholarship. As I came in he looked at me, I thought, kindly. I liked him straight away, I liked those clever, kind, brown eyes.



I began with the Bach fugue, and played it from beginning to end. Then I played part of the other two. After that I was asked to read a piece, composed for the occasion, and to improvise on a theme which Sir Arthur gave me.

And then I sang "My ain kind dearie." I heard afterwards that it was that song that had made Sir Arthur my friend, for he mentioned it to Signor Randegger, and referred amusingly to the hoarse voice in which I sang it. The hoarse voice, alas, is mine still, and on the day of the competition it was even more like a raucous bass than it is now, for I had hardly recovered from a really dreadful cough from which I had been suffering all the winter.

I was trembling as I finished playing and singing the last notes, and felt really giddy with excitement. Just as I was about to get up from the piano, thinking everything was over, one of the examiners gave me a little score to read. Sir Arthur came and stood beside me; how I blessed him for it the next moment! I have never found it easy to read the alto or tenor clefs, I cannot imagine why, but to this day they embarrass me, and to read a really difficult score means a blinding headache to me after a very short while.

Of course I begun to stumble over this one, and a feeling of despair seized me.

All of a sudden Sir Arthur snatched the music away—I didn't know what was going to happen!

"Leave her alone," he said.

Then, turning to the other examiners, who were sitting at the long table, he said—

"Leave her alone, she's dead tired."

I really loved him at that minute.

Then Mr. Eyres solemnly opened the door for me again. I went back to the dining-room, where I was at once surrounded by the anxious little crowd—

"How did you get on?"

"Isn't it an awful ordeal?"

"Weren't you fearfully nervous?" etc. etc.

I must say that what made me more nervous than anything else was the scratch, scratch of the quill pens with which the examiners recorded their impression of each candidate, and which could be heard with painful distinctness although the piano stood at the other end of the room.

After about an hour had elapsed, Mr. Eyres once more came downstairs.

All of us were standing anxiously round the fire, shivering with cold and excitement, but we turned *en masse* as he opened the door.

We were expecting to hear the verdict, but he merely said—

“The examiners would feel much obliged if Miss White would kindly return to the drawing-room for a few moments.”

I can't describe what I felt on hearing these words. I hardly dared look round. I felt that a dreadful disappointment was in store for the others, and it almost spoiled the overwhelming joy that had suddenly invaded my heart. For no one else had been recalled. It was quite late, about seven o'clock, if not more; they must have made up their minds by now. But had they? Had they? Oh, what was going to happen? Again I followed Mr. Eyres up the stairs, and once more I stood in front of the examiners. Sir George was the first to speak, and his first words set my heart beating faster than ever.

“The Committee wish to know if—in case of your being elected Mendelssohn Scholar—you would be content to go abroad—to Germany—for two or three years?”

I said—

“Yes, I will go anywhere you like.”

Just then Sir Arthur said something in an undertone to the Principal, and then, a moment afterwards, he turned to me and said thoughtfully—

“You are very young.”

Then, after a little pause, and with such a kind ring in his pleasant voice, he added—

“ You are very young to go abroad alone.”

I liked him better than ever, but to my dying day I shall regret not having made the obvious retort, “ Anyhow, I’m not in pinafores,” which certainly he was, for his celebrated comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, was having an almost phenomenal success just then.

I said I wasn’t a bit afraid of going anywhere alone, that I knew Germany, and could speak German, and that I was certain I would be allowed to go—that I was sure it could be managed somehow.

And then I was again escorted to the door by Mr. Eyres. I had been told nothing definite. I did not feel absolutely certain that they would decide in my favour. I thought with despair of my youth—my sex—would they stand in my way? I felt in a fever of apprehension.

When I returned to the drawing-room the others again surrounded me—

“ Why did they send for you ? ”

“ What did they say to you ? ”

“ Are they going to give it to you ? ”

I said I didn’t know—I really, really didn’t know.

Five minutes later the door was thrown open and Mr. Eyres once more stood there.

He didn’t speak for two or three seconds. The silence was almost unbearable.

“ The Mendelssohn Scholarship has been won——”

He paused and looked round the room for the successful candidate. And then he called out my name very slowly and distinctly.

And I should like to print in letters of gold the way those boys and that one girl, to whom it must have been such a bitter disappointment, surrounded me for the third time and shook hands with me and generously congratulated me on my success. I could cry when I think of it now, notwithstanding all the years that lie between that day and this.

Two of them I specially remember—they were my fellow-students at the R.A.M.

The first to give me the warmest handshake a boy



ever gave a girl was Mr. Tobias Matthay who has done such first-rate work himself. He played splendidly that day, and I am sure that had it not been for the hard and fast rule that composers were to be given the preference, I would not have stood half a chance of competing successfully against him. Mr. Eyres must have forgotten to close the drawing-room door during his turn, for I heard him perfectly, and I remember the spirit, the "entrain," and the faultless execution with which he played. I recollect thinking, "That puts an end to my chances." I have always cared tremendously for the player who plays with absolute conviction and vitality.

The other student was Miss Cécile Hartog. I can still see her sensitive, dark, little face, can still remember the kind pressure of her little hand as she generously and warmly wished me joy. I never see either of them now—I have lived away so many years out of London, out of England; but it would be a real joy to me should they ever come across these few lines—should they ever know how deep an impression their kind words made upon me that day.

Till I got out of the room I can honestly say there was as much pain as pleasure in the whole thing. But when, for the third time, I accompanied Mr. Eyres upstairs, when the examiners all shook hands with me, when kind Sir Arthur Sullivan wished me joy, and I saw the look of real pleasure in dear old Sir George's blind face, when even Mr. Eyres suddenly looked like a soft-hearted human being, incapable of being suspected of any relationship whatsoever to owls of any description, then my cup of happiness really ran over.

Well do I remember Sir George's parting words to me—

"Miss White, would you remain in England after all?—it seems to me hard that we should always send away the pupils who are likely to do us credit."

I said—

"Of course I will remain, I will consent most willingly to do anything and everything you think best."

Then he said (the others were all standing up ready to go)—

“ Will you tell us again where you were born ? ”

I said—

“ I was born in Normandy.”

The old professor threw up his hands in comic despair—

“ It’s no use,” he said. “ Can’t *anyone* be born in England ! ”

When it was all over I flew down the stairs, into the street, and hailed the first hansom I saw. I told the man to drive to Hyde Park Gate as quickly as possible ; no doubt he carried out my instructions, but oh, how that horse crawled !

But we reached the house at last. I rushed up to my mother’s little sitting-room on the first floor, but she had heard my ring at the bell, and was at the door to meet me.

“ Mother,” I cried, “ I’ve won it ! ”

“ No,” she said, with a little catch in her voice ; “ no, no, you can’t have won it ! ”

“ But I have, I have, I can’t believe it myself, but it’s true—it really is——”

How she hugged me !

And when the hansom cabman rang at the door nearly three hours later (I had quite forgotten to pay him in my excitement) she only laughed, and said it didn’t matter. After all one didn’t win the Mendelssohn Scholarship every day of one’s life and (this was what she was really proud of) it had never been won before by a woman.

Next day there was a paragraph in the *Times*—I found it in my mother’s little workbox after her death.

And the day after I received over seventy letters of congratulation. I was so happy and so tired that I celebrated the event by breakfasting in bed. I felt as if nothing could ever go wrong again in the world, and as if anything that ever *had* gone wrong must inevitably come right now !

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE first few days that succeeded the competition were indeed pleasant ones ; wherever I went I was congratulated and made much of, everyone said something kind, and invitations to luncheons, teas, and dinners poured in, in fact I tasted popularity for the first time, and very good it tasted too ! Even Mr. Charles Wade, who I met coming out of St. James's Hall after a Sat. Pop., stopped me to say, " Well done you." I say, " Even Mr. Charles Wade," because it was the first and the last compliment he ever paid me in his life. For some occult reason we always behaved to each other like two Kilkenny cats ; we couldn't be five minutes in the same room without coming to loggerheads, and the fur flew did we catch sight of each other, though it were only on the horizon. Had we crossed the Atlantic in opposite directions and met for a brief span in mid-ocean, I am certain there would have been strange atmospheric disturbances for which the oldest salt on board would have been unable to account. The humorous part of the situation was that we never really quarrelled about anything at all ! My private opinion is that Mr. Charles Wade anticipated a swollen head on my part ; he evidently thought that prevention was better than cure, that a little stern discipline would be a very good thing for my character, and that, as none of my friends showed the slightest disposition to take me in hand, he would proceed to do so himself. No honeyed words ever fell from his stern lips into my poor ears ; quite the reverse. There was far too much of Mr. Gilbert's " Happy, undeserving A " about me to please him. Had he been the arbiter of my fate I am sure I would have been condemned to play



the rôle of "Wretched, meritorious B" from one year's end to another. Mary Wakefield used to laugh heartily at the persistent way he cast about for a bone to pick with me. Alas, such bones were always lying about! On one of these memorable occasions I happened to be wearing a white dress; it was a charming evening-dress, and I delighted in it. He looked at me sardonically for a minute, and then said in withering accents, "I suppose you think you look like a bride," after which he stalked away with a "you-are-the-only-person-who-thinks-so-anyhow" expression on his face. It was really frightfully funny, if a trifle unceremonious, but I didn't think so at the time; my sense of humour took wings at the mere sight of him, and I longed, like the bluebottle of one's nursery days, to "fly away home."

One of the people who rejoiced most sincerely at my election to the Mendelssohn scholarship was dear Mr. Innes. He beamed all over when I told him my good news, and his first thought was, as usual, a kind one; he said—

"Do ask Mr. May to come and dine with us. We must all meet here to give you three cheers and drink your health, and he must be one of the party, for certainly he has been one of your truest friends."

What a gay little dinner it was! I think Mary Wakefield and Signor Randegger came to it, and, if I remember rightly, I sat between Mr. Innes and Mr. May. I felt rather shy when they drank my health, but in my heart of hearts I was as proud as Punch.

The first time I went to have a lesson at the R.A.M. in my new capacity as Mendelssohn Scholar was also a delightful experience. Dear "Old Mac" received me with open arms, and every time I met a student with whom I was even superficially acquainted, he or she stopped to say something kind and nice. "Old Mac" said—

"Now that you are so rich you can have any amount of extra lessons, and I don't think you can do better than go to Mr. Frank Davenport for them."

Mr. Frank Davenport was his son-in-law. I liked him immensely. He often gave me my lessons in a little room at the top of Mr. Stanley Lucas's shop, and they were a very great source of pleasure to me. Of course it all meant a lot of extra work, but I didn't mind that.

I composed a great many songs that spring—German, French, and English. "Absent yet Present" was among the number. It was admirably sung for the first time at one of our Fortnightly Meetings by a German student—Miss Reimers. She had a fine contralto voice, and sang with a good deal of temperament. She spoke English perfectly, and both singer and song had a great success that evening. I was allowed to print it at once. How well I remember meeting Signor Randegger in Bond Street next day, on my way to Mr. Lucas's with the manuscript! Signor Randegger was a great favourite with us all, and was certainly one of the most popular professors at the R.A.M. He was so warm-hearted, so kind, so willing to do a good turn to anyone who stood in need of it, that it was no wonder that everyone was fond of him. He was—as everyone knows—an Italian from Trieste, but he might have been a boy from Taormina by the way he gave you his candid opinion whether you liked it or whether you didn't! But what does anything matter when you are "simpatico" from top to toe! He had been at our little concert the night before. (I think Miss Reimers was one of his pupils.)

When I told him I was taking my song to Mr. Lucas as I had received permission to publish it, he shook his head and said—

"Well, my dear child, I only hope Mr. Lucas will take it. I like the song. I like it very much indeed, but the publisher's point of view isn't always the same as the musician's, you know."

This was rather disconcerting, and I suppose he saw the look of disappointment on my face.

"I am not saying that I think Mr. Lucas won't

take it. What I mean is that there is absolutely no sale for songs of that sort. It isn't what the public wants."

He spoke very decidedly, and I began to feel depressed.

"But look what a success it had last night," I said tentatively. "That goes for something, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but a success of that sort means nothing from a business point of view. Your song was sung to a lot of musical people who knew what it was all about, but the public—the real public—won't care about it. They won't be able to make head or tail of it. It is over their heads, believe me."

"Over their heads?" I exclaimed; "but it is quite simple!"

"That accompaniment is enough to ruin its chances," he answered. "You oughtn't to make your accompaniments so difficult."

Well, thank goodness, Mr. Lucas didn't see things quite in the same light! And I suppose that, taking it altogether, "Absent yet Present" sold better and was sung longer than any song I ever wrote.

It seems almost incredible *à l'heure qu'il est* to think that a song so absolutely straightforward as "Absent yet Present" could ever have been considered over the head of any human being in possession of one! Such, however, was the opinion of a man, an excellent musician himself, who certainly was in touch with the concert-going public of that day.

But what on earth would become of the unfortunate song-writer who kept his eye on the sort of person who is really next door but one to the phenomenon who tells you that he is very fond of music, though as a matter of fact he knows no more about it than the lady who frankly admitted she couldn't tell the difference between "God save the Weasel" and "Pop goes the King."

I wrote "Absent yet Present" in 1879. On 12th November 1903, I received the following letter from



Messrs. Chappell & Co. I have just found it among some old papers—

“DEAR MISS WHITE,—I have not the actual figures by me regarding the sale of your song “Absent, yet Present” at the sale of Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pill, and Hatzfeld’s copyrights at Messrs. Puttick & Simpsons, but to the best of my belief I bid on behalf of Messrs. Chappell & Co. up to £470 for the copyright, but I was outbid by Mr. Stanley Lucas who, I think, gave £600 for the song.

“These figures could be verified by the auctioneers—Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, Leicester Square.—Yours faithfully, for Chappell & Co. Ltd.,

“E. GOODMAN.”

My days were very full just then. Hyde Park Gate was too far away from Hanover Square to make it possible for me to return there for meals, so I frequently lunched outside. Between the various classes I often went to Mr. Lucas’s place and worked in one of the little rooms at the top of the house; I was so often there that we got to know each other very well. In fact, we were quite fond of each other! I also liked Mr. Weber, his partner, very much indeed. I felt at home in that little shop where they always gave me so kind a welcome. I almost loved it!

Those little top-rooms were the scene of many a jovial rendezvous with kindred spirits. What fun I have had up there! It was in a little room whose windows looked into Bond Street that with one singer after another I rehearsed half the songs I wrote, that week after week I foregathered with my friends and made delightful plans. “Let’s meet at Stanley Lucas’s” were words that were constantly on their lips and mine.

I remember distinctly how, in May or June, I loved the contrast of going down from my eyrie on the third floor into the gay and animated street below, with the knowledge that in five or ten minutes I also would find

myself one of a delightful luncheon party in some charming house close by. I loved the combination of hard and serious work with a certain amount of relaxation in a really brilliant *milieu*, and, if contrast is the salt of life, then certainly I had nothing to complain of.

That summer I went out a good deal, and after the season was over I was invited to several interesting country-houses; they were all in the north of England. I think the first house I stayed at was Sedgwick—Mary Wakefield's home in Westmoreland. I have such delicious recollections of my visits to Sedgwick that it is a joy to me to write about them. To begin with, I was fond of every member of the Wakefield family. It really was the happiest household imaginable. Mrs. Wakefield was American, but she had lived so long in England that she had completely identified herself with her adopted country. She was a beautiful and lovable woman, and it is no wonder that she was adored by her husband and family. Mary was the eldest of her seven children. Though in a way she was totally different to her own people (she had the artist's temperament to a quite unusual degree), she nevertheless got on splendidly with them. She loved and appreciated their qualities, and most certainly they loved and genuinely admired hers. I suppose it was because of this rare and beautiful understanding that the house was so delightful a one in which to pass a few weeks. I certainly spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life in the tower situated at the top of the house. Mary's "den" was in this tower, and a more attractive, a more fascinating little room I have never seen. She seemed to have packed away a miniature world within those four walls in which one wandered happily for hours together.

The room was octagonal with quaint little windows commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country, and all round the walls were low bookcases; never did I go to them without finding just exactly the sort of book I wished to read, for whatever was interesting—whether new or old—found its way sooner or later to those tightly packed shelves. Mary had many intimate friends among

the interesting and celebrated people whose country homes were in the Lake Country. Ruskin was a friend of hers, so was Matthew Arnold, and at their houses she met many other delightful people who invariably attached themselves to her. Indeed, it was hardly possible to know her without being attracted to her rich and generous nature—to the buoyant spirit that informed her whole being. Photographs of several of these friends stood on the broad shelves above the bookcases, many of them signed, with a few affectionate words written across them; great bowls of beautiful flowers stood amongst them; there were flowers everywhere, and the effect was enchanting. A beautiful little piano covered with music stood in the middle of the room and her musical library was as interesting as her literary one; it was a perfect joy. I can't remember the colour scheme of the room, I can only remember the extraordinary attraction it held for me. There was something positively eloquent about it. I don't believe any imaginative person could have spent an hour in it without longing to know the woman whose tremendous vitality had been able to charge it with such an atmosphere. You felt it was the beloved retreat of one who had accumulated rare experiences, who had not only been to beautiful places, but who had adored them, who had lived a rich, full life in them with gifted people—the sort of woman who could indeed have said, "Culture is not a substitute for life but the key to it." I always felt that Mary Wakefield possessed that magic key, that she realised more than any human being I have ever met the inexhaustible treasures that literally lie at our feet if we remove the scales from our eyes—the scales that prevent us from seeing the glory, the beauty, that surrounds us on every side—the tragic scales that force some of us so cruelly and persistently to dwell on the cramped enclosure of our own personal interests till we see nothing else, till we are like caged animals tramping desperately up and down our prison.

The walls of this little room were covered with pictures. I think there were several Venetian scenes amongst



them, for I seem to recollect a lovely little reproduction of a picture by Burne-Jones representing the Spirit of Dawn flying at break of day through the waterways of the Wonder-City. And I remember being singularly impressed by another reproduction of a picture I had never seen. It was by Rossetti, whose work was then quite unknown to me. It represented Mary Magdalene before her conversion making a triumphal procession through the town followed by a troupe of adorers. She is radiant with beauty, her marvellous hair falls like a royal mantle about her body. To the right is a house, and through the barred window a face is visible—it is the face of our Lord gazing with a look of unutterable sadness and pity at the scene in the street. I think I saw a replica of the original, or at all events a very beautiful copy, many years afterwards at Wilton, during the lifetime of George, Earl of Pembroke. Wilton was his country-place near Salisbury, and the picture fascinated me then as it had fascinated me many years ago.

Strong contrasts! How they set one thinking! How they appeal to the imagination! As I write, my thoughts wander to Florence—to the Church of Santa Trinità, where, in a niche, stands a very different representation of Mary Magdalene. The statue—carved in wood—is the joint-work of Desiderio di Settignano and Bernardino da Maiano. Nothing is left of the famous beauty whose fame has lived through the ages; gone are the beautiful lines of the body; it is emaciated and gaunt from long fasting, the lovely eyes are dim with weeping, suffering is stamped on every feature, and, as one gazes at it, one almost feels as if one had no right to intrude on a sorrow so sacred, so profound, on a love born of a contrition so intense, so limitless. After catching a glimpse of the unfathomable deeps of that heart, it is difficult to reconcile oneself to the paltry limitations of one's own.

It was Mary Wakefield who made me realise what Italy could mean to one who loved her, for it was in that little room that I realised just exactly what it was that I had missed in my own disappointing first experience. It was there that once again I heard the heart of Italy

beat audibly, that I heard her call, "Come back, come back, I have great gifts for you also. Never again shall you leave me with such disappointment in your heart, never, never again."

How I longed to return!

But I had my work cut out in England for the time being, and it was my destiny to go to the other end of the world before recrossing the Alps.

Two or three years before Mary died, I played her an Italian song I had written in Sicily to the words of Gabriele d'Annunzio. The song is called "Isaotta Blanzesmano" (Isolde of the White Hand). I chose three verses out of a long poem, celebrating the loves of famous men and women—Dante and Beatrice, Paolo and Francesca, Petrarch and Laura, etc., etc. But the verses that set my imagination on fire were those in which the poet speaks of Isaotta. I saw one of those verses for the first time in the well-known novel by my dear friend, Robert Hichens, *The Woman with the Fan*, and it evoked a vision of beauty—of romance—that absolutely refused to leave me for days and days.

In speaking of an imaginary song set to those words, the author says—

"You seemed to see a world of spread wings—a world in which you can only dream and wonder, as when you look at the horizon line and pray for the things beyond."

And I dreamed and wondered. And then I tried to write the music to that song.

There is a garden I know that lies on the shore of the loveliest lake in Italy, where oleanders and magnolias grow almost to the water's edge. Mountains covered with chestnut trees shelter it lovingly from the winds, and an old wall hung with wreaths of trailing ivy hides moss-covered steps that lead through shady paths to the heights above. It is a garden where dark trees spread their branches over a green lawn where the grass grows happily as it chooses, where the roses bloom among the grass—a garden where I have stood in the early dew-laden hours of a radiant summer morning and

gazed across the shimmering waters at the lovely promontory in the distance, on which a white little village lies peacefully, as though it had fallen from heaven in its sleep, so softly, so gently, that it isn't yet awake!—a garden where I have sat drowsily through the hot and languorous hours of a July afternoon, almost hypnotised by the wonderful light in which mountains and lake were bathed, by the delicious smell of flowers with their subtle suggestion of a happiness beyond words, by the gentle caress of the soft and balmy air—a garden where I have dreamed dreams, happy even when I awoke, because I faced a beauty, a reality, I loved.

And when the glory of the sunset had faded into the pale mystery of the night, and that companioned by a million quivering stars, I looked down into the green waters of the lovely lake where the tinkle of the little bells attached to the fishermen's nets mingled occasionally with the melody of a far-away song that floated across the water from an invisible singer in an invisible boat, I understood—ah, how well I understood—why those who have known happiness in Italy can never recall that happiness, that “lull in the hot race,” without a rush of feeling that, after years and years, can still bring the tears to their eyes.

“Torna in fior di giovinezza

Isaotta Blanzesmano

Dice: Tutto al mondo e vano

Nell' amore ogni dolcezza.

Fanno l'ore compagnia

Alla bionda Blanzesmano

Dicon: tutto al mondo e vano

Nell' amore ogni dolcezza.

S'apra come rosa in fiore

Alla gioia il cuore umano

Poi, che tutto al mondo e vano

Nell' amore ogni dolcezza.”

These were the words of that imaginary song, and as I dreamed and wondered, I conjured up a vision.



I saw a man in that garden, and his heart was asleep, dreaming. And in his dream he saw Isaotta Blanzesmano. Once more she returned to earth in the flower of her youth, and he heard her cry—

“ Tutto al mondo e vano  
Nell' amore ogni dolcezza.”

He saw the attendant Hours, symbolical of all mankind, but represented by women, because the heart of woman has always accounted the world well lost for love, and they echoed her cry—

“ Tutto al mondo e vano  
Nell' amore ogni dolcezza.”

And I saw him stir in his sleep, I heard his heart awake, I heard it quiver with life. I heard its passionate response to that call—

“ S'apra come rosa in fiore  
Alla gioia il cuore umano.”

And I knew, as the vision faded from his sight, that he would dream no more pale dreams—he would live—live splendidly—and love would spin the web from which are woven the immemorial days that are the gift of God to bestow as He thinks best.

I remember that when I finished singing those lovely words to dear Mary Wakefield, I thought, “ You must have known happiness in Italy.”

She was standing close to the piano, her eyes were dim with tears—she tried to speak, and failed. There was another woman in the room, but she said nothing. Nor did I.

## CHAPTER XIV

WINNING the Mendelssohn Scholarship had proved such an altogether delightful experience that I made up my mind to enter my name for another. This time it was a local affair, and took place in the concert-room of the R.A.M. It was a pianoforte scholarship for girls. I may as well say at once that I was not the successful candidate, though I was one of the three students who were recalled after every one had played the piece selected for the occasion. (What it was I can't remember.) The examiners had agreed to differ with regard to our respective merits, and we were asked to go through the ordeal again. I behaved on this occasion like a horrid little boy who once visited us at Pendeford. One day at dinner he made a remark which made his neighbour laugh very heartily—so heartily that my dear father asked him to repeat what he had said. The odious little monkey refused point-blank.

“No, no, Mr. White,” he said, “I never say a good thing twice.”

Well, I very seldom did a good thing *once*, and to do it twice was utterly beyond me. I was tired and nervous the second time and played less well, and the scholarship was, with perfect justice, awarded to one of the others. But something better than a scholarship awaited me this time! That afternoon was a turning-point in my life, and I was to realise, what I have so often and often proved to be true in later years, that it isn't always apparent success that yields the richest results, and that what looks very like a failure may only be the forerunner of something far better than one has ever dared to hope for.

Though an unsuccessful competitor, I was nevertheless on the eve of an episode that was to lead me straight on to the high road to success, for among the examiners was the famous singer, Charles Santley, and it certainly is to him and to his generous and immediate championship that I owe my successful introduction to the real public. Of that I will speak a little later on. I remember perfectly a little scene that took place after the competition at the door of the concert-room of the R.A.M. It was nearly dark, for it was still winter; the students had already dispersed, and the examiners were just about to do so, after which I knew that the room would be locked up. I had lingered behind with a roll of music in my hand. Inside the roll was a copy of "Absent yet Present" and another of "Montrose's Love Song." It had been the aim and object of my life for months to get Santley to look at these songs. I felt perfectly certain they would suit him. That he would sing them as no one else on earth was capable of singing them, I was also convinced. I had heard him too often not to know what he could do with them! As I stood near the door wondering whether I dare stop him on his way out, I thought of the words of my song—

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all."

All of a sudden I saw Signor Randegger, and at sight of him I took my courage in both hands. I had worked myself up to such a pitch of nervousness that I hardly dared move from my point of vantage near the door. I felt that if I deserted my post the great singer would be sure to choose that very moment to leave the room. Now, however, my old friend was close enough for me to be able to talk to him.

"Oh, Signor Randegger," I said nervously, "do you think you could ask Mr. Santley if he would have a look at these two songs of mine?"

"Well," he answered, looking round, "but he is



just going. They've been here for hours, you know, and must be wanting to get home."

Just then I saw Santley approaching us. It was now or never.

"But it wouldn't take him five minutes," I pleaded. "Oh do, do ask him; it's a chance that may never occur again. Oh, dear old Rannie, be a brick and ask him."

As I have said before, Signor Randegger had the kindest heart in the world. As Santley passed, he turned round and said—

"I say, Santley, there is a girl here who is dying to show you some songs she has written. Could you spare five minutes or so?"

"Why, of course I can," he answered kindly. "Is there any room close by where we could run through them?"

I felt suddenly as though the dark room were flooded with sunshine.

"Let's go to my room," said Signor Randegger quickly; "it's here—just round the corner."

When we got there we found two girls who were waiting for their singing lessons. The professor told them he would attend to them presently, and then he said—

"Now, then, Maude" (he pronounced it *Mode*), "fire away."

And I fired away for all I was worth!

By the little remarks and exclamations they both made while I played, I knew that all was going well—more than well. And when I had finished, Mr. Santley turned to Signor Randegger and said something about the songs in Italian that made my heart beat with excitement and pleasure. I didn't speak Italian at that time, but I spoke Spanish, and many of the words in both languages are identical!

Then he turned to me—

"I shall sing both these songs next Monday night at St. James's Hall, and you must come and accompany me."

I nearly gasped. To have two of my songs sung by Charles Santley at one of the Monday Pops., the celebrated Monday Pops. which were justly considered by far the most important concerts of chamber music in London! I couldn't believe my ears! It was more than I had ever dreamed of!

Dear old "Rannie" shook me warmly by the hand. He was delighted with the result of the interview.

"Well," he said heartily, "you are a lucky girl and no mistake!"

"I am—I am," I thought, in a tumult of excitement at this wonderful and unexpected *dénouement* to the real business of the afternoon. As to the scholarship I had hoped to win—it had simply vanished from my mind. I could think of nothing but the fact that Mr. Santley was going to sing my songs at the Monday Pop.—that I was to play them for him (I who had never played at anything but little amateur concerts and our own students concerts), and that when I told dear Mr. Innes he would be almost as pleased as I was. He adored Santley's singing. I knew just exactly the way he would receive my news!

After I had thanked Mr. Santley again and again for his kindness, a rehearsal was arranged, and he took my name and address.

"I'll come round to your place," he said, "and we will have a great go at both these songs."

And then I said good-bye, but not before I had thanked and blessed "Rannie," to whom I owed this unique opportunity. I only hope from the bottom of my heart that I may ever have the chance of doing to other young artists one-half of the kind, good things that were done to me in my youth, for in looking back it seems to me that kindness was literally lavished on me. One hears a great deal about professional jealousy, etc. etc., but I have never come across anything but real and genuine kindness from almost every musician I have ever met; they have always given me a helping hand, always given me kind and encouraging words,

always been ready to try over my things or to get others to do so, and more than ready to sing and play at the concerts I have given from time to time. As to the occasions when any one has been sarcastic or disagreeable, they have really been so few and far between that I can hardly remember them.

The Principal spoke to me about my interview with Mr. Santley at my next lesson.

"Is it true," he said, "that Santley is to sing two of your songs at the next Monday Pop.?"

"Yes," I said, "it is quite true. He's going to sing 'Absent, yet Present,' and 'Montrose's Love Song,' and he has asked me to accompany him."

I tried to speak quite simply, but I was feeling so proud and excited at being able to announce this fact that I couldn't quite disguise my feelings.

I didn't really want to "show off" before the other students—that would have been too utterly odious—and yet that little note of exultation refused point-blank to keep quite within bounds!

I expect Old Mac knew exactly what I was feeling, for he laughed and said affectionately—

"Oh, you lucky young composer!"—and then we had our lesson as usual.

Two or three days later Mr. Santley came round to Porchester Terrace, where I was living for the time being with my trustee and his family, as my mother was wintering at Nice, and our own house was let for several months. Never to my dying day shall I forget the way he sang "Absent, yet Present." I had indeed been right when I thought that no one living would ever be able to sing it like him! He threw a fire, a passion, into the music that absolutely startled me. It was splendidly virile, splendidly strong. I had no idea that anything written by me could ever have sounded like that. Then he went through "Montrose's Love Song," which he sang with the same vigour, the same glorious sense of rhythm that he put into his interpretation of "To Anthea."



I had always loved his singing, but when I heard my own music treated so superbly, it was an absolute revelation to me, and I realised the immense debt of gratitude that a composer must always owe the really great artist who throws himself with fervour into his work. After we had gone through both songs several times, he told me he was quite satisfied, and then he asked me to come to the artists' room at St. James's Hall on the Monday evening following, begging me to come rather early so as to run through the songs once more, if necessary, before going on to the platform.

Mr. Innes and his eldest daughter came to that concert with me, and I think Mrs. Feilden accompanied them. They left me at the door of the artists' room, where I met Mr. Santley. After greeting me very kindly, he told me not to mind if he didn't talk to me, as he always liked to keep silent before going on the platform. I felt like an impertinent microbe for daring to be there at all! It all seemed too strange to be true.

I waited there for over half an hour while Herr Joachim and his colleagues played their quartet, and while Mr. Santley walked ceaselessly up and down with both my songs in his hands, evidently committing the words to memory. It seemed to me positively amazing that the greatest English singer living should be giving himself so much trouble about anything written by an insignificant little student like myself. I had yet to learn that it is only the really great artist who never thinks any trouble too great when it is a question of carrying through even the smallest thing he has undertaken!

The quartet was drawing to a close, and Mr. Santley told me to follow him into the narrow passage furnished with benches, from which a flight of steps led on to the platform. Presently a perfect torrent of applause broke loose, and the players with their instruments came down the steps into the passage. There was an attempt at conversation, but the applause went on so persistently

that they all had to go back. My heart beat furiously during this second wait. I wished the whole thing were over, and yet, somehow, I longed to go up! But I never felt so nervous in my life. At last our turn came. As we walked up the steps I saw that the room was crowded—there didn't seem to be a vacant seat in the place. The Prince and Princess of Wales with their suite sat in a front row by themselves, and in front of the Princess (Queen Alexandra) was a little table on which lay her bouquet and program. They all looked up as Mr. Santley walked on to the platform. He had a splendid reception, and at the sound of the applause I suddenly felt less frightened. Of course I knew it was all for him, for I was utterly unknown (I believe, but am not sure, that the words "Mendelssohn Scholar" were printed after my name on the program); still, the warmth of his welcome sent a glow through my veins. The songs were well received, but without any special signs of approval. The clapping, however, continued after we had reached the last step of the little staircase leading from the platform to the passage. And then Santley did a kind, a generous thing. Instead of returning to the platform to bow, as ninety-nine singers in a hundred would have done, he seized hold of my hand.

"Come back with me," he said; "I am going to sing again."

And how he sang the second time! I am not quite certain which song he repeated—he believed in them both. But so determined was he to give me my chance that he absolutely *attacked* the audience with the splendour of his singing, with the magnetism of his personality. It was like a tidal wave sweeping everything before it, and of course he carried the crowd away with him and won the day for me, for the song was received very differently the second time he sang it. I remember perfectly well feeling half frightened at the idea of going back to face that multitude of people whose applause, I thought, in no way justified my reappearance at all events. But of course I did as I was told. On

how frail a thread one's fate sometimes hangs! And how one remembers, how gratefully one remembers the hand that might have snapped it so easily, but that wove it into something strong and durable by a beautiful and generous impulse!

I owe whatever success I have had in my musical life to the way Santley championed my first attempts, and I shall never forget it. I should hate myself if I did!

He repeated both "Absent, yet Present," and "Montrose's Love Song" at St. James's Hall that same week on the following Saturday, and made a very great success with them. But it was "Absent, yet Present," that every one cared for. The other song had its little day and then disappeared, and I don't suppose any one remembers it now. The approval of the audience that flocked to the Saturday Pops. was well worth having. St. James's Hall was generally crowded on those occasions, not only with Londoners, fashionable and otherwise, but with masses of people who streamed in from the suburbs to hear the celebrated Joachim quartet party. Perhaps the hall was, as a matter of fact, rather too big for chamber concerts, but one didn't feel critically disposed when one was listening to that perfect quartet, or to the solos that were so often performed there by the greatest artists in the world. Never shall I forget a performance of Schumann's E flat quartet that I heard there for the first time and the way they played the divinely tender *Andante Cantabile*! I remember feeling as if the heavens had opened when, towards the end of the second movement, the tender, lovely theme returned, floating like a water-lily on the waves of surely one of the most perfect accompaniments with which a genius was ever inspired. One seemed to see two happy lovers united for ever, wandering through the fields of heaven; one seemed to hear the words, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

It was at one of those concerts that I heard Clara Schumann play her husband's romantically beautiful



concerto in A minor. I suppose no one ever interpreted it quite as she did. How could it be otherwise? Who ever loved and understood him in the same way? In one of his letters to her long before they were married—long before her father would consent to even an engagement—he wrote to her à propos of one of his compositions that “whatever I may have put into it—*das wird mir meine Clara herausfinden.*”

It is an enormous asset to know personally and intimately the creator of any work. Somehow it alters one's whole point of view. Things that one saw by the insignificant light of one's own intelligence are suddenly illuminated by that brilliant search-light, a real knowledge of the Creator's intention. What was merely a sketch in black and white becomes a glowing picture. It is depressing to think of the many treasures that undoubtedly lie buried deep in the masterpieces of the world, and that are only brought to light at long intervals by some great artist whose insight amounts to genius.

Even a very humble composer like myself knows by experience how seldom it is that any one interprets a piece of music just exactly as one has conceived it oneself. It really **is** the rarest thing on earth. How often and often after successful performances of my own songs have not really clever musicians come up to congratulate me heartily on the way they have been sung, under the impression that there could not be two opinions on the subject; and yet I have been secretly chafing under a cruel sense of disappointment, for it has seemed to me that the one thing necessary—the subtle something that is the essence of the song—has hardly been indicated—has often been entirely absent!

But sometimes a singer crosses one's path who has the heart of a poet, and then, oh, the difference, the splendid difference! No one ever sang those earlier songs of mine, “Absent, yet Present,” “To Blossoms,” “Heureux qui peut Aimer,” “When Passion's Trance,” “To Electra,” and “The Devout Lover,” like Santley. The way he sang the closing phrase of the latter song

was so beautiful and touching that those who never heard it can hardly imagine the difference between his interpretation and that of every one else. He once wrote me during those first few weeks of our friendship a little note that I prized more than I can say. In it he said, among other things—

“Your young enthusiasm has roused to life the youth in me that was dead.”

I think many a middle-aged artist has felt a certain lassitude, a certain weariness, that has utterly vanished when brought into contact with a youthful temperament which reminds him of his own young days. Santley was wonderfully kind to me. Sometimes after singing “Montrose’s Love Song” he would say laughingly—

“You must tell me when your Montrose turns up, you know.”

There was something in Santley’s voice that touched me to tears. I have seldom heard it in any other. It suggested youth—fearless, passionate, enthusiastic youth. It also suggested a terrible capacity for suffering. The only singer in whose voice I have heard just that same ring is my dear friend Harry Plunket Greene, of whom I shall speak later on, for he is another singer to whom I owe a great deal.

Whenever I hear even an echo of that sound in either the speaking or singing voice of any human being it undoes me. The years roll away. “Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript” once more lies open; “the nightingale that in the branches sang” sings once again. Again I stand on the threshold of life, forgetful for a moment of the long years that separate me from those glowing days when I couldn’t believe that I wasn’t going to be gloriously happy some day, when I couldn’t believe that suffering and disillusion and bitter disappointment are the common lot, and that I certainly deserved no more than any one else. But blessed is the human being who, having seen happiness pass by his own door, reaches the early evening of his life without fainting by the way, and lives long enough to see the radiant

figure pause and knock at the door of a dear child or a beloved friend. For him a star shines in the darkness, "still a garden by the water blows," and he realises with a thrill of unspeakable joy that his heart's desire is not always for himself.

I became a Catholic in the autumn of that year on the 15th of September 1880.



## CHAPTER XV.

SOME happy months followed the episode alluded to in the last chapter, and then there came the inevitable turn of Fortune's wheel. My dear mother's health began to fail; money troubles cast their ugly shadows across our path, and we had to resign ourselves to the fact that it was no longer possible to keep on the house at Hyde Park Gate. I still remember the despair with which I heard that we might possibly have to live in Dulwich. I was absolutely miserable at the idea of leaving London, which I loved, and which was associated in my mind with so many happy days of work and pleasure. It seemed to me one might just as well bury oneself alive. However, Mr. Innes again came to the rescue, and asked me to come and stay at Porchester Terrace till a new house had actually been decided upon, and as I was still studying at the R.A.M. I was only too thankful to do so. Auntie Dora went to live with relations in the country, and mother and Emmie, with two of my little nieces (their mother, my eldest sister, had left them with us on returning to India), went to live in rooms till a satisfactory home should be found.

It was a sad, a horrible winter. My mother's health went from bad to worse, and at last it was only too evident that she had not long to live. Mr. Innes, with several members of his family, was obliged to go to Chile on business, and though his wife did not accompany him, she also was going to the Continent during his absence. But they all begged me to stay on at Porchester Terrace under the care of Mrs. Ramsay, their excellent and kind Scotch housekeeper. Fortunately, the rooms which my mother had taken were quite close

to Porchester Terrace, and I was able to go there every day. Work was difficult under these circumstances. My mind was so distracted by the sense of coming disaster that I could not concentrate it upon my studies, and the sad hours I spent with my own people affected my health and spirits so much that soon I found it impossible to do anything except by fits and starts. It distressed me to see my mother laid up in dull and dreary lodgings. It seemed so cruel that she should have had to turn out of her charming little house when she was so wretchedly ill and weak. The future seemed to hold nothing but sorrow in store. My trustee came to me two or three days before sailing for South America and said—

“ I am afraid your mother is very, very ill, and now I also must go away. Should anything happen to her you will not know what to do. I have put a certain sum of money in the bank for you which will enable you to act as you think best in case of her death, so on that score at least your mind can be at rest.”

He was far more like a father to me than a trustee, and I recollect how touched I was when he said, after telling me that he had remembered me in his will—

“ I would like to take care of you even when I am in my grave.”

And how often have I not blessed him for that kind thought! I have made many a hopeless muddle of my affairs, for I am a wretched business woman, and hate the very sight of an account book. And I am sorry to say that I let everything slide and just trust in a vague way that things may not go too hopelessly wrong. When they *have* done so it has always been my dear trustee's little legacy that has come to the rescue and set me on my feet again. How often have I not seemed to hear his kind voice saying—

“ I should like to take care of you even when I am in my grave.”

And certainly his kind and tender wish has been fulfilled.

My dear mother died a short time after he sailed.

I remained in London for two weeks or so, till I knew what was going to happen to my sister Emmie, who was still a minor. I loved her dearly; we have been close friends all our lives, nor has any woman living been so much to me. Eventually she, and our two little nieces, who had been left in her care, went to live with my sister Dora, who was now settled in Birkenhead with her husband and children.

I then made up my mind to go to Chile. My sister Annie was married out there; my trustee, I knew, was to be there for a year, and I was certain that they would give me a home till I could decide on something definite.

My trustee's eldest son, George, who was about two years younger than myself, was just going to Valparaiso to join his father, so I would be able to travel with him; and when Mr. Santley heard of our intended journey, he asked us if we would allow his son Michael, a boy of about sixteen, to accompany us. He had been ill, and the doctors had advised a long sea journey.

I remember how bitterly I cried on leaving Europe. I, who was so fond of travelling, dreaded going away to the other end of the world, though under ordinary circumstances there is nothing I would have enjoyed better. But I didn't know what else to do. I felt lost without my mother and my trustee, for I had never been called upon to do a really practical thing in the whole course of my existence. I was always told laughingly, "That isn't *your* department," and I was only too willing to agree to anything that left me free to go my own way and follow my own bent.

George Rose-Innes and myself, accompanied by Mr. Santley and his son, went to Paris, where, if I remember rightly, we met Mrs. Rose-Innes. We were only to spend a day or two there, and were then to join our ship, the *Magellan*, at Bordeaux.

We were to go to Chile *via* Lisbon, the Cape Verde Islands, Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, and the Straits of Magellan. It had been arranged that we were to land at Lisbon, where the ship halted for one day. My



mother's old friend Madame de Laboulaye had written to her son, Monsieur Paul de Laboulaye, who was French Minister in Lisbon, to tell him that we were on our way to Chile, and would be able to spend some hours on shore, whereupon he had invited us to lunch at the Legation. I remember how odd it seemed to me to think of lunching in Portugal, where I had never been, with M. Paul de Laboulaye, whom I had never seen, and winding up the afternoon by "popping over" to South America with two boys younger than myself, as if it were a tea-room round the corner. It seemed to me as if the Mad Hatter himself could hardly have arranged a stranger proceeding.

We had a horrible journey from Bordeaux to Lisbon. The *Magellan* was one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's oldest ships, and had none of the comforts or conveniences of a modern steamer. I lay in my berth and wished I were a pair of boots or an umbrella, or anything else that rolls about a cabin without dreadful consequences. I never realised how wretched a sailor I was till I found myself on board that appalling old steamer, and to say that I was thankful when we reached Lisbon is indeed to put it mildly. I more than enjoyed the few hours we spent at the Legation; it was such a blessed relief to get out of that evil-smelling old tub into a pretty house, and to sit down to a charmingly-served French *déjeuner* in a bright room. After luncheon we went for a drive. There was no time, alas! to go to Cintra, but our kind host took us to see the church that was built to commemorate the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco di Gama. The pillars of that church are so extraordinarily slender that one can't help wondering why the whole place hasn't collapsed years ago in one of the numerous earthquakes that have shaken Lisbon to its foundations.

After about five days we reached St. Vincent. By this time the sea was calm and the weather magnificent. All day long we watched little negro boys dart in and out of the exquisite sapphire-coloured sea, diving for

money or anything else one chose to throw into the water. It was so beautifully clear that one could see right down to the bottom.

Then came ten or twelve interminable days of tropical weather. The heat made me ill and weak, and I succumbed entirely to depression. I felt so sad, so unutterably sad at the sudden change in my life, that I sat for hours and hours in my deck-chair without stirring, simply gazing out from morning to night over the great waste of waters, unable to talk, unable to read, unable to take an interest in anything. One day some kind soul brought me an English novel. I opened it listlessly and began to read. There was a description of an English country house in it, a description of hounds meeting on a crisp winter day; the scenery was described, the field, the coverts. I remember closing the book and leaning back, while a feeling of absolute desperation took complete possession of me. A vision of dear Pendeford had arisen in my mind. I saw my father and mother again, and remembered the gay and careless days when so many of us were happy little children, unconscious that so horrible a thing as death existed, with its anguish of eternal separation, on this earth at any rate. I thought of the dear ones I had left behind. I saw dear old Auntie Dora's kind blue eyes, the eyes that had always looked at me with such unflinching tenderness, and terror struck at my heart. She was really old. What was to prevent her dying before my return? The frightful uncertainty of life hit me like a blow, and imagination, so dear a friend, so terrible an enemy, tortured me. It tortured me for days and nights. The ship seemed to me like a horrible trap into which I had walked in a moment of mental aberration. The captain, a very kind man, told me afterwards that he had been seriously alarmed by the state I was in. He thought that I was not only very ill, but that my mind was affected.

Now and again I made an effort to rouse myself, and then I tried to teach a few words of Spanish to young

Santley. He was only to be a fortnight with us in Valparaiso, still, he thought he would like to understand as much as possible, and I helped him to the best of my ability.

There were hardly any first-class passengers on board. Except an English naval officer and his wife, a young French couple and ourselves, I remember no one. The French couple bitterly regretted the fact that there were no other French people on board, and hated the journey almost as much as I did.

One day the poor young wife could no longer restrain her feelings.

“*Quel voyage, mon Dieu, quel voyage ! Oh ce que l'on s'ennuie quand il n'y a que des Beefs à bord !*”

That was her name for the English, and I remember blessing her for it, for it made me laugh. Her husband was equally bored. One day I heard him say dejectedly—

“*Eh bien, puisqu'il n'y a rien à faire, je m'en, vais conter les moutons.*”

One must indeed be hard up for occupation when one is reduced to counting sheep, while the perspiration runs down one's face like a miniature Niagara !

But one day there was a great stir on the ship, and though it was only four or five o'clock in the morning every one was on deck. Land was in sight. In an hour or two the steamer would be lying in the famous Bay of Rio Janeiro, and I would be able to see for myself whether it had been justly extolled so far above the Bay of Naples by my uncle and his friends eight years ago, on the occasion of our visit to Italy.

No wonder they thought it beautiful ! I suppose it really is one of the loveliest scenes in the tropics. The bay is dotted with little islands covered with palms, which look as if they had floated into it from some marvellous region of languid splendour and enervating luxury. I could not imagine either living or dying in such a place. I once heard a man say of a piece of music—

“*C'est comme un rêve d'opium.*”

Well, that is just the effect the Bay of Rio had on me.



For all their tremendous wealth of vegetation, those islands in no way suggested life—life with its glorious possibilities, its fierce battles, its splendid victories, its sometimes equally splendid defeats. Nor did they suggest death—death that to the Christian, at all events, suggests a supreme gathering up of all his forces to meet a tremendous event, an event that means translation, not annihilation, though of what nature he knows not.

Those islands suggested dreams, beautiful dreams leading to a world of beautiful shadows. To me the Bay of Rio is like an exquisite body without a soul; the appeal is entirely to the senses. No doubt there is some such appeal in the Bay of Naples, but it doesn't end there; there is an appeal to the heart, to the memory, to the mind, that is like a cry of joy. He who has heard it and understood it will never be able to forget it, never. Above the din and confusion of the world, that cry will reach him; it is music in his ears, music that sings of a glorious past, of an exquisite present, music that expands his soul, music that in sorrow and disappointment can soothe and console him as none other can. That is the music that fills the air from Monte Rosa to Etna for him who has ears to hear!

I had not then read Sir Rennell Rodd's lovely little book, "The Violet Crown." I don't think it was written till some years later; but oh, how some of those poems would have appealed to me that day!

Of course we went on shore to see the town of Rio. There was a market-place close to the landing-stage. It was crowded by negroes; the men were only half dressed, and the women wore nothing but cotton skirts and beautifully embroidered chemises, that showed their glistening black necks and arms. All sorts of tropical fruits lay piled on little stalls. I remember walking languidly through the crowd with my two companions. I must evidently have looked very tired and ill, for all of a sudden I felt a touch on my arm. A kind old negro with a little straw chair in his hand begged me to rest in it; then he fetched two oranges—magnificent ones—and

insisted on presenting them to me—he absolutely refused to be paid. I recollect feeling quite tender over that old negro, and wondering, as I have wondered a thousand times, at the beauty, the irresistible charm of real kindness.

We paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens, and saw the magnificent avenue of royal palms; then we wandered about the narrow streets of the town, gazing into the wonderful jewellery shops, and at the extraordinary feather flowers, butterflies, and beetles that are made into ornaments for personal wear. The people we met in the streets had all the same parchment-like skin, the same shrivelled-up appearance, the effect, of course, of the fierce heat. We did not visit Tijuca, the beautiful summer resort high up in the hills, where a delicious hotel, with a swimming bath, lies buried in palms and banana trees, among which brilliant and enormous butterflies fly in and out all day long. That was reserved for the home journey.

We returned to the ship towards evening and slept on board. Next day we started for Monte Video, where, owing to the roughness of the sea, we did not go on shore. Many of the passengers had left the ship; the Argentine Republic was their goal. How I envied them! We had another fortnight at sea to get through, and those last days were wearisome and horrible beyond description. The weather became colder and colder, greyer and greyer; the sea was always rough; the wind howled incessantly, and I was so ill that I was quite unable to leave my cabin. Oh, the horrors of those last days on board! At last we reached the Straits of Magellan. If we had reached Paradise I could hardly have been more thankful. It was perfectly smooth inside the Straits, and I was able to get up and go on deck. It was very cold, but there was something grand, I thought, in the snow and ice-covered mountains past which we steamed for two whole days. The Straits of Magellan cannot, however, be compared for beauty with the Norwegian fjords; they have none of their romantic charm and poetry. There

is something stern and repellent about them that makes me shudder when I remember them. I can conceive of nothing more frightful than to be exiled to such a region.

Shortly before leaving the Straits I heard a great sound of hammering. I asked what was the reason of it, and was told that they were nailing down various things in the saloon, as they anticipated the usual storm on passing out of the Straits. Rounding Cape Pillar, they said, was always a serious matter. My heart sank within me. I only wished they could have nailed me into my berth. Anything more miserable than trying to avoid being tossed out of one's berth, for hours and hours together, feeling horribly sea-sick into the bargain, it is difficult to conceive. However, I reflected with infinite relief that we would soon be at our journey's end. Eight days more and the whole thing would be over! Had I known the horrors of a long sea journey I should certainly have felt like a little Belgian girl I once knew. She was taken to a place she hated. I happened to be there, and I heard her say with a deep sigh (her French was anything but perfect)—

“ Si j'aurais su, j'aurais pas venu ! ”

Before reaching Valparaiso, we landed at a place in the south of Chile called Lota, where there is an immense property belonging to Señora Cousiño, one of the richest women in the world. We spent some time wandering about her curious mountain garden, which was open to the public, and there I saw some llamas for the first time, pretty, graceful little animals. But I didn't care for the garden, which was rather artificial.

At last the long-wished-for day arrived, when we were told to pack up our traps, as we would be in Valparaiso towards eleven o'clock next morning. I had sent a cable to Mr. Innes to tell him I was coming, and felt certain that he and my sister Annie would be at the landing-stage to meet us. What I did not expect, however, was that they would come and fetch us in a charming little launch. A young naval officer, a friend of ours, who had known us in England, had had this happy idea, and had received permission to take them out to meet the steamer on the



launch belonging to the man-of-war to which he was attached.

Oh, how glad I was to see their dear familiar faces ! I felt safe once more. That dreadful feeling of loneliness vanished almost at once ! My sister's home was a little way out of Valparaiso, on a hill called the "Cerro Allegre," but my trustee lived in a delightful old Spanish house in the town, in the "Calle de la Victoria." It was destroyed, and the whole street, almost the whole town was destroyed, in the terrific earthquake of 1906, but it will always live in my memory.

I shall never forget the vivid impression made on me by the Bay of Valparaiso. It has been painted by Whistler. His picture is a night view, but it is beautiful at any time, to my mind. It is flanked on one side by the superb range of the Cordillera, on which the snow lies eternally. The great Aconcagua, which is sometimes visible, stands supreme even among those giant mountains, and suggests strength amounting to absolute splendour. The bay itself is connected in my mind with a peculiar glitter, a tremulous brilliancy which I have never seen equalled anywhere. In the early morning, when the sun shines upon its waters, the effect is dazzling. There is something almost intoxicating in the vision of the sparkling waves, which seem to dance throughout the live-long day in a blue ecstasy of delight.

But how good it was to be on "terra firma" again ! How good after the dark and terrific desolation of the Straits of Magellan to find oneself once more in the sun, surrounded by gay crowds of people, and, best of all, by dear ones ! It was like escaping from prison into the happy world again.

I enjoyed *everything* that day. To begin with, there were no tiresome formalities about the luggage. I think we had to thank the kind little naval officer—now an admiral—for that boon ; and instead of being detained for hours at the Custom-house, we drove straight to the Calle de la Victoria, where my sister Annie was to lunch with us.

I think the first view of Mr. Innes's house made me

realise more than anything else that I was indeed in a different continent—the rooms were lofty and large; but what delighted, what enchanted me, was the large “patio” round which they were built. I had never been in Spain then, and had never seen the exquisite architecture of many of the houses in Seville. Still, this house, which must, I imagine, have been an old Spanish one, built in the time when Chile was still a Spanish colony, had a distinct charm of its own. A fountain played in the middle of the square,—a fountain surrounded by orange trees and large floripondia bushes, these latter were laden with curious white flowers that looked like bells; there were other semi-tropical trees and plants whose names I can't remember, and beneath them were arranged beds of other brilliant hued flowers. The smell of roses, heliotrope, and a peculiarly fragrant jessamine filled the soft air—it is a smell so unforgettable, so delicious, and I lived with it so many months, that even now, after thirty years, it can waft me in one second to the shores of the Pacific. A strange, a far-away feeling steals over me, and once more the Past holds me in its mysterious embrace. I remember with what delight I saw a humming-bird for the first time. As it flitted in and out the flowers of the sunny patio it seemed to me as emblematical of the Southern Hemisphere, as the brilliant Southern Cross that shines at night amidst a million other stars in the dark blue sky.

Even the food that was served at luncheon that day—the “almuerzo,” as it is called out there—made me realise that eight thousand miles lay between England and ourselves. The very aspect of the table was different. So was Celestino, the swarthy, nice-looking little butler who waited upon us. Celestino was a character. He had a way of announcing visitors that was priceless. One day he informed my trustee that “Someone” had been to see him.

“A man or a woman?” inquired Mr. Innes.

Celestino intimated that it was not a man.

“Well, then, I suppose it was a lady?”

Celestino shook his head.

“ Good gracious, *what* has been to see me ? ”

“ Señor,” answered Celestino mysteriously, “ it was a half-hair lady ! ”

The word he actually used was “ Medio pelo.” People touched with the tar-brush were originally labelled “ medio pelo,” but in Chile the word is now applied to would-be ladies and gentlemen very much the reverse of the real thing.

However, to return to my first luncheon in Chile. The piled-up dishes of fruit, some of which were unknown to me, were all protected by wire covers to prevent the flies getting at them, and there were strange dishes which I had never seen though I had heard of them. How delicious they were ! I am sure that any one who has ever been to Chile will agree with me in thinking that the food one gets there is very difficult to beat, both as regards its quality and the way it is dressed.

“ Casuela ” and “ Carbonada ” are two standing dishes, both extremely savoury ; the first is a sort of soup made with chicken and rice, and coloured red with an ingredient called “ Color.” There is also a delectable soup in which float pieces of golden pumpkin, rice, Indian corn, potatoes, and goodness only knows how many other good things. “ Empanadas ” and “ Humitas ” are other delicious dishes. The first consists of shells of fairy-like pastry, and is stuffed with minced meat, raisins, and hard-boiled eggs ; the second, of Indian corn, which is served piping hot in its own leaves.

And what vegetables grow there ! The asparagus is positively gigantic, and its flavour enough to rejoice the palate of the greatest gourmet alive. As to the pumpkins, I feel perfectly certain that Cinderella’s famous specimen must have been imported from Chile by a wave of her godmother’s fairy wand, for those that grow there are certainly quite worthy of being transformed into a beautiful coach-and-four ! As to the fruit, I have never tasted any to be compared to it. The grapes are famous, and the raisins from which they are made, the “ Pasas



de Huasco," more famous still. Such greengages, peaches, raspberries, melons, sandillas (water-melons), pomegranates, figs, I have never seen anywhere; and, of course, one often sees tropical fruits that are brought down from Peru, such as the delicious custard-apple, etc. The Panquehue wine is almost the most perfect light wine I have ever tasted; and as I am on the subject, I must mention the celebrated "Chicha," a wine that is much drunk all over the country, and which is made both of grapes and also of apples.

Yes, that first luncheon on shore refuses to depart from my greedy memory! I ate some crisp rolls and fresh butter with a feeling of positive joy, and when later on I poured some delicious fresh milk into my tea instead of the horrible condensed stuff which had been the only thing obtainable for the last six weeks, well—well!!!

Of course I went to see my sister Annie the next day, and renewed my acquaintance with her husband and two jolly little boys. We then arranged that I was to stay till the following spring in Chile, spending every alternate fortnight at one or other of her houses. In this way I saw a good deal that interested me. The Rose-Innes's, whose mother was a Chilian, naturally saw a great deal more of Chilian life than most of the English colony who lived on the two hills near the town, the Cerro Allegre and the Cerro de la Concepcion. Personally, I have always thought it a great pity that English residents abroad keep so very much to themselves; it is really absurd to cut oneself off so deliberately from the people in whose country one has elected to dwell. No other nation does this to the same extent as ourselves, and most certainly it is we who are the losers.

In Chile there is no earthly reason to do so. The Chilians are the most hospitable and generous people in the world. They give one the warmest, the kindest welcome from the very moment one is introduced to them. To be the guest of a Chilian lady or gentleman means that everything he or she possesses is put absolutely at your disposal, and when they tell you that their houses,

their servants, their horses, are "a la disposicion de Usted," the words are meant sincerely and in perfect good faith. I speak from experience, for when I have been a guest in a Chilian house I have been treated with a courtesy, a kindness, a consideration that it is impossible to beat, and very hard to equal.

I recollect the extraordinary impression made upon me the first time I went to Mass at the church of La Merced. Hats are strictly tabooed. Every woman wears a manto, a thin black shawl made of nun's veiling that is often very becomingly draped round the head and shoulders; she also carries her own little prayer-carpet in her hand, at least she did in my day. The effect of hundreds of kneeling figures swathed in black is really solemn. But what certainly was not solemn, what was really comical, was the selection of music that was sometimes played during Mass or Benediction. Tunes from the *Mikado* and *Pinafore* were thought perfectly suitable, and one repented of one's shortcomings to the gay strains of polkas and galops. One day when I was feeling absolutely indignant at the horrible discrepancy between the sacred words that had been said at the altar and the cats'-concert that had accompanied them, and just as I was about to give my opinion on the subject very plainly indeed, I was reduced to silence by a poor woman—one of the servants, I believe—who said with a happy little sigh: "Ay, que linda esta musica! Da tanta devocion!"<sup>1</sup> I realised on that occasion what I have realised very often since: true charity really consists in a heroic and persistent determination to sit in your stockinged feet from morning till night, ready at a moment's notice to take a flying leap into other people's shoes.

As I was in deep mourning, I naturally led a very quiet life. After I had been a few weeks in Chile I went with my sister and her four children to her country place, "Placilla," which was about ten miles from Valparaiso. It was a stragglng, picturesque sort of

<sup>1</sup> "What lovely music! How devout it makes one feel!"

bungalow, buried among tall poplar trees. A low verandah, ran round the front of the house and there was a wild garden at the back. I loved the place. I didn't do a stroke of work for months. I bought a guitar on which I played for hours at a time, and, of course, I picked up no end of strange little songs and samacuecas (the samacueca is the national dance) from huasos (country people) in the neighbourhood. There is a curious noise that is often heard towards night-time in a Chilian village. It is seldom indeed that some member of the family does not play the guitar, and often, in the cool of the evening, you will see dusky, half Indian-looking people seated just outside the door of their ranchos with their instruments on their knees. They do not always pluck the strings; sometimes they take the notes of a chord with the left hand while they hit the strings with their closed fingers to the rhythm of the samacueca; the faint chords struggle to make themselves heard, but are almost drowned by the persistent noise made on the lower part of the instrument by another member of the family who beats time with his knuckles. When a great many people are playing and "tambureando" singing at the same time and interrupting their song with cries of "Viva, Viva" and "Ay-ay, Ha-yai," while a man and woman dance opposite each other, waving handkerchiefs, the woman encouraging the man to pursue her, the man nothing loth, the result is distinctly attractive and picturesque. I have seen the samacueca exquisitely danced. My cousin and brother-in-law, Edmund White, who was born out there, danced it remarkably well, and on one occasion danced it, I don't know how many times in succession, for Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, when he visited the country years and years ago.

"Bailamos una cuequita" is generally suggested at any gathering of friends, especially in the country, and a charming wind up it is to a gay afternoon or evening.

During a visit I once paid to some Chilian friends in Santiago I had an amusing experience. They had in-



vited a wonderful guitar-player—a fat old woman who arrived swathed in a “manto” with a guitar almost as big as herself. But they had also invited a young girl called Nieves Fernandez, and anything more enchanting than her dancing it has never been my lot to witness. I well understood the feelings of Don Carlos, and like him I begged her to repeat the dance again and again. She really floated about the room like a feather! A song is always sung during the dance, and the dancers move backwards and forwards according to the verses. Before winding up, a verse is often improvised in honour of the guest of the evening, and it always begins with the following words “Que viva la Señora” (or Señorita, as the case may be) . . . and then the name of the guest is mentioned. On this occasion I was playing the rôle of “distinguished foreigner”! I had been asked a great many questions about England by the fat old guitar-player, who was also a singer—among other things she asked me if I had ever seen an English lord?

She was very much impressed when I told her that I had not only seen, but had actually spoken to several of these exalted beings. I can't imagine the process that went on in her brain for the next ten minutes, but after that time I was told that a special song was to be sung in my honour. My amusement can be imagined when she wound it up by singing—

“Que viva las Miss Lord White!”

only *she* pronounced it—

“La Miss Lor Why!”

Riding was a perfect joy in Chile. I don't know what it may be now, but when I was there some thirty years ago, one rode across country wherever one pleased. There were no tiresome hedges to prevent one galloping right away to the Andes if one chose. My sister's cook, a wizened diminutive woman of about fifty, who looked seventy, used to mount me on a little horse on which I felt I could have travelled round the world, so gently, so smoothly, did he canter along. Once with a party of

Chilian friends I crossed a shallow, but broad river on horseback. I was more fortunate than my sister Emmie, whose horse on a similar occasion lay down and rolled in the river—it was a dreadful moment, and she was nearly drowned. During the struggle the horse kicked her in the face; and how she escaped death is a marvel to me.

I remained about ten months in Chile, and on the whole I enjoyed it. One evening, returning home from my ride, I saw a little star nestling in the curve of the new moon. It reminded me of Shelley's poem "To Mary," and I set it to music there and then. I hardly ever hear it sung without recalling that lovely evening under the shadow of the great Andes. I think it was the only song I composed while I was in Chile. But I collected a great many airs and dances of the country, and after my return to England they were published as a piano-forte duet by Messrs. Boosey & Co.

It was in the latter end of February, accompanied by my trustee, his three daughters, and Mr. Patrick Young, a delightful young Irishman, and quite the handsomest man I have ever seen in my life, that we all embarked for England. What a different journey it was this time!—my trustee, knowing what a shocking sailor I was, actually took a cabin for me that was meant to hold four people—it was one of the most beautiful on the ship. I was, as usual, obliged to lie up during the whole journey; but this time I wasn't lonely. Mr. Innes sat with me by the hour—so did Pat, and together we wrote a book! Such a book! It was intended to be a skit on Ouida. Pat wrote to my dictation and made occasional priceless suggestions, and we both laughed over our noble work till the tears ran down our faces and our eyes looked like boiled gooseberries! Pat was certainly the most delightful and sympathetic secretary it is possible to imagine. His sense of humour was—Irish; and what more can I say? We introduced into this literary masterpiece a funny little Chilian characteristic over which we giggled like two

hopeless young idiots! The Chilians occasionally pronounce their B's like V's, and *vice versa*. The result is sometimes extremely funny, and is really comical when it is done in speaking English. To be asked suddenly at dinner whether you prefer "Veef to Beal" is rather startling, and makes one long to say, "Thanks, I never eat either—I am a Begetarian."

When our story was finished Pat read it to the Captain, who was a great ally of ours. He laughed over it almost as much as we did, and quoted it at meals till the passengers were positively furious. Poor Mr. Innes was so sick of hearing extracts from our inane book that he forbade us even to mention the fact of its existence. But the Captain, on whom he could lay no commands, already knew long sentences by heart, and at last the situation became comical to the last degree. Did a round of beef make its appearance at dinner, there was an ominous silence. Mr. Innes frowned in company with other middle-aged passengers, while his daughters and Pat didn't dare look at each other, and sat with stony faces, biting their lips and glaring into their respective plates.

They might as well have tried to ladle out the Atlantic Ocean with a fork as to stop the yell of laughter that always followed after a minute or two. "Veef" was written in gigantic letters on the face of every person at table as clearly as "Mene, Mene, Tekel" was written on the walls of Nebuchadnezzar's banqueting hall.

For weeks after I arrived in England I received postcards from Pat, which were brought to me on a silver salver by a solemn English butler, as we sat in the drawing-room after dinner. When I saw his handwriting on the back I didn't dare read it, if Mr. Innes were in the room. I knew far too well what Pat had to say to me—it was always the same thing—

"Which do you prefer, Veef or Beal? Personally  
I *much* prefer Vacon."

The morning post would bring another card (this sort of thing)—



“On the whole I’m not sure that Vaked Veans doesn’t veat voth.”

That summer I happened to go to a large party at No. 4 St. James’s Square, the town house at that time of Lady Cowper. A young man was brought up to be introduced to me, and to my speechless amazement, before he said a word, he quoted at length a passage from the famous work.

“Oh yes,” he said. “I know all about *The Krux’s Doom* (that was the title of our book), Pat has told me all about it.”

He was Lord Frederick Hamilton; he and Pat had been at Harrow together, and Pat, during the intervals he could spare from the sweet Irish girl he subsequently married, found nothing better to do than to “make propaganda” for our joint inspiration, and his old schoolfellow was his first disciple.

I saw Pat the other day in London. He is as attractive and handsome and kind as ever, and he told me a delicious story. I hope it isn’t a chestnut, but I’ll risk that.

He told me that an old Irish woman who was seated opposite two ladies in a London omnibus, heard them discussing the watering-places at which they had passed the summer. Both places, they declared, had been completely spoiled for them by the presence of a great number of objectionable Irish people. The old woman listened to the abuse of her countrymen quite quietly, but when she got up to leave, she looked them straight in the face—

“If it’s the Oirish ye’ll be objecting to,” she said, “go to hell, ladies!—ye’ll find no Oirish there!”

If that is really the case I shall certainly do my very best to go to Heaven.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WE had hardly been three months in England before my dear old Auntie Dora fell seriously ill. She was living at that time in Birkenhead, at the house of my Uncle Fred Harrington. Emmie was also living there with our two little nieces. My uncle's wife, a beautiful and lovable woman of whom we were all exceedingly fond, had begged her to make her home with them for the present, as for various reasons it had not been possible for her to continue living with my sister Dora, to whom she had gone immediately after my mother's death. I was living at Porchester Terrace with my trustee when I received the news of her illness. I need hardly say I went at once to see her; but I felt quite sure from the very first that it was impossible for her to recover, and I immediately made up my mind to stay with her to the end. They were sad days, but oh, how thankful I was that she had not fallen ill while I was at the other end of the world! I tried to fill up the hours during which I was not allowed to be in her room, with work; there is nothing like it when one is sad or distressed; of course it is difficult, frightfully difficult, to collect one's thoughts under some circumstances; it requires a good deal of courage even to make up one's mind to go to one's room, with a firm determination to try and fix one's mind deliberately on something far far away from what is tormenting one's heart. But it *can* be done, and only those who have sought refuge in work in times of dreadful distress, can testify to its wonderful and beneficial influence; there is nothing like it, and the reward is out of all proportion to the effort made in the first instance. For work is a noble tonic, and

tones and braces the nerves when everything else has failed to do so.

One morning, before I had finished dressing, Emmie came to my room with a handful of letters forwarded from London. At that time I received a great many letters from people unknown to me, almost all of them containing verses which they begged me to set to music. In most cases they were absolute doggerel, and at last, I am sorry to say, I often put them aside after merely glancing at them to make sure they were not letters from friends. On this occasion I opened one of the envelopes and said impatiently, "Oh, another set of these eternal verses," and threw them on to the floor, without even reading them through. Fortunately for me my sister had remained in the room.

"May I have a look at them?" she said, picking up the sheet of paper.

I said, "Yes, of course," and went on doing my hair. She read the verses and then handed them to me.

"I believe you could do something with this," she said. "I like it—it's far better than what they usually send you; it's really quite different."

"Let's have a look," I said, holding out my hand for the sheet of paper.

It was indeed a good thing for me that my sister had picked it up and read the verses, for they were written by Walter Herries Pollock, and the song enclosed was "The Devout Lover."

As far as I can remember, I set the poem to music that same day—it appealed to me—there were some lines I really loved in it.

"Not mine to sit and sing my love in idleness."

I liked that, and I loved the line—

"The thousand beauties that I know so well."

I thought of endearing and lovable traits that I myself knew "so well," and I tried with all my heart and soul to express my enthusiastic appreciation of them.

When the song was finished, I recollect playing it over



very, very softly so as not to disturb my aunt, and then I called Emmie, and played it again for her, without opening the cover of the piano, and keeping down the soft pedal from beginning to end. I loved to have my sister's opinion about my compositions—she was really musical; she had a strong love of beauty in every shape and form, and instinctively knew what one was aiming at. And she played very well herself. Her touch on the piano was really beautiful. I remember dear old Mr. May saying to me, after hearing her, "Ah, if you only had your sister's touch, what a difference it would make in your playing."

I don't know how she managed it, but I have heard her play on a veritable tin-kettle of a piano, which I have mistaken for quite a passable instrument till I have tackled it myself, and then—oh, the difference!

Auntie Dora died a few days later. I felt her death dreadfully. It was quite impossible to know her without loving her and longing to protect her. She aroused this feeling in me more than any one I have ever known. She was tenderness incarnate; any one more innocent, more guileless, more beautifully good it is impossible to imagine. She was never married. In her youth she loved, and I believe was engaged to, a young Spaniard. He was drowned when she was only twenty-two or twenty-three, and from that time her hair became quite white.

I returned to London after the funeral, and dear Mr. Innes, who had been devoted to her, and knew better than any one how much I felt her loss, suggested a visit to the Continent towards the end of the season. He thought it would give me something to look forward to in the meantime. One of his married daughters lived in a pretty country place near Hamburg, and he proposed that we should stay there for a fortnight, and pay a flying visit to Dresden to see the beautiful picture-gallery. I was only too glad to agree to this plan.

Just before my aunt died, I received a letter from Lady Bective, to whom I had been introduced in Westmoreland, by Mary Wakefield. She told me that the

Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra) was going to tea at her house, and had expressed a wish to hear me play some of my songs. I was very disappointed that the invitation should have come just when it did, for naturally I would have liked to accept it; but nothing in the world would have made me leave Auntie Dora, and I wrote and explained how matters stood.

Before we went to Hamburg, I composed the music to a poem of Shelley's, "When Passion's trance is over-past." I recollect writing almost the whole of that song between the first and second dinner-bell; and well do I remember the feverish haste with which I scribbled down the melody, and dotted down chords here and there to remember the harmonies of the accompaniment, for the whole song had suggested itself to me so quickly, that I felt it might evaporate equally rapidly! Needless to say, I was late for dinner. My trustee was a very punctual man, but when I told him what I had been doing, he forgave me on the spot.

The first person with whom I tried over "The Devout Lover," and "When Passion's Trance" (which were composed within a few days of each other), was Edith Santley (now Mrs. Robert Lyttelton). She was Mr. Santley's eldest daughter, and had inherited a good deal of his temperament. She certainly had every right to a temperament, for her mother was a Kemble, a daughter of John Kemble, the celebrated philologist, and through her mother she was related to the great actress, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, whose famous portrait as "The Tragic Muse" is one of the chief art treasures of Grosvenor House. Edith's voice was small, but she sang with astonishing fire and passion, and she had the same splendid sense of rhythm as her celebrated father. It was at their house in Upper Hamilton Terrace that one afternoon we rehearsed the songs. I had given her both MSS. a few days previously. I hadn't been there more than a few minutes when she said to me—

"As I was singing 'The Devout Lover' yesterday, papa came into the room. 'What's that you have got

hold of?' he said. I told him it was a new song of yours, and he said, 'That isn't a song for little girls—that is a song for me.'"

That it was a man's song was, of course, undeniable, and I was more than delighted to think he wished to appropriate it. While we were still rehearsing he came into the drawing-room, and taking up the MSS. of "The Devout Lover" he sang it straight through. It was the final phrase of each verse that he liked so much, and that he sang so magnificently :

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The first staff contains the melody for the words "The thou - sand beau - ties, the thou - sand beau - ties that I". The second staff begins with a *rall* marking and contains the melody for the words "know, that I know so well." The music is written in a treble clef.

He said the phrase had life in it, or something to that effect. I remember the thrill of excitement that went through me at the bare idea of his thinking that I had written something that might last. Subsequently he sang "The Devout Lover" throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and I think perhaps it is the most popular song I ever wrote. I remember being very much amused one day, when a dear old relative of mine introduced me to some friends of hers as the composer of "The Devoted Husband." I laughed and corrected her, whereupon she said, "Well, my dear, isn't it the same thing after all?" I thought she was an uncommonly lucky old lady to be able to make such a remark if she were speaking from personal experience.

Santley also included "When Passion's Trance" in his repertoire, and sang it as splendidly as he sang everything else; but it suited his daughter (who had just begun to sing professionally) so extraordinarily well that they agreed to share it. I never heard any one interpret it



more beautifully than she did, nor shall I ever forget how she began the second verse—

“It were enough to feel, to see  
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly.”

The way she lingered over the notes to which those words “thy soft eyes” were set, was absolutely lovely; nor have I ever heard it sung with anything like the exquisite tenderness and restrained passion she put into it. It certainly is supremely interesting to a composer to see how a singer can identify himself with certain of his compositions till he really *cannot* think of the song apart from him. To me the opening phrase of the second verse of “When Passion’s Trance” is like a lifelike portrait of Edith Santley, nor can I ever connect any one else with it.

I wrote a good many songs that summer. “Mary Morrison” was among the number that Edith sang constantly, and a Spanish song, “Es tanto lo que te quiero,” that her father translated into English and that was published by Messrs. Boosey. She also sang my song, “Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.” The poem is taken from Schiller’s *Wallenstein*. This I translated myself, and I remember how kindly Matthew Arnold helped me with my task. I still have a little note from him suggesting alterations, which I was, of course, only too thankful to make.

But it was with another of my Shelley songs that she made one of her greatest successes at the Monday Pops., when her beautiful singing and splendid interpretation of the poem and music roused the audience to real enthusiasm. I remember how excited we both were the night she sang “My soul is an enchanted boat” for the first time—the poem is out of *Prometheus Unbound*, and is to my mind absolutely perfect. I adored it! The ethereal loveliness of the words affected me so strongly, they evoked a vision of such ideal beauty, such ineffable happiness, that a burning longing arose in me to capture

if only one drop of that essence, to make that one drop my own—my very own. I longed to make a casket to enshrine those words—a casket of music. I never thought that to do so was far beyond my power, that it wanted a genius equal to Shelley's to undertake such a task. Fortunately we are ignorant of our limits when we are young, or we would never attempt anything at all. Perhaps it is just as well! We are still sailing happily on "Youth's smooth ocean," where everything seems possible, where goals exist only to be reached with perfect ease, and where storms and wrecks are unimaginable catastrophes. Sometimes we really do bring some tiny boat safely into the harbour, and our little success gives us an almost pathetic confidence in ourselves. But I would no more dare to set those words now, than I would attempt to translate a golden shower of falling stars into music.

Here are the verses. I made a sort of recitative out of the first ten lines, and the actual song began on the words, "My soul is an enchanted boat."

## RECITATIVE

Thy words are sweeter than aught else but his  
 Whose echoes they are : yet all love is sweet,  
 Given or returned. Common as light is love  
 And its familiar voice wearies not ever.  
 Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,  
 It makes the reptile equal to the god,  
 They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
 As I am now : but those who feel it most  
 Are happier still, after long sufferings  
 As I shall soon become.

## SONG

My soul is an enchanted boat  
 Which like a sleeping swan doth float  
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.  
 And thine doth like an angel sit  
 Beside the helm conducting it  
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.  
 It seems to float ever, for ever  
 Upon that many winding river

Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
 A paradise of wildernesses,  
     Till, like one in slumber bound  
     Borne to the ocean, I float down, around  
     Into a sea profound of ever spreading sound.

    Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions  
     In music's most serene dominions,  
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven,  
     And we sail on away, afar  
     Without a course, without a star  
 But, by the instinct of sweet music driven ;  
     Till through Elysian garden islets  
     By thee, most beautiful of pilots,  
 Where never mortal pinnace glided,  
 The boat of my desire is guided ;  
     Realms where the air we breathe is love,  
     Which in the winds, on the waves doth move,  
     Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

I can still hear the splendid passion which Edith Santley threw into those last three lines. She held the audience from start to finish, and that they really caught something of our young enthusiasm as we finished the last beautiful words was only too evident by the reception they gave us. Even the critics were kind that evening—more than kind.

I have just re-read those words, and as I finished doing so it flashed across my mind that any human being who has ever responded, heart and soul, to the call of beauty—but I mean beauty in the very highest sense of the word—beauty of conduct—will respond to the end, no matter under what circumstances—no matter where it may lead him. For this wonderful call comes from the same mysterious region as Love, and even as Love it is stronger than Death.

Perhaps it is never so clear, so penetrating, as when it calls for the accomplishment of some heroic deed, some great sacrifice, when it almost summons the soul from the prison of the body and bids it act in splendid defiance of its fetters, oblivious of its shackles, mindful only of its Divine origin. Captain Oates heard that call amidst the terrific desolation of the Polar regions and responded to it with his life.



But seldom does one hear that call in early life, seldom does it reach across the horizon-line—the horizon-line that lies on the edge of the dark and turbulent sea of Self.

Those who are able to steer their boat alone across that sea, across that line, are indeed the chosen few. Many perish in its waters and never reach those regions where “the air we breathe is love”—that beautiful love for others that grows like a rose on the soil where self-interest lies dead.

But a different fate is reserved for many and many of God's children. When Destiny drives us across that raging sea up to that horizon-line and bids us cross it in our pitiful little cockleshell, when we look helplessly, wildly, around in the horrible black night and realise that there is no escape, that we *must* cross it, that we *must* face the empty horror of despair that we are so certain lies beyond it, then—at that crucial moment—to how many of us has not been sent a pilot?—a pilot at whose advent Destiny has relaxed her grip, for she has recognised the messenger of God, the Pilot who has seized the helm just as our poor little boat was about to founder on the cruel rocks—

“And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it.”

Oh, dear and steadfast Pilot, you who have kept our courage up until the dawn of that wonderful new morning by whose soft and steady light you have conducted us safely across that dangerous horizon-line to those serene dominions, to that “happy heaven” which it is so desperately difficult for some of us to reach without human help—you bear the same name the whole world over—the beloved name of Faithful Friend.

And it is music in our ears, for we trust you in the dark, and you save us!

Just before the end of the season I heard again from Lady Bective. She asked me if it would be possible for me to come now and play my songs to the Princess of

Wales, who was again going to tea at her house—I think she was living in Portland Place at the time. I wrote and said I was able to come and that it would give me very great pleasure to do so—some one had told me that the Princess knew a good many of my songs and often played them. So when the appointed day came round, I took the manuscript of “When Passion’s Trance” with me. I thought she would perhaps allow me to dedicate it to her. In any case I felt I would very much like to ask her to accept it. It wasn’t yet published.

I forget entirely which songs I played to her that afternoon, but in all probability they were those she had heard sung by Mr. Santley—naturally they were the ones by which I was known best. When the music was over I made my little request, and well do I remember the charming incident that took place before she left the house. She was carrying my manuscript in her hand as she bade good-bye to her beautiful hostess; on seeing this, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting went up to her and offered to take it to her carriage. She thanked him and shook her head; a minute later another of the guests—a lady this time—asked her if she might carry it down for her. Again she shook her head with a few words of thanks. I could see what was happening, and I remember feeling distinctly pleased at her refusing to give my manuscript into the keeping of any one else. Presently she passed me on her way out of the room; she paused for a moment to wish me good-bye, then, pointing to the little roll of music in her hand, she said with a charming smile—

“When some one gives me a present I like to take care of it myself.”

That August we went to Hamburg and Dresden, as we had arranged. I enjoyed the few days we spent on the Alster, and Hamburg struck me as one of the most delightfully cheery towns I had ever been in. We also visited Lubeck with its splendid old Rathhaus, and in one of the churches—I forget which—we saw Holbein’s celebrated “Dance of Death.” It gave me the creeps. I should think Monsieur Saint-Saens must have had some such picture

in his mind when he composed his celebrated "Danse Macabre," which I believe will live longer than anything else he has ever written, on account of its extraordinary and arresting originality. I heard it for the first time in Paris at a Lamoureux Concert in the Champs Elysées, and I shall never forget the uncanny impression conveyed from the very outset.

The haunted graveyard lies before one's eyes, desolate and abandoned, with the little mortuary chapel in its midst; the cold white tombstones stand out between the grassy mounds from which presently shadowy figures will creep, at the summons of Death, the cadaverous musician, whose skeleton figure stands beneath a cypress tree tuning his instrument for the ghastly dance that is presently to follow; one literally hears the rustle of the dead leaves on the dank grass, the dreary sougning of the autumn wind through the dead branches of the naked trees, as the dreadful revel grows wilder and wilder, the music more and more unearthly. And then the sudden disappearance of the ghostly revellers whose graves once more close silently over them, the sudden shaft of light that pierces the darkness as the cock crows! One awakes almost with a start from the musical nightmare,—one of the cleverest and most realistic pieces of music ever written.

We only paid a flying visit to Dresden. I had no time to visit any of my old haunts. What I chiefly remember, besides the famous picture gallery with its little room dedicated exclusively to the heavenly Sistine Madonna and Child, was a performance of *Der Freischütz*—I had never heard it before. I enjoyed the music and was still young enough to look forward with excitement to the Incantation scene with its hobgoblins, etc. I had expected to be tremendously thrilled; I had expected my hair to stand on end as Caspar made his compact with the Evil One, and was extremely disappointed to find that it did nothing of the sort. It behaved exactly like an apathetic wig whose spirit had been completely crushed by a prim, suburban hair-net.



We returned to England in time for the Birmingham Festival at which Mr. Santley was singing. It had been a long-standing arrangement that Mr. Innes and his eldest daughter should stay in Birmingham, during the Festival week, at the same hotel as himself. Edith Santley and I were among the guests who had been invited for that week to Patshull, the beautiful country house of the late Earl of Dartmouth, whose daughter, Lady Frances Legge, had introduced herself to me some two or three years previously at one of the Henry Leslie choir practices as an old friend of Mr. Spencer Lyttelton. We soon got to know each other pretty well, and through me she made the acquaintance of Edith. I remember introducing the latter to her future husband, Mr Robert Lyttelton, in the dining-room at Patshull. She was married to him not long afterwards. But how little did any of us dream of the dreadful sorrow which was to come into our lives before the week was out!

We all met at the hotel after the first performance, which I believe was *Elijah*, but when Edith and I went there next morning I found, to my consternation, that dear Mr. Innes had returned to London. He had begged his daughter to stay on for the evening performance, but, as he was not feeling quite fit, he thought he would rather go home. He made so light of his indisposition, and was so anxious not to spoil her pleasure, that she really felt no sort of alarm. But, somehow, I felt frightened. I had expected to see him. I had not heard his reassuring words, and I experienced a sensation of dread when I heard he had gone back to London. He adored Santley's singing and liked him personally, and I knew he had been looking forward to the Festival with real pleasure. I felt so sure that he had slipped away quietly so as not to spoil things for the others, that I telegraphed to say I was coming home, that I wanted to be with him. He wrote and told me not to do so on any account, adding, "I really wish you to stay. Lady Fanny has always been so kind and charming to you, it wouldn't be kind to break up the party after you have

only just arrived. Stay on, if only to please me. I am not at all ill—I only felt I would be better at home ; you mustn't be alarmed."

Of course this letter quieted me somewhat, though it did not entirely remove the restless feeling that had taken possession of me. Next morning I again went to the performance with Edith. Her father was singing in Gounod's *Redemption*, I believe. It was there that I saw Cardinal Newman for the first time. I remember the very great interest he aroused when he was seen to enter the hall. He looked old and was very bent. I recollect thinking that he had a kind and very expressive face. He seemed touched by the way he was greeted on all sides, and smiled almost anxiously as the crowd made way for him, as though he would be sorry not to respond kindly to every individual greeting. As far as I can remember he wore a black cassock with the usual red sash tied round the waist, which is, I believe, the only thing that differentiates a cardinal's dress in private life from that of any other priest. During the few minutes in which he walked past, the whole atmosphere seemed charged with sympathy and reverence I could swear to that.

Some time afterwards I went down to Birmingham with Mr. Santley to help at one of the concerts they used to have at the Oratory. Cardinal Newman loved music ; he played the violin himself, and sometimes played in concerted music with his friends. That evening I made the acquaintance of an extremely kind and attractive priest, Father Richard Bellasis, who arranged that I should meet the Cardinal next morning, when, to my surprise and pleasure, he gave me one of his books, with a few words written on the fly-leaf. Later on I had some very kind little letters from him which are still in my possession. I once consulted him on a very difficult question. I hesitated a good deal before intruding my private affairs on such a great man, but when I received his answer, as wise as it was kind, I felt more than glad that I had not hesitated to consult him.

When we returned to Patshull that afternoon we found a telegram lying in the hall. It was addressed to me. I opened it and to my horror read—

“Tell Edith to return at once. Her mother is dying.”

We managed to catch a train that took us back to London that night, and were met at the station by the doctor and Edith's brother, Michael. But we were too late. Her mother had died while we were still *en route*.

I went back to Porchester Terrace alone. When I arrived I found the house strangely quiet, and was met almost on the threshold by Lizzie Rose-Innes, who had returned that morning. She told me her father was not at all well, but that she had not written to me as he had said—

“Don't write to Maude—don't frighten her.”

She added—

“Perhaps it would be best not to go to him to-night. You can see him early to-morrow.”

Next morning, just as I was about to go to his room, I heard a terrible cry. It was followed by a still more terrible silence. He had passed away. None of us knew that he had heart-disease.

I can't write about the days that followed—they were horrible.

But I shall never forget the tenderness of some of the letters I received. Some of the kindest were from Mary Wakefield, Mrs. Feilden, and dear old Randegger. The first person to come and see me was Spencer Lyttelton, and two women whose kindness I shall never forget were Lady Fanny Legge and Mrs. Henry Gaskell. Nor can I ever forget the unselfish tenderness with which Lizzie Rose-Innes (afterwards Mrs. Santley) associated me with her own grief. She realised more than any one to what an extent her kind father had also been a father to me.



## CHAPTER XVII

SOME weeks after dear Mr. Innes's death the household was, more or less, broken up. His wife went abroad, and I then made up my mind to take rooms and set up a tiny establishment of my own. Fortunately I adapt myself very easily to circumstances, and though I thoroughly enjoy, and even revel, in luxurious surroundings, I am equally happy—*au fond*—in a perfectly simple cottage, or little flat, so long as I have the right colours about me, which, of course, is very easily managed in one's own house. What I simply cannot stand, what I absolutely loathe, is a dreary suburb. I would infinitely prefer a comfortable grave in a cheerful country churchyard.

I eventually found some nice sunny rooms in Albion Street—a little street not far from the Marble Arch and within a stone's-throw of the Park. I could see green trees and grass from my sitting-room window, and soon made the little apartment delightfully cosy. I remember my astonishment on being asked by the landlady if I were able to give satisfactory references. I had just been wondering whether *she* were all right, and whether I dare go and live there alone! I happened to have a program in my pocket of a concert where Mr. Santley was singing some of my songs. I showed it to her and said—

“That is my name.”

She glanced at the program and smiled approvingly.

“It will be all right, ma'am,” she said, in a perfectly different voice; “our curate sings ‘Habsent, yet Present.’”

On the strength of this I was allowed to set up my

household gods in Albion Street, where I lived very comfortably and happily for four or five years. I lived there alone for a year, but after that Emmie joined me, and once more I realised the difference—the heavenly difference—between loneliness, and living with a dear comrade with whom one is in real and deep sympathy.

I was particularly glad to have found satisfactory rooms in Albion Street, because it was close to the house of Mrs. Henry Gaskell—known to her very large circle of friends as May Gaskell. She meant a good deal to me just then. I had first met her shortly after my dear mother's death, just before I went to Chile, and she had been wonderfully kind and sympathetic. Now that fresh sorrow had come into my life and deprived me of so dear a friend, it was only natural to seek the society of one to whom the word "friendship" meant a great deal more than it does to most people. She was an extremely popular woman, and had the gift of attaching people to her to a very rare degree. She was really generous—generous with her time, which can seldom be said of a woman who is a great favourite in society, generous with her sympathy, generous with her money, and always ready to be of service to her friends. I was very fond of her and loved going to her pretty house at No. 3 Marble Arch, where I often met very delightful and interesting people. It was there that I met Mr. Henry James for the first time. We made friends notwithstanding the fact that he unblushingly confesses that all he can say of music is that it is—perhaps!—the least unpleasant of noises! But he had no prejudices against musicians—that is very certain, for I met him once at a small supper party at the home of Liza Lehmann, long before she was married, and he sat beside me and close to Signor Randegger, and we laughed till we positively ached! Till then I had chiefly met him at formal parties, and I had no idea how amusing he could be. This was the first time I had ever seen him at the house of an intimate friend, in the same profession as myself. I suppose breezes from the delectable land of Bohemia must have

floated in at the window and flown off with our company manners. One thing is certain, that supper party remains in my memory as one of the merriest and most absolutely delightful I ever went to. But then, what a hostess we had!—or perhaps I ought to say, what hostesses! for all four sisters, in the absence of their mother and father, entertained us, and that they were exceptionally witty and quite deliciously light in hand will, I think, be corroborated by every one who knew them. Liza was one of my best friends. I delighted in her then, and delight in her to this day, for, added to many other endearing qualities, she is one of those fortunate people who will certainly lose her life before she will lose her sense of humour.

I specially recollect one evening that I spent with her and her husband in their little London flat. Liza had just returned with him from an orchestral rehearsal at the Crystal Palace, where one of her compositions was to be given next day. Suddenly, when we were half-way through dinner, she exclaimed—

“Herbert, there’s a mistake in one of the parts! It will ruin the whole performance. I *must* return to the Crystal Palace at once.”

“Well,” he answered, “that is quite impossible. The place is locked up, and locked up it remains till the performance.”

“I *must* get in,” she said tragically. “The question is—*How*?”

After a moment—“I shall offer to char for the Palace.”

We suggested that in all probability the Crystal Palace (whoever he, she, or it may be) might possibly prefer the services of the highly satisfactory professional lady who was already in permanent attendance, to that of the most distinguished composer in creation!

“I must get in,” she repeated; “it’s got to be managed.”

A pause.

“Shall I send for a complete set of burglars’ tools? Shall I offer a silver thimble to the Drum’s mother?”



We had just come to the conclusion that the Drum—provided he were of the affectionate disposition that rotund people are generally supposed to possess—might possibly be led astray, might even be induced to break recklessly into the Palace and secrete the poor, distracted composer inside his instrument, when, with a touch of real genius, she laid her finger on the weak spot in our arrangements. “Ten chances to one,” she said, “the Drum’s mother will have been dead for years. He will think I most certainly ought to have known it, and I shall only make a deadly enemy for life.”

There are dangers to which no sane person voluntarily exposes himself, and it was finally decided to let things slide.

No doubt they did!

It was at Mrs. Gaskell’s house that I also met Alfred Lyttelton for the first time. He was a bachelor then—I don’t think he can have been more than six or seven-and-twenty—I can see him now as if it were yesterday standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, as I was shown into the drawing-room. We were both dining there that night. I liked him from the very first moment I saw him. He had an extraordinarily expressive face. Though he was so young and looked so happy and successful, he already had that wonderfully kind look in his eyes that drew everyone to him. It was not possible to know him without being attracted to him, for he was one of the most lovable of human beings. It was not long afterwards that he married his first wife, Miss Laura Tennant, the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant of The Glen, Innerleithen, and sister to Mrs. Asquith. I remember sending him the manuscript of my little song, “Liebe, Liebe,” when I heard of his engagement, little thinking that his married life would hardly be of one short year’s duration. I gave him the MSS. of another of my songs, “It is na Jean,” after her death. He was a real lover of music, like all the Lytteltons, but I had no idea he even knew his notes till one evening, when I was staying at his country house

at Wittersham, about a year before his death, when to my surprise I heard him playing my song, "The Bonny Curl," softly to himself.

I recollect a touching little episode in connection with "Liebe, Liebe"—it certainly put a seal on to the strong feeling of sympathy I had for him. It was during the year of his first marriage. I had been asked to a party at his house. During the course of the evening some one, standing quite close to me, said something so cruelly unkind about one of my compositions that it literally made me wince. It was said in so loud a voice that many people heard it. I naturally said nothing, but made up my mind to leave much earlier than I intended and as soon as was possible, without attracting attention. Alfred must have heard the remark, for when I said good-bye to him he said, "Oh, I am coming down with you." We stood for a few moments in the hall, while the servant whistled for a hansom. All of a sudden he said to me—

"Don't go for a moment."

He left me, and went into the small library on the ground floor that was his special sanctum. After a few seconds he returned with a little roll of music in his hand. I have never seen a look of greater kindness in any man's eyes as he said gently—

"Just see how I prize this."

It was the manuscript of "Liebe, Liebe" that I had sent him some months before. Could any *amende honorable* for another's shortcomings have been made with more consideration, with more manly tenderness?

I told his wife that little story only the other day, a few days after his death.

With Alfred Lyttelton's first wife, Miss Laura Tennant, I was only very slightly acquainted. It was her sister Margot—now Mrs. Asquith—who was my friend, who still is my friend, and who once said to me so affectionately that I recall it with real tenderness—

"You say it is *you* who generally come forward to make friends—well, you can never say that in my case."

Those words were spoken many, many years ago, and there has been time enough and to spare for two women to go completely out of each other's lives, especially when one of them becomes the wife of the Prime Minister and the other—doesn't. Yet only a short time ago Mrs. Asquith put herself out for me as I am perfectly certain not one woman in a thousand would have done under similar circumstances. It was in the month of March 1912. I was to have gone to the United States for some recitals, but there was so much trouble and worry connected with the whole affair that at last it was given up. In one way I was glad, as I was rather dreading the fatigue and rush involved in such an undertaking; on the other hand, abandoning the enterprise meant the loss of the money I had already spent in preparing for it, and which, to me, meant a great deal just then.

I was on the very eve of sailing when I received the final cable from New York that clinched matters. It was during those anxious weeks of the great Coal Crisis which certainly must still be fresh in the memory of most people. Before public affairs had become as serious as they eventually did, I asked Mrs. Asquith if she thought it would be possible for her to lend me the great dining-room at Downing Street in order to give a recital of some of my new compositions with the assistance of Mr. Robert Maitland, an artist for whom I have the greatest admiration and who sings many of my latter, and several of my earlier, songs as I have seldom heard them interpreted.

I told her the exact circumstances, and never shall I forget the warmth and kindness with which she immediately responded, or the sympathetic way in which Miss Violet Asquith and her young sister, Elizabeth, and another charming member of the household — Miss Way, Mrs. Asquith's private secretary—threw themselves into my interests and sold tickets right and left. For, under the circumstances, we had decided to keep the concert a completely private affair. The



political horizon was growing darker and darker every moment. I went twice to Downing Street during the week that preceded the concert to suggest giving it up altogether, as it seemed to me it could only be a source of very great inconvenience to have the house upset by my arrangements at such a time. But I always received the same answer—"that I must think of my own interests and not dream of giving it up, that it would be quite all right."

A Cabinet Council was going on downstairs on the morning of my concert, 19th March 1912. Shortly after the arrival of the carts that brought the chairs that were necessary for seating the audience, quite a little crowd had gathered round the front door anxious to know what was going to take place. But they soon dispersed when they found that no explanations were forthcoming. It would indeed have been a poor return for such exceptional kindness on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, if, on a day when it would have been so very much pleasanter for them to have had the house to themselves, I had been the cause of subjecting them to any of the unfriendly criticisms that might so easily have been made, had it been supposed that they were giving some great entertainment at so critical and anxious a moment. Of course no musical critics had been invited, nor was the slightest notice taken of the concert, except by the very great number of people who, fortunately for me, were able to come, and whose presence secured a financial result which was more than satisfactory.

As far as the music was concerned I specially remember the touching and beautiful way Mr. Maitland sang my setting of Cardinal Newman's words, "Lead, kindly Light." I don't think any one could have interpreted either words or music to greater perfection, and I shall never forget the infinite pains he took with even the tiniest detail of the song whilst we studied it together. It was my dear friend, Robert Hichens, who suggested to me that I should write the music to that poem. It was, of course, quite familiar to me. I knew it in the

way we know a person of whom we are fond but whose real self we cannot know profoundly because we have not loved him profoundly. I never realised the depth of feeling contained in those words till I began to set them. Once, when we were discussing them, I happened to say that I thought they expressed repentance of a singularly poignant character, and I remember being struck by his answer, "Yes, but it is the repentance of a *good* man." This remark opened my eyes to something I had not seen in them at first, and after that I felt so afraid of missing anything that might be hidden between the lines of the poem, that I studied it till it literally took possession of me. Here is no anæmic resignation to a Power so infinitely stronger than himself that it is useless to defy it, but a superb trust in the splendid nature of that Power—not so much a profound repentance for some terrible sin as the heart's passionate condemnation of itself for having clamoured so persistently for the fulfilment of its own desires,—desires which, if fulfilled, he now realises would have utterly wrecked his life, for having rebelled with such insane pride against the will of Him whom he has at last recognised as the God of Love. In those lines, if one studies them deeply, one seems to hear the beating of a heart—perhaps Newman's own—absolutely regenerated, absolutely conquered, by the sheer beauty of Divine Love.

And then—how one understands those words—

"But now—lead Thou me on"—

It little matters where—with such a guide!

There were four other songs of mine that Mr. Maitland sang most beautifully that afternoon, "'Tis better to have loved and lost" (Tennyson), "Wer zum ersten Male liebt" (Heine), and two gipsy songs—one Russian and one Hungarian. The Russian song I found in N. Minsky's French translation of Tolstoi's play, *Le Cadavre Vivant*. It is called, "Mon petit lin," and is published by Messrs. Boosey in a little volume

with two other gipsy songs from the same play—these are called, “*Mes jeunes gars*” and “*A la pelouse.*” I set the words of “*Mon petit lin*” (“*Song of the Flax*” in Mr. Paul England’s translation) while I was detained in London waiting for my American affairs to be decided. I had taken a very comfortable room in Seymour Street, Portman Square, for some weeks, and wrote all three songs there. The weather was often gloomy and depressing, but I hardly noticed it. The words of those gipsy songs flew away with my imagination, and set me down far, far away in the south of Russia on the great steppes near the Sea of Azov, where the heat in summer, as I well know from experience, is almost tropical in its fierce intensity. I seemed to see the solitary, picturesque figure of a poor Russian peasant tilling the ground, and praying, with the fervour which is so characteristic of his kind, that the soil on which his very life depends may yield an abundant harvest. I seemed to see him in a vast landscape, suggestive in its flat immensity of the ocean, or the sky, and bending over the flax, as a father might bend over his little child whose welfare was all the world to him. I could almost hear the poor peasant pleading with it and whispering anxiously—

“*Réussis, réussis, blanc et fin, mon petit lin.*”

I loved writing the music to it.

The Hungarian gipsy song, by Petöfi, poet and patriot, was of a very different character, but Mr. Maitland sang it equally well, with splendid fire and very great dramatic feeling. It describes a mad procession of gipsy musicians through a Hungarian village; one of the gipsies, the one who is supposed to sing the song, is almost crazy with grief—the girl he worships has abandoned him for another. He implores the other gipsies to play something sad and miserable, while he lets himself go to the despair that possesses him; but as they approach the cottage where his beloved now lives in utter forgetfulness of him, he tells them to strike up the wildest tune they know, and there, beneath her window,



they dance and sing like madmen ; she is never to know that she has wrecked his life.

“Mög's die Falsche nimmer wissen  
Wie sie nur das Herz zerrissen.”

Those are the last lines, and the keynote of the whole song.

It was a bachelor friend of the Tennants whose acquaintance I made at Mrs. Gaskell's house—Mr. Godfrey Webb—who years and years ago asked me one day if I knew them. I said I did not, whereupon he said, “Well, you simply must meet each other. I am sure you would all get on capitally.”

A few days later he wrote to me, “They have invited us both to tea at Grosvenor Square, and I hope you will allow me to escort you. They will all be there, and you will meet Chartie (Lady Ribblesdale, the eldest daughter), Lucy (Mrs. Graham Smith), Laura, and Margot. I'm certain you will like them all.”

He was devoted to the whole family, and was one of their most sincere friends. I remember that my own impression was a delightful one. The house was beautiful, and contained many valuable pictures. I recollect noticing Watts' lovely little picture, “Good Luck to your Fishing,” on one of the walls. Instead of being shown into the sitting-room downstairs, we were taken upstairs to the first floor, where two large drawing-rooms opened one into the other. The one at the back was used chiefly as a reception or music room. A very beautiful grand piano stood at one end. The room was rather bare, as they often danced there. I remember thinking that Lady Ribblesdale looked exactly like a Gainsborough picture ; she was tall and very fair, a complete contrast to her sister Margot, who was dark and *petite*. I thought all the sisters, with the exception of Lady Ribblesdale, looked as if they had French blood in their veins. Margot really cared about music, and had a good deal of talent. She played not only with great feeling but with unusual charm, and, what is extremely

rare for an amateur, she played Chopin with real comprehension of the melancholy, capricious, fascinating quality of the music. It suited her perfectly. She also danced quite beautifully. In those days solo-dancing was a thing one seldom saw off the stage, but she had such real talent for dancing that she studied seriously and took lessons with Miss Letty Lind. This charming talent seems to run in the family, for her nieces, the daughters of her brother Frank, all dance with extraordinary grace. It is very seldom indeed that one meets a young girl with so strong a personality, with so much magnetism. All the same, what specially attracted me was the genuine warm-heartedness that showed itself in hundreds of delicately kind little actions that no one ever knew anything about except those who benefited by them. When at the end of a great many years you find the same lovable qualities in a friend that you discovered when you first met, you have some right to believe that your opinion rests on a very solid foundation. I have known Margot Tennant so splendidly loyal under circumstances that were difficult, and sometimes even distressing, that I should like to say quite publicly how I admire and love that quality in her. As every one knows, she was a tremendous favourite in society. She had the social gift to a very rare degree, and was as light in hand as she was clever. I recollect her saying to me *à propos* of a very celebrated man we both knew—

“Do tell me, how do you get on with —— ?”

I said I found him distinctly difficult to get on with, as it was really next door to impossible to keep up a conversation with him.

She answered at once, “Well, it’s only natural, since he positively decapitates each subject as one introduces it.”

I thought it would not have been easy to give a better explanation, and was a good deal amused at her ready answer.

Before she married I stayed with her people both in London and in Scotland, at their delightful home “The

Glen." On one of these occasions there was a large house-party—Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Granville, Lady Ripon, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. George Curzon (now Lord Curzon of Kedleston), and several other people whose names I can't remember. But I do remember a little conversation that took place between Lady Ribblesdale, Margot, and myself after the greater part of the guests had left. During most of the visit I was very busy translating a book, and I used to spend long hours of the day in my own room, absorbed in my work. One morning, just before luncheon, I came down and found the two sisters talking over the party, and discussing the events of the week. As I came in they both turned to me. "Oh, Maude," one of them exclaimed, "we were just talking about you."

"Well," I said, "I hope you were saying something nice about me."

"We were indeed! We were just saying that you were one of the most delightful guests who had ever stopped here."

I said, "I'm not a bit surprised, and, what's more, I even know why you thought so."

They both looked so taken aback at this conceited speech that I couldn't help laughing. One of them said—

"Now why did we think so?"

I said, "Because, as it happens, I was always shut up in my room doing that translation, and as I was hardly ever downstairs I never gave you a chance of finding out what a ghastly bore I *can* be."

They both protested indignantly, but they had to laugh all the same, and to acknowledge that entertaining would certainly be much easier if every guest cultivated the gentle art of disappearing into space at the psychological moment!

I remember Liza Lehmann telling me that she had once dined at the house of that very talented American singer, the late Madame Nordica, and that she had been asked to stay on for a little while after the departure of the other guests. Evidently some of them had been rather



heavy in hand, for when they had driven off to their respective bolsters, their poor jaded hostess sank into an arm-chair in a complete state of physical and mental exhaustion. After a moment she said feebly but firmly—

“Liza Lehmann, I just despise entertaining!”

Now wasn't that a real *cri du cœur*?

If the people who had reduced her to this pitiable condition had only taken themselves off immediately after the second entrée, they might have lived in her memory as delightful, if eccentric, guests!

À propos of eccentric guests, I must say I think it would be hard to beat Rubinstein. Once at a dinner-party I know for a positive fact that he became so bored that he pushed his plate aside, jumped up, exclaimed desperately, “Ich halt's nicht aus” (I can't stand this), rushed into the hall, seized his hat and overcoat, and fled like a hare from the house, leaving his hostess and the other guests literally gasping with astonishment.

At another dinner-party, happening to sit beside a lady with a very beautiful white neck, his feelings got the better of him and he bent down and kissed it. She was furious. He, however, seemed quite unaware that he had done anything unconventional (to put it mildly!).

“Ne vous agitez pas, chère madame,” he said calmly, “il n'y a pas de quoi—une petite habitude Russe—Voilà tout!”

While I am on the subject of unconventional behaviour, I really think I must relate an experience of my own that was rather comical. Mademoiselle Lalande, at whose school in Paris I was educated, wrote to me one day and asked me if I could do anything to help an Italian sculptor in whom she was interested. The poor man had just lost his wife and was absolutely broken-hearted. He was a very nice fellow, she said, but dreadfully badly off, and now he wanted to see if he could get any work in London. He came to call on me, and I liked him. He was a gentle, kindly man, with such a sad look in his face that one really longed to cheer him up. I was fortunate enough to get him a commission, after which he asked me if I would

sit to him, as he would like to make me a present of a little bust of myself. I said I would willingly pose for him, and during the sittings, what between the combined efforts of Emmie and myself (this all happened in the Albion Street days when we were both in the "twenties"), we actually managed to raise a few smiles on his face. He said we were *deux types*. Next day, when we referred to ourselves as *i due Tippilini*, hoping this might be the correct Italian version, he almost laughed, and quite visibly cheered up. He nearly took my breath away by informing me one day that my neck was like that of a Roman matron! Which reminds me that once, when I was nineteen, I had a really priceless dream. I dreamed that a young man with whom I had had a mild flirtation had driven up to our house, before breakfast, in an immense barouche drawn by two prancing steeds in order to ask me to marry him. He said in a voice that shook with emotion—

"Some are too tall, and some are too short, but *you* are such a Venus!"

Alas, why does one ever wake up! The only other person who ever came to an equally wild conclusion in real life was an old lady who had knocked out one eye (her weather eye, without the shadow of a doubt) while wrestling with the cork of a soda-water bottle!

However, to return to my sculptor. After ten days or so the little bust was finished. It was rather a flattering likeness, but I can't honestly say I objected to that! We both felt quite sorry when he told us that he would be obliged to return to Paris the following day, and begged him to stay on to tea. He accepted. Emmie, I think, was dining out that day—anyhow, I know she was not in the room, when finally, towards dusk, he got up to go. He thanked me with real warmth for the work I had been able to put in his way, for now at last he would be able to raise a monument to his wife which lack of funds had hitherto made impossible; indeed he was so really grateful that I was quite touched, especially as he still looked very thin and pale. Then he shook hands in the most friendly

way, after which, to my astonishment, he put his bag on the floor, deliberately leaned his umbrella up against the wall, looked me straight in the face, and without any further ado folded me to his sad and sable waistcoat (he was still in deep mourning) and embraced me for about three seconds (Greenwich time !). I was so utterly dumb-founded that I was speechless, but the next moment I nearly died of laughing. He picked up his bag and retrieved his umbrella, opened the door, and was just about to depart, when he said, with the same depressed expression on his face as before, and in a dejected voice that admitted of no possible misunderstanding—

“ Absolloumong comme un frère ! ”



## CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE day I thought I would very much like to show one of my compositions to Herr Hans Richter, who happened to be in London just then conducting a series of concerts at St. James's Hall. Every one knows that he is one of the most celebrated *chefs d'orchestre* in the world, and in this country he certainly is one of the most beloved into the bargain, for it is almost impossible to mention his name without some one making a kind and affectionate allusion to him. Again and again did I go to St. James's Hall to hear him conduct the Beethoven Symphonies and many another masterpiece; and I really pity any one who loves Wagner's music who has not heard him conduct it. I remember as quite a young girl being taken to hear a great Wagner concert at the Albert Hall, and being fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of Wagner himself as we came out. It was the only time I ever saw him at close quarters, and, alas! he was doing nothing more extraordinary than getting into his overcoat. Richter conducted that day, and I was young enough and ignorant enough to wonder how on earth Wagner could allow any one to usurp his rights! As if composing music and conducting it were not two very different things!

I still have ringing in my ears the exquisite way that under Richter's direction the orchestra played the celebrated Introduction to the Third Act of the *Meister-singer*, surely one of the most heavenly pieces of music in existence. I know nothing that can beat it for noble dignity, for beautiful serenity. Here is indeed a lifelike portrait of the immortal and adorable shoemaker, who was "captain of his soul," as it is given to very few of

us to be ! I don't know whether it is an equally good portrait of the Hans Sachs, who actually lived in Nuremberg and wrote songs there in the Middle Ages, but what does that matter ? Wagner has created the man who will live for ever as the type of the ideal artist. There is no more lovable character in fiction than that middle-aged Meistersinger, Hans Sachs, or if there is, I have never come across it ; the man whose passionate love does not blind him even for one second to the merits of the handsome young aristocrat, who is his rival—the man who teaches that rival the secrets of his own art in order to enable him to win the prize at the great musical contest ! Ah, and how much more than the prize, since the woman they both love is included in it ! The man who refuses to listen to his own heart when Eva, only the evening before, tells him she will marry him ; for the poor child who dares not hope that her knight will prove the successful candidate, feels that if she *must* belong to another, then let that other be her dear old friend !

I confess that while Hans Sachs is helping young Walther to shape the Preislied, the lump in my throat grows bigger and bigger. He does it so absolutely simply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for one man to teach another how he may best rob him of his heart's desire—how he may best wall up the window through which the light might otherwise stream into his own house of life !

But it is the last act that really is enough to move any one to tears when Walther, having carried off the prize (and Eva into the bargain), says he doesn't particularly wish to be elected a Meistersinger ; he is a knight, and needs no other distinction.

And he owes his entire happiness to a Meistersinger !

When Hans Sachs cries with noble indignation, " Ehret mir die Deutsche Meistersinger " (I'll have you honour the German Masters), " and remember to the end of your days that it was not as a knight that you won the woman you love, but as an artist "—well, if one happens to be an artist oneself, no matter how insignifi-

cant, one feels such a rush of emotion to the heart, one is invaded by so happy, so legitimate a pride when he refuses to have that name belittled, that one longs to cheer him !

I don't know how other people may feel when they see Hans Sachs presented with that laurel wreath in the last act, but, personally, I feel that I can hardly bear it. A laurel wreath instead of happiness ! The irony of it ! One might as well present a man with a bouquet of orchids instead of a bed when he is dead tired ! Not that I wish to undervalue fame or success or any of the pleasant things the laurel wreath stands for, but they can't satisfy a hungry heart. If any one is inclined to think that I am talking sentimental nonsense, let him read Romain Rolland's life of Michael Angelo, the man whose name is immortal and whose heart was starved to death. I never read anything sadder than the terrible way he hungered for the happiness that for some mysterious reason he was called upon to forgo, from the beginning to the end of his life. I declare I would far rather be the wife of a crossing-sweeper I loved and who loved me ; nor would I care a brass button if his family tree had its roots in the garden of the Foundling Hospital.

But not if he were like the crossing-sweeper to whom I gave pennies when I was a child. He had a wooden leg, which in course of time gave way, so he asked us to buy him another. And when he had strapped on the new one, if he didn't turn to, and beat his wife with the old one !

However, I must get back to the morning when I took my song, "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt," to the great conductor. I think, indeed I am almost certain, that Edith Santley accompanied me to his house. She sang it splendidly, and I need hardly say I fully realised that he was far more likely to be favourably impressed if he heard her sing it than if I merely played it.

The interview was very satisfactory. I didn't know him personally till that morning, and he looked at me so gravely through his spectacles that I felt quite nervous ;



but after he had heard the song he said something so kind and encouraging, that I made up my mind there and then to exert myself to the very utmost, and to do the very best work of which I was capable. I knew what a great musician he was, and those few words of praise, which were far beyond anything I had hoped for, sent my spirits up sky-high.

I wanted very much to study orchestration with him, but I don't think he ever took pupils. He told me, however, to be sure to come and see him if ever I went to Vienna; and of course I was only too delighted to accept the invitation, though at that moment I hadn't the remotest intention of going there.

But those chance words set me thinking. I realised how much there was still for me to learn, how very little I knew. I hadn't studied counterpoint *really* seriously, for whilst I was at the Royal Academy I was always interrupting my studies to write songs, and I knew very little about orchestration. What I had done in that way was really not worth mentioning. I felt this to be a very serious drawback indeed. And suddenly, at the beginning of the following winter (1883), I made up my mind to spend six months in Vienna. I didn't know a soul there except Herr Richter, but I realised how far easier it would be to study quietly in a town where I had no friends, than in London where I knew such crowds of people that it really wasn't at all easy to lead the secluded and quiet life so necessary to any composer who wishes to achieve anything. Herr Richter, I knew, would give me the very best advice as far as my studies were concerned, but where was I to live when I got there? This was the next question that arose, for I certainly didn't wish to live either at an hotel or at a pension. As usual, I fell on my feet. Mr. Frank Schuster offered to write to some Austrian friends of his, a painter and his wife, who had an apartment in the Schottenring (a charming quarter of Vienna), and who occasionally took a student or two to live with them. Emmie had decided to accompany me, and they were asked whether they

could put us up for six months or so. The answer came almost by return of post, saying that any friends of his would be welcome, and we decided to start in about a fortnight or three weeks.

Mr. Frank Schuster is so very well known as one of the most ardent music lovers in London, that it is hardly necessary to explain who he is. But he is the kindest and most constant of friends, and a most congenial comrade into the bargain, for his happy sense of humour is absolutely unique, and surrounds him as the sea surrounds Sicily! As I happen to be one of the lucky fish that have often swum in those delightful waters, I feel that I have every right to say that they are exhilarating and refreshing to a very unusual degree! His lovely little house in Great Queen Street, Westminster, has been for years and years one of the chief centres of musical London, and few indeed are the artists of distinction, both English and foreign, who have not at some time or other enjoyed the hospitality of this kindest of hosts.

His Sunday evenings are certainly amongst the most attractive social gatherings in London. For Mr. Schuster is far too wise in his generation to invite nothing but musical celebrities to meet each other! His guests include celebrated authors, celebrated painters, celebrated statesmen, and hosts of other delightful men and women of the world; and some of the latter are so exceptionally beautiful (and so are their gowns—this is an aside to which I am certain none of them will object) that the only wonder is that while his “evening stars sing together,” all the “sons of God” that have been invited to meet them do not “shout for joy” as they sink comfortably down beside them on the delectable divans that line the walls of this most fascinating music-room.

Only a day or two before the day fixed for our departure, Mr. Schuster came to tell me that owing to a very serious illness in their house, Frau Schön (I think that was the name of his friend) would not be able to receive us herself, but that she had asked a friend of hers, Baroness Ferstel, if it would be possible for her to

take us in, at all events till we were able to find rooms for ourselves. He added that she had most kindly consented to do so, and that she was expecting us.

Well, off we started. Both of us were rather excited at the idea of spending the winter in Vienna, where neither of us had ever been. Its situation almost on the threshold—not exactly of the East, but of strange and remote countries on which the East has cast its unmistakable shadow—held a real attraction for me. When I first went there, there was something distinctly exotic in the atmosphere. One saw all sorts of curious-looking people in the streets wearing strange and picturesque costumes. These were generally peasants from Styria or Carinthia. German was certainly the language universally spoken, but at every moment one met Hungarians, Poles, and Bohemians, who naturally spoke their own language among themselves, although they were Austrian subjects. And Jews abounded, especially Polish Jews of the lower classes, who looked as if they were in the last stages of decay! They wore filthy cassocks, not unlike in shape to those of Catholic priests, and two great black ringlets, like low-spirited sausages, hung dejectedly on either side of their thin and sallow faces, whose expression was one of mingled sadness and greed; the nose alone looked as if it had not had all the spirit knocked out of it, and stretched so pathetically into space that one couldn't help wondering if it wasn't perhaps making a supreme effort to fly away, for good and all, from its depressing and ignoble surroundings. I am afraid they were not attractive specimens of humanity. As the Germans would say—

“Ja, schön ist was Andres!”

We travelled straight from Paris to Vienna, and arrived there at a quite unearthly hour of the morning; it was still pitch dark, and could not have been more than half-past five when our *Einspänner* drew up before a fine block of houses in the Maximilianplatz. No. 10 was our destination, and the apartment of Baroness Ferstel was, if I remember rightly, on the first floor.



A nice little Bohemian maid, whose face was bright with smiles even at that early hour, opened the door and showed us to our rooms. They were so different to what we had expected that we were genuinely surprised. The first thing that struck me, notwithstanding that I was half asleep, was a fine piece of Gobelin tapestry that hung on one of the walls of the sitting-room, and one or two very good oil paintings; one was by Salvator Rosa. Our bedroom was a delightful room. Everything was dainty in the extreme, so much so that my sister said to me—

“I’ve an awful feeling that we have come to the wrong house. These rooms are too good to be true.”

We determined, however, to turn in (even if we were only to be turned out again). The two pretty wooden beds with their silk coverlets and finely embroidered sheets and pillows were far too fascinating to be resisted, and we were soon tucked up and fast asleep.

Baroness Ferstel, who had so kindly consented to be our hostess, was a perfect dear, and we hadn’t been there many days when we became such good friends with her five sons and one daughter, that all idea of going anywhere else was completely abandoned. Their ages ranged from twenty-five to fourteen. We were very much amused when they told us how furious they had been with their mother for allowing us to come at all, and amidst roars of laughter they confessed what they had expected us to be like. In the first place, they had quite decided that we were Jewesses, with red hair and immensely long feet. (It seems that “Weiss,” the equivalent for “White,” is a very usual Jewish name in Austria.) They also had made up their minds to give us a very wide berth, and to show us from the start that they intended to have nothing to do with us. The prejudice against Jews in Austria is evidently quite ineradicable. They were positive also that it was Emmie who had come to study, and that I was a bony old-maid sister who had come to look after her and to show my prominent teeth (of course they were bound to stick out

like a miniature fan, as I was an *English Jewess*) to any one who dared approach her.

We only arrived on Saturday morning, but on Sunday, by midday, they were already inclined to take a more hopeful view of things. One of the boys had caught a glimpse of Emmie's boots outside our door, and had immediately spread the good news that they were not only pretty, but small.

On Sunday I went to Mass at the *Votiv-Kirche*, the beautiful church on the *Maximilianplatz*, which was built to commemorate the escape from assassination of the Emperor Franz Josef. On my way out I happened to catch sight of a bust beneath the pulpit; the face struck me as not only very handsome, but refined and sensitive, and I asked the sacristan whose portrait it was. He told me it was that of Baron Ferstel, the architect of the church. It seems he was only twenty-four years old when all the architects in Austria were invited to send in designs for the new church. His were so much more beautiful than any of the others that they were chosen by unanimous consent.

On returning to the house I noticed the same name on a brass plate fixed to the front door. Oddly enough, up to that moment I had not once thought of my hostess' name in connection with that of the celebrated architect. I rang the bell, and the door was opened almost at once by a tall and extremely nice-looking boy of about eighteen, who had evidently been expecting one of his brothers, for he looked embarrassed when he saw me. I was, however, so interested by my discovery, that after a hurried "Good morning" I said in German—

"I have just been to Mass at that lovely church in the square, and they told me it was built by Baron Ferstel. Do tell me if he is a relation of yours?"

The boy looked decidedly pleased, and said that Baron Ferstel was his father.

I congratulated him heartily on the fact, and after a few words went to our own sitting-room.

Here was another agreeable surprise! Evidently I

was not a Jewess, since I went to Mass at a church built by their own father! And my hair was brown. There could be no two opinions on that subject. Whether one is an old maid when one isn't much more than half-way through the twenties, was of course for them to decide, but not even a council of Trent could have decreed that I was a scraggy one!—not even a proclamation—*ex cathedra*—from the Vatican. The Catholic Church knows where to draw the line, and would not put quite such a strain on the faith of her children. Wholesale decimation is not part of her program! Nor was a weighing machine necessary to pronounce a cool and dispassionate verdict in my favour; the naked eye was all-sufficient. In fact, to put the matter in a nutshell, as I squeezed past Baron Carl Ferstel in the doorway on that memorable morning, I took up so much space that there wasn't room for even a lingering doubt on the subject!

That afternoon, or next day, we all made each other's acquaintance. Baroness Ferstel asked us to come and have coffee with her, and was so kind and cordial that we both lost our hearts to her there and then. She said to us—

“Yesterday, when I heard you singing so gaily after that long and tiring journey, I thought you must have happy dispositions, and I felt sure I would like you.”

That was very pleasant to hear, though it applied more to Emmie than myself. It was she who went about the house singing so happily, for my voice, from constant coughs, was already hoarse and unmanageable, and though I often hummed to myself when composing, I never really sang after I was twenty-two, when my throat became dreadfully weak.

I think it was Erwin Ferstel who was our first visitor. He was the second son, and a more attractive and charming lad I have never met in all my life. A beautiful Russian once said to me, “He is one of the most popular youths in Vienna;” and I must say that when one is clever and amusing, kind-hearted to a quite unusual degree, and extremely *simpatico* and nice-looking into the bargain, it was hardly to be wondered at. We made friends on the



spot! And friends, faithful friends, we have always remained from that day to this, nor can I imagine anything that could destroy a friendship that has always meant so much to me, though of late years we have met but seldom. But that makes no difference. I shall never forget how delighted I was some years ago, in Taormina, at a really curious coincidence that happened in connection with him. I had been to tea with an American friend, Mr. Clifford Putnam, whose pretty little house and lovely garden are just outside the Messina gate. It was in the spring, and gradually the room became so oppressively hot that I asked if I might go and stand on the terrace for a minute. As I stepped on to it, a carriage drove past, with Erwin Ferstel and his brother inside! I couldn't believe my eyes. One of them, I knew, lived in Bosnia and the other in Austria. Their surprise can be imagined when I called out their names and signed to the driver to pull up. Had I been one second later I would have missed them altogether, for they were not going to my hotel, and were only paying a flying visit to Taormina on their way home.

As soon as we had settled down at Maximilianplatz I made up my mind to go and call upon Herr Richter. He was just then living in Währing, a little way out of the town. He received me with the greatest kindness, and asked me in what way he could be useful to me. After a little conversation he gave me a big score to read, but it was utterly beyond me at that time, and I told him so. He then advised me to study with Herr Robert Fuchs, whom he recommended as quite the best professor he knew in Vienna. Before I took my leave, Herr Richter introduced me to his wife—such a pretty woman, a Hungarian, I think—and then to his little girls. I remember how they stood round the grand piano while their father made them sing the bridesmaids' chorus in *Lohengrin* for my benefit. They were dear little things, and piped up the moment they were asked without making the slightest difficulty.

I think it was Herr Richter who was accused of saying, when on one occasion he refused an invitation for his wife—

“My wife is not very strong; she must always lie in the afternoon; if she does not lie, she swindles.”<sup>1</sup>

I dare say it isn't true, but he was most certainly reported to have made this amusing mistake, and I only give the story for what it is worth, on the chance of some of my younger friends not having heard it.

Needless to say, as soon as I got home I wrote to Herr Fuchs and asked him if he could spare me an hour twice a week. Fortunately for me he was able to come to Maximilianplatz, and I started work without any further loss of time. I liked him extremely. He was a delicate, rather small man of about forty, and a wonderfully good teacher. The Ferstel boys used to call him “Serenaten Fuchs”—I believe it was his nickname in Vienna, given to him because he had written several charming serenades for orchestra that had taken the fancy of the public and made him one of the most popular composers of the day. He was very much amused at the unceremonious way we talked about the young Ferstels as “*die Buben.*” They, by the way, were all “Baron Erwin, Baron Carl,” etc. etc., as in Austria every child inherits a title if his father happens to possess one.

“Ach was!” he exclaimed, after I had introduced Erwin to him one day, “Sie nennen so ein fescher junger Herr ein Bub!”<sup>2</sup>

“Oh,” I said (à la Rubinstein), “that is only an English custom! We always call young men ‘boys’ over there.”

Those titles sat so very lightly on the heads of the dear young Ferstels that it is no wonder they rolled off a few days after our arrival. To our infinite amusement it was Emmie and I who were promoted by a Viennese dress-maker, who addressed parcels to us, “Fräulein Maude and Emily von White.” When I told the boys, they were not in the least surprised, and only wondered that they had not been addressed to the two, “Gräfin von

<sup>1</sup> *Schwindeln* is the German for feeling giddy or faint.

<sup>2</sup> “What, you mean to say you call this smart young man a boy?”

White." Erwin went so far as to declare that the love of titles in Austria amounted to a monomania, and that he was quite sure the cook and the concierge never dreamed of addressing each other except as "Frau von Köchin" and "Herr von Portier" in private life!

These explanations were all given in English, the language we habitually spoke together. With the rest of the family we always spoke German. But Erwin, who was studying for the diplomatic service, was only too pleased to speak English. He had also been in England with his father to see Sir Tatton Sykes, whose acquaintance they had made in Vienna, and who afterwards begged Baron Ferstel to come to London, as he wished to consult him about building a Catholic church on the lines of the Votiv Church. The negotiations came to nothing, but at all events Erwin picked up some more English, and the mere fact that he was the only one of the family who could talk to us about London, was a sort of link from the very outset.

He certainly made some very funny mistakes at the beginning, and I remember how I laughed when he told me that a certain brilliant artist had given proofs of such extraordinary eccentricity, that his friends had insisted on his being removed to a "foolery."

On another occasion I said enthusiastically about a very beautiful woman whom I admired a good deal more than he did—

"Well, all I know is, that if I had a nose like hers I'd ask nothing more of life."

He merely answered—

"Look here, I don't say that yours is an *idle* nose, but I must say I like it just as it is."

Now that is what I call a satisfactory friend!

His youngest brother—a boy of about fifteen—used occasionally to pay us visits after school hours, and to this day we laugh at the strenuous efforts he made to entertain us. After fidgeting about on his chair for a few seconds he came to the conclusion that he ought to make some graceful allusion to our country. Our



“amusement can be imagined when he suddenly said in a hoarse voice—

“In England soll das Beef *grossartig* sein.”

And of course we assured him that with horse-radish sauce and Yorkshire pudding as adjuncts, it could defy every other article of food in creation !

But it mustn't be supposed that we did nothing but amuse ourselves at Maximilianplatz. We all worked very hard. The boys were all preparing themselves for various professions, and I spent four mortal hours of each day grinding over counterpoint. I wouldn't let myself off even a quarter of an hour, for I was really anxious to get on. I showed Herr Fuchs most of the things I had already written, and he encouraged me tremendously.

But, like Sir George Macfarren, he thought it a pity that I wrote nothing but vocal music, and strongly advised me to write something instrumental *de longue haleine*. Again I tried and again I failed. This time my failure was accompanied by such appalling depression that I felt as if I wanted to wipe music right out of my life. For the first time I was hearing the great Wagner operas. Herr Richter had lent me some scores. And instead of spurring me on, as the study of such scores would now, they simply seemed to shriek my own incompetence aloud. I felt that even in a world of microbes I only deserved a rickety back seat. I wasted some weeks trying to compose a concerto, and at last I felt as if every scrap of music in me were dead. Then, in sheer despair, I wrote to Mr. May and told him how miserable I felt about it all. He knew that I never shirked work and that I was capable of real application. I longed to have a talk with him.

By return of post arrived one of the kindest and wisest letters I have ever received in my life. It not only comforted me and put new life into me, but before a few days had elapsed I proved to myself the wisdom of his words. He said—

“I most strongly advise you to give up trying to write anything in the nature of a concerto, etc. I can

see from your letter that if you continue to work at things which are so distasteful to you, for which you feel yourself so entirely unsuited, that you will not only fail completely in that direction, but that you will eventually maim the talent which you undoubtedly possess. In the constant endeavour to produce music artificially, you will lose the spontaneity which up to now has been so evident in all you have written. Learn all you can, but if you feel that song-writing is your vocation, stick to it."

I blessed him for that letter. I told Herr Fuchs, what was the simple truth, that I was growing to detest the very sight of music-paper, unless I might be allowed to cover it with something that I didn't hate and despise while actually slaving away so unwillingly to produce it. And I'm thankful to say he gave in, when he saw that I was willing to work harder than ever so long as I wasn't asked to compose things that I felt were utterly beyond me.

No sooner did I feel that no one expected me to write sonatas or concertos than I began to compose again with the greatest ease. The relief of finding that I still could write was a real joy. Instead of feeling that mentally I was developing into the equivalent of something rather more stodgy than a half-boiled suet pudding, I began to feel like a gay and cheerful *soufflé*. That winter I wrote about eight of the songs contained in my first German Album. Frau Rosa Papier, who was one of the principal Wagner singers of the Vienna Opera House, heard some of my compositions, and asked me to accompany her at a concert in "Absent, yet Present" and "When Passion's Trance," for both of which Erwin Ferstel made admirable German translations. She had a beautiful voice, and I was, of course, delighted at her wishing to sing them. Some of my German songs were shown to one of the professors at the Conservatorium, and his criticisms were also extremely kind, and when the month of May came round I had begun to feel as happy as I had felt miserable in the winter. I heard a

great deal of music during the six months I spent in Vienna, both at the Symphony Concerts, to which I sometimes went with Emmie or Erwin Ferstel, and where I once heard Rubinstein and Madame Essipoff on the same day. I loved those concerts. Including the interval they lasted an hour and a half. Richter always conducted the two orchestral pieces that were *de rigueur*, there was generally a solo by some great pianist, and, if I am not mistaken, one vocal piece. I recollect a performance of the music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, under Richter's direction, which was quite beautiful. I've heard it many and many a time since, but never have I heard the nocturne invested with such poetry, such romance!

We also went a good deal to the Opera. Richter always conducted on Wagner nights, and it was in Vienna that, with the exception of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, I heard most of his great operas. That is one of the things in my musical life for which I have always been truly grateful. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, the tremendous impression made on me by the performance of *Tristan* and *Isolde*. What affected me most of all that first time, was the beautiful music in the second Act where Brangäne keeps watch for the two lovers. It is extraordinarily, almost magically, suggestive. The voice of the faithful friend outside reaches the man and woman—who, in an ecstasy of love, are clasped in each other's arms—through a wonderful haze of sound that like nothing else I have ever heard suggests not only ineffable, undying love, not only its surroundings during those immemorial hours—the touching beauty of the lovely summer night, the dark-blue, star-strewn sky, the haunting perfume of sweet flowers—but a growing apprehension, a stealthy approach of danger—

“Habet Acht! Habet Acht! die Nacht entweicht!”  
(Beware, beware! night is waning.)

I have forgotten many beautiful things I have heard, but I could never forget that splendid performance of



*Tristan and Isolde* if I lived to be a hundred years old. Richter was a magician when he conducted Wagner's operas.

What must have been Wagner's feelings the first time he saw that scene, and heard those waving viole and celli, those exquisite sustained chords in the wind, the heavenly sound of the harp flowing like a silver stream through a moonlit garden, the strange *cor Anglais*, suggesting an epoch so remote that the mind fails to reach it, and involuntarily conjures up a fantastic bizarre period that never existed outside the frame of some antique and faded piece of tapestry—the mystic call of the horns, and the tender, exquisite voice of the single viola that every now and again makes itself heard above the streaming melodies and waving figures of the strings, and the subdued murmur of the rest of the orchestra!

I know, of course, that to be completely up-to-date I ought to speak without any particular enthusiasm of Wagner's music. Well, I can't do that. I can't speak coolly, or dispassionately, about anything or anybody I really love or admire. And even if the whole modern school has more or less "done" with Wagner, I imagine there are a good many people besides myself who will never have done with him. William James says in one of his essays, "Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by likes or disdains," and certainly if a greater than Wagner should appear on the musical horizon, I hope I shall not be such a fool as not to appreciate him.

Meanwhile, I am bound to say I had a good laugh one evening on coming out from one of these performances. As we stood in the vestibule waiting for the attendant to hand us our wraps, we heard him say to his companion—

"Na, Gott sei dank dass der Wagner tod ist—sonst bekämen wir noch so ein paar Oper, und müssten noch öfter die liebe lange Nacht hier sitzen."<sup>1</sup>

One day a delightful thing happened. Hidden in a

<sup>1</sup> "Thank God, Wagner is dead! otherwise we'd be treated to another couple of operas that would keep us here the livelong night."

corner of my desk I found twenty pounds! I had put them there and forgotten all about them. That settled a question we had been debating for some time. Could we afford to pay a flying visit to Hungary? We had been down to the Prater one afternoon where we had come across a band of gipsy musicians, and the desperate melancholy, the capricious gaiety, and utterly reckless joy of the music had gone to my head like strong wine. I felt I wanted to kick over the traces and do something to make the combined hair of the Universe stand straight on end! Instead of doing that, I began to cry! I don't know what possessed me, but I suppose that, after the hours and hours that I had forced myself to work at counterpoint with its cut and dried rules, the lawless, devil-me-care vitality of that gipsy music woke up something in me that has never gone to sleep again, something that will live as long as I have breath, something that made me feel as if my heart and the heart of all humanity had been laid bare to me for a moment, so that I might understand, once and for all, the heights and depths of emotion at white heat, the heights and depths of joy, grief, love—fierce, passionate, demanding all, and giving all magnificently, counting no costs—hate, jealousy, the ecstasy of liberty, the sheer delight in tremendous spaces, vast horizons, the immediate response to the imperious impulse of the moment, whether for good or evil, so that I might understand, in a word, the human heart let loose like a horse on the wild Hungarian puszta, with no guiding light beyond the flaming torch of its own passions—the human heart to whom religion has never made its noble, its equally passionate, but superbly unselfish, appeal!

We told the boys of our intention to go to Hungary, and Erwin, as usual, was full of sympathy. He had done his military service in Hungary, and described to me in glowing language the delight with which he had galloped for hours and hours across the vast deserted stretches of land characteristic of Hungary as the great steppes are of Russia, and on which, at immense intervals,

one sometimes sees a lonely *csarda*. That is the name not only of a dance but of the solitary little inn that can be seen from far, far away, and that stands alone on the *puszta*, affording not only a resting-place for travellers, but as often as not a hiding-place for *betjars* (horse-stealers) who do not look upon their thefts as anything reprehensible, since if horses run wild on the face of the earth they see no reason why they should not appropriate them.

A band of black-eyed gipsies was fiddling on the platform as we arrived at one of the desolate little country stations at which the train stops before reaching Pesth. They were wild, unkempt creatures, dark as Indians, and played with the same astonishing fire as those I had heard in Vienna, and though their instruments were certainly nothing to boast of, it was extraordinary what they were able to get out of them!

But never, to my dying day, shall I forget the gipsies I heard that same night in Pesth. They came and played in the hall of the hotel where we had arranged to stay for two or three days. The landlord said to me, "Ah, you are in luck! There is no such other 'Zigeuner' band in the whole country. When Liszt was here he kept them playing half through the night." And so did I! I half-ruined myself over them. Never have I spent money so recklessly—I felt I really could not bear to let them go. More than ever did I feel as though I had suddenly been brought face to face with my *Doppelgänger*, as if some impassioned lover of happiness and freedom, who had once been myself, had threaded her way through the wild mazes of that mad, fantastic music to look into my eyes, to claim recognition, to remind me of those splendid, vanished days! Ah! she needn't have been afraid of my denying her! Every drop of blood in my veins claimed her as my own—my very own! I longed to lay my hand in hers, to shake the dust of cities off my feet, and wander carelessly again through the beautiful world of golden days and starry nights, and drink deep draughts of ecstasy, and quench my thirst for ever and ever!



We did some sight-seeing during the two or three days we were in Pesth—and crossed the river to visit Buda and the great white palace on the hill, but everything seemed tame after that music !

I recollect being very much impressed with the good looks of the Hungarians—both men and women—the former looked particularly well in national dress. I saw it worn by several men of the upper classes—they had splendid figures and looked not only extremely picturesque but quite out of the way distinguished in their long cloaks, knee-breeches, top-boots, and the smart, military-looking astrakhan cap with the aigrette clasped right in front. I don't know if this dress is still habitually worn by Hungarian nobles in their own country, but I sincerely hope it is. It would be a thousand pities to give it up.

Another thing that made a strange impression on me was a gipsy village through which we passed. The guide had not told us what to expect, and when he informed us that we had arrived, I thought I must surely have misunderstood him, for I saw nothing but a smoking field ! A few stark naked children were playing together. He then explained that the whole village was underground, and that the smoke we saw was curling up from the little hovels in which they lived. I had no idea that gipsies ever lived anywhere permanently, but was told that some of them did, though an enormous quantity tramped about all summer and only herded together in the winter when it was too cold to camp out.

After our return to Vienna, we were invited to a party at the house of a very charming and good-looking Russian lady, a great friend of the Ferstels, by whom she went by the name of "Die schöne Frau." Her name was Frau von Dutschka ; she was married to a wealthy banker, and her house was a rendezvous for most of the interesting people who passed through Vienna. The apartment in which she lived was a large and beautiful one, and one room was specially dedicated to music. On this occasion I was asked to play. After I had

finished, an old gentleman came up to me, and, without even asking to be introduced, said to me—

“ You have Slav blood in you, I am sure.”

I laughed and said, “ Oh no, you are quite mistaken—I am English.”

He answered, “ I am absolutely certain you have Slav blood in you. Heredity is a subject I am specially interested in, and I assure you I am very seldom mistaken.”

“ But,” I said, “ what in the world makes you feel so sure ? If you don't think I look English, you have only to look at my sister, who is quite unmistakably so.”

He said rather impatiently, “ I am talking about you, not about your sister, and I say, after hearing you play, that even if you know nothing about it, you have either Bohemian, or Polish, or Russian blood in your veins.”

Well, it was evidently no use contradicting him, and, as he said good-night, he said—

“ Write home to your people and try and find out whether I am not right.”

He had really interested me by the way he stuck to his opinion, so much so, that I wrote to my brother Fred and told him what the old man (he was a Member of Parliament) had said. I closed my letter with these words : “ Of course I told him that he was quite mistaken.”

I was more than astonished when my brother wrote back and said, “ Your old man was perfectly right, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for not knowing that on our father's side there is Bohemian blood, and that several members of the family married Hungarians.”

And I've wondered ever since whether a gipsy wasn't among those Hungarians !

Just before leaving Vienna, Emmie and I paid a visit to the famous Abbé Liszt. We were taken to his flat by a clever, gay, young Austrian composer whose name, I am sorry to say, I have quite forgotten, and whose acquaintance we made through Viennese friends to whom Mr. Frank Schuster had introduced us.

It seemed so extraordinary to see him dressed in a priest's cassock, though I suppose he was just about as

little of a priest as it is possible to be! He certainly wasn't able to say Mass. A friend of mine, who was intimately acquainted with the Roman society of Liszt's day, always declares that it is a well-known thing that he became an abbé for the sole reason of getting out of a marriage which was being forced upon him. I can't vouch personally for the truth of this story, but I can imagine that such might very possibly be the case! Liszt was made tremendously much of by a good many great ladies, and I believe fascinated quite an extraordinary number of women. I thought him ugly—his face was covered with warts, but it was tremendously powerful. One could well imagine that he might exercise a very strong influence over any one he chose. The long, very straight, white hair which framed his face seemed to differentiate him from any one I have ever seen, though, goodness knows, long-haired musicians are not unusual! It was on that occasion that he told us about an experience of his with the famous gipsy band in Pesth when he kept them playing to him half through the night. After a while they said to him—

“Now, won't you play something for *us*?”

He did so, and just as he was about to leave the piano, the gipsy who led the orchestra came up to him and said—

“We would be very much obliged if you would play that piece once more.”

Liszt sat down and played it again.

“What was my astonishment,” he said to us, “when these men played the whole thing to me five minutes afterwards! They played it quite marvellously, with an accuracy that was little short of a miracle.”

The next time I saw the famous old Hungarian was at St. James's Hall, when he was present at a performance of his oratorio *St. Elizabeth*. He died shortly afterwards. He wrote a *Life of Chopin*, which I do not think is very universally known. It quite fascinated me when I read it in my youth—not that I really admired the style of the book (I believe it was originally written



in French), which was—much of it—rather flowery and ornate, but it dealt with subjects that interested me enormously. He describes—really well—the subtle and peculiar fascination of the Polish women of the upper classes, and the way they used to exercise this fascination on the Russians, with whom they danced the famous mazourkas at balls that took place in Warsaw while Poland was secretly preparing for a great revolution. He relates how many a husband and lover and brother owed their lives to their womankind, whose charm was so great that the men who were under it could refuse them literally nothing. And he describes really brilliantly the peculiar fascination of the mazourka as it is danced in Poland. I read only the other day, in an interesting article in a French review, words to this effect—

“The Czar’s most subtle enemy in Poland is the mazourka; it rouses feelings in the people that are impossible to stamp out, and as long as it is played and danced in the country, so long will the two nations continue to hate each other.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

THOUGH it was with real sorrow that I said good-bye to the dear Ferstels and to Vienna, to the charming apartment in the Maximilianplatz, to the lovely Opera house, and the Volks Theatre—where I had laughed till I thought I should never leave off again—to the beautiful medieval Stefans Kirche—one of my favourite churches in Europe—to the gay Ringstrasse with its Greek-looking Houses of Parliament, to the Votiv Church and the fine University, designed by Baron Ferstel, still, the idea of returning to London and of seeing all my good friends again was far too pleasant a prospect not to be thoroughly enjoyed. We went back to our old rooms in Albion Street which had been very prettily done up, and which looked really cosy and homelike. But evidently we were not half appreciative enough to suit our landlady. I remember how amused we were when, two or three days after our arrival, she came panting up from the kitchen, looking decidedly “sniffy,” not to say outraged.

“I must speak to you, ma’am,” she said.

“Well,” I asked, “what is the matter, what is wrong?”

“Indeed, and it’s ‘What’s the matter’ with Miss Emily, ma’am, ever since you’ve been back. ‘Am and eggs isn’t good enough for ‘er—England isn’t nowhere—nothing but ‘Abroad’ doesn’t do for Miss Emily now.”

I soothed her savage breast to the best of my ability, and I am sure she left the room persuaded that as far as I personally was concerned, Mazawattee tea and ham and eggs—not “new laid” or “fresh” but just “eggs”—were my own ideal breakfast, though I am quite sure I never said so! But I hadn’t been spending the winter in the society of a budding diplomat for nothing!

I had written to Mr. Stanley Lucas from Vienna, telling him that I had composed a good many new "lieder." I had also asked him if he thought it would be possible to print them in a little album including all those other German songs of mine that he had already published. He agreed to do so, and, soon after my return to England, he brought out my first "German Album of Sixteen Songs"; what is more, he paid me for them, and gave me a royalty on the album into the bargain. It sold splendidly, and very soon almost every singer of the day included one or other of the songs in his—or her—répertoire.

That summer I also saw a good deal of an extremely interesting girl whom I had met at Mrs. Gaskell's house just before sailing for South America. Miss Edith Balfour—known to her innumerable friends as "DD."—afterwards became the second wife of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, but when I first met her she was only sixteen and was still wearing her hair down her back. She was born in Russia, and spent some years of her childhood in Petersburg, but she told me she never, to her great regret, learned to speak Russian fluently.

I took a very great fancy to her, for there was something frank and fearless about this charming and picturesque child that was very lovable, something enthusiastic and tremendously alive that appealed to me quite irresistibly. I remember how amused I was at the way she plunged into any subject that happened to interest her. She threw herself into it, heart and soul, and was so absolutely and deliciously natural, so entirely absorbed in what was being discussed, that one very soon forgot to be only amused and became very genuinely interested oneself, though she was only a schoolgirl. Her conversation would range from politics and social questions to hats and Nebuchadnezzar—an absurd but quite deliciously funny game into which I was initiated a few weeks later when I had quite unaccountably quickly become an intimate friend of the rest of the family. It was something like Dumb Crambo, but with this differ-



ence—you were only allowed a bath sponge and a bath towel as stage properties! The bath towel was turned alternatively into Roman togas, Greek tunics, Highland kilts, Court trains, etc. etc., while the bath sponge was equally eclectic, and I have known it used as Yorick's skull, a sporran, and the emblem of the globe, when on one occasion I played the part of a great queen. Only once did I plead for just one extra adjunct; the towel was right enough, but the sponge was worse than useless and I offered to give it up if they would let me have a hip bath in its stead. When, swathed in the bath towel, I finally rose from its depths as Venus from the sea—though anything less like a shell and less like Venus than that bath and I, can hardly be imagined—I was received with veritable thunders of applause by an audience consisting chiefly of little Balfour boys. Another time I swam across the stage in a black satin evening dress (fortunately not of the superior sort that “stands alone”), whilst DD. waved the bath towel from the opposite side, and the audience shouted, “Hero and Leander!”

That summer I went with them to Sweden, where Mr. Balfour had taken some shooting and fishing for about six weeks. We went to Yemtland and lived in little cottages that were scattered about the tiny village of Medstügan. It was about thirty miles from Düfed, which was the nearest town, and was surrounded by lakes and pine forests.

The journey from Hull to Bergen was a nightmare, but if anything can cement a friendship it certainly is the fact of being able to be sea-sick together in the same cabin, without actually hating one another! I have heard love described as two hearts in one body, but never have I heard friendship described as two heads in one basin! Life, however, is rich in experiences, as I have found out on more than one occasion! How DD. and I have laughed over the conversation we had just before going on shore at Bergen (where, by the way, I was so anxious to see reindeer and elk that I mistook a large cat for some strange inhabitant of the Arctic regions who had

wandered disconsolately South in search of food). Mrs. Balfour (Mummy, as she was always called, not only by her children, but by the many friends who loved her dearly) was never sea-sick, nor was her second daughter, May (now Mrs. Jack Talbot). They belonged to the favoured few who never get untidy or hot or dusty on a journey. Alas, DD. and I could not truthfully say the same! As for me, I am one of those unfortunate people whose complexion grows a shade darker at the mere sight of a ticket-office, while the atmosphere of a railway carriage seems in some extraordinary way to affect my very clothes with what R. L. Stevenson calls "the inherent malice of inanimate objects." Pins which I have stuck half-way through my head, as well as through my hair, in the laudable attempt to keep my hat firmly on my head, begin a game of "general post" with the first lurch of the train. Buttons fly off my gloves, as I try to open the window, which invariably sticks—much closer than a brother—every time I try to open it! Coats that sat upon me like a dream at home, sleeves that were loose and comfortable, develop into the most frightful misfits as I try to lean back in the third-class carriage in which I now habitually travel—not in the least by choice; the coat proves to be too narrow in the chest and the sleeves so tight that circulation is seriously impeded. And on one occasion a skirt which was *far* too wide to suit the fashion of the day when I started from Broadway, became so extraordinarily tight by the time I reached Leamington, that instead of stepping from the carriage on to the platform, I halted on the step and then dived head-first into the crowd, landing on the pavement in a swimming attitude!

I feel I have now said more than enough to prepare the "gentle reader" for anything that may follow.

Just before we landed in Bergen I rolled out of my berth and instinctively made for the looking-glass. Equally instinctively I recoiled. For in that one second I had realised that I was face to face with that legendary object—the *last straw*! Whatever *could* go wrong with my

personal appearance *had* gone wrong. I was on the verge of despair when I caught sight of DD., and cheered up on the spot. She was much younger than I was, and ten thousand times better-looking, but she had been dogged by the same unmerciful fiends as myself, and was almost unrecognisable. As I realised this, I said in a faint voice—

“ Oh, DD., how nice it is to be travelling together.”

Those two immaculate wretches (Mummy and May) had just been in to see us ; they looked the picture of health, bright and rosy and very smart in their neat travelling-suits, not a hair out of place, everything just right. The sight of them had almost maddened me—it certainly had reduced me to the last stages of acute self-contempt, and it was just after they left our cabin that I fully realised DD.’s condition and made my treacherous speech.

“ Yes,” I went on, “ we’re so alike—you, DD. darling, are every bit as hideous as I am, and look just as appalling ! ”

“ What ? ” she screamed. “ What’s that ? ”

“ Well,” I said (I was getting more resigned every minute), “ just you have a look at yourself in the glass.”

And then, in spite of everything, we had a good laugh. We were every colour of the rainbow—except the right one, and both of us were almost blind with headache, but not so blind that we couldn’t see a joke ! By the time we landed we felt a great deal better. Under these circumstances the first, indeed the only thing to do is to avoid a looking-glass like the plague ! Recovery is literally impossible while there is such a thing on the premises. I would have smashed every mirror on board that boat, even at the risk of being put into irons as a dangerous lunatic, rather than have run the risk of catching another fleeting glimpse of myself in the condition I was in !

The beautiful fjords of Norway are so well known, and have already been described such hundreds of times, that the best thing I can do is to leave them strictly alone. But I must say I revelled in every minute I spent on the breast of those quiet waters. Sometimes DD. and I sat together in a lonely part of the boat and sang folk-songs. I had brought my Chilian guitar with me, as I knew that we



would have no piano for six or eight weeks, and I think, if I am not mistaken, that DD. had also brought one with her. It was from her I first heard the delicious little Russian song that I afterwards adapted to Moore's poem, "A Finland Love Song." It became very popular, though I am sorry to say I did not get hold of the melody quite correctly. I never knew this till the other day, when a Russian friend in Florence sang it for me; the difference is very slight, but there is a little dip in the beginning of the melody that greatly adds to its charm. It is the simplest of folk-songs, yet I have never sung this Russian version of it to any one who has not felt its almost irresistible tenderness.

*English Version.*

I saw the moon rise clear O'er  
 hills and dales of snow; Nor told my fleet  
 rein - deer The way I wished to go.

*Russian Version.*

Spra - tal - sia mies - siaz za tutch - ku Nie  
 ho - chet on bol - she gu - liatch. Dai - tie mnie va - shu  
 rutch - ku K puil - Ru - mu serd - zu pri - jatch.

I have written the Russian words beneath without using the actual Russian characters; but of course I can only give an indication of the way the words are pronounced, as there are letters in the Russian alphabet which are not in our own. The "u" is pronounced as in Italian.

During the days we spent on board I noticed a man of about twenty-seven who, without in the least intruding upon us, always came and sat close enough to hear the words of our songs. His face was extremely expressive, and he really seemed to love the English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, Italian, and Russian folk-songs which we sang softly to ourselves in our secluded little corner. Of course he soon found out that we were English, and belonged to the large party of English travellers who had come on board at Bergen; indeed we were far too numerous to be ignored. We were fourteen altogether: Mrs. Balfour, her seven children and myself, Lady Sullivan and her son and daughter, a cousin of the Balfours (Bob Harrington), and Mrs. Balfour's maid Ann, who had been in the family for years and called them all by their Christian names. She not only accompanied us into the wilds of Yemtland, but, according to one of the little Balfour boys, she almost expired there from the results of what *he* called "a spasm from an egg." A whole world of conjecture lies in these five simple words. Was the spasm due to the strange quality of the Swedish egg, or to the strange quality of Ann's English inside? Which was at fault? The question was passionately discussed at the time, but no really satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. I haven't the shadow of a doubt that there were faults on both sides. As the Spanish proverb says—

"Cuando no es mañana?" (When is it not to-morrow?)

But to return to our fellow-traveller. One afternoon young Fred Sullivan came up to us and told us that he had been having a long talk with "the chap who is always listening to you two singing." He told us that he was a Swedish doctor, that his name was Axel Munthe, that he

lived in Paris, but knew Italy well; in fact, he had been in Naples all through the last frightful epidemic of cholera. Now he was on his way to Lapland.

I looked at him with envy. Personally, I wished to push on rather farther than the North Pole; still, Lapland sounded delicious. "Oh dear," I thought, "why can't one be every one and go everywhere?" I said something of the sort, whereupon Fred said—

"Shall I bring him up and introduce him?"

We eagerly assented.

He was eventually presented to the rest of the party, and we made such friends that we invited him to come and see us at Medstügan on his return from Lapland. He told us how he loved Italy: he described with real feeling the lovely island of Capri; life among the fisher-folk; the Bay of Naples (where none of the others had ever been); the strange and picturesque crowd of poor people with whom he had been brought into contact during his tragic experiences when the cholera literally decimated the stricken town. And then he told us that the letters he had written to the *Stockholm Dagblad* had been collected and had just been brought out in a small volume.

"Oh," I said, "have you a copy with you? I should so love to see it."

He laughed and said, "No, I haven't, but even if I had it would be of no use to you, since you don't speak Swedish."

"Well," I said, "surely I shall be able to pick up a good deal while we are in Yemtland."

He looked incredulous, but I was so anxious to see the book—my old longing to know more about the Italy that could rouse such enthusiasm in the hearts of the lucky people who had not been flung from Turin to Vesuvius, as a cricket-ball is flung from wicket to wicket, was so intense—that at last he said he would send me the book from Stockholm.

I have the volume still. On the flyleaf is written—

"Vous n'en comprendrez pas un seul mot."

Well, he was wrong there, for I translated it, and it



was published two years later under the title of, *Letters from a Mourning City*.

We spent six delicious weeks at Medstügan. Every one fished except Mummy and myself. One day I felt so dreadfully "out of it" that I determined to go down to the river and catch something—even if it was only a cold. I'm bound to say I coaxed one of the boys to come with me in order to put on the worms, but though I turned my head away while he did it, it made me sick merely to think of what was going on. I actually caught one fish, but when the poor thing nibbled I felt such an unspeakable sneak that there and then I made up my mind that I had fished for the first and last time. Evidently Mummy must have gone through much the same experience, for when I said to her—

"Look here, Mummy, what do you *really* feel about fishing?"

"Well," she said, "when I don't catch anything I'm bored to death, and when I *do*, I simply hate it!"

Neither of us are real sportswomen, that is very clear!

Our attitude to fishing reminds me of a Viennese song I once heard sung by one of the attachés of the Austrian Embassy in London. The song relates how a young man met a young girl in the electric tram, and how, while making ardent love to her, he nevertheless combined business with pleasure and transferred her purse to his own pocket. The last line ran thus—

"Ja, die *wahre* Liebe war dass nicht?"<sup>1</sup>

But fishing was not always the order of the day. Sometimes we went for long excursions to some distant lake miles and miles removed from any human habitation. Those silent dark lakes of Sweden, surrounded by pines, are extraordinarily romantic. They give the impression of such extreme remoteness, that as one wanders along their deserted shores one realises what the child in the fairy tale must have felt when she reached

<sup>1</sup> Now this was not really GENUINE love.

the edge of the world and looked over the brink. I specially remember one of these lovely lakes, some thirty or forty miles from Medstügan; it lay hidden in the heart of a dark, mysterious pine-forest, as a deep and beautiful love lies hidden in a lonely heart. There are some lines in an exquisite poem by the Irish poet, Herbert Trench—"Deirdre Wedded"—which I read many years later, but which now I always connect with that vision of northern beauty. These lines describe a forest—

"Dark with the swarth locks of ten thousand stems  
In naked poise. These make no rustle save  
Some pine cone dropt, or murmur that condemns  
Murmur."

Do not these lines convey a wonderful impression of stillness, of profound and intense silence? The mute and fragrant eloquence of all the pine-forests of the world seems to float between them.

And I remember another day when I saw something so beautiful that it has never faded from my memory. I had lost sight of the rest of the party, and found myself standing absolutely alone in a vast, a tremendous landscape on the top of a little hill surrounded by hundreds of other hills that rose from the surface of the earth like the sand-hills in the Sahara. On the distant horizon was the everlasting and irregular fringe made by the tops of the distant pines. The light on the hills was lovely; the first shades of evening were just falling, and the silence was unbroken by a single sound.

All of a sudden, while the spell of this extraordinary silence was upon me, I saw far away on a distant hill the lovely silhouette of a reindeer. It stood quite still for a few seconds with upraised head, drinking in the pure and splendid air. And then it disappeared. A few minutes later I saw a bonfire on another hill. Some Laps were travelling south, and had camped for the night beneath its shadow; the reindeer, no doubt, belonged to them.

They passed through Medstügan one day, and a tiny little woman belonging to the company came to the cottage where DD. and I were staying. We were in the

garden, and she saw one of the guitars lying on a bench near us. She picked it up eagerly and brought it to us.

“Play, play!” she said in Swedish.

I took it up and said to DD., “Let us sing her that little German Volkslied, ‘Verlassen, Verlassen.’”

She didn’t take her eyes off us from beginning to end. She seemed utterly lost to everything else around her. As we finished the tender little melody, to which I sang an alto part, she suddenly buried her face in her hands and burst into tears! She cried and cried, till we felt quite distressed. After a few moments she took up the guitar and stroked it lovingly. I only knew a few words of Swedish, but I managed to tell her that I would make her a present of one, and she was so delighted that I was more than glad to have had this happy thought.

But one week when the rain fell steadily and with maddening persistency for four or five days on end, we had to give up our beloved excursions and had to amuse ourselves as best we could. It was then that some one—DD., I expect—suggested that we should all write stories. When they were finished, Mummy was to read them aloud to the whole community.

Some of these stories were absolutely priceless, especially those composed by the younger boys. One of them, I remember, dealt chiefly with a Viking who had a beautiful wife; he had met her, during the season, in London! Another was a thrilling account of a brigand who terrorised Sweden from north to south, and who rejoiced in the really original name of “Foscoroso Stink.” The juvenile author explained in another paragraph that he was a regular “Half-hair”! I had imported this literal translation of *Medio pelo* from Chile, but I must say I never expected to hear the word applied to a fierce brigand!

He wrote another story some time afterwards about a man who had one side of his face bitten off by a hyæna in the Desert of Sahara. He went on to say that when the ghastly news reached his aged mother, it gave her such a vile shock that she died a few days later in a



comfortable four-post bed. The unfortunate man's sisters, he told us, were last heard of in the poor quarters of Rome; and the story finished up with these words—

“It is needless to say what became of *them* !”

Perhaps they also were bitten to death. Bad luck runs in some families. Hyænas are not the only animals in the world, and I don't remember having ever heard that the poor quarters of Rome are specially celebrated for their scrupulous cleanliness !

My own contribution was distinctly sentimental, not to say melodramatic. It described the death agony of a little Savoyard organ-grinder. I had arranged that it should take place in a rat-infested cellar. The floor was strewn with the remains of a broken bottle, and it was pitch dark into the bargain. This dreadful scene took place in Paris, and I had taken care to describe a Punch-and-Judy show in the Champs Elysées in the opening chapter, so as to have plenty of contrast. I shed copious tears over this masterpiece, which was laughed to scorn by every single member of the party; in fact, so unmercifully was I chaffed about it, that for days and days after it was read aloud I hardly dared show my face amongst them.

And to such a pitch did I fall in the estimation of the little boys, that one of them said to me one afternoon—

“I say, Miss White, why aren't you married ?”

Before I could even give him a bird's-eye view of my *vie sentimentale*, he said in a *dégagé* sort of way—

“Ah well, I suppose nobody ever asked you !”

Once we performed a play. Such a play ! I was the author by general request, in spite of my Savoyard story. DD. at that time was reading *The Dialogues of Plato* in Jowett's translation, and from time to time she quoted an extract which impressed me tremendously. But it didn't seem to impress Mummy to the same extent, for she announced quite coolly one day that in her opinion Socrates was an old bore ! After this I felt that Socrates ought to be introduced into the play, with DD. to represent him, as she was the only one of the party who was

on familiar terms with him. The rest of us, to quote a vulgar old woman I once heard of, "didn't speak beyond a bow." When the play was finished we got hold of a large barn and invited all the villagers to come and see it. The play opened in a gipsy's cave. The gipsy, a toothless lady of seventy summers, had, by some unholy means, fascinated a youthful knight of extremely prepossessing appearance, and together they dwelt in perfect harmony in their unpretentious country house. One day a still younger knight asked for admittance, and was received by the loving husband with the following indignant speech—

"And who art thou, thou beardless youth, upon whose cheek there is scarce a trace of manly down? How DURST thou intrude into the mountain home of this distinguished lady and myself."

These words were hissed out by little Christopher Balfour, who said them so dramatically that he became absolutely crimson and nearly burst a blood vessel. He looked as if he were on the verge of an apoplectic fit of the worst kind! It was here that it was thought judicious to introduce a calm note, so Socrates, draped in the bath towel, made his appearance. He was talking to himself and was lost in contemplation. He sighed deeply and said—

"From one to two, from two to three, from three to four, from four to five. Merciful Zeus! when, oh when shall I reach the end of this most subtle argument?"

In the meantime Monty Balfour, disguised as a monkey, was performing antics all over the mountain home of the distinguished lady, while the villagers hurrahed their approval and never took the slightest notice of any one else!

I don't think I ever enjoyed anything more in my life than those six weeks in Sweden, though I was almost disfigured for life by mosquito bites, and had to sit for one whole afternoon with my legs in a pail of water! I had gone on my one and only fishing expedition in open-worked stockings, and this was the result. Monty Balfour and I were bitten to such a pitch that at last

we decided to have our photographs taken together by the camera fiend of the party. Our faces were covered with white rags steeped in eau-de-Cologne and water, and anything more appalling than we looked cannot easily be imagined.

Dr. Munthe paid us a visit whilst we were at Medstügan, and we listened spellbound to his account of the little Laps he had visited, their tents, their reindeer, and their kindly, simple hospitality. Again and again we made him repeat his experiences during the cholera epidemic in Naples, and again I told him to be sure and send me a copy of his book. He strongly advised us to visit Dalecarlia before going south, and described the country and the peasants so picturesquely that I made up my mind to go, even if I went alone. None of the others seemed inclined to leave Medstügan till it was absolutely necessary.

On the evening of my departure from Medstügan I felt very low spirited. I thought I was rather an ass to go and "flock all by myself" in Dalecarlia, when I might have had another jolly week with the rest of the party.

However, the die was cast. Come what might, I felt I had committed myself irretrievably to plunge into the wilds of Scandinavia, and that I must stick to it, even if I perished there!

I addressed the entire party from the step of the tiny vehicle that was to convey me to the railway station at Dufed. I said impressively—

"Good-bye, children. This is a solemn moment. Heaven alone knows what may happen during the next few days. I may never see any of you again. I shall probably be dead by the time I return."

But they weren't in the least impressed, and jeered at me *en masse*!

All the same, I felt that the journey was fraught with peril. I couldn't speak more than ten or twelve words of Swedish, though I once acted as interpreter for Mr. Balfour, whom, later on, I nicknamed "Macfiend," on



account of certain little peculiarities! (He in return called me "MacGush," so I got the worst of it.) However, we could afford to abuse each other, as we were then, and are still, the very best of friends. On this occasion it happened to be pelting with rain. One of the peasants having called at the cottage with a message, Mr. Balfour said to me—

"Now then, Maude Valeria, you say you know a little Swedish. Just ask this fellow if he thinks there is any likelihood of its clearing up."

Well, I managed to ask the question, but I couldn't for the life of me make head or tail of the answer. This was distinctly humiliating. Mr. Balfour more or less intimated that I was a fraud, which sent me flying for dictionaries, "Svensk Parlörs," and the equivalent of "Swedish without Tears." For one solid hour did I sit there asking that yokel the selfsame question. For one solid hour he repeated the selfsame answer, and for one solid hour Mr. Balfour and his entire family, clad in mouse-coloured mackintoshes, stood in the hall hanging on our lips. Mr. Balfour remarked at intervals—

"You can always trust these fellows to know what turn the weather will take."

At last, when it finally dawned upon me what this precious wiseacre had really been saying all the time, I could hardly speak for laughing. "Macfiend" by this time was almost foaming at the mouth with impatience, and the language that is supposed never to pass any lady's lips was not only passing his, but had taken up its permanent abode upon them! It was quite pathetic to think that in another minute his beautiful faith in the Swedish peasant as weather prophet was, to quote his literary little son, to have a "vile shock."

But I'm bound to say he laughed even more than I did when he was told that in answer to my question, "Do you think it's going to clear up?" the wretched youth had merely said about fifty times in succession—

"I don't know."

. . . . .

I was absent for about five days. Needless to say, I was not devoured by elks, nor did a belated Viking make the slightest attempt to carry me off. I met several very fat Swedes on board the boat that took passengers from one end of the lake of Dalecarlia to the other, and ceased to wonder at their circumference when I saw the amount of beer they managed to put away ! I must say it never seemed to have the slightest effect upon them. Saturday and Sunday I spent in a little village on the borders of the lake, where the peasants, without exception, wore the extremely picturesque national dress.

On Sunday I watched them row across the lake on their way to church ; each boat was decorated with a little fir tree, and the effect of all these moving trees on the smooth water was perfectly fairylike. Considering that my only guide in Dalecarlia consisted of Dr. Munthe's account of the cholera in Naples, I managed very well indeed ! It doesn't sound very practical, I must confess ; but with the help of a pocket dictionary, and a persevering nose which was buried for hours at a time between the pages of the *Resebref från Napoli*, which was, I believe, the title of the book, I really learned so many words that I began to translate the book there and then. This sounds a far greater achievement than it actually was ; heaps of words are so like English and German that it was really quite easy.

On the evening of the fifth day I joined the Balfours and Dr. Munthe in Stockholm, and for at least half an hour after my arrival I enjoyed something of a popular triumph. I had piloted myself successfully through Dalecarlia, and in spite of the most ghastly prophecies on "Macfiend's" part, I had not been laid prostrate by the high-heeled French boots I insisted on wearing on every occasion, and which he assured me in extremely highly-coloured language would be the death of me ! And then we all parted. The Balfours returned to London, Dr. Munthe to Paris, and I went *via* Copenhagen (where I stayed a few hours to see the Thorwaldsen

Museum) to Korsör, and from thence to Kiel. I was going to spend a few days with friends in North Germany.

The crossing by moonlight was perfectly heavenly ; I walked up and down the deck, while the soft and balmy air blew across my face, and every now and again I turned to watch the fast disappearing shores of the Danish coast. And while I was on that quiet sea, Hans Andersen and his lovely fairy tales took complete possession of me. Dear Hans Andersen, how I love him ! How I pity the child, how I pity any one, who has not succumbed to the spell of surely one of the greatest magicians who ever lived ! He has filled the world with beauty, with tender and lovable images. I have only to read *The Snow-Queen*, *The Little Mermaid*, *The Story of the Eleven Swans*, *The Ugly Duckling*, to feel young again, deliciously, absurdly young, with that happy, buoyant youth of the heart, so much more precious a possession than the youth of the body, which lasts, alas ! so tragically short a time, whereas the other can last as long as life itself, and is able to strew our path with summer roses to the very, very end !





## CHAPTER XX.

THAT winter my life changed to some extent. I received so many letters from people asking me to teach them my songs, to give them pianoforte lessons, and to play professionally at their musical parties, that at last I made up my mind to oblige them all; and notwithstanding that this naturally took up a good deal of my time, I found that it didn't interfere to any great extent with my usual work. I wrote a very great number of songs that year. Many of them are printed in two volumes that were published a few years later by Messrs. Pitt & Hatzfeldt under the title of *New German Album*. I set several poems by the Hungarian poet Petöfi, some more by Heine, and as a result of the journey to Sweden I set a few poems by Björnsen, Hans Andersen, and Carl Snoilsky. I also set a good many French poems. Perhaps the best known of these is Sully Prudhomme's "*Ici-bas*." Monsieur Jules Diaz de Soria, to whom it is dedicated, sang it most beautifully. I dare say there are many of us who remember his lovely baritone voice, and the absolutely perfect way he sang certain French songs—"Crépuscule," and "Sérenade," by Massenet, for instance. His singing was full of fascination and charm. The voice was not a very big one, but its quality was absolutely perfect. I remember thinking on one occasion, "If a palm tree could sing, it would sing like de Soria."

There was something extraordinarily exotic in his voice which also suited his appearance admirably, for he looked exactly like an Oriental. When he sang a love song he held one spellbound. The beautiful voice, so warm, so soft, so languorous, but which at times could be fierce and passionate, exercised an almost hypnotic

influence on many people. Involuntarily one dreamed of love, intense, voluptuous, in some far-away tropical island. I think it was that year that I also wrote the duet, "It is na Jean," dedicated afterwards to the late Alfred Lyttelton, in memory of his first wife. It is, of course, very difficult to remember just exactly when certain songs were composed, and I must have written quite thirty or forty while I lived in Albion Street. It was there that I wrote the four songs from "In Memoriam," which were introduced at the Monday Pop. by Mrs. Hutchinson, and to which I have referred in an earlier chapter. Mr. Lionel Tennyson was among the audience at St. James's Hall that evening. (He said to me once, "I am so tired of people asking me if I am *the* Tennyson's son that now I always say, 'As a matter of fact he's *my* father.'") He wrote to me next day asking me if I would go down to Aldworth with him to play them to his father. He also asked me if I thought Mrs. Hutchinson would care to sing them to him. Of course we both accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure, and spent a day and night at Hazlemere at his charming country house. It was the first time I had ever seen the poet, though his face, of course, was perfectly familiar to me, as I had seen it in innumerable photographs and engravings. He made me feel rather nervous at first, his manner was so brusque. And he knew absolutely nothing about music, which made it extremely shy work for Mrs. Hutchinson and myself to sing and play for him. Afterwards he had a long talk with me about the way he thought words might be set to music. But it was a way that most certainly could never be carried out effectively, even nowadays, when, to quote a contemporary French critic, M. Louis Laloy, "Le développement disparaît de la musique à mesure que s'y introduit le caractère." For instance, in the line—

"Be near me when my light is low"—

he would have liked some ethereal sort of rendering of the word "light" and some dark sound for the word "low."

I explained to him that it was really impossible to break up musical phrases in that way; that almost any musician would agree with me that it is the spirit of the poem—the “something” that lies between the lines of all fine poetry—that he tries to translate into music, not the exact meaning of each word (though, if he be anything of an artist, he will certainly not write the word “sleep” on B flat in alto, nor will he mark it “*fff*—feroce !”)

I don't think, however, that I convinced him in the least, and no more was said on the subject. After he had heard the songs, we talked about everything else under heaven and earth except music, which, to my relief, was left strictly alone! In the evening he made a very great impression upon me by his reading. He had a strange way of chanting his poetry which, personally, I thought very impressive, especially in pieces such as the “Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.” When he read out those beautiful words in which he speaks of him

“As the greatest only are  
In his simplicity sublime”—

it affected me very much indeed. I think he saw how much I was enjoying and appreciating it, for he spoke very kindly to me and said, “I'll read you some more.” Then he read some extracts from “Maud” and “Boadicea.”

To my very great surprise he said, à propos of “In Memoriam,” that he had not personally experienced a great many of the feelings expressed in the poem. This was rather a shock to me, for I must say I had personally felt every single word of the four songs from the same poem that I had just set to music. However, I have heard other authors make the same remark. The late Marion Crawford went so far as to tell me that no one, no novelist, was really sincere in his work. Well, he was a novelist himself, and I suppose he spoke *en connaissance de cause*. All the same, if *Anna Karenina* is not sincere—if most of Tourguenieff's stories are not sincere—then



what in the name of literature *is* sincere? The best friend I have in the world is a novelist, and I have heard him say not only once, but repeatedly, "I have put my real self into my books far oftener than I have put it into my conversation with most people." And I can only say that his books—those portions of his books where he speaks as *author*, where he reflects, criticises, etc.—are so exactly like the man himself, that whoever reads the novels of Robert Hichens knows him not only well but very well indeed.

I went out a great deal that year; not that I cared at all for going out for its own sake, but it interested me immensely to make the acquaintance of the really celebrated men and women whom I was constantly invited to meet. I often went to delightful luncheon-parties at No. 4 St. James's Square, the town house of Lord Cowper. Earl Cowper, to give him his full title, had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for several years, and was the very best type of English aristocrat, very handsome indeed, distinguished, courteous, and the kindest, the most agreeable of hosts. Of his wife, who became a dear friend, I will speak a little later on. I often heard public affairs discussed at their table by men who were members either of the House of Lords or the House of Commons. With Lord Beaconsfield in the one House and Mr. Gladstone in the other, it can easily be imagined that there was plenty to talk about. How interesting it was during some great crisis to hear it discussed by those who were really behind the scenes! How interesting, after some big speech by Mr. Gladstone, for instance, to hear the comments on that speech by men and women who knew the great man not only personally, but often intimately, and who discussed both speaker and speech from a totally different point of view to those who were only able to follow public events by the light of their daily papers!

I have often thought how curious it was that during the first seven or eight years of my grown-up life I should have had so few real friends among other musicians, artists, writers, etc.—workers like myself. That was a

privilege, a very real joy that was to come into my life in later years. But, greatly owing to my friendship with Mary Wakefield and Mr. Spencer Lyttelton when I was so young, I was thrown from the very outset into their world, and their world was the big world, where one met big people at quite the top of the tree, and where I very often was the only person on one of the lowest branches of that tree! Many people in that big world were genuine lovers of music, and made me so welcome in their midst that it would have been strange indeed had I not enjoyed myself amongst them. Several of them became true and faithful friends, and in almost every instance were most agreeable and delightful acquaintances.

But there was one woman in that big world whom I really loved, and that was Lady Cowper. She was one of those rare women one meets but seldom, but whom one remembers and loves to the end of one's life. Her whole character was built on broad and splendid lines—there wasn't a small thing about her—there was a nobility, a capacity, for strong feeling in her that appealed to me more than I can say. She was the type that G. F. Watts must have had in his mind when he painted his allegorical picture, "And she shall be called Woman." In this picture, which I saw for the first time in the great painter's private gallery, the ideal woman is represented with her head in the clouds, her feet planted firmly on the earth, her hands outstretched in the act of giving—flowers twine themselves about her body, bright-winged birds fly round her,—her thoughts are in heaven, but she herself is on the earth, sent by Almighty God to be a blessing to her fellow-creatures.

I will tell one story which is very characteristic of Lady Cowper. I was sitting with her one day in her little sitting-room at St. James's Square when she said to me suddenly—

"Maude, if you were in trouble, would you come to me?"

I said, "What do you mean?—what trouble?"

She said, "If you were in any money trouble, if you

were worried, would you come to me, would you let me help you ? ”

I said quickly, “ Oh no, no—I couldn’t accept such a thing . . . ! ”

She answered, “ It isn’t kind of you to say that—it is putting a value on money that it simply doesn’t possess.”

I forget what I said to this, but she went on—

“ I have asked you here very often since you have been playing professionally, yet I never felt—never—that you would think I was taking advantage of our friendship when I asked you again and again to play for me. Did you ever think of it in that light ? ”

“ Oh,” I cried, “ how can you think such a thing, even for a second. I love playing for you—it is a joy to me——”

“ And don’t you think it would be a joy to me if I thought you would let me help you over a difficult moment, if such a moment came to you ? I am very rich, and you are not. What might make a great difference to you would make hardly any to me.”

I was so touched I could hardly speak.

“ Well,” she said, “ what do you say now ? ”

I answered, “ I never thought of it in that light, but should I ever need anything I will come to you without a moment’s hesitation.”

“ That’s a promise ? ”

“ Yes.”

Some months later I wished to give a concert. To give a concert in London isn’t so simple an affair as it may seem. In old days it cost twenty guineas to hire St. James’s Hall, and though I never employed an agent while I lived in England, and was always assisted, free of charge, by fellow-artists, still, what with advertising, printing, etc., one seldom spent less than seventy to eighty pounds, and one had to sell tickets to that amount before one made a farthing. It was not a matter to be undertaken lightly when one could not afford to lose that sum. On this occasion I thought—

“ I shall ask Lady Cowper to lend me the ‘ saloon ’ at St. James’s Square.”



And I wrote her a note telling her that I wanted to give this concert. I added, "You told me to come to you if I needed anything; well, if you will lend me your beautiful room it will save me twenty guineas, and that will be a tremendous help, I can assure you."

By return of post I received her answer. She wrote—

"DEAREST MAUDE,—Alas! you have asked me the one thing I can't do for you. The workmen are in possession of No. 4, and won't be out of the house till long after the date you have fixed for your concert. But *you will* let me send you this little present, won't you?—  
Yours affectionately, KATIE C."

And a cheque for twenty guineas—the price of St. James's Hall—was enclosed in the envelope.

For a moment I was utterly taken aback. I didn't know what to do. And then I remembered our conversation; I realised the contemptible, the cheap, quality of the pride that could refuse to accept a present offered in such a spirit by such a friend, and I wrote her a little letter and asked her if, in memory of her darling kind thought, she would accept the dedication of a little song I had just written to words by Christina Rossetti. The song was called "Did One but Know." It was reviewed a few weeks later by the celebrated novelist, Mr. Robert Hichens. He was quite a young man then, an excellent musician, and at that time was musical critic of the *World*. I did not know him personally till several years later, and only saw his criticism by chance. I was travelling, and had bought the *World* to read on my journey. He has written many a brilliant piece of psychology, but he never summed up a situation better than when he wrote the following words:—

"This is a song of tender memories."

It is indeed! Of course he was only alluding to the words and music, but never do I see the title-page with its inscription, "Ded. to K. C." without remembering the dear friend who said to me, "Would you come to me if you were in trouble?"

Well do I remember the first time I met her. I was playing at some big house for a charity connected with soldiers and sailors which had been got up by the late Lady Dartmouth. She was very much interested in the subject, and I offered to help her. I said I would play professionally for a short time at parties, and would give her whatever I made. I had never played professionally in my life, though by this time I was well-known as a song-writer.

I have forgotten who gave the party. I have forgotten every incident of that evening except one. As I got up from the piano, someone offered me a chair—it happened to be next to Lady Cowper's—I can't even remember whether anyone introduced us to each other. I only remember that she laid her hand on my arm and looked so kindly at me that my heart went out to her there and then. She said—

“I know why you are playing professionally, I have just been told, and I have been wondering whether you would play at my house next week; it would be such a pleasure to me if you would.”

And what a pleasure it was to me! And how often and often afterwards did I not go to St. James's Square and to Panshanger, her beautiful country home in Hertfordshire which I learned to love. I never connected her with any of her other houses—with Wrest, for instance, though I stayed there and enjoyed the visit. Wrest always seemed to me a show place, a perfect place for entertaining guests, for ceremonious dinner-parties, for great balls. Panshanger, on the contrary, impressed one as the owner's beloved home; though it was a large place, one never felt its size, and one always felt its charm. I loved staying there.

Breakfast at Panshanger was one of the most delightful experiences in the world. Instead of coming down to the usual dining-room, which, however beautifully decorated and furnished, almost invariably bears the stamp of a room from which, after all, one is very glad to get away once the meal is over, one went straight from one's cosy

bedroom down to the picture gallery, a lovely room where one was only too glad to linger. Two or three large round tables were always laid there for the house-party, and the arrangement of the tables was a picture in itself. Fruit was always served at breakfast, and I remember thinking that the great clusters of white and purple grapes, the peaches and pears, that lay side by side in tall and graceful dishes, made such a picture in themselves that it was almost a pity to touch them. I always tried to slip into a chair facing the large French windows at the far end of the room, through which one caught glimpses of stately old trees and a vast expanse of smooth green lawn that sloped gently down to the edge of the delicious river that flowed through the grounds—dark woods beyond gave a touch of mystery to the scene. When the sun streamed into the room on a radiant morning in May or September, and the light from outside mingled with the soft, rich glow of the beautiful pictures on the wall, the effect was absolutely lovely. I have always cared intensely for the beauty of the early hours of the day; the quality of that beauty seems to me to draw its essence from something that is very close to God. There is something soul-stirring, something extraordinarily vital, in that beauty, something that makes a splendid appeal to all that is highest, to all that is most generous, in one's nature. Mountains, woods, gardens, lakes—all seem to me more eloquent seen by the radiant light of morning.

The loveliest picture that hung on the walls of the Panshanger gallery was the picture known as the "Little Cowper Madonna," one of Raphael's greatest masterpieces. Mr. Berenson, the well-known authority on Italian art, classes this picture as regards quality and beauty with two of the most celebrated Raphaels in the world—the famous "Madonna di San Sisto" in Dresden, and the "Madonna del Gran Duca" in the Pitti Palace. It was bought by the third Earl Cowper when he was British Minister in Florence, somewhere about 1780, and was certainly one of the greatest of the many art treasures



at Panshanger. But no longer does the lovely picture hang in its former place in the room I loved so much. It was bought only a short while ago by Messrs. Duveen, and is now in America.

Lady Cowper died last year. After the death of her husband she led a very retired life. Never did a woman love a man more devotedly than she loved him. She told me one day she had never given a thought to any other man in all her life. She added, "Had Francis not asked me to marry him, I would have remained single all my life."

Lady Cowper was not only a very *grande dame*, she was a splendid woman. The whole-hearted love that belonged to her husband shed its beautiful light on others, on poor and rich alike. She left no one out, and though, alas, she was childless, many a faithful friend survives to "rise up and call her blessèd."

I shall never forget the afternoon I was introduced to Jenny Lind. It was at an afternoon party at Sir Frederick Leighton's beautiful house, to which I was taken by Mr. Santley. The room was crowded with celebrated people. The Joachim quartet was playing, and he was singing some of my songs in which he had asked me to accompany him. After the music was over the introduction took place, and I was very much surprised to find myself talking to an old lady in rather a severe poke bonnet. Somehow I had never imagined a Swedish Nightingale in a bonnet of any description whatsoever! She rather frightened me, and I felt subdued and chastened. I have a vague idea that she said she hoped I was grateful to God for the gifts He had bestowed on me. While she was speaking to me I felt as if I were being birched! I longed to say something frivolous, something positively outrageous. Perhaps if I had, she would have felt like the old lady in the story who complained of some one being excessively rude to her one Sunday morning just as she was starting for church.

"He spoke to me," said she, "such as no 'usband

wouldn't never have done ; 'is language was—well, there ! *And me with me bonnet on ! !* ”—as if that fact made the offence ten thousand times more heinous.

A charming dinner-party I remember was one given by Mrs. Earle, the author of that delightful book, *Potpourri in a Surrey Garden*. On this occasion I had the pleasant experience of being recognised by someone I had not seen for years and by whom it was certainly very agreeable to be remembered. I sat that evening almost opposite, but not quite, to an extremely distinguished and nice-looking man. That he was a soldier was quite unmistakable. He was also the guest in whose honour the dinner was being given, and I had considered myself very fortunate in having been invited to meet him. It was shortly after the Ashantee War. He looked at me every now and again, but it was so long since we had met, and then it had only been once, that I felt rather shy of responding to the look of recognition which I thought I saw in his face. After dinner, when the men came up to the drawing-room, he came straight to me, and, after a few charming words of greeting, he referred to our first meeting, and said—

“ I wonder if you would play me an ‘ Ave Maria ’ you wrote and that you sang for me that afternoon ? ”

I was very much astonished at his remembering the song, and told him so, but it seems that he had really liked it so much that he had never forgotten it. Of course I played it to him, and after that he asked me for one thing after the other, and finally took a chair and sat by the piano for the rest of the evening, never moving till his carriage was announced. I felt quite guilty, though I must own that I felt very pleased. But Mrs. Earle, the kindest of hostesses, put me completely at my ease the next moment. She realised that I had not in the least purposely monopolised her guest, and no sooner had he left the room than she came up to me and said laughing—

“ Well, you *have* made a conquest of our ‘ One and Only ! ’ I congratulate you.”

It was Lord Wolseley, who had liked and remem-

bered my "Ave Maria"—a very simple Ave Maria indeed, that I wrote long before I went to the Royal Academy of Music, and that Mr. Santley once sang very beautifully at the Carmelite Church in Kensington at Benediction. I had met him one afternoon at tea at Lady Westbury's, and I remember the way both he and she smiled at a perfectly idiotic remark I made, and for which I hope my youth alone was responsible. Lord Wolseley—then Sir Garnet—seemed so fond of music that at last I said to him—

"Do you sing yourself, Sir Garnet?"

"Oh no!" he answered quickly.

"Ah," I said, "then I expect you play?"

He smiled and said, "I'm afraid I neither play nor sing, fond though I am of music."

"Oh," I said, "I *am* surprised. Do you mean to say you can't do *anything*?"

He laughed, and so did Lady Westbury.

"Well," he said, "I do try sometimes to do one or two other things to the best of my ability."

I thought him very attractive indeed. There was something lovable and perfectly simple about him. Not long ago, when I read in the paper an extract from a letter of his that was quoted in a sermon preached at Rochester Cathedral by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain General of the Forces, and that was written in 1895, I was more than ever confirmed in the idea that my impression had been a correct one. In this letter he said—

"Thank you most cordially for your kind and very welcome letter—almost all my life I have been a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, and rejoice to think that you and the Army and Navy Prayer Union remember me in your prayers to God. The last day I ever saw poor dear Charles Gordon, when he left England never to return, he told me he mentioned three men in his daily prayers, and that I was one of the three. He was an old and valued friend, but I always felt and more than ever feel now that I was never worthy to pipe-clay his belt for him."



Another friend whom I often saw during my Albion Street days was the late Lady Sandhurst, who asked me to give her piano lessons. She was such a dear! I remember once teaching her a fugue and saying to her—

“Look here, the way you play this fugue reminds me of a giddy old maid; it really isn’t staccato from beginning to end.”

When I went to give her the next lesson I found to my amusement that she had written at the top of the page—

“This page is to be played like a married woman.”

Lady Sandhurst never wore any but tailor-made dresses in the daytime, and she looked so fresh and neat in them that I wasn’t the least surprised to hear a very well-known man say the other day—

“When I think of all the hideous and outrageous fashions of to-day and remember the simple and neat way the late Lady Sandhurst always dressed, I experience a feeling of positive relief at the mere thought of her.”

It was at Spencer House, where Lady Sandhurst often stayed with her sister, Lady Sarah Spencer, that I first met the beautiful Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, when she was only eighteen years old. She was perfectly lovely then, as the whole world knows, but when I saw her a very short time ago I thought her lovelier than ever. Youth has a thousand delicious attributes—who doesn’t adore it, for what is in itself more entirely adorable? But still, it is the years that often bring a look into the face that appeals quite irresistibly to those that have eyes to see and hearts to feel, and that makes what was very lovely in the beginning, still more attractive and a hundred thousand times more interesting.

I think I really must relate the following conversation which has taken place for the last twenty-five years at almost every house I have lunched at when the cigarettes have been handed round.

“Have a cigarette, Maude?”

“Thanks so much, but I don’t smoke.”

“Oh! since when?”

"I've never smoked in my life—I don't know how to."

"Oh, come now. I've seen you heaps of times."

"No, you haven't. I've only had a cigarette in my mouth once, for exactly one second, and I hated it."

Nobody believed me! They declared I wouldn't smoke with the rest of them because I thought it improper! (Psychologists—good ones—evidently don't grow in the hedges!) And at last I began to feel like John Knox when the cigarettes made their appearance. I haven't the slightest objection to any one smoking though I simply hate to do it myself, because, though I love the smell of a cigar or cigarette, I really loathe the taste.

It was the late Lord Rowton, I recollect, who once persuaded me to try a cigarette at Panshanger, when I was quite a girl. We went for a walk together, and my one and only attempt at smoking was made in the strictest privacy in the park at Panshanger! I never think of Lord Rowton without a little pang of pleasure, for once, years and years after the smoking lesson, I met him again at Panshanger. Lady Cowper said to him as I came into the room—

"I forget if you know Miss White?"

He answered, "I've never forgotten a woman who loved her sister very much indeed."

I suppose I must have spoken about Emmie to him during that memorable smoking lesson, but I was more than touched by those kind words.

When I wasn't composing or teaching, I worked hard at Dr. Munthe's book, which I was quite determined to translate into English. The subject interested me immensely, and I could see, in spite of my scanty knowledge of Swedish, that it was written by a passionate lover of Italy and a most sincere sympathiser with "*les déshérités de la vie.*" My old longing to revisit Italy grew stronger with every page I translated, and when I wrote the closing lines of the chapter called "*Golfo di Napoli,*" I made up my mind that there was only one thing on the earth which I really longed to do, and that was to revisit the lovely bay, on which I had been sailing in imagination

throughout the long, dark, English winter, during which I had been a good deal alone, for my dear sister had been away in Algiers. She had been very ill with bronchitis, and the doctor had insisted on her going South to avoid the fogs. I specially recollect one night when I was translating the chapter "How Puck was lost" (Puck was Dr. Munthe's immense dog to whom he was devotedly attached). In this chapter there is a description of the thieves' quarters in Naples, which, though it is quite short, is graphic and vivid to the last degree. Dr. Munthe relates how, just as he was leaving the dark old church of Santa Maria del Carmine, which is in one of the poorest quarters of Naples, and where he had turned in for a few moments' rest after a hard day's work among the cholera patients, he saw a man enter the church. He threw himself on his knees and despairingly and repeatedly struck the ground with his forehead. The sacristan was just about to lock the church up for the night, and the man, on becoming aware of this, rose hurriedly and left the church. As Dr. Munthe passed the spot where he had been kneeling, he stumbled over a long Calabrian knife. He overtook the man, who snatched it out of his hand. He looked so pale, so desperate, that the doctor asked him if he was in distress.

The man muttered, "Cholera in casa." His child was dying.

Dr. Munthe explained who he was, and when the man was fully convinced that he had nothing to do with the municipal authorities he asked him to come with him. By this time it had become quite dark. They turned off into a narrow little street, and then began to thread their way through a succession of sinister and evil-smelling alleys in the heart of the quarter chiefly dedicated to thieves and Camorristi. They went through a vaulted passage and crossed a yard, pulling up finally before a wretched little hovel. It was in this hovel that the child lay dying of cholera. Dr. Munthe has described the scene so admirably in the book I translated, that it is useless for me to do so here. I have merely mentioned this opening scene



because, the night I translated it, I entered so completely into the spirit of it that at last I felt it was not only the doctor, but I also, who was following the unhappy thief through the maze of wretched little passages that were lit—at intervals only—by the tiny lamp that hung before the Blessed Virgin's picture. When the servant came to ask me if I didn't think it was time for me to be in bed, I was so startled that I only then realised how completely I had been carried out of myself.

I finished the book that summer at a lovely little place in Switzerland called Champéry, where I again spent the summer holidays with the Balfours. I sent the first two or three chapters to Dr. Munthe after I had finished them, and when he saw that I really had managed to translate them, he gave me a considerable amount of help by writing the meaning in French underneath each word that he felt sure I would not understand. This saved me endless trouble, and I got on far quicker with the rest of the book. Once or twice I went over to Paris for a few days, and we then read the rest of the book together, translating it *viva voce* so that I should be able to work quicker. On these occasions I generally stayed at Rue Kepler, at my old school; poor Made-moiselle Lalande, who no longer was able to control my actions, thought I was on the high road to perdition when I told her that I spent the afternoons and sometimes the evenings working with Dr. Munthe, who was laid up with a bad foot. He had insisted on going up Mont Blanc, and had hurt himself very seriously. There is a poetical and attractive account of this ascent in another of his books called *Vagaries*. One day, while we were at work, we heard a ring at the bell. We instantly told the servant not on any account to let any one in, for we had so very few days at our disposal that we did not wish to sacrifice even quarter of an hour of our time. But just before I left, the servant brought in the visitor's card. I could have cried with disappointment. It was Björnson who had called. On my second visit to Paris, Dr. Munthe was up and about again, and one day he

and Mademoiselle Lalande ran across each other. They hated each other on the spot. Mademoiselle Lalande totally disapproved of him, though she did not know him from Adam and knew absolutely nothing about him except what was really eminently respectable, *i.e.* that he was a nephew of the Swedish Minister in Paris, and that I was translating a book he had written and of which he certainly had no reason to be ashamed—rather the contrary. But no! He was “un docteur que cette bonne Maude a déniché au fond de la Suède et dont nous ne savons ab-so-lu-ment RIEN.” He was equally uncomplimentary, in fact, he was ten thousand times more uncomplimentary, for that summer he said to Emmie and me—

“Vous savez, votre fameuse Mademoiselle Lalande! eh bien, elle n’est pas jolie. C’est un singe!”

We were furious and indignant, but we really could not help laughing when he added after a moment—

“Encore est ce que je demande pardon aux singes!”

After that we felt that any attempt to reconcile them to each other would be worse than useless.

On one of these visits to Paris I went with Baroness Jacques de Gunzburg to a party at the house of Princesse Mathilde, who married the Russian Prince Demidoff. She was quite an old lady then, but she still received a good deal, and that evening her salon was filled with many distinguished people. Someone asked her in front of me the name of the delicious perfume on her handkerchief.

She answered—

“Cela s’appelle ‘Bouquet d’Orléans.’ Avouez que je n’ai pas de préjugés!”

Princess Mathilde, as everyone knows, was related to the Emperor Napoleon III.

It was dear Mary Wakefield who suggested showing my translation to the famous publisher, Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street. She had read a good deal of the book in manuscript, and had, I believe, already spoken to him about it. To my intense delight he accepted it at once, and it was published in the spring of 1887. It was

very well reviewed by all sorts of important papers—*The Saturday Review*, *Athenæum*, *World*, *Literary World*, etc., and I must say when I read in the latter paper that I had accomplished my task “with a taste and delicate charm of expression that cannot be too highly praised” I felt *nunc dimittisy* from top to toe! And when even Matthew Arnold said something kind about it—well, I *was* set up! But when one night, at a party at Lady Tennant’s, her daughter (Lady Ribblesdale) came up to me and said—

“Do you know that Mr. Gladstone has had part of your translation of Dr. Munthe’s book read to him by his daughter, and he says he would like to have a little talk with you,” I was so pleased that I almost forgot to be nervous at the idea! What had interested Mr. Gladstone was Dr. Munthe’s account of the terrible state of the prisons in Naples. He talked to me for some time on the subject, and towards the end of the conversation he said—

“Ah, what a dreadful pity it is that Italian is not universally taught to the youth of the present day.”

He said that in his opinion Italian was the first foreign language a child ought to learn, and I must say I think so too (though this last observation of mine savours perhaps a little too strongly of the remark made by the lady who said, “St. Paul and I quite agree that,” etc. etc.).

We were still talking when Sir Charles Tennant, who, no doubt, thought I had had more than my share of the great man’s conversation, came up and said to him—

“Mr. Gladstone, the Duchess of —— wants so much to speak to you.”

I remember my unbounded satisfaction when he said a little impatiently—

“Very well, very well, but I haven’t done with Miss White yet.”

And for the second time—but not for the last time—in my life, I thought him a perfect darling!

That same summer I saw a great deal of Herr Raimond



von Zur Mühlen. I don't believe a finer Lieder singer ever lived. People's opinion used to differ about his voice, but real musicians were unanimous about his splendid interpretation of German music. Rubinstein once put off a performance of one of his works because Von Zur Mühlen was not able to sing in it. To hear him interpret Schumann and Brahms was a perfect revelation. To my intense delight he took up a great number of my German songs, and I can only say that I adored the way he sang them. He sang with splendid rhythm, with such pathos, such deep feeling, and often with such real ecstasy, that it was quite impossible for any musician not to feel enthusiastic over him. And it was delightful, perfectly delightful, to rehearse with him. No trouble was too great—he would try effect after effect till he got the right one. What happy hours he and Emmie and I have spent together in the little sitting-room at Albion Street. He was one of the most amusing human beings I ever knew into the bargain. Never shall I forget my sister's unqualified amusement when one day he almost insisted in mounting her on a donkey that, harnessed to another, was waiting patiently to be milked for the benefit of an invalid in a house close to ours.

“We will at once go for a ride in Hyde Park,” he announced, as he prepared to mount the other himself! My sister isn't what may be called “hide-bound” by convention, but she struck at this, and the ride was abandoned amidst roars of laughter. Sometimes I had very funny letters from him. His English was most original—once, when he wanted me to accompany him at a concert he wrote—

“DEAR FRIEND,—Will you pour upon me the basin of your kindness, and play two of your songs for me?”

I answered that I'd be only too delighted to allow him to plunge about in the hip-bath of my benevolence. And once, when I wrote to ask him whether it was possible

to go to Carlsbad as early as February, he answered by return—

“DEAR FRIEND,—Carlsbad is open all the year round for roundish ladies !”

He also informed me in one letter that he had been ill,—something the matter with his foot. The doctor advised sea baths, whereupon he wrote—

“. . . So next August I go to dip the marble whiteness of my left leg in the Baltic.”

Dear old Zur Mühlen—he was a real good friend, an incomparable artist, and not only the most amusing but one of the most interesting companions any human being could wish to have. He sang my songs divinely, and I remember how pleased I was to hear that once, when he had been to stay for some days with Bismarck, the great man had asked him to sing my song “Mit Kosen und Lieben” every evening without exception, and that his wife had said one night as he sang the last notes (and don’t I know *how* he sang them!)—

“Nein ! dass ist zum Fenster heraus zu springen !”

I accompanied him once at one of his Berlin recitals. He sang a good many of my German songs that night, among them were, “Ich fühle deinem Odem,” “Die Himmelsaugen,” “Liebe, Liebe,” and “Wir wollten mit Kosen und Lieben.”

Princess Bismarck was at the concert, and we tactfully put this song at the end of the group, so that she was at perfect liberty to jump out of the window when it was over, without missing any of the others !

That summer, 1887, I had rather a nasty little breakdown, and the doctor sent me to Carlsbad. I was there for about four weeks with Emmie, who would not let me go alone. In the train we met an extremely handsome and kind old gentleman, who said he also was going to Carlsbad. He heard us say that we were going

to stop *en route* somewhere or other, and offered—as he himself was going straight to Carlsbad—to engage a room for us. He said the place was always so full that we ought not to risk going there without having secured suitable lodgings. He was as kind as he looked, and was perfectly charming to us during the whole of our visit, and what is more, he was so witty and amusing that he kept us in fits of laughter from morning till night. One day, however, he appeared before us with a face as long as a fiddle. He wasn't recognisable. "Ah, mes enfants," he cried, "quelle scie, mon Dieu, quelle scie!" He then told us that he had received a letter from a man in Belgium begging him to look after a friend of his, who, accompanied by his son, a boy of about fourteen, was going to Carlsbad to do a cure.

"Voilà la fin de nos belles promenades," he cried. "Ah sacré notaire!—car c'est un notaire par dessus le marché."

He then began to suggest all sorts of sinister ways of getting rid of him, but it was the last one that was really priceless! He suggested that he should be lured into the sewers and left there!

"C'est ça," he cried triumphantly. "Nous allons le fourrer là dedans! Nous nous garderons bien de lui apporter quoi que ce soit pour manger ou pour boire—il mourra de faim et je ne vous dirai qu'une chose, mes enfants: *s'il meurt en odeur de sainteté, eh bien, il aura de la chance.*"

When the notaire and his son finally appeared on the scene, it was all we could do not to laugh in their faces. The father took an unholy fancy to Emmie, and entreated her to accompany him in his walks abroad. But as he refused to wear anything but carpet slippers, Emmie refused, on her part, to be seen in his company! We were often obliged to lunch together, but then, at all events, the carpet slippers were under the table! Our old Belgian friend used to take him off to perfection, when we sometimes managed to get away for a walk "à trois." One day he said—

"C'est tout de même gentil comme il vous admire,



mes enfants! Vous rappelez vous cet après-midi quand il a dit à son fils, ' Célestin, mon fils, prends ton carnet et inscris moi tout ce que les filles disent—ce sont deux demoiselles très distinguées. Tache de leur ressembler.' Et puis le fils qui disait, ' Mais, papa, je ne suis pas une fille!' Et puis le notaire qui lui répondait, ' Aussi, mon fils, je ne te demande pas de changer de sexe—ce serait excessif.' ”

Far from spoiling things for us, the notary and his son were a source of everlasting amusement, and when our four weeks were over, and we were obliged to say good-bye to them, and to our kind old Belgian friend, we were quite cut up. We had privately informed the latter that in our opinion the notary was a singularly perfect specimen of a "Half hair." The old gentleman literally leaped at the word—he knew exactly what it meant. Alas, he had every reason to know what it meant, for when he asked us to visit him at his own home he said sadly but whimsically, " Venez, mes enfants, cela me ferait bien du plaisir. Je ne suis pas bien heureux, voyez-vous. Ma femme—Eh bien, voilà! ce n'est pas seulement un notaire—c'est un demi-cheveu. Il vaut mieux que vous le sachiez tout de suite." ”



## CHAPTER XXI.

It was in the winter of 1887 that I was introduced to a lovely girl, who subsequently became one of my closest and dearest friends. I had gone alone to a Saturday Pop. to hear the incomparable Joachim quartette, and was in one of the side seats in the middle of the hall. In the stalls, opposite the platform, and quite close to me, sat Monsieur Jacques Blumenthal. Just before the music began he whispered to me—

“Do you know who is sitting just behind you?”

I felt sure from the expression of his face that it was someone well worth looking at. “Who is it?” I said with interest.

“Well,” he said, “don’t look round for a minute. It is Mary Anderson. She is sitting immediately behind you, with Miss Minnie Chappell.”

I knew Miss Chappell slightly, and I took good care to look round as soon as the minute was up! (That famous minute that I am quite positive never yet took anyone in!) It seems that Miss Chappell had recognised me, and had told Mary Anderson that it was I who had composed “Absent, yet Present,” a song of which Mary was very fond, and which she often sang. So when we were introduced to each other, we had something to talk about “right away,” and from that moment—something like twenty-seven years ago—we have been dear friends. She was then at the very height of her really phenomenal success, and was acting in the *Winter’s Tale* at the Lyceum. Everyone knows how much beloved she was both by the public and by her friends, and everyone knows how lovely she was; but everyone doesn’t know that a few days after that introduction both of

us went down for the week-end to Wilton, the country house of the Earl of Pembroke, and that when we returned to London in the second-class carriage in which I always travelled, and into which she unhesitatingly followed me, we both talked till it was literally a case of "Rien ne va plus," and if we didn't sink gasping into our respective corners towards the end of the journey, it is because both of us were blessed—are still blessed—with what a friend of mine calls "titanic" constitutions! When we reached Paddington, a number of people recognised her, and began to stare at her and to nudge each other; but Mary didn't seem to realise that she was attracting any more attention than any other second-class passenger. She was, with characteristic absence of vanity, wearing a sealskin cap that entirely covered her lovely brow and the lovely hair which refuses to become grey, and is still the same colour as that of her little girl; and she was chiefly occupied in poking at our luggage with her umbrella, so as to draw the attention of the guard to it.

Before we separated we agreed that we must certainly see a good deal of each other, an agreement that was carried out to the letter, for some years later we lived next door to each other in Broadway, a lovely little village in Worcestershire, which is still her home, though it is, alas, no longer mine. We had a thousand things in common—that we were both Catholics was, in itself, a link; we both had the same *joie de vivre*, the same delight in Nature, the same love of all that was beautiful and the same horror of all that was morbid. Both of us enjoyed a humorous situation up to the hilt, even if the joke was against ourselves. To hear Mary Anderson laugh is to this day a real joy. It makes me laugh even to write about it, for I never heard anything so joyous, so absolutely light-hearted.

I recollect a Sunday-evening supper at Court Farm, her delightful country home, when the only people present were Mary and her husband (Tony de Navarro), Robert Hichens, Father Leonard, the Rector of the Passionist



Monastery in Broadway,—a dear friend of the whole party,—and myself.

Father Leonard was not talking very much. He hadn't a chance. He was listening alternatively to what we four were talking about. Tony de Navarro and Robert were talking hard at their end of the table, and Mary and I were talking harder still at ours! All of a sudden Tony called out—

“You two gramophones are talking at such a rate that Roberto and I are positively unable to keep up any sort of conversation!”

We protested indignantly, and Mary retorted with some heat—

“I like that! Why, you and Roberto have never ceased talking from the moment we sat down; and if Maude and I are gramophones, I should very much like to know what *you* two call yourselves.”

Tony answered without a moment's hesitation: “Roberto and I are two æolian harps, to whom it is a privilege to listen!”

And on this occasion Father Leonard—like Father O'Flynn—didn't “lave gaiety all to the laity,” for he, as well as the rest of us, including Mary herself, had a good laugh at the way her husband had turned the tables against her!

Mary is perfectly frank on the subject, and I heard her say one day—

“Very well—I own to it—I *do* like talking! I just LOVE to hear the words rolling out of my mouth!”

I am not half as honest. I invariably argue the point, and have sometimes almost convinced myself that a fish is eloquent in comparison to myself.

But I have never convinced anyone else on this subject!

Another time, at breakfast, she and I had a tremendous religious discussion. She stuck to her point and I stuck to mine like a leech, till she finally said triumphantly—

“All I can say is, St. Thomas Aquinas agrees with *me*.”

I was just going to say something about St. Augustine agreeing with *me*, when Tony said, laughing—

“Give it up, Maude. It is no use trying to get the best of Mamie once she has enlisted Tom on her side!”

The discussion ended, as all the discussions at Court Farm invariably do end, in a good laugh all round. I remember at one of our cosy, jolly little dinner-parties I was talking nineteen to the dozen to my neighbour, while Tony was vainly trying to tell me something for the third or fourth time. At last he became desperate.

“Maude,” he almost shouted, “your tongue may be tripping with wit, but your ears are plugged with egotism. For Heaven’s sake give me a chance!”

Another time he described a very thin woman of our acquaintance as “a rare being, built on the voluptuous lines of a pine plank.”

But Mary wasn’t married in those days to which I must now return.

I know no one who can tell a better story than Mary Anderson. Whether it be a Jew story, a nigger story, or a ghost story, she tells it equally well. In fact, she tells ghost stories rather too well, for she once almost frightened me to death with one! It was during this same visit to Wilton. The whole atmosphere of Wilton, even from outside, is suggestive of a past that was both splendid and interesting; and this impression is certainly not diminished as you enter the hall decorated with armour (among which hangs the coat-of-mail which once was worn by Anne de Montmorency, Connétable de France), and pass into the double set of cloisters round which the house is built. It was the famous Sydney Herbert, who was War Minister at the time of the Crimean War, who was the father of our host, George, 13th Earl of Pembroke, and of Lady Mary von Hügel, both dear friends of Mary Anderson and myself. He was half Russian—a son of Ekaterina Worontzoff, the daughter of the famous Simon Worontzoff, one of the only Russian noblemen who loyally refused to acknowledge the great Catherine as Empress when she unjustly usurped the throne. He

broke his sword in two as a sign that he would not serve her as her subject. For this he was exiled. I suppose he was too important a personage to be got rid of in any other way ! And he was sent to England as Ambassador, where he lived for the rest of his life. His only son, Michael, was the famous soldier who conquered the Caucasus and whose statue stands in the principal square at Tiflis, where I saw it two years ago. Part of the garden at Wilton was laid out by Ekaterina Worontzoff, and it was in one of the beautiful and lofty rooms that look on to this garden that we were still seated round the tea-table one evening, about half-past five, when someone asked Mary Anderson (" M. A.," as Lord Pembroke always called her) to tell one of her famous ghost stories. There was no large house-party—Lady Brownlow, Mrs. Henry Gaskell, Mary, and myself were the only week-end guests. The room in which we were assembled was the one known as " The Single Cube," and it opened out on to a still larger and more beautiful room called " The Double Cube," whose walls were covered with family portraits by Van Dyck.

A dark evening in December close upon Christmas, an old historical house, a stately and fascinating room only partially illuminated by shaded lamps and the logs that burned in the great fireplace, a subdued light that lent a touch of mystery to the dark old pictures on its walls but that was not sufficient to enable one to see clearly into its many nooks and corners—what better setting for a ghost story could be imagined ?

There were three large windows in this room, around which heavy red damask curtains had been drawn and behind which it would have been easy enough for several people to conceal themselves. They also were in semi-darkness. The light, in fact, was almost entirely concentrated upon the cosy tea-table round which we five women were comfortably seated when Mary began her ghost story. It was a gruesome tale—a perfect crescendo of horrors. She told it in her own inimitable way, and after a few minutes my hair was almost standing on end !



I couldn't take my eyes off her ; we all listened in breathless silence, though every now and again one of us would start and look nervously around as a log fell forward in the fireplace and shed its light on her expressive face while she continued to speak in a hollow voice, accompanied by dramatic gestures that increased the horror of each ghastly detail to an almost unbearable extent. At last she came to some such words as these, which she said in a sepulchral whisper—

“ And then, a feeling of abject fear took possession of him, for he heard a sound so appalling, so unearthly, that he felt the blood freezing in his veins.”

The words had hardly passed her lips when we heard a deep groan ! It came from behind the red damask curtains at the farther end of the room—Mary told me afterwards that she would have given anything to have been able to reproduce the look of terror on my face. She said it would have been a perfect fortune to her !

I started up and rushed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils, only to find myself in the moonlit cloisters. The statues (they once belonged to Cardinal Mazarin's collection) looked so ghostly in the dim light, and my nerves were so strung up, that had they stepped down from their pedestals and walked towards me I would hardly have been surprised. I tried to find my room and failed, and when at last I stumbled over a big dog, and the next minute almost ran into Lord Pembroke, my relief was so great that I could have cried.

“ What is the matter, do tell me what is the matter ? ” he said kindly.

“ Oh,” I said, panting, “ how thankful I am to see you ! How thankful ! ”

“ Why, you are quite upset ! What on earth has happened ? ”

I told him the whole story, and still shivering with fright I spoke about the horrible groan we had heard at the selfsame moment that Mary reached the most blood-curdling part of her ghost story.

He laughed heartily at the whole thing, and of course

we found out almost immediately that the "horrible groan" had been produced by nothing more unearthly than a nice old dog who had been lying behind those heavy damask curtains; it was he who had sighed so horribly opportunely just as Mary was describing the appalling nature of the unearthly sound that had sent me flying out of the room!

All's well that ends well, but before we separated for the night Lord Pembroke said to me—

"Now you mustn't lie awake all night imagining horrors. Come and see where our rooms are—they are close to yours, and if you are frightened, just knock us up."

I don't believe it was possible to know Lord Pembroke without being fond of him—he was so handsome, so clever, so kind. I came to know him very well indeed, and had a very strong feeling of affection for him. He was the most absolutely natural human being I ever met in all my life.

Needless to say, I did *not* knock him or anyone else up that night. Instead of that, I made such a huge fire in my pretty bedroom that it is a wonder I didn't set the chimney ablaze! But oh, what a comfort a fire is under such circumstances! I believe I lay awake till daybreak in order to make quite sure of it not going out. In fact, I felt very much as I did on a similar occasion when Mary told another of her flesh-creeping ghost stories quite late one night at my sister Emmie's flat in Queen Anne's Mansions. Just as she was leaving with her husband, and as I was preparing to go to my room, she said to me—

"Why, you are quite pale! What a goose you are. It hasn't made Emmie nervous! It hasn't made me nervous!"

I said to her—

"It's all very fine for you two—you have Tony and Emmie has Toby (her husband), but I haven't anybody. For Heaven's sake ring the bell and order me a hot-water bag and a glass of port!"

I never heard the end of this, and even now I am always told that I need never regret not having married, since I am evidently of opinion that a hot-water bag is as great a protection as a husband, while a glass of port is ten times more comforting!

It was during that week-end visit that Mary invited us all to see her in the *Winter's Tale*. She said she would send Lady Pembroke a box, and it was arranged that after the performance we should all go to supper in what I believe is called the Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum. That was a delightful evening for me. It was the first time I had ever seen her in the *Winter's Tale*, a play that suited her to perfection, both as Hermione and Perdita. But it was as Perdita dancing that I shall always remember her. Even in these days of supremely beautiful dancing, anything more graceful, more poetical, more suggestive of youth and joy, it is impossible to imagine. I can't think of that dance without feeling strongly moved. It was absolutely lovely! In addition to her radiant beauty, there was something innocent about Mary Anderson that made a very touching appeal to those who care about what is essentially pure. She sang as she came on to the stage, and the quite delicious quality of her voice arrested my attention from the very first note. It was rich and mellow, and she produced it beautifully. That I may not be accused of allowing my personal feeling of affection to run away with my judgment, I will only quote what Mr. Plunket Greene once said to me with real enthusiasm: "Had she been trained for the musical profession, she would have been the ideal Isolde of our day."

The night of that little supper-party she wore a white dress and a little embroidered Greek jacket in which she was afterwards photographed. The photograph is included in those published in her own *Memoirs*, and is a speaking likeness of what she was in those days. Even now it is astonishingly like her, and I prefer it to any other.

I didn't see much more of her that winter, for I was on the eve of going abroad. I was going to spend the winter



in Italy. My travelling companion was to be a Spanish lady—the widow of a Swedish artist, Hugo Birger—a great friend of Dr. Munthe's. He had spoken to me about her, and had told me what a sweet and lovable woman she was. My sister Emmie was going to spend the winter with my sister Annie Compton. I wanted a companion, so I was only too pleased when she consented to come with me.

About a week before I started I received a letter from Lady Brownlow asking me if I would come to Ashridge—their beautiful place near Berkhamsted. She said the Prince and Princess of Wales were to be there. I knew that Lord and Lady Pembroke were to be there also, and though I always felt rather shy when I was invited to meet Royalties, I thought it would be really too idiotic to let that feeling get the better of me. So I accepted, and I am very glad I did, for it enables me to tell a little story about the Prince (King Edward VII.) that I think is very characteristic of his kindness and well-known tact.

When the Royal party arrived we all went to meet them in the hall. I was naturally at the tail end of the little procession, as there were a great many important people staying in the house, who of course took precedence. The Princess, however, recognised me, and shook hands. The Prince, to whom I had been introduced some time previously at a luncheon-party at Mrs. Hartmann's in Grosvenor Square, did not recognise me, and merely bowed as I made my curtsy like everyone else. Then they all dispersed. I remained for two or three minutes in the empty hall where some of my music was lying about, and was just putting it together, when to my surprise I saw Lord Brownlow coming down a little flight of steps that led into the hall. The Prince was immediately behind him. Lord Brownlow came up to me and said—

“ Oh, Miss White, the Prince has just been telling me that he met you some time ago at Mrs. Hartmann's, and wants to know if you remember . . . ”

Just then the Prince came forward, and shaking

hands with me said something about having met me at a luncheon-party there. And then we had a little talk.

Did I remember? Well, I wasn't invited every day to meet future kings, and I remembered it very well indeed. What I thought perfectly extraordinary was the fact of his having remembered meeting me. And I was really touched by the kindness and courtesy with which he returned downstairs to say these few words to me. There are not many people among one's own acquaintance who would have taken the trouble to do such a thing had they not recognised one, but that day I realised that the courtesy and tact of the Prince had not been in the least exaggerated, and I thought it not only attractive but very lovable.

At dinner that same night, just as we were about to leave the table, Lady Brownlow, who was wearing a most beautiful rope of pearls, gave a little exclamation of dismay. The string had broken, and several of the pearls were rolling away in every direction. The Prince, who had of course been sitting next his hostess, immediately helped her to look for them. After this we all went in to the great drawing-room, where coffee was served to the Prince and Princess. I still remember the quite beautiful service that was used on this occasion. Afterwards coffee was served to the rest of the guests. We were all standing in different parts of the room, for, as everyone knows, it is not etiquette to sit down unless invited to do so by one of the Royalties present, and I remember Lord Pembroke whispering to me—

“Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder if you are as tired of standing on your hind legs as I am?”

I played a good deal that night; and next morning I had a very kind little note indeed from Lady Brownlow, in which she asked me if I would not prolong my visit until the departure of the Prince and Princess. They were going to have theatricals, she said. But it wasn't possible for me to do so. I had promised faithfully to be at a farewell dinner that dear Mary Wakefield was giving

for me at her cosy flat, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world.

Lady Brownlow quite understood, and then asked me if I would send them certain draperies, etc., from Liberty's which they required for the theatricals, and of course I undertook the commission with pleasure.

That evening we also had theatricals. I've no doubt they were not as elaborate as those that took place at Ashridge, but I am quite certain they were quite as amusing. There were very few guests. I think the party consisted of Mary Wakefield, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Berkeley Squire, Mr. Frank Schuster, my sister Emmie, and myself. No doubt there were two other men, but I can't remember who they were. Mr. Schuster and I played *Nebuchadnezzar* for their benefit; we did a scene from the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Mr. Schuster laughed so hopelessly while I dressed him up as the Master of Ravenswood that I thought we would never get to the end of his toilette. It really is rather difficult to pleat a bath-towel into a kilt, and to fit it on to a man who is literally doubled in two! While I was finishing him off with the large bath sponge as a sporran, he literally brayed! And so did I!

I started for Italy next day; and oh, the difference of this visit! I first spent two or three weeks on the Riviera, to which I had never been—I remember meeting Lady de Grey (now Lady Ripon) one day at Cannes, and she carried me off to dine at the house where she was staying. It was quite a long way out of Cannes; a lovely villa looking over the sea. The garden, which I only saw through the windows, seemed to me to slope right down to the shore. That villa beneath the shadow of the lovely Esterel mountains has always remained in my memory as an ideal home in the South. A copy of Tolstoy's *Ma Religion*, which had just come out, was lying on the table of the pretty sitting-room into which I was shown, and I remember reading it with great interest whilst waiting for my unknown hostess. I think, but am not sure, that the villa belonged to one of the Rothschilds.



(I forgot to say that my Spanish friend—very Spanish indeed, for she was born inside the walls of the famous Alhambra at Granada—had joined me in Paris.)

After we left Cannes we spent some delicious days in Mentone, where we were joined by Dr. Munthe, or "Munthe," as we always called him, and then we went to Florence, where Miss Burke (sister to the Mr. Burke who was assassinated at the same time as Lord Frederick Cavendish) had very kindly secured us rooms. She was a great friend of Lady Cowper's, who had given me a letter to her, as she was living in Florence at the time. It was during that visit that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, whose story of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was extremely popular just then. At her house I also met Mrs. Janet Ross, the author of several very interesting books on out-of-the-way parts of Italy. I remember playing to her, after which she dedicated a very charming poem to me. I was tremendously pleased, though the poem was far too flattering; still—I am afraid there is no doubt that one can swallow a good deal when it is nice enough! That same afternoon I also met the hero of Ouida's novel *Friendship*. He was a tall, good-looking man to whom I could well imagine any woman losing her heart. We had a long talk together. He spoke Italian and I spoke Spanish, but we both understood each other perfectly. I am always sorry I never met Ouida. The people in her novels are undoubtedly preposterous, but her descriptions of scenery are, I think, very lovely, and on that subject she writes with real poetry. I was speaking about her one day to a friend, who said—

"I was not personally acquainted with her, but my friend, Lord Lytton, knew her well. One day I met him in Florence—he was looking excessively tired—quite exhausted. I asked him what in the world he had been doing to reduce himself to such a state. He answered with a deep sigh—

"My dear fellow, I've been sitting the whole afternoon on a tiger-skin with Ouida!"

We went straight from Florence to Capri, where we

remained about a month. Dr. Munthe came with us. Madame Birger and I stayed at a little inn on the Marina, and he, I believe, stayed at Anacapri. How I enjoyed that month! I spent long heavenly days at the Villa di Tiberio, up on the heights, lying on the grass, revelling in the beauty of the wonderful shore opposite, and dreaming the hours away to my heart's content. Sometimes I wandered down to the sea, to the Faraglione rocks; sometimes I took a donkey and went up to Anacapri, and this time, you may be sure, I found my way to the lovely fairy-like Blue Grotto which was even lovelier than I had imagined it; and once we all three went right across to the other side of the island. It was absolutely wild then. I haven't been to Capri for many, many years, and only trust it is as lovely now as it was then. One night we all went up to Anacapri, where several fishermen and girls danced a tarantella for us. The music was absolutely irresistible! We looked on for some time, and then we began to realise that, after all, we were neither of us Methuselahs!

"Come on," cried Munthe. "Why shouldn't we dance too?"

I hesitated for a moment. I didn't know the steps, and said so.

"What does it matter? Just let yourself go to the music! Corraggio! Avvanti!"

How we danced under that vine-covered pergola! It was a splendid moonlight night—there wasn't a breath of wind. Naples was visible in the distance with its flaming girdle of lights, and the contrast between our moonlit, star-lit mountain ball-room, and the glittering town, from which the sea divided us, was too beautiful for words. Every ten minutes or so one of the pretty, dark-eyed girls went round with wine, and we were obliged to make a pretence of sipping at the tumbler every time, or our hosts would have felt aggrieved. At last I had to give in. I had danced till I could dance no more, and we still had to walk down to the Marina to our little inn by the sea.

But before we left, Munthe had made a delightful

arrangement with one of the fishermen. He had coaxed him into letting us have his big smack, in which we were to travel to Amalfi a day or two later.

And to Amalfi we sailed one sun-bathed morning, across the heavenly Golfo di Napoli, which was like a sheet of glass, and even I was satisfied at last! This was the way I had dreamed of seeing Italy—this way and no other. We put up that night at the old Monastery of the Cappucini, and next day we all three went on donkeys to Ravello.

Oh, the view from Ravello, from the terraces of that wonderful mountain garden!—the garden of which Wagner wrote: “At last I have found Klingsor’s garden, at last I have found the garden of my dreams.”

I wonder if there is anything lovelier in the world!

Next day we drove to Paestum, where one hardly feels oneself in Italy, so tremendously and overwhelmingly Greek is the impression made upon one by the great temple dedicated to Neptune that now stands in solitary splendour looking out over the sea. That same afternoon we were all of us very nearly killed. Our horse took fright as we were crossing the piazza at Sorrento, and the next second he had bolted, and was making straight for the sea, which lay far below us. There wasn’t even a railing round the piazza to prevent our fall, which would have been terrible. The struggle lasted for about a minute, during which we were pursued by a yelling crowd. The coachman jumped off the box, and tried to drag the horse back. Fortunately for Madame Birger and myself, Munthe remained on the box, and between them both they finally managed to stop him about two yards from the edge. It was a horrible experience, and one I shall never forget. They then took us to a restaurant and gave us some cognac. We certainly needed it! After that we got into a little boat, and rowed to Prajano, a tiny village where a carriage was waiting to take us to Sorrento. The sea was not as smooth as the day before, and as I am so bad a sailor I immediately lay down in the bottom of the boat, hoping for the best, and preparing for the worst!



Munthe was very much amused at my careful preparations. He adored the sea and everything connected with it. Every now and again he got up and looked at me with the greatest interest.

“*Savez-vous,*” he said gravely, “*que vous ressemblez absolument à Napoléon Bonaparte ?*”

I laughed feebly. I certainly didn't feel like him !

Then he sat down, and again I closed my eyes.

After ten minutes or so he got up for the second time and again examined me critically.

“*Mais c'est une ressemblance vraiment étonnante ! C'est frappant ! C'est extraordinaire !*”

I didn't dare move, but, squeamish though I felt, I couldn't help laughing, and the more I laughed the more eloquently did he congratulate me on my Napoleonic courage, my imperial dignity, my heroic fortitude ! At last we reached Prajano, from whence we drove by moonlight to Sorrento.

I shall never forget that drive, that exquisite drive along the mountain road, that exquisite view across the dark-blue bay that lay spread beneath its canopy of stars ! It was an ideal Southern night, and for two or three miles before we reached Sorrento the soft wind blew the delicious smell of orange blossoms towards us—the delicious smell that conjures up visions of the South so magically, and fills the lover of the South with such unspeakable nostalgia !

It was after that drive that, some weeks later, shut up in a room in London, I wrote, “*So we'll go no more a-roving !*”

And it was during that same visit to Capri, one splendid spring morning, that, in full view of the dancing waves of the beautiful bay, I wrote the music to Chamisso's poem—



which I dedicated to Mary Anderson.

It was also during that trip that I wrote a good many of the short pianoforte pieces included in the Collection called, " Pictures from Abroad."

On my way home I stayed a few days in Florence. There I met the late Mrs. Spender Clay who afterwards married Mr. Beresford Melville, brother to Mrs. Henry Gaskell. She asked me if I would stay with her in London and teach her little girl music. I said I would teach her anything she liked, on condition that my evenings were at my own disposal, and that I was perfectly free to accept any professional engagement, etc., that turned up. I was anxious to make a certain sum of money, in as short a time as possible, for an object on which I had set my heart, and it was while I was with Mrs. Spender Clay that I thought of giving a performance at the Haymarket Theatre, the proceeds of which were to go to the fund I was trying to raise. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, then Mr. Beerbohm Tree, met me one day at Mary Wakefield's flat, and told me that he would lend me the theatre on condition that I undertook to fill the boxes. I agreed to do so on the spot! He then said he would give a performance of *Gringoire* with his company as his contribution to my fund. (For some time past my song, "The Devout Lover," had been sung every night in this play.) I was so delighted at the success of my interview that I went off to see Mary Anderson—who then was living near Hampstead—to ask her if she would also help me. She had not been acting that season. I told her that I thought of beginning the entertainment with a concert at which I would ask many well-known singers to perform, and then I asked her if she would recite something. To my delight she said she would ask Sir George Alexander—then Mr. George Alexander—to act a scene from *Romeo and Juliet* with her. The result of this combination was splendid. I sold every box in the house, except one, which I kept for my sisters and myself, and we were only obliged to advertise the performance once in all the papers, after which the entire house was sold out! We cleared £240 that afternoon after all the

expenses were paid. Everything went splendidly, and I asked Mr. Beerbohm Tree to accept the dedication of "So we'll go no more a-roving," in grateful remembrance of his invaluable help. How well I remember it all! I lunched that day at Carlton House Terrace, at the house of a dear, good friend, Mr. John Penn, who was going to the performance with a large party. I had come up to town that day from Ford Manor, Mrs. Spender Clay's place in the country, and had bargained for a whole holiday, and I had with me a little black terrier which Munthe had given me and to which I was very much attached. Mr. Penn suggested that she should be left at his house during the performance under the care of a housemaid; we were all to meet there for tea, when she was to be returned to me. Just as I drove up to the door at about half-past five, John Penn ran down the steps to receive me. He looked rather worried.

"I am so distressed," he said, "but your little dog has escaped, and we cannot find her anywhere. Oh, please, please, don't feel so badly about it," he added kindly.

I was so dead tired after all the worry and anxiety of the performance, and the idea of my poor, faithful, little dog being lost in London made me so perfectly miserable, that the tears came into my eyes.

John Penn had a heart of gold!

"Don't cry," he said impulsively, taking hold of my hand. "I'll get that dog back for you if I have to offer a thousand pounds reward for it!"

And the best of it is he would have stuck to his word if there had been no other way of restoring it to me. But I can imagine someone on reading this saying to themselves—

"Just imagine being such a fool as to take such a speech seriously."

Well, I should be insulting the memory of a dear friend who is now in his grave if I entertained the slightest doubt on the subject. But I don't.

All the same I couldn't help smiling through my



tears ; my dog was so small and the reward he suggested was so tremendous !

There were a lot of people in the drawing-room upstairs, and in less than a minute they had all heard that the dog was lost, and that the reason I hadn't gone up to the drawing-room was because I was crying my eyes out in dear John Penn's little library downstairs. Everyone offered to help to find her, and the wisest of the party, a dear American girl called Gertrude Hall—known to all her friends as "Kitty" and who is the author of some very charming poems—suggested going off to look for it at Mrs. Spender Clay's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, where I had dressed for the concert. I was so frightfully tired that they all insisted on my remaining where I was. To my joy I heard, after about half an hour, that my dear little dog had been found there, and that the caretaker, recognising her, had let her into the house and had shut her up in my bedroom. I rushed off at once to fetch her, and oh, how happy I was when the poor little thing flew into my arms ! She was nearly mad with joy, and cried and jumped up at me till I thought I would never be able to pacify her.

She had not been long in my possession when Dr. Munthe informed me that he had originally intended giving her to the wife of the Swedish Minister in Paris.

"Soignez la bien," he added, "et n'oubliez jamais qu'elle a abandonné une carrière diplomatique pour être à vous !"

That summer I was invited by the late Lady Kenmare, one of the most beautiful and graceful women I have ever met, to stay at her lovely home at Killarney. Unfortunately I was unable to do so, and I never regretted it so much as one afternoon when I called upon her in London and saw some water-colour pictures of the exquisite and romantic gardens which owe so much of their beauty to her ! They were painted by Mr. Hamilton Adie, and hung round the walls of her charming little sitting-room in London. She had an equal genius for making her rooms attractive. Years afterwards I used to go a good deal to her flat

in Rome, when my kind and dear friend, Lady Mary von Hügel, was staying there on a visit, and I enjoyed nothing more than wandering about the beautiful little rooms and looking at all the lovely things they contained.

My sister went to Chile that autumn and I went to Scotland, to Minard Castle in Argyllshire, to stay with my friend, Mrs. Lloyd. I was still collecting money for my fund, and Mrs. Lloyd, knowing this, asked me if I would come to her for three months to give piano lessons to her two pretty twin daughters. She also asked me if I would read French and German with them, to which I gladly consented. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay there. Excepting for about two hours a day my time was entirely my own. The house and grounds were beautiful. The lawn sloped right down to Loch Fyne, and the views everywhere were splendid. It was very lonely, but I rather liked that. I composed a great deal during those three months, and almost every fortnight I sent a manuscript to my sister Emmie in Chile. It was there I wrote several of the German songs in Volume II. of my "New German Album," and I think it was there that I wrote "The Bonny Curl" and several of the "Pictures from Abroad." Among other things I set a poem of Rossetti's called "Songs and Music." Someone had given me his two volumes of poetry, and I had read them with the keenest interest. I had just seen an exhibition of his paintings at Burlington House, and the poems seemed to me extraordinarily like the pictures, which I thought wonderfully romantic. They made a very great impression on me. I read rather a cynical review upon them the other day by a very well-known literary man, but I am glad to say it didn't in the least alter my opinion about them.

My host and hostess were kindness personified, and my two pupils were perfect dears. Sometimes they had relations to stay with them, but the only visits of ceremony that were paid were, as far as I can remember, by a curate and a whale. The whale was caught, within sight of the house, and no doubt the curate, who was the

only marriageable man within miles, has also been caught by now ! Or perhaps he proposed marriage to the lady of his affections in the same way as the young Scot of whom I heard the following story—

“ Jessie,” he said to the girl he had been courting, “ I’ve called at your house on Monday, I’ve called at your house on Tuesday, I’ve called at your house on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and now it’s the Sabbath ! Canna ye smell a rat, lassie ? ”

I returned to London in February, and the first person who again celebrated my return by a merry little dinner was Mary Wakefield. That summer I spent some months in a little private hotel in Bond Street, where I waited for my sister to return from Chile.

When I next saw her she was engaged to be married to a dear cousin of ours. He wasn’t particularly well off, nor was he particularly good-looking. Someone once asked her why she was going to marry him. *I* never did, for the simple reason that I thought him one of the most lovable human beings I have ever met. I really loved him. She was obliged to come away from Chile almost immediately after her engagement, and shortly afterwards he wrote to her—

“ They all tell me here that a charming girl like you will never stick to a chap like me, but, compared to my faith in you, the Rock of Gibraltar is a quivering mould of blancmange.”

Her marriage was arranged for the following summer, and that winter we spent together in a delightful way. As it was only too evident that she would have to spend most of her married life in South America, I suggested that she should see something of Europe before exiling herself, and together we planned a seven months’ tour. Before we started on it, I went to Marienbad to do a cure. After that cure I joined the dear Balfours in Sölden, a heavenly little village buried in the heart of the Tyrol, where DD. and I again discussed everything under heaven and earth, while my little black terrier, who never left me, lay at my feet or on my lap. One day we were sitting



outside the châlet when I suddenly missed her. I looked round and saw her creeping along the edge of a high wall. I gave a piercing yell!

DD. started. "What's the matter?" she cried.

I screamed back, "My dog will certainly fall from that wall and will be killed on the spot!"

"Oh," said DD., rather relieved to find it was nothing else, "dogs don't fall down so easily."

I thought she was a heartless wretch, and said with some heat, "Dogs *do*!"


She said calmly, "Dogs *don't*!"

I said savagely, "Dogs *do*!" and rushed to the rescue, while she shrieked after me—

"Dogs *don't*!"

And, thank goodness, my dog *didn't*, and lived to a ripe old age. But to this day it is a regular saying in the Balfour family. Whatever the discussion may be, after a while somebody always clinches the matter by announcing in a tone that admits of no contradiction—

"Dogs *do*!" or "Dogs *don't*!"



## CHAPTER XXII.

BEFORE I left Marienbad I received a letter from Mr. Frank Schuster asking me to be one of his guests at Casa Wolkoff, an enchanting little palazzo on the Grand Canal at Venice. He said that Lady de Grey had very kindly undertaken to play hostess for him. I was longing to accept this invitation, but my doctor positively forbade me to go to Venice without first spending, at least, a fortnight in the Tyrol; besides I was expecting Emmie, with whom I was shortly to start on a tour round Europe. How reluctantly I wrote and told him that I was unable to come can easily be imagined. But what was my delight when, by return of post, I received a kind and charming letter saying, "You mustn't disappoint one of your oldest friends—I really want you to come, and so as to enable you to do so I have taken on Casa Wolkoff for another week; as far as your sister is concerned, do, pray, bring her with you."

Of course I was only too pleased to accept the invitation under these conditions. It is one thing to go to Venice as a tourist, quite another to stay there as the guest of a kind friend in an ideal little palazzo! And I immediately wrote to my sister, gave her Mr. Schuster's message, and asked her to join me at Casa Wolkoff in a fortnight.

Mr. Schuster came to meet me at the station in a private gondola. The gondoliers were dressed in white from head to foot with broad scarlet sashes round their waists. The change from the stuffy train to the gondola was delicious. After a while he made them lay down their oars in a dark, narrow canal and said to me—

"Now, if you don't mind a little walk, we will land here."

I wondered why we did not go straight to our destination as it was nearly midnight, when he continued—

“I want you to shut your eyes and to promise me not to open them till I give you leave.”

I promised, and wondered again what was going to happen! He led me by the hand, and at last, after what seemed to me an age, he said—

“Now, then, open your eyes and tell me what you think of this?”

We were on the Piazzo San Marco. I had had the good luck to arrive on a magnificent moonlight night in September, and the scene, which is far too well-known to need any description, was so absolutely lovely that it gave me a lump in the throat. My kind friend bestowed on me a wonderful gift when he gave me that impression of Venice. The picture hangs safely in the museum of my memory, and it is not within the power of the most determined suffragette alive to destroy it, thank goodness! After that we rowed to Casa Wolkoff, which then belonged to the well-known Russian artist of that name. It is ideally situated, and well do I remember the really enchanting impression made upon me by the drawing-room on the first floor with its five Gothic windows which look down on to the Grand Canal and on to the beautiful palaces opposite. The room was not only picturesque and interesting, but it was cosy beyond description, and arranged with the perfect taste that characterises every room I have ever seen with which Mr. Shuster has anything to do.

I spent one of the most delightful weeks of my life at Casa Wolkoff, and certainly quite one of the most unconventional, for at the last moment Lady de Grey telegraphed to say she was unable to come, and my sister Emmie never turned up either! She, poor dear, was detained by a fiend of a dressmaker, who with characteristic malice never sent her clothes home in time. I had already left the Tyrol when Mr. Schuster received Lady de Grey's wire, so it was impossible to put me off, in consequence of which I was the only woman



in the house during the whole visit. Needless to say that every man who had been invited arrived without fail. Poor Mr. Schuster, who thought, with every reason, that the situation was rather embarrassing for a still youngish woman, rushed off to call on every nice woman he knew in Venice, and to one and all he said the same thing.

"You absolutely *must* come and call on Miss White as soon as she arrives, so that she may feel that everything is all right."

Well, no end of charming people *did* call the very next day, and I had quite a reception. Every one was rather amused at what had happened. The dear Balfours were staying almost opposite Casa Wolkoff with their uncle, Mr. Frederick Eden, the owner of one of the rare gardens in Venice, and I need hardly say that they unhesitatingly undertook to "see me through"; in fact, they were as amused as every one else at the unexpected turn things had taken. As for me, I felt like the woman in the French play who said—

"Il n'y a qu'à moi que ces choses là arrivent," and then prepared to enjoy herself to the top of her bent.

I enjoyed every minute of my stay; the delicious hours spent in the gondola in which we made countless expeditions, the wonderful city itself, the pictures, the people, the—everything. I had my little black terrier with me, and even the insulting fact that Mr. Schuster said she looked exactly like an ink-pot and that he longed to screw off her head, as he felt sure she was really full of "Stephen's Blue-Black," was insufficient to mar my enjoyment. And just as this pleasant merry week came to an end, my poor sister turned up without a single one of the garments for which she had given up her week at Casa Wolkoff! *That* was her reward for having waited from day to day for a parcel that never arrived, and without which she started on an eight months' journey one hot September morning with the perspiration of despair rolling down her tired face. One can only hope that there is a private little inferno for dressmakers in which they will be made to flit about from flame to flame

in ghostly replicas of the misfits they have provided for their unfortunate customers, while one of those awful mirrors which make one look three-foot-nothing when one is five-foot-ten flits round with them. The mere thought of such a thing puts new life into me, and makes me feel as if I had spent a week at a bracing seaside place; Whitstable or Cromer, for instance.

We took a large room near the Edens and stayed on for ten days or so, and Emmie had a chance of seeing Casa Wolkoff after all, for it was taken on by our friends, the Blumenthals, with whom we went about a good deal. During that week we made the acquaintance of Sir Henry and Lady Layard, and of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, whom we went to see in their lovely palace.

Sir Henry Layard, who had once been English Ambassador in Constantinople, had quite a long talk with me when he heard that we were going there. He immediately offered to give us letters of introduction to friends of his who, he said, would show us everything worth seeing. I was, of course, only too glad to accept these letters, as I knew the enormous difference they would make to our enjoyment. He wanted us to start at once. He said October was an ideal month on the Bosphorus. But we couldn't do that. My sister didn't know Italy, and as the object of our trip was to give her a bird's-eye view of Europe, it would have been indeed incomplete had we missed out Italy and Sicily. I was tremendously interested when I heard that Sir Henry had spent a long time excavating on the site of Ancient Babylon, and longed to rush off and "do likewise." However, I limited myself to rushing off to Ravenna, where one of the guides told me not to look at a certain venerable monument, because it was "moderno e non vale la pena." This was the tomb of Theodoric, and dated from the fourth century. We drove out to the beautiful tomb of Galla Placida, that miracle of mosaic work, and then to the interesting church of San Apollinare that stands alone and deserted outside the city which itself looks half dead, and there I looked at the wonderful mosaics that decorate the apse

of the church. They looked extraordinarily familiar to me. I was wondering where on earth I had already seen those strange Byzantine figures, when the guide said—

“Victorien Sardou sent an artist here to copy those mosaics; he wanted to reproduce all those costumes in his play of *Theodora*.”

And then I remembered having seen Sarah Bernhardt in her famous rôle. People used to say it wasn't a good play, but all I can say is that it was an uncommonly effective one, and she was splendid as the Byzantine Empress in the great scene where the palace is mobbed and she refuses to be driven out of it by any one on earth, and finally persuades the Emperor to stay there too and defy the rebels with her.

After Ravenna we made a tour through the rest of Italy, and then we went to Sicily, where we visited Palermo, Girgenti, and Taormina.

How different was Taormina twenty-four years ago to what it is now! The beautiful terraces of the Hôtel Timeo at which we stopped did not exist then. They stand on the site of vineyards, from which in old days one walked straight into the Greek Theatre at the back of the hotel.

This one can do no longer, and though I regret the fact, I nevertheless think those terraces are the only “improvements” I have ever seen that I find it quite impossible to quarrel with.

He would indeed be difficult to please who, on a May morning, could find fault with that upper terrace on which one sits so peacefully beneath palms and pepper trees, and beside pillars which, set at some little distance from each other, are smothered in a mass of golden Fortuna roses and throw out flower-laden branches from one to the other in an ecstasy of splendid prodigality, that reckless prodigality of the south that almost intoxicates one with its superb generosity. Through that lovely tangle of colour one looks out over the Ionian sea, that beloved sapphire sea of legend, and across to the snow-covered volcano round which the Ancients wove their immortal



and beautiful fancies, and then—ah, then, one forgets everything except that one has found a spot where happiness, that dearest, that most beautiful legend of all, still hides among the roses of the south !

But there was only a tiny little terrace at the Hôtel Timeo when we arrived there one evening twenty-four years ago. After dreaming away the whole of one afternoon in the Greek Theatre, I spent the entire evening on that little terrace with a Taormina boy who taught me to play the village tarantella.



I bought that guitar from him and carried it round Europe with me. Taormina was even lovelier then than it is now. There were very few hotels at that time, and I believe I am right in stating that the Hôtel San Domenico was still a Dominican Convent. I am not sure whether the Villa Santa Caterina, which also was a convent in old days and is now the private residence of Lady Hill, had already been secularised. That, alas ! has been the fate of so many churches, so many convents in Sicily. It gives me a pang every time I go down the principal street of Taormina to see the antiquary shops literally overflowing with what once belonged to the churches. The altars of God's houses are spread with ugly cretonne covers as often as not, while the exquisite altar-cloths that were worked with such love and care by devout hands now lie by the score on counters to be bought by rich tourists, who will decorate their sideboards and dressing-tables with them. I once managed to rescue one of these altar-cloths, and now it belongs to a little mountain church in Mola, the white village high up above Taormina. I only wish I could have rescued them all ! A Via

Crucis (the fourteen Stations of the Cross which commemorate the Passion of our Lord) existed then in the lovely lane that runs at the bottom of Dr. Cacciola's great garden, and prayers used to be said there by the monks and people in front of the little altars.

Those altars have almost all been destroyed. Electric lamps have been substituted for the lights that burned beneath the sacred pictures. I have no quarrel with what is modern and useful, but why not have left the altars there? They were a joy to those whose faith in God is indestructible; they were a joy to the poet and the artist, and what harm could they possibly do even to the greatest unbeliever alive? He wouldn't destroy a venerable altar dedicated to Apollo or Diana! Why cannot he rest till he has overthrown those raised to Christ? But there is one thought that I carry about with me and that always consoles me. People don't quarrel with what is dead! In the present case they are quarrelling with the outward and visible sign of what is alive—what it is, thank God—impossible to destroy!

I had a servant somewhat younger than myself who used to tell me all about the old days in Taormina when there were very few hotels, and no luxuries to speak of, when the banished monks looked kindly and affectionately after those who were unable to look after themselves, and distributed food every week to the aged and infirm, and when the poor were far happier than they are now, notwithstanding all the charities that have been organised. A chicken in those days cost thirty centimes; now you can hardly get a good one for two francs, and hundreds of people go from one year's end to the other without ever tasting meat. One little boy I knew sometimes lived on nothing but the herbs he found on the hills, and trusted pathetically to the charity of others to provide him with a piece of black bread with which to get through the day!

From Sicily we went to Greece. We travelled in rather a rickety old ship, and the stewardess on board was a regular character. I lay in the lower berth of the cabin horribly ill, and Emmie lay in the top one perfectly well,

while the stewardess gave us snapshots of her married life. Occasionally she bent over me with a tender solicitude with which I could well have dispensed, for as far as I could make out she lived entirely on garlic. Once she said, sighing odoriferously—

“ My husband is a very strange man ; the moment I arrive home from one voyage he says to me, ‘ You must be off immediately on another.’ I can’t imagine why.”

My sister heard this remark and began to laugh, and even I chuckled feebly, though I felt desperately giddy and miserable. We imagined without the slightest difficulty why any husband might object to her. But she merely shook her finger at my sister.

“ It is not kind of you,” she said, “ to laugh at your suffering relative.”

Well, it was no use entering into explanations.

The first time I stood on the Acropolis, notwithstanding the magnificence of the world-famous ruins by which I was surrounded, my first thought was—

“ The world looks as if it had been created only an hour ago.”

There is something about the view from the Acropolis that suggests youth eternal, radiant triumphant youth ! and the morning on which I saw it was beautiful beyond description. Somehow the beauty of that view had never been mentioned to me. Whenever the Acropolis was spoken of, its glorious setting had been ignored by those who spoke so keenly, so appreciatively of its temples, its statues, etc. I was rather glad of this, for the sight of those grand mountains, those lovely blue bays in the distance, was one of those splendid surprises that one remembers to the end of one’s life. After a day or two we made friends with two kind American professors from the American school who lent us books and accompanied us to the Acropolis, and of course their society and conversation greatly increased the enjoyment and interest of those visits. One of them came with us to Marathon, and both advised us how to make the very best of our short time in Greece.



We went to Eleusis, and revelled in every minute of the drive, in every moment that we spent among the colossal and imposing ruins. And we also went to Salamis, where I remember sitting for a long, long time gazing out over the quiet waters, while my thoughts wandered away to Xerxes and far-away Persia, till I hardly realised who or what I was myself, for my own personality seemed to have evaporated into thin air!

One evening at dinner, during a talk with one of the American professors, I happened to mention that one of the dreams of my life had always been to go to Troy.

He answered, "Well, why don't you go now that you are so near?"

I said I didn't quite know how to set about getting there.

"Oh," he said, "that is easily managed." And he told me, as a first step, to go and call on the English minister, who would give me all the necessary information. He added, "And I will give you a letter of introduction to Dr. Schliemann, who is a personal friend of mine, and who is in Troy at this very moment making excavations."

I was simply overjoyed. I felt as if all my Heidelberg dreams were coming true, and as if I were almost on the eve of being introduced to every person in the Iliad. I asked Emmie whether she would care to make the expedition, which, we were told, would be long and tiring, and fortunately for me she was just as keen as myself.

Next day I went to call on our minister. When he heard that we were going to Troy absolutely alone he protested.

"It isn't possible for girls of your age to go alone on such an expedition," he said. (I privately thought I could a tale unfold on the subject of my age, but it was so delightful to be taken for six or seven years younger than I actually was, that I preserved a tactful silence.) "I will give you a letter to the English Consul at the Dardanelles," he continued, "and will ask him to arrange this expedition for you, but on no account must you go alone."

Before leaving Greece we resolved to make an expedition to Argos and Mycene. We slept one night at Nauplia, and went to a little hotel, where we found it perfectly impossible to make ourselves understood. Finally, a soldier who was sauntering in the square outside was reluctantly dragged into our bedroom by one of the servants. He was able to speak a little French, and from him we heard that the son of the house was away from home but would be back that night, that he was a great linguist, and would take us wherever we wanted to go.

The walls of the public sitting-room of this little hotel were covered with photographs of the Austrian Imperial family. They were all signed, and included several very good ones of the late Empress Elizabeth. We were very much astonished at this, but when the son returned that evening he told us that he had accompanied the Empress on many of her Greek expeditions, and had also been with her to Austria.

“We went for long walks,” he said, “and I accompanied her on many of her mountain excursions. Ah, how she walked! She was never tired, but I was sometimes so exhausted that it was all I could do to keep up with her.”

This young man accompanied us to Argos and Mycene. We drove there in an open carriage along the broad and beautiful valley between the mountains, and I think the greatest thrill I experienced that day was when, with a wave of the hand, he pointed to a mountain on the left and said—

“That is the mountain on which Hermes was born.”

And for the rest of the day the messenger of the gods flew on before us! He seemed to me more real than anyone or anything in the whole vast landscape, and once again I realised the eternal charm, the eternal fascination, of those immortal legends of Greece. Those few words had wiped out the whole existing world for me, and wafted me back to Arcadia. We saw the wonderful tomb of Agamemnon, as it is called, where Dr. Schliemann

discovered the bodies of the seven prehistorical kings, who crumbled to dust before his very eyes shortly after they were exposed to the air! We also saw the Agora of Mycene, into which you enter through a gate beside which the two famous stone-lionesses still keep watch as they did—how many thousand years ago?

With what reluctance we left Greece! We had to remind ourselves at every moment that we had only set out on this journey with the deliberate intention of taking a bird's-eye view of each country, or we would certainly never have gone any farther than Italy!

After disembarking at the Dardanelles, we drove straight to the house of the English consul. To my sister's infinite astonishment she saw the picture of a friend of hers on the mantelpiece. This was Mr. "Billy" Russell, the well-known correspondent of the *Times*, with whom she had returned from South America in the same steamer a few short months ago. The Consul turned out to be his son, and when he heard that my sister knew his father, he was kinder than ever. He got a little escort for us, and the next day we drove off to Troy. It was a twenty-two miles drive. We had a Circassian coachman, a Turkish soldier, and a Spanish Jew dragoman to look after us! The cart in which we travelled had no springs. A mattress had been spread at the bottom and we had been provided with innumerable pillows; but by the time we reached Mr. Calvert's farm, where we were to spend the night, and which was at a short distance from the scene of the excavations, we had almost had the life shaken out of us! The hairpins stood round our heads like the bristles of porcupines, and the only respectable one among us was my little black terrier! She still looked perfectly *correcte*, as they say in France, in her tiny shining black coat, presided over by the two long ears which, when she cocked them, always reminded Mr. Schuster of the towers of Notre Dame!

How strange it seemed to me to be sleeping in a farm in Asia Minor! How extraordinary to wake on the great plain of Troy! The next morning we drove down to



the huts where Dr. Schliemann and his assistants had set up their temporary homes; he received us with the greatest kindness, and invited us to luncheon there and then. Dr. Dörpfeld was also there, and several other archæologists from Berlin, whose names I forget. It was not possible to forget Dr. Dörpfeld, for he was not only charming but extremely nice-looking. Dr. Schliemann (who talked Spanish to us, and who told me that he had always been able, in six weeks, to pick up any language sufficiently well to make himself understood) took us himself to see the excavations. He had not then been very long at work. He told me that many of the treasures, which I afterwards saw in Athens, had been discovered in rather an unexpected way. He told me that before he sunk a single shaft he felt absolutely convinced that great treasures lay hidden where Troy once stood. He said that the foundations of the city he had discovered still bore the traces of fire, that it was evident that some tremendous conflagration had taken place on that very spot, and that it was from these signs that he concluded he was actually on the site of what was once the city of Troy. He then commenced his search for the treasures in whose existence he so firmly believed. He searched in vain for many weeks, but nothing shook his faith, and at last he pulled down the hut in which he was then living and began to excavate beneath it.

And, sure enough, there lay the wonderful array of gold ornaments that were afterwards carried to Athens! There were many other things besides jewellery; I think there were golden goblets and ewers and plates, but as it is so long ago, and as I am writing absolutely from memory without any notes whatsoever, I dare not speak too surely on the nature of the objects found there. But that they were excavated beneath the hut in which Dr. Schliemann had been living, I know for a positive fact, for I had it from his own lips. He gave me his card, and on it he wrote "Kyrie Cassandra." On my sister's card he wrote "To Nausicaa," and then he said—

“ I think we must call your little dog ‘ Argus ’ after the faithful dog of Ulysses.”

And now, whenever I remember that day, I think of my little faithful terrier and remember the lines in Stephen Phillip’s lovely play, when Ulysses says to his old servant—

“ You that are human know me not : and yet  
If Argus my old hound should see me now,  
Though he were dying, he would wag his tail.”

We started for the Dardanelles that night, but were overtaken by a terrible downfall of rain, which made it almost impossible to continue our drive across the plain—the ground was full of holes, and the mud and slush were appalling; at last the coachman drove deliberately into the sea, and for some time we drove along in the water. Finally we sighted a Greek village where we halted at a dirty little inn for supper. It was almost dark by now. To our horror we heard our men quarrelling outside the room where my sister and I were resting; the Turkish soldier and the Circassian coachman were evidently using violent language to each other, and at last I felt so alarmed that I went out and asked the interpreter to tell me what was the matter. He answered—

“ The soldier who is in charge of you has solemnly undertaken to bring you back to the English Consul’s house to-night. He says he will get into serious trouble otherwise. And the coachman refuses to go on. He says it is not safe; the ground is too full of holes, and it is so dark he cannot see to drive.”

I felt rather nervous; the inn looked a cut-throat sort of place, and I wondered whether it was safe to stay there. Then I reflected that the soldier was evidently to be trusted, and that it certainly was an appalling night on which to continue our drive across the desolate and dangerous plain. So I told the interpreter to tell him that we would take the responsibility on ourselves and would sleep there. We then locked ourselves in with the little terrier. It was bitterly cold, and she lay alter-

nately on my sister's feet and on my own to keep us warm; but I was thankful, indeed, when morning dawned and we were able to continue our drive back to the Consul's house.

We left for Constantinople the next night, and there we remained about a week. How grateful we felt to Sir Henry Layard for the letters he had given us to his charming friend, Mrs. Hanson. She called upon us immediately, and, owing to her, we saw more of Constantinople in a week than many people see in a month.

Constantinople absolutely fascinated me. It was my first glimpse of the East, though it was not my sister's—she had already spent a winter in Algiers. But it was all absolutely new to me. My sister said to me while we were still on board waiting to land—

“I know what you are thinking of! You are wishing that you could have arrived here on Hans Andersen's Magic Carpet like the man in the fairy tale.”

And it was quite true!

We stayed at an hotel in Pera, but of course all our time was spent on the other side of the great bridge. We saw Santa Sophia, the imposing mosque of the Sultan Suliman; we drove to the Sweet Waters of Asia, to the Turkish cemetery where the tombstones are crowned with turbans and look so strangely desolate without the familiar and beloved cross at their head. And then we went to the bazaars, and though I have seen those of Cairo and Tunis, I must say I think they do not in any way come up to those of Constantinople. Never in my life have I seen such exquisite stuffs and embroideries. We were given Turkish coffee to sip while they spread the enchanting wares before us, and of course we succumbed to temptation, and spent our money so recklessly that we had hurriedly to telegraph for more! But almost the most interesting of our experiences was a visit to a Turkish harem. Mrs. Hanson knew the old Pasha who lived in this fascinating old house on the Bosphorus with his sons and their wives. He was seated in cross-legged fashion on a divan near one of the windows of the



room into which we were shown, and immediately entered into conversation with us by means of Miss Hanson's maid, who spoke Turkish. I remember feeling dreadfully uncomfortable as the ladies of the house slipped shyly in one by one. They would not sit down in our presence, and were told by the Pasha to kiss our hands ; it seemed to me dreadfully humiliating for them, and I was very much embarrassed by that part of the visit. They were all dressed in the most extraordinary way ; most of them wore long coats, rather like men's dressing-gowns, made of blue or pink cashmere trimmed with swansdown. After a while a coal black slave appeared with a tray full of cakes, sweetmeats, and rose-jam which we had to taste, and which I, personally, thought rather sickly. But that afternoon I scored off all the others for just ten seconds ! The Pasha began a long conversation with the maid, who, after a while, looked towards me and began to smile. I felt curious and begged her to tell me what he was saying.

The maid answered, " He says he likes you far better than the other two."

I was chuckling with gratified vanity when she added—

" He says he likes you so much better because you are so much stouter than they are ! "

I collapsed ! And I never cheered up till I was told about the lady who couldn't even get into her nightgowns without using a shoe-horn.

Before we left Constantinople Mrs. Hanson arranged for us to see the ceremony known as the Selamlik, when the Sultan drives in state to the Mosque followed by his wives and his suite. Sir Vincent Caillard, whose acquaintance we made that day, had secured seats for us, and we saw the procession splendidly. It was extremely picturesque. He was followed by Orientals of every sort and description, by Turks, Abyssinians, Nubians, and other retainers of I know not how many other nations—the ladies of the harem followed in closed carriages ; their faces, except for their eyes, were entirely veiled.

I think it was that same night that we left Constantinople and travelled in the "Blitz" train to Vienna.

There we stayed rather longer than we intended, for both of us were laid low with influenza, and lost almost three weeks of our precious time in bed. But at all events we spent several delightful days with the Ferstels, who were quite thrilled by the news of Emmie's engagement.

Erwin made one of his amusing mistakes and said—

"Now then, Emily, though you have told us you are engaged to be married, you have told us nothing about your engager!"

They thought we were quite mad to go to Russia in the depths of winter, especially after having had influenza, and so much did they dwell upon the appalling nature of the Russian climate, so earnestly did they impress upon us the necessity of wrapping ourselves up carefully, that as we approached Petersburg I, for one, made up my mind to follow their advice. Shortly before the train drew up at the station I emerged in a toilette such as I have never worn before or since. I was dressed from head to foot in two of everything and three of some! I had even donned the equivalent of two hats, for I had twisted a woollen comforter round my sealskin cap. I was as stiff as a Noah's Ark figure—so stiff that I had to be removed "all sides up with care" by my sister and the guard. I was so hot that I nearly fainted. There hadn't even been an attempt at a frost for several days, and the cold in Vienna had been infinitely greater! We stayed at an hotel close to the great Isaacs Church, and I must say, though the cold was appalling before we left, and though the tip of my tongue was frostbitten (how such a thing could have happened is, of course, inconceivable), still, I enjoyed that visit to Petersburg from start to finish. I certainly enjoyed the excellent meals they gave us at the hotel and the delicious "zakouska" that always preceded dinner, and that consisted of innumerable *hors d'œuvres* of the most varied character. And though I revelled in the splendid picture-gallery and the magnificent collection of art

treasures at the Hermitage, still, it was the country itself—the country and its customs—that, as always, fascinated me most. I adored flying over the hard snow in the tiny sledges that were driven by strange, exotic coachmen who looked exactly like huge figures out of a Noah's Ark that Goliath might have played with, with their large fur caps and their curious long coats which look more like gigantic dressing gowns trimmed with silver buttons than anything else. The fatter a Russian coachman can make himself look the smarter he is considered, and a Russian friend told me that a Jehu, whom I once mistook for a second edition of Tichborne, was in all probability quite a slim young fellow. She added—

“They stuff themselves out, and pad their clothes to such an extent that if by any chance there is an accident and they are thrown to the ground, they are absolutely incapable of getting up without assistance—their weight is so great!”

I thoroughly enjoyed the one opera I heard in Petersburg—Glinka's *La Vie pour le Czar*. I love the Russian language, which, when sung, sounds to me particularly soft, and full of charm, and it was during that performance that I saw a polonaise danced for the first time. It roused me to absolute enthusiasm. I never saw anything more graceful than the way, at the end of the dance, each man threw himself at the feet of his partner. The music of the opera is charming; though simple in character, the score contains many delightful folk-songs.

That night I couldn't help looking up constantly at a box that was occupied by a party of officers who wore the Tcherkess uniform, a dress which is quite unusually becoming and picturesque and which is worn by most men throughout the length and breadth of the Caucasus. The sight of those men made me suddenly feel how far away I was from home. I had heard Russians talk of “going to Europe” and had thought it a curiously inappropriate expression, since their own country was in Europe, but after I had been only a few days in Russia I quite understood how it was they used it, for often,



when I looked at the Tartar faces which surrounded us on all sides, I could easily have fancied myself in Mongolia.

I loved the sensation of going out from the warm, comfortable rooms with their double windows, on to the frozen Neva, where, to my sorrow, I found that I had almost forgotten how to skate, and where, just on the point of coming a cropper, I remembered to shout to the man from whom I had hired my skates, "Daitie mnie vashu rutchku," which was hardly what he expected to hear, I am quite sure.

I saw some beautiful skating in Petersburg. The way the men skated down the steep ice-hills with sledges containing either a man, woman, or child smothered in furs, was something extraordinary; it looked to me horribly dangerous, but they said it was perfectly easy.

One night our guide suggested that we should drive out to the Islands in a troika and have supper there—a troika is a large sledge to which three horses are harnessed, and a great net is drawn right over the sledge to prevent the occupants being too badly hit by the snow that is kicked up by the horses. I got many a hit in the face that night, but I didn't really mind it; there was something splendidly exhilarating in that rush through the biting air. We had supper in a large restaurant, but that night, to our disappointment, no gipsies were singing there. We heard them another night at a small theatre, but I didn't care for the performance—gipsies in a theatre was a combination that held no attraction for me. I prefer them in a less conventional atmosphere.

One day I wandered into a church on the Nevsky Prospect, and there I heard the wonderful effect that can be obtained by a choir of Russian men. To my mind a fine bass or baritone is the most beautiful of all voices, and you certainly hear them to perfection all over Russia. I happened to mention the great beauty of the singing I had just heard in that church to a Russian friend with whom we were dining, and at the same time I mentioned a specially beautiful effect of the organ in conjunction with the voices.

He said, "But there is no organ in that church on the Nevsky Prospect."

"Oh yes, there is," I answered, "and what is more, I remember perfectly the quite beautiful effect of a deep pedal note as the men sang the melody above it."

"I assure you, you are mistaken," he answered. "What you thought was an organ note was the ensemble of the bass voices on one note. I have often heard that effect in the churches here."

I found it difficult to believe him, but it was, of course, quite true.

Before we left Petersburg we went to a very interesting orchestral concert at the "Salle de la Noblesse," and there I heard pieces for the first time by Rimsky-Korsakow, Borodin, and César Cui; the latter, who was a military man, came forward in his uniform to bow to the audience. Borodin, I believe, was also a Professor of Chemistry. The friend who took us to the concert was devoted to music. He said, alluding to combinations and harmonies that then were considered extremely daring and eccentric—

"Quand à moi, j'aime bien cette musique moderne— il y survient toujours quelque petit malheur intéressant et amusant quand on ne s'y attend guère."

That night they played the nocturne out of *Schéherazade*, Rimsky-Korsakow's famous ballet. One phrase executed by the clarionets had a peculiarly gurgling sound. Our friend was not only musical, but humorous.

"Tiens ! Voilà Schéherazade qui se brosse les dents avant de se mettre au lit. Ecoutez-moi ça ; la voilà qui se gargarise. Mais c'est très bien, sapristi, c'est parfait !"

I forget whether it was in Petersburg or Moscow that I saw the really marvellous collection of saddle-cloths given by a Shah of Persia to one of the Czars, but I think it was in Petersburg. One of them I recollect perfectly. It was made of beautiful heliotrope cloth which was studded with large and splendid diamonds ; the value of that cloth must have been something fabulous.

From Petersburg we went to Moscow, where we

stayed for a few days. Whenever we weren't sightseeing I read extracts from *La Guerre et la Paix* and *Anna Karenina*. Somehow it helped me to understand both towns, which are so often mentioned by Tolstoi, and which are the scene of so many episodes in both books. The strange splendour of the Kremlin appealed to me immensely, and the other day, when I saw Chaliapine in *Boris Godounow* in the great, almost barbarically splendid room designed by Bakst, I felt as if I were once again within its walls.

I saw some wonderful icons while I was in Moscow, icons that are held in the greatest veneration; artistically speaking they are not, I should think, of much account, but they must be worth thousands and thousands of pounds, for they are literally encrusted with magnificent and enormous diamonds and precious stones of every sort and description.

I cannot think without laughing of the scene that took place in our hotel bedroom the day we arrived in Moscow. We got there at a very early hour in the morning. Neither Emmie nor I spoke Russian, and the sleepy chambermaid who showed us to our room spoke nothing else. We tried to explain that we wanted some hot water, but it was quite impossible to make her understand. At last Emmie said—

“Oh, she's hopeless; let's ring for some one else.”

But we saw no signs of a bell, and then we tried by every means at our disposal to find out from our pudding-headed attendant whether there was such a thing within reach. I walked up and down the room ringing an imaginary bell and singing, “Ting-a-ling-ling! Ting-a-ling-ling!” and did my best to look like a living note of interrogation, but she only stared at me with eyes as round as saucers.

Then Emmie had an inspiration. She took hold of her hand, drew her to the wall, pressed an imaginary button, put her ear to the wall, and gave a prolonged whistle. The woman's eyes grew rounder and rounder, and at last, when I again began to pace up and down the



room ting-a-linging for all I was worth, a look of absolute terror came into her face, and she rushed out of the room as fast as her legs could carry her. She wasn't worth pursuing, and we sank on to our beds roaring with laughter, for it was quite evident she thought we were two escaped lunatics.

We passed through Berlin on our way to the south. It was then that Von Zur Mühlen asked me to accompany him at one of his recitals, and it was on that occasion that he sang a group of my songs, including, "Wir wollten mit Kosen und Lieben."

We wound up our tour in the Pyrenees, where we stayed with my cousin, John Price. He had a villa outside Pau, and we stayed there for about three weeks. Mrs. Harry White—whose husband, Mr. Harry White, was formerly Ambassador in Rome and afterwards in Paris—was spending the winter at the Hôtel Gassion, and we saw a good deal of her. One day she gave me a new volume of poems by Tennyson. It included a poem called "The Throstle," which I set to music during that same visit to the south of France. It has been, I think, one of the most popular of my songs—at least if the very, very kind reception it always meets with every time I have accompanied it at concerts is any criterion. While I was at Pau I received news that obliged me to return to London, where I was detained for two or three months. I gave a concert that season at Prince's Hall (now Prince's Restaurant). Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who sang my baritone songs beautifully, was unable to assist me this time, and I was wondering whom I should ask, when a friend said to me—

"Why don't you ask Plunket Greene? He sings beautifully."

"Oh," I said, "I have never heard him; besides, I don't know him!"

My friend answered, "He sings your 'Devout Lover' splendidly. I believe he'd like to sing for you. In fact, I'm certain he would do so, for he is perfectly charming. And he certainly is the coming man, though he is only about twenty-four."

“ Well,” I thought, “ I’m such years older than he is, I’ll risk it.”

And that was the beginning of a dear friendship that meant a great deal to me. By return of post he wrote me one of the most delightful little notes I have ever received, saying he would sing for me with all the pleasure in life; and when we met for a rehearsal a day or two later, I thought him just as charming and even kinder than his kind little note. As to his singing, I loved it there and then. I love it still. I should love it if he hadn’t a note left in his voice! but at the time I am speaking of, his voice was lovely. It always touched me inexpressibly. His is the only voice that ever really reminded me of Santley’s; it had the same ring of enthusiasm in it that appealed to me so strongly in the older man. Years ago, at one of his recitals at St. James’s Hall, he sang an old German sacred lullaby in which these words occur—

“ O Jesu liebstes Kindelein  
 Du kleines Kindelein  
 Wie gross ist doch die Liebe dein  
 Schleuss in das Herze mein  
 Die grosse Liebe dein.”

I shall never forget the tenderness with which he sang those lines, the enthusiastic, the beautiful quality of that tenderness. He *made* you admire what he admired! He *made* you love what he loved! And that day he evoked a vision of the little sacred Child as lovely and as touching as any that has been handed down to us by the great painters of old.

The day I heard him sing that beautiful old song I had to make a decision, a decision that it cost me a good deal to arrive at. And what helped me to make up my mind to do what I thought bravest and best was the sheer beauty of the Divine Love suggested by his singing, the enthusiastic admiration with which he sang those lines—

“ O Jesu liebstes Kindelein  
 Du kleines Kindelein  
 Wie gross ist doch die Liebe dein  
 Schleuss in das Herze mein  
 Die grosse Liebe dein.”

And as he sang, what seemed an intolerable sacrifice suddenly appeared to me in the light of a great, a unique opportunity of trying for once, at all events, to throw open the doors of my heart in order to allow that Love to enter and take complete possession of it.

Ah, it's a great thing to be the artist who can make a fellow-creature feel like that !



## CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER that long spell of travelling I began to think it would be rather nice to settle down for a while. The idea of a really charming flat in London, furnished according to my own ideas, where I could work in peace, where I could receive my many friends, and where I could lead the interesting and varied life that generally falls to the lot of most artists, smiled on me to a very considerable extent, and in the February of 1892 I took a flat in Ashley Gardens, Westminster. Mrs. Blackburn and her daughters were living in the flat above us; one of them, Miss Grace Blackburn, afterwards married the Earl of Wemyss, who died only a few days ago. I saw a good deal of her, and also, during one season at all events, of Madame Melba, who took the flat on the first floor a few weeks after I had settled down. Her little boy and my small nephews, Jack and Edmund Compton, used to spend their *excats* from school in London with us. One evening all three of them were playing cards in my flat. I was seated alone in the drawing-room when suddenly Jack opened the door and peeped in. He looked very mysterious.

“I say,” he whispered, “we haven’t any counters, and young Armstrong says we can have his mother’s pearls instead. He says he knows where they are. What do *you* think?”

Poor Madame Melba was singing at Covent Garden that night, little dreaming of the plot that was being hatched. But fortunately I was on the spot to tell the young monkeys what I thought, in very plain language indeed.

That summer I met the great painter, G. F. Watts,

for the first time. I went to his house one afternoon to play him a song I had written called "A Woman's Love." Miss Nellie Rowe, an Australian singer with a lovely contralto voice, was to have sung it for him, but she felt so nervous at the last moment that she begged to be let off, and I had to sing it myself, which, alas! was a very different thing. I shall never forget the kindness with which he received us, nor the kindness he showed me on another occasion when I spent a Sunday at his delightful home at Limnerslease. Mrs. Watts had invited Harry Plunket Greene and myself to come down together and lunch there. We had a little music first, and then he took us into his studio, where his great picture, "Love Triumphant over Death and Time," was still hanging. The beautiful ecstatic figure of Love flying upwards affected me very strongly. I only remember being moved to tears by two pictures in all my life, and there was the same look of ecstasy in the faces of both the principal figures. One was Titian's "Assumption of the Madonna" in the Accademia in Venice, and the other was this picture by G. F. Watts.

Watts, as is well known, bore a strong resemblance to Titian. His personality was wonderfully attractive and sympathetic, and though he was already quite an old man when first I met him, he did not in the least convey an impression of age, nor did I at all feel that I was talking to some one so very much older than myself. A few days after that visit I received a letter from Mrs. Watts, accompanied by a beautiful photograph of the picture by which I had been so strongly moved. The celebrated signature in the tiny writing was in the corner. That picture hung for some years over the piano in my cottage at Taormina. One day I found my Sicilian servant Giovannino gazing at it very earnestly. As I came into the room he turned to me and said—

"I am glad this picture hangs over your piano, Signorina!"

I was surprised and said, "Why are you glad I hung it there?"

He answered, "Because you work here, Signorina. That figure," he continued, pointing to the beautiful central figure of Love flying upwards, "looks to me as if it were saying to you, 'Coraggio! Avvanti!'"

The splendid old artist was no more among us when Giovannino made this little speech, but I think it would have pleased him could he have heard it, for I remember, among other things, he said to me—

"We should always try to the best of our ability to help others by our work."

That summer I went to Bayreuth for the first and only time. I heard *Parsifal* twice. It made a great impression on me; the beautiful overture and exquisite Good Friday music could hardly fail to move any one; nevertheless, I cannot say that the opera, as a whole, roused me to anything like the same enthusiasm as the *Meistersinger*, which of all Wagner's works is the one I love far and away the best. I remember once when I was very hard up indeed, a performance of the *Meistersinger* was announced with a very brilliant caste. I made up my mind to see it, even if I had to climb up to the gods! And so extraordinarily unexpected are the incidents in an artist's life, that as a matter of fact I heard that performance from the Royal box at Covent Garden! It had been lent to Countess Valda Gleichen for that night, and she invited me to go with her. That was only one of the many good turns she has done me, for a kinder and more faithful friend never lived. That performance took place on my birthday, the 23rd of June, the *Johannesnacht* on which the story is supposed to have happened. Harry Plunket Greene was also there. His birthday is on the 24th of June (*Johannestag*), and it is, of course, on that day that the great *Meistersinger* competition takes place in Wagner's opera. For years we used to wire to each other on our birthdays—

"Grüss Gott, Johanna!" and, "Glück auf, Hans!"

Before Emmie and her husband left for Chile, I gave a little party at Ashley Gardens. Madame Melba offered to sing my song "John Anderson," and you may be sure I



had no refusals once it was known that she was going to sing for me. The party, which began in the most proper and orthodox way, had a really comical ending. One of my friends entered the room on tiptoe, while Mr. David Bispham, I think, was singing. His whole attitude proclaimed that he wished to be seen and heard as little as possible. Alas, all his precautions were perfectly useless! Fate led him to a chair with a detachable seat, which flew out amongst the guests, while he went through the empty hole on to the floor, to every one's undisguised amusement except his own. The Duc d'Orléans was one of my guests that day. I asked him to sing, and he answered that he would do so with the greatest pleasure the moment I wished to break up the party! As he assured me his singing was always followed by a general exodus, I pressed him no further.

I spent some delightful months at Ashley Gardens, but eighteen months after my sister's marriage I went out to Chile to see her. It was at sea (outside the bar, near Paulliac) that I wrote my "Farewell Song," which, later on, Miss Marie Brema sang so beautifully. That visit to Chile was in many respects very like the first one. So much so, that to describe it would be almost like going over old ground. The only thing of real interest was the return journey, when I rode over the Andes with my sister and her husband.

The mountains can now be crossed by rail and by carriage, but when we crossed the Cordillera twenty years ago, it still took twelve hours' hard riding. The scenery was superb. We were caught in a severe snowstorm on the Argentine side, and when we arrived at the shanty where we were to spend the night, the snow on the front of my riding jacket had frozen to a solid sheet of ice and my hands were numb—so numb that I had ridden for the last two or three hours with the bridle thrown over my wrist!

I returned to England towards Easter in the year 1893, and again spent the summer at Ashley Gardens. I composed a great many songs that summer. I wrote an album of six Volkslieder, and set several poems by Sully

Prudhomme and Rossetti. "Si j'étais Dieu" and "Prière" by the former, and "Infinite Love" by the latter poet, were two of my own favourites. "Si j'étais Dieu" has been often and beautifully sung by Madame Conti, who was introduced to me by a dear friend of my girlhood, Mrs. George Holland. Madame Conti on very many occasions has most kindly helped me at my concerts. "Infinite Love" was sung most beautifully both by Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Marie Brema.

Although I thoroughly enjoyed my time at Ashley Gardens, still I did not renew the lease—in fact, I never again had a flat of my own in London. I took a tiny rose-covered cottage at Pinner and lived there for eighteen months. It was there that I received an amusing letter from Lord Pembroke, inviting me to spend Christmas at Wilton. My cottage was situated in a pretty shady lane which rejoiced in the absurd name of "Love Lane." He wrote—

"I am sending this letter to your sweetly squalid address and only hope it may find you!"

I wrote back to say it might *sound* squalid but that I loved it, and that anyhow it suited the squalid state of my finances to absolute perfection!

Dear Liza Lehmann was one of my near neighbours during that time, and I used to see a good deal of her. I was dining at her house in London not long ago, and she recalled to my mind an absurd story which Mr. Landon Ronald, who was also dining there, insisted on repeating from beginning to end, to my infinite amusement. Here is the story as it stands after being "edited" first of all by Mr. Barry Pain, then by Mr. Pett Ridge, and finally by Mr. Landon Ronald!

Liza had been to stay with her sister Amelia (Mrs. Barry Pain), and had announced that she was feeling very slack, "as if I must flop," to use her own words. Barry Pain then said, "Look here, Liza, try Kepler's Extract of Malt. I hear it is marvellous." It was after this that she and I met in the underground, and had the following conversation—

LIZA. "How are you, Maudie darling?"

I. "Oh, not at all well; as weak as a rat. I feel exactly as if my legs were made of brown paper soaked in hot water."

LIZA. "Why, how extraordinary! That is exactly my case, but Barry tells me that Elliman's Embrocation is too marvellous for words, and I'm going to try it. And so must you. Believe me, Barry knows what he is talking about."

We then parted and went off to our respective appointments.

We met again after a few days, and again we reverted to the same topic.

LIZA. "Well, Maudie, how are you? But I needn't ask—you look a different creature!"

I. "I am indeed! I took that Mother Seigel's Syrup that you and Barry recommended so strongly, and all I can say is, I feel ten years younger. It has been a *huge* success."

LIZA. "My dear, what *Barry* recommended was 'Pink Pills for Pale People.' That is what *I* have been taking and they have done wonders for me. But you can always rely implicitly on anything that Barry recommends. *He knows!*"

Mr. Landon Ronald told this tale with all sorts of additions, and told it so amusingly that I said to Liza—

"He really is a born raconteur."

"Oh," she said laughing, "no wonder he tells that story well. He has dined out on it for the last ten years!"

It was at Pinner that I received a letter from Mary Anderson, whom I had not seen for a very long time, saying that she was back in London, and was longing to introduce her husband to me. Wouldn't I come and dine with them? I was perfectly delighted to hear from her again, and also to meet her husband, and it was not long after that dinner that she asked me to come and spend a few days with them at the Lygon Arms, at Broadway.



“I do so want you to see this lovely little village,” she wrote. “We are staying here to be near our dear old friends, the Millets; you must know them too, for I am certain you would get on splendidly together.”

And that is how, a few days later, I came across the old Bell Farm—a tumble-down cottage with which I fell in love on the spot, and which I determined to take on a long lease. It would be easy enough, I thought, to restore it.

There was another and larger house next door, also in rather a tumble-down condition, with which Mary had fallen equally in love. She persuaded her husband to take it. He did so, and, after a few weeks, Mr. Grimmett, the local builder, had invaded both houses with a host of workmen. We thought we were never going to see the last of them! We talked “Grimmett,” we ranted “Grimmett,” we dreamed “Grimmett”—in fact, we never had his name off our lips, but at last we got rid of him and his workmen, and the spring of 1896 found us both happily installed in our new homes, slowly recovering from what Frank Millet called “an acute attack of ‘Grimmettisis’!”

I spent about five years in Broadway. I am now writing these lines in my old bedroom with its lovely look-out on to the wooded hills and peaceful meadows that I love so much, and I find it difficult indeed, when I look at my dear, kind hostess, to realise that so many years have elapsed since this charming old house passed from my possession into hers. The years have indeed dealt kindly with Mary Anderson. They have not robbed her of any of youth’s most precious possessions; she is still beautiful, still slim, still light-hearted and gay—in fact, were she to return to the stage, the public, I venture to say, would hardly believe its own eyes. And if the years have been kind to her, even they haven’t been half as kind as her husband—dear, kind, beloved old Tony, than whom a truer, a more unselfish, and considerate friend never existed.

When I first made my home in Broadway, Frank

Millet lived there with his wife and family all the year round. He lost his life in the tragic wreck of the *Titanic*, when all of us lost a dear and incomparable friend. To him, indeed, one could apply those words of Hamlet—

“He was a man, take him for all in all  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

He was not only lovable and amusing but I think he was, without exception, the most versatile human being I have ever known. Edwin A. Abbey, the well-known American artist, used to say of him—

“Frank can do anything, from untying a knot to restoring a Gothic chapel.”

He was clever all round. When he wasn't painting he was writing; among other things he wrote a book of charming short stories called *A Capillary Crime*. He was an admirable war correspondent, and was decorated by the Czar's brother for an act of signal bravery during the Russo-Turkish War.

I had known him for years before I ever heard of the following incident, and when at last he told me the history of the beautiful medal that hung on a nail in an out-of-the-way corner of his studio at Broadway, he told it with characteristic simplicity. He was accompanying a detachment of Russian cavalry which was going to the rescue of comrades who had been attacked by the Turks. They came to a river and, to their horror, found that the bridge had been destroyed. Without a moment's hesitation Frank rode his horse into the water; when they saw him crossing the river they all followed to a man.

The last time that dear Frank Millet was seen alive, he was helping a poor Italian emigrant woman into one of the boats into which every friend who loved him felt so certain that he would never set foot while there was a woman or child left on board the ill-fated *Titanic*. He was seen, cheery to the last, waving his hand to her. He loved Italy and the Italians. I spent a week with him at the Villa Aurelia in Rome only three months before his death, just after he had been appointed Head

of the American School of Art in that city. He was popular with literally everyone. During that week he asked me if I would help him to entertain his guests at a big reception which he intended giving in his official capacity. Mrs. Millet (who afterwards wrote me a very amusing letter on the subject, saying, "Frank has written to tell me all about the party *you* gave, and now you write and tell me all about the party *Frank* gave") was in New York at the time, so I gladly agreed to play hostess, and again I found my unconventional situation backed up by everyone! We entertained a goodly portion of the Foreign colony, including the English, American, and Chinese Ambassadors, and the Church was represented by Cardinal—then Abbot—Gasquet, who came over from San Anselmo, the Benedictine Monastery on the Aventine Hill, to our eyrie on the Janiculum. He was extremely fond of Frank Millet, who was devoted to him. I also knew him pretty well, for I had often met him in Broadway where we once were both visitors for a week or so at Court Farm. I remember how we all three laughed together at this new edition of "His Official Wife!" and I said to Abbot Gasquet—

"Well, the only thing I can think of to make this proceeding quite correct is for you to bless this temporary and unholy union between Frank and myself."

And he was of opinion that it could be quite easily managed! I can't, however, say truthfully that the ceremony actually took place!

I loved Frank Millet, and I think I may say, without exaggerating, that he was very fond of me too. I remember the twinkle in his eye when, at one of the Court Farm dinner-parties, Mary said to him—

"Frank, will you take in Maude?"

He gave me his arm and said in an audible whisper, "Would a duck swim!"

He and Mary used to call each other "The Twins," and to see them dance a cake-walk together, while they both sang nigger songs, was too amusing for words. How often have we not all sat up together late into the night



telling stories round the great log fire in the old hall at Court Farm! Tony and Mary, Alfred Parsons, Frank Millet and his wife, Harry Plunket Greene, and myself—what laughing and chaffing went on!

One of these stories is so characteristically American that I really must tell it.

One fearfully hot day a woman, overcome with fatigue, staggered into a small store in some city "way out West." The shopman was half asleep behind the counter. She asked faintly for some powder, whereupon the man said drowsily—

"Face, gun, or bug?"

But an English story I know can hold its own with any American yarn! A Londoner went down to the country for a rest, and after a week requested that his bill should be sent in. He thought it very reasonable till he came to the last item. After reading that he had had two shillingworth of eggs, he was informed that he must pay another two shillings for "Wear and tear of hen!"

On one occasion Harry Plunket Greene, who was always playing practical jokes on one or other of us, left a disgraceful old shaving-brush behind him. Tony attached a label to it, and, to pay him out, sent this mangy-looking object to the Junior Carlton Club where it lay for days unclaimed. But Harry had his revenge. One day a hamper arrived from Scotland marked "Game," with large bunches of heather sticking out on all sides. There were great rejoicings. We all had visions of grouse galore!—Not a bit of it! There was nothing in the hamper except a tiny parcel at the very bottom, which turned out to be the horrible old shaving-brush. After a month or so the same trick was played on me, and I also was completely taken in!

I was so impatient to get into my house and settle down that I did not even wait for the front door to be put up. My sister and her six children were staying with me—so were Countess Valda Gleichen, Harry Plunket Greene, and Kennerley-Rumford. None of them seemed to care two straws whether there was a front door or not.

In fact, when I invited Harry down, I told him he would very likely have to sleep in the kennel with a huge dog I had just bought. I thought this dog would be quite as effective as a front door. With such a party in the cottage I then thought the next best move would be to buy a huge sirloin of beef. This was hung up in the kitchen. But "divil a bit" of beef was there the next morning. Whether the dog had walked off with it, or a passing tramp, I know not, but I dropped a tear over the butcher's book that week and—hurried up the front door!

There is no doubt that my new dog—unlike my little terrier—was what I once heard a poor woman call a militant suffragette, *i.e.*, "A disgrace to her seck!" but the de Navarros had a dog who beat mine hollow! He indulged in strange and fearful meals—perhaps he was a Futurist dog—but anyhow it was discovered one day that he had dined on a box of liver pills, half a porous plaster, and an "Ode to St. Cecilia!"

I don't know who first thought of instituting the famous cricket matches which took place for three or four years at Broadway, but the rival Elevens consisted of literary men versus artists, and, to my certain knowledge, several brilliant men who most distinctly hit the public taste never once hit the cricket ball that was used on these occasions, though others played really well. Among the men who played in these cricket matches were—

Sir A. Conan Doyle, J. M. Barrie, Augustine Birrell, A. E. Mason, Owen Seaman, Bernard Partridge, Alfred Parsons, Frank Millet, Tony de Navarro, Harry Plunket Greene, Kennerley-Rumford, and several others whose names have escaped my memory. We always wound up by a dance in Frank Millet's studio which was followed by a merry supper. After one of these cricket matches J. M. Barrie wrote a most amusing letter to his host—Tony de Navarro. He wound it up with the following words—

"Give my kindest regards to your beautiful wife whose enthusiasm for cricket only equals my ignorance thereof."

Now and again we found it difficult to make up the

two Elevens, for it was an absolute *sine qua non* that all the visitors should be well-known literary men, or well-known painters or musicians. Once, when we were in a quandary, I proposed that the father of the local tailor should be invited to make up the Eleven. His name was Lyes. It seemed to me that the "Father of Lies" was a good deal more celebrated than all the rest of us put together, and this in spite of the fact that Alma Tadema and John Sargent were sometimes guests at Russell House—the Millet's lovely home at Broadway. There is a portrait of Mrs. Millet in the drawing-room of Russell House that is one of the most beautiful portraits I have ever seen. Needless to say it is the work of John Sargent. At an exhibition in America—I can't remember in which town—it was unanimously agreed that it was to have the place of honour. As the portrait was put on the easel for the Committee to pass its judgment, there was one unanimous cry—

"Up she goes!"

And in dear Frank Millet's old studio hangs the sketch that John Sargent made for his celebrated picture, "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose." Polly and Dorothy Barnard, the daughters of F. Barnard, the well-known black-and-white artist, are the original of the two children in the picture.

Ah yes, we had gay times at Broadway. Sometimes I gave a concert at the Lygon Arms in the big room where the county balls are held. One of my concerts took place during the week that Mr. Pinero was staying there putting the finishing touches to his play, *The Gay Lord Quex*. He had gone there to ensure having a perfectly quiet time, poor man! And there were we invading the lovely old inn, having the huge billiard-table transformed into a platform, and generally turning the whole place topsy-turvy.

The concerts always went off splendidly. One farmer, when asked how he liked my playing, said—

"Why, Miss White, she do pick up the notes of the pianner as quick as my hens do pick up the grain!"



Again and again have I been assisted by Miss Marie Brema, Madame Conti, Miss Louise Dale, Wieniawski's brilliant daughter, who writes under the pseudonym of Poldowski, and who in private life is Lady Dean Paul; Lady Maud Warrender, whose beautiful contralto voice has so tender a ring in it; Lady Maud Bowes-Lyon, one of the finest amateur violinists I know; Harry Plunket Greene, Kennerley-Rumford, and Theodore Byard.

Miss Louise Dale, who is now Mrs. Ronald Earle, once told me of an amusing experience she had at some seaside place where she had taken her little boy. They were quietly seated on the sands when a man, dressed in a shiny black frockcoat and black shiny trousers, rolled the latter up to his knees and waded out into the water to catch shrimps. On his head he wore a black bowler. The little boy looked at him with the greatest interest, but presently a look of awe dawned on his face. He crept to his mother's side and whispered—

“Mummy, is that God?”

And once Lady Speyer came down and played at one of these concerts. She was not Lady Speyer then, but she was one of my guests at the old Bell Farm, and so was Sir Edgar Speyer. They met for the first time at my cottage, and I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other. A year or two afterwards I received a telegram signed by both of them—

“We are going to be married. Thank you so much for having invited us to your cottage!”

And I think Sir Edgar must have felt very grateful indeed, for he certainly has always been an exceedingly kind friend to me. No wonder he fell a victim! Lady Speyer not only looked quite beautiful that evening, but she played splendidly. I accompanied her, and well do I remember the enthusiastic way she was applauded by every one. And I had actually tried to persuade her not to come down for the concert. I had said to her, “It's only a village concert; it's really not worth your while.” But she had answered—

“ Well, I feel as if I'd like to play at a concert in England, and I'll come anyhow.”

No wonder the Arabs say that fate has hung each man's destiny round his neck! And when I saw Lady Speyer at the Russian Opera the other night, fate had hung a very beautiful rope of pearls round her neck into the bargain.

That delightful artist, Phil May, often visited Broadway. On one occasion, while Kennerley-Rumford was singing my song, “ The Protest,” in my little study at Bell Farm, I noticed that he was sketching. The words, “ I will not let thee go ” and “ I dare not let thee go,” occur in this poem, and when I finished accompanying my song, Phil May handed me two sketches. One of them represented a thief, just collared by a policeman, the other a man clinging to the mane of his horse in front of a six-barred gate!

I wrote a great many songs while I lived in Broadway, among others, the “ Three Little Songs,” called—1. “ When the Swallows Homeward Fly ” (which Frank Millet always called, “ When I swallowed home-made pie!”); 2. “ A Memory ”; 3. “ Let us Forget ”—which became very popular, and which were most beautifully sung by Kennerley-Rumford. He and Harry Plunket Greene between them sang most of my bass and baritone songs: “ How do I love Thee ! ” “ King Charles,” “ The Protest,” “ Marching Along,” “ Crabbed Age and Youth,” “ Stand to your Horses,” and “ The Old Grey Fox,” to say nothing of innumerable of my German songs, which they sang from one end of England to the other. I shall never forget one concert that was given at Epsom, near Kennerley-Rumford's home. I had been miserably unwell for a very long time. My friends were always urging me to take a rest, or go abroad, but a composer is, in most cases, anything but a millionaire, and my one answer was, “ I simply can't afford it.” When I received a letter from Bertie Rumford, asking me if I would accompany Harry Greene and himself in a number of my songs at Epsom, I was feeling really ill, but I was so fond of

them both that I felt I simply couldn't refuse. And I went from Broadway to Epsom and played a solo and helped with the accompaniments. I was putting on my cloak in the artists' room at the end of the concert when Harry came up to me. He said excitedly—

“Just you go and give Bertie Rumford *the* biggest hug you ever gave any one in all your life!”

I said, “Good gracious! Why?”

“Why?” he cried; “because it's been *your* concert, because you've been ill, and because he wants this very minute to hand you over the whole of the proceeds.”

I could have cried my eyes out when he told me this; it was so absolutely and utterly unexpected, and the kindness and delicacy with which the whole thing had been arranged bowled me completely over.

And I did give Bertie Rumford “*the* biggest hug I ever gave any one in all my life”—a regular bear's hug! He was a bachelor in those days, and I was very nearly old enough to be his mother—but not quite! (I mustn't give myself away *all* along the line!)

One day Miss Minnie Chappell asked me to tea. I loved going to the pretty house in Weymouth Street, where she kept house for her uncle—“Uncle Arthur,” as every one called Mr. Arthur Chappell. And I had grown very fond of her. She gave charming little dinners, at which one always felt quite certain beforehand that one was going to enjoy oneself. On the afternoon in question she had invited me to meet Robert Hichens, and from that day to this he has been my faithful friend. At the time of the Berlin Congress, years and years ago, I remember reading in the papers that Lord Beaconsfield was the only man who did not wear a decoration, and that he stood out from the whole crowd from this very fact. Well, I am going to decorate dear Robert Hichens with the badge of Silence—the decoration I know he would prefer, the badge that shall distinguish my dear best friend even among the lovable crowd who, each one, has so warm a place in my heart.

My life in Broadway was nearly over. I had a dreadful



illness there that, following shortly after a bad accident out riding, and another fall while climbing up a hill, made a complete invalid of me for some time. After I recovered I went to Ober-Ammergau, and saw the beautiful and touching Passion Play, and for almost the first time in my life I realised the divine beauty of some failures, the ugliness and cruelty of some triumphs.

I returned to Broadway for the winter, and that spring Robert Hichens came to pay me a short visit, and wrote the first chapter of *The Garden of Allah* in my cottage. We had an interesting conversation before he began the book. He thought, and asked me if I did not think, that the great sacrifice made by Domini would be even finer, if made by a woman with a definite religion, but who was too fine to stand between the man she loves and his own conscience. I said I thought no woman on earth would make such a sacrifice, unless her own religion, deeply believed in, laid it upon her as a sacred duty. I thought most emphatically that otherwise she would cling to her happiness and never let it go. He eventually, as all the world knows, made both his hero and his heroine root and branch Catholics.

I remember with what anxiety I read the first criticisms, and with what pleasure I read in the admirable and long criticism in the *Daily Telegraph* that the fact of his having made Domini a Catholic made the whole story seem far more probable and was likely to rouse far more sympathy on her behalf.

In November 1901 I left Broadway for good. I felt sure my health would be better if I lived in the south, and fortunately for me the de Navarros were quite willing to take my house off my hands, as they were anxious to enlarge their own. Just before leaving England Robert Hichens invited me to a supper-party he was giving in honour of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was, among other things, acting *L'Aiglon* in London. I sat beside Sir Henry Irving, who sat next Madame Bernhardt, and I certainly had my work cut out that evening, for Sir Henry didn't speak French—Madame

Bernhardt only spoke a few words of English—and I was their interpreter from the beginning to the end of that supper. I remember thinking that Sarah Bernhardt had the most attractive smile I had ever seen; the way it lit up her face was enchanting. I liked Sir Henry Irving very much indeed. Lady Cowper once said to me—

“He is the greatest gentleman I know.” And her opinion was certainly well worth having.

I wrote the incidental music for *The Medicine Man*, a play by Mr. Traill and Robert Hichens, which was produced at the Lyceum, and I saw a good deal of Sir Henry during that time. His kindness and courtesy were unailing, and it was a real pleasure to have anything to do with him. But oh, what agonies it is to write incidental music for a play! At every instant the orchestra was stopped and some one would say, even if they were playing pianissimo—

“We can’t hear ourselves speak. Please take out all the wind instruments and put mutes on the violins.”

No sooner had this been done than another objection was raised.

“Heavens! How dull it sounds! Isn’t something wanting?”

I felt inclined to rush out and say—

“Look here, if some one cut off your noses, and pulled out your teeth, all of you would also be rather less good-looking than you are now!”

Bad luck—as far as my health was concerned—pursued me even on to the Continent. I had intended spending part of the winter in Rome and Naples, but I was again taken ill in Paris at No. 6 Rue Kepler, my old school, where I had gone to stay for a few days. I was so dreadfully ill that I asked to be removed to the Hospital of St. Joseph just outside Paris, and there I lay for nearly six weeks with pneumonia and bronchitis. It was a horrible experience, but I was nursed with the greatest tenderness by a dear sister of charity, Sœur Vincent. She was a Bretonne. Once she said to me—

“Ecoutez! je m’en vais à la chapelle prier le bon

Dieu pour vous, mais si vous toussiez à mon retour, eh bien, demain je lui dirai des sottises ! ”

She was a perfect darling. The portress who answered the telephone was anything but a darling. When my friends telephoned for the third or fourth time to know if I was still alive, she was so bored that she telephoned back—

“ Elle va parfaitement bien et mange comme un ogre ! ”

But at last a day came round when the doctor said to me, “ Savez vous que vous allez guérir, ” and about three weeks later I was allowed to leave the hospital.

I spent two or three days at the Hôtel des deux Mondes, in the Avenue de l'Opera, where I had asked my cousin, Juanita Drury, to meet me, as I had decided to go to Sicily and did not dare travel alone. The doctor had advised either Sicily or Algiers, but I chose Sicily. During the whole time I was ill I had had the kindest letters from Robert Hichens, cheering me up, assuring me that the climate of Taormina was certain to restore me to health and strength. He was out there himself, having fallen in love with the place, and his accounts of Sicily made me long to go back there.

One night the kind English doctor from the Rue d'Agesseau, Dr. Robinson, came to fetch me in his brougham. He took me to the station and saw me into the train. I heard afterwards that none of my friends really expected me to live. But I didn't know that, and with the exception of a day's rest in Florence and a few hours in Naples, I travelled straight through to Taormina.

I can't think of that arrival in Sicily without crying. I was still very weak, a mere wreck of my former self, but as we drew near the Straits of Messina and looked out over the sea to the beautiful blue mountains of Sicily, as the train rushed past the splendid golden orange groves, the wild fantastic cactus bushes and the great showers of scarlet geraniums on one side, the lovely stretches of beach on the other; as I watched the little fishing boats sail away in the wonderful light of that




God-blessed morning to the shores of the enchanted, the beloved island that lay like the Promised Land in front of us, bathed in the glow of the rising sun, a vision of happy, radiant loveliness—I felt as if the Spirit of Joy had suddenly snatched me up in her arms, and was breathing new life into my tired body, new hope into my tired heart. Oh, the change, the splendid change from the sad, dark hospital, from the snow and slush of Paris! I can still hear the sound of my own voice, weak and shaky as it was, calling to my cousin—

“Wake up! wake up! it’s summer!”


Yes, it was summer, though it was Christmas Eve! It will always be summer for me in Sicily, where the first music I heard was that of the beautiful old Pastorale, that is played in all the churches and in front of all the mangers that are set up in many a Taormina cottage to celebrate the birth of the dear Bambino.

I lived for many years in Sicily, but every year, with one exception, I returned to England and to Broadway—dear Broadway! But there is something in Italy, something in Sicily, that lures me back, that holds an eternal charm for me. I am happy there. What more can I say?

*Giojoso.*



Oh, Si - ci - ly, Si - ci - ly, crowned with the foam of the



blue I - on - ian sea!



# INDEX

- ABBEY, EDWIN A., 364.  
 Aconcagna, Mt., 213.  
 Adie, Hamilton, 330.  
 Albion Street, 237 ff.  
 Alexander, Sir George, 328.  
 Alexandra, Queen, 226, 232.  
 Alexandrine, Princess, 45-6, 50.  
 Altavilla, Signor, 69-70.  
 Amalfi, 326.  
 Americans, 51 ff.  
 Andersen, Hans, 290.  
 Anderson, Mary. *See* de Navarro, Mme.  
 — Ann, 280.  
 Arbuthnot, Sir Robert, 4-5.  
 Argos, 343.  
 Arnold, Matthew, 148-9, 188, 228,  
 308.  
 Ashley Gardens, 357.  
 Ashridge, 321.  
 Asquith, Mrs. (Margot Tennant), 241  
 ff, 246 ff.  
 — Miss Elizabeth, 242.  
 — Miss Violet, 242.  
 Athens, 341.  
 Avelina, 75.  
  
 B —, Mme., 71-2.  
 Bach, 167; as "Bark," 91.  
 Bagot, Rev. —, 167.  
 Baldwin, Miss, 118.  
 Balfour, Mr. ("Macfiend"), 287-8.  
 — Mrs., 277, 282.  
 — A. J., 167, 248.  
 — Christopher, 286.  
 — Monty, 286-7.  
 — family, 332, 336.  
 Barnard, Polly and Dorothy, 368.  
 Bath, 125-6.  
 Baur, M., 64.  
 — Jacques, 49, 55.  
 Bayreuth, 359.  
  
 Bective, Lady, 225, 231.  
 Bedford, Herbert, 173.  
 Bellasis, Father Richard, 235.  
 Bennett, Sterndale, 136.  
 Béranger's granddaughters, 60.  
 Berenson, Mr., cited, 299.  
 Bernhardt, Mme. Sarah, 44, 338,  
 372-3.  
 Birger, Mme., 321, 324, 325.  
 Birmingham Musical Festivals, 56, 234.  
 Bismarck, Prince, 310.  
 Bispham, David, 360.  
 Bjornson, 306.  
 Blackburn, Mrs., 357.  
 Blumenkranz, 35-6.  
 Blumenthal, Jacques, 313, 337.  
 Borodin, 352.  
 Brahms, 167.  
 Brema, Marie, 360-1.  
 Brewood, 55.  
 British exclusiveness, 216.  
 Broadway, 314, 363 ff; garden at,  
 103; cricket matches at, 367-8.  
 Bromley, Edith, 118.  
 Broughton, Rhoda, 85-7.  
 Brownlow, Lady, 317, 321-3.  
 Bucknall, Margaret, 158.  
 Buda, 270.  
 Burke, Miss, 324.  
 — Edmund, 2.  
 Burnett, Mrs. Hodgson, 325.  
 Burns—"My ain kind dearie O!"  
 174-5.  
  
 Caillard, Sir Vincent, 348.  
 Cannes, 323.  
 Capri, 100, 324-5.  
 Carlos, Don, 218-19.  
 Carlsbad, 310-12.  
 Carreño, Mme. Teresa, 90.  
 Carter, Miss Agnes, 111-12.



- Celestino, 214.  
 Champéry, 306.  
 Chapel Ash, 5.  
 Chappell, Arthur, 371.  
 — Minnie, 371.  
 Chile :  
   church customs in, 217.  
   food and cookery in, 215.  
   guitar-playing in, 218-19.  
   language peculiarity, 220-2.  
   Loba, 212.  
   natural products of, 215-16.  
   reports of, 125.  
   riding in, 219-20.  
   second visit to, 360.  
   Spanish domestic architecture in, 214.  
   Valparaiso, 213 ff.  
   voyage to, 206 ff; voyage home, 220-2.  
 Chilians, 75, 216.  
 Cobbett, —, 151-5.  
 — Sarah, 152-3.  
 Compton, Anita, 125, 126.  
 — Annie, 7, 83, 90, 92, 153-4, 204, 212, 216; devotion to, 57.  
 — Jack and Edmund, 357.  
 Constantinople, 347-8.  
 Conti, Mme., 361.  
 Cordillera, 360.  
 Court Farm, 314.  
 Cousine, Señora, 212.  
 Cowen, Frederick, 79.  
 Cowper, Earl, 294.  
 — Lady, 295 ff; quoted, 373.  
 Crawford, Marion, 26, 293.  
 Cui César, 352.  
 Curtis, Mr. and Mrs., 337.  
 Curzon, Lord, 248.  
 Cusins, W. G., 175, 176.  
 Dalecarlia, 287, 289.  
 d'Alvarez, M. Levi, 59-60, 61.  
 d'Andrade. *See* Navarro.  
 Dartmoor village concert, 113-14.  
 Davenport, Frank, 173, 183-5.  
 Davison, James, 126-7.  
 de Gunzburg, Baroness Jacques, 307.  
 de Laboulaye, Mme., 2, 207.  
 — Edouard, 2, 47.  
 — Paul, 207.  
 de Navarro, Mme. (Mary Anderson), introduction to, and early friend-ship, 313 ff; ghost stories, 316 ff; as Perdita, 320; at Broadway, 56, 103-4, 314 ff, 362-3, 365; quoted, 129.  
 de Navarro, Jose ("Toty"), 56, 65.  
 — Tony, 82, 314-15, 363.  
 de Ségur, Mme., 42.  
 de Soria, Jules Diaz, 291.  
 Demidoff, Prince, 307.  
 Denison, Morrison, 116.  
 des Voisins, Count Gilbert, 66.  
 Dickens, Charles, 80.  
 Dickinson, —, 34-5.  
 d'Orléans, Duc, 360.  
 Dörnbirn, 15-16.  
 Dörpfeld, Dr., 345.  
 Dresden, 18-20, 233.  
 Dudley, Lord, 130.  
 Earle, Mrs., 301.  
 — Mrs. Ronald (Louise Dale), 369.  
 Eden, Frederick, 336.  
 Edward VII., King, 321-2.  
 Eleusis, 342.  
 Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, 343.  
 Epsom, concert at, 370-1.  
 Essipoff, Mme., 266.  
 Eugénie, Empress, 44.  
 Eyres, Mr., 139-40, 176, 179-80.  
 Falcon, Luchie, 105-6.  
 Feilden, Mrs. Arbuthnot, 112, 117, 159, 166, 198, 236.  
 Fernandez, Nieves, 219.  
 Ferstel, Baron, 259.  
 — Baroness, 256, 258, 260.  
 — Carl, 260.  
 — Erwin, 260-3, 265, 268, 349.  
 — family, 258 ff.  
 Florence, 82, 96, 324; statue in Santa Trinità, 189.  
 Forster, Miss, 80-2.  
 — Father Cyril, 82-3.  
*Freischütz*, *Der*, 233.  
 Fuchs, Herr Robert, 261-2, 264-5.  
 G——, Alice, 53-4, 66.  
 Gardner, 37.  
 Gaskell, Mrs. Henry, 236, 238, 317.  
 Gasquet, Cardinal, 364.  
 German governesses, 61-3.  
 Gill, Mr., 140.

- Gladstone, W. E., 135, 163, 308.  
 — Mrs., 132-4.  
 Gleichen, Countess Valda, 359, 366.  
 Glen, The (Innerleithen), 247-8.  
 Goold, Ethel, 136.  
 Gordon, General, 302.  
 Granville, Lord and Lady, 248.  
 Greece, 340 ff.  
 Greene, H. Plunket, voice of, 202, 355 ;  
 friendship with, 355 ; birthday of,  
 359 ; shaving-brush of, 366 ; the  
 Epsom concert, 370 ; quoted, 320 ;  
 mentioned, 157, 358, 361.  
 Grosvenor, Norman, 176.  
 Groves, Sir George, 167-8.
- Hall, Gertrude, 330.  
 Hallowes, Mrs. (Fanny Robertson),  
 128.  
 Hamburg, 232.  
 Hamilton, Lord Frederick, 222.  
 Hanson, Mrs., 347.  
 Harrington, Bob, 280.  
 — Lieutenant Daniel, 3-5.  
 — Mrs. Dashwood, 21-2.  
 — Dora, 104, 125, 204, 208 ; estimate  
 of, 25-6, 118, 225 ; illness and  
 death of, 223-5.  
 — Frederick (uncle), 68-70, 73, 93 ff,  
 223.  
 — Frederick (cousin), 84.  
 — family, 83-4.  
 Hartmann, Mrs., 321.  
 Hartog, Miss Cécile, 171, 180.  
 Heidelberg, 7-14 ; revisited, 124.  
 Henschel, Herr Georg, 156-7.  
 Herbert of Lea, Lady, 155, 157.  
 Hichens, Robert, at Broadway, 314-15 ;  
 friendship with, 294, 371 ; *The*  
*Garden of Allah*, 372 ; mentioned,  
 190, 243, 374  
 Holbein's "Dance of Death," 232.  
 Holland, Mrs. George, 361.  
 Hugo, Victor, 147-9.  
 Hungarians, 270.  
 Hungary, 288 ff.  
 Hutchinson, Mrs., 85, 292.  
 Hyde Park Gate South, 92, 204.  
 Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Gerald, 127-9.
- Innes. *See* Rose-Innes.  
 Irish not for hell, 222.
- Irving, Sir Henry, 372-3.  
 Islande, Mlle., 133.  
 Italian opera, 77-8, 89.  
 Italy, magic of, 190-2, 374-5.  
 — visit to (1873), 93.
- James, Henry, 238.  
 Jarrett, Miss Louise, 123-4.  
 Jews, Austrian prejudice against, 258.  
 — Polish, 257.  
 — "Twilight," 126.  
 Joachim, 13, 198, 200.  
 Jung, Mme., 18.
- Karsten (Swedish singer), 66.  
 Kenmare, Lady, 330.  
 Kennerley-Rumford, A., 366 ; the  
 Epsom concert, 370.  
*Kruux's Doom, The*, 220-2.
- Lalande, Mlle., at school under, 40,  
 44, 52, 53, 67 ; in the commune,  
 95 ; Dr. Munthe's estimate of,  
 306-7 ; mentioned, 107, 249.  
 Lalay, Louis, quoted, 292.  
 Lamperti, 89.  
 Langtry, Mrs., 155-6.  
 Lapland, 287.  
 Layard, Sir Henry, 337.  
 Leach, 84-5.  
 Lee, Vernon, cited, 32.  
 Legge, Lady Frances, 234-6.  
 Lehmann, Liza, 31, 238-9, 248, 361-2.  
 Leighton, Sir Frederick, 300.  
 Leonard, Father, 314-15.  
 Leslie, Henry, 165.  
 — William, 165.  
 Leupold, Mme., 79-80.  
 Leveson-Gower, George, 161-3.  
 Limmerslease, 358.  
 Lind, Jenny, 300.  
 — Letty, 247.  
 Lisbon, 207.  
 Liszt, Abbé, 269, 271-2.  
 Lloyd, Mrs., 331.  
 — Edward, 145.  
 — John, 165.  
 Lorne, Marquis of, 151.  
 Lota, 212.  
 Louise, Princess, 150-1, 166.  
 Lubeck, 232.  
 Lucas, Stanley, 145-7, 186, 275.

- Lyttelton, Alfred, 240-1.  
 — Mrs. Alfred (Edith Balfour), 275 ff,  
   332-3.  
 — Robert, 234.  
 — Mrs. Robert (Edith Santley), 226-8,  
   234.  
 — Spencer, 159-65, 236, 295.  
 Lytton, Lord, 324.
- Macfarren, Sir George, 139-43, 176,  
   180, 183, 197.  
 — Walter, 158.  
 Macnamara, Lady Sophia, 150.  
 Magellan Straits, 211-12.  
*Magellan*, voyage on, 206 ff.  
 Maitland, Robert, 242-5.  
 Mallock's *New Republic*, 118-19.  
 Marret, Mrs. (Fanny White), 88-9, 104.  
 — Eva, 104.  
 — Captain James, 38.  
 Marshall, Julian, 175.  
 Mathilde, Mlle., 59, 68-9.  
 — Princess, 307.  
 Matthay, Tobias, 179-80.  
 May, Oliver, studies with, 120, 123,  
   126; kindness of, 137; reliance  
   on, 172; advice from, 264-5;  
   mentioned, 136, 183, 225.  
 — Phil, 370.  
*Medicine Man, The*, 373.  
 Medstügan, 276, 282.  
 "Mel." See Stieffel, Fr. Marie.  
 Melba, Mme., 357, 359.  
 Melville, Mrs. Beresford (Mrs. Spender  
   Clay), 328.  
 Mendelssohn Scholarship, 170 ff, 180 ff.  
 Mentone, 324.  
 Messina earthquake, 65.  
 Metternich, Princess, 44.  
 Milan, General, 27.  
 Millais, Sir John, 85-7.  
 Millet, Frank, 363-5.  
 — Mrs. Frank, 365.  
 Minard Castle, 331.  
 Minsky, N., 244.  
 Mocquart, Emilie, 61.  
 Morton, Miss, 45, 53.  
 Moscow, 352-3.  
 Mozart—G Minor symphony, 64.  
 Munthe, Dr. Axel, in Sweden, 280,  
   287; *Letters from a Mourning*  
   *City* translation, 281-2, 304-8;  
   in Italy, 324-57.  
 Murray, John, 307.
- Music :  
 Chilian churches, in, 217.  
 composition—beginnings of, 105-6;  
   idiosyncrasies in, 121.  
 depressing experiences—at school,  
   36-7; under Pauer, 77.  
 early appreciation of, 9.  
 Hungarian gipsy, 269-72.  
 improvisation, 50.  
 incidental, difficulties of, 373.  
 instrumental, efforts at, 143, 264-5.  
 interpretation of, 201.  
 Mendelssohn Scholarship, 170 ff,  
   180 ff.  
 pianoforte scholarship examination,  
   193.  
 Polish mazourka, 273.  
 professionals' kindness, 196-7.  
 R.A.—scholarship examination, 136;  
   student days, 139 ff.  
 "Rondo Scherzando," 158, 164.  
 Russian choir, 351-2.  
 singing deficiencies, 140.  
 voice-tones characteristic of youth,  
   202, 355.  
 youth-spirit pieces, 64-5.
- Mycene, 344.
- Nagle, Lucy, 2.  
 Naples, visit to (1873), 99-100; *Letters*  
   *from a Mourning City*, 281-2,  
   304-8.  
 — Bay, 100, 210, 326.
- Nauplia, 343.
- Navarro, Mme. (Mme. Navarro  
   d'Andrade), 47-9, 58.
- Nelson, Lady, 4-5, 128.
- Nelson, Lord, 3-5.
- Newman, Cardinal, 235; "Lead,  
   kindly light," 243-4.
- Nilsson, Mme. Christine, 123-4, 145.
- Nordica, Mme., 248-9.
- Normandy, 72-3.
- Northampton, Lord, 60.
- Norwegian fiords, 211, 278.
- Oates, Captain, 230.
- Ober-Ammergau, 372.
- Orridge, Miss, 147.



- Ostend, 17.  
 Ouida, 324.
- Paestum, 326.  
 Pain, Barry, 361-2.  
 Panshanger, 298-9, 304.  
 Papier, Frau Rosa, 265.  
 Paris :  
   Commune in, 95.  
   illness in, 373-4.  
    schooldays in, 42 ff.  
 Parkfield, 83, 85, 88.  
 Parry, Hubert, 157.  
 Parsons, Alfred, 103, 366.  
 Patshall, 234.  
 Pau, 354.  
 Pauer, Herr Ernst, 76-7.  
 Paul, Lady Dean, 369.  
 Pembroke, Lord, 317-19, 322 ; letter from, 361.  
 Pendeford Hall, 20-2.  
 Penn, John, 329.  
 Pesth, 269.  
 Petersburg, 349 ff.  
 Petöfi, 245.  
 Pinero, 368.  
 Pinner, 361.  
 Pius ix., Pope, 99, 103.  
 Pius x., Pope, 82, 99.  
 Poldowski, 369.  
 Polish Jews, 257.  
 — women, 273.  
 Pollock, Walter Herries—"The Devout Lover," 224.  
 Pompeii, 99-100.  
 Porchester Terrace, 75-6.  
 Prajana, 326-7.  
 Price, John Maclean, 103, 354.  
 Putnam, Clifford, 261.
- Ralph, Mr., 139.  
 Ramsay, Mrs., 204.  
 Randegger, Signor Alberto, encouragement from, 104, 105 ; anecdote of, 108 ; the "Agnus Dei," 173 ; criticism by, of "Absent yet Present," 184 ; introduction by, to Santley, 194-6 ; mentioned, 112, 129, 131, 236, 238.  
 Raphael's Madonna at Panshanger, 299.  
 Rathbone, Mrs. Wm., 121-2.  
 Ravello, 326.  
 Ravenna, 337.
- Reach, Miss, 32-7.  
 Reimers, Miss, 184.  
 Reinagle family, 3.  
 Rhine river, 7 ; falls, 16-17.  
 Ribblesdale, Lady, 246, 308.  
 Richter, Hans, 254-5, 261, 264 ; as Wagner conductor, 252, 266-7.  
 Ridge, Pett, 361.  
 Rimsky-Korsakow, 352.  
 Rio Janeiro Bay, 209-10 ; town, 210-11.  
 Ripon, Marchioness of, 138, 155, 248, 323, 334.  
 Robertson, Jack, 128-9.  
 — Sir Johnston Forbes, 156.  
 — Sophie. *See* Stubbs.  
 Robertsons of Brewood, 55.  
 Robinson, Dr., 374.  
 Rockstro, W. S., 108-9.  
 Rodd, Sir Rennell, quoted, 168 ; *The Violet Crown*, 210.  
 Rolland's life of Michael Angelo, cited, 254.  
 Roman Catholic Church, 3, 25, 26, 81, 372 ; reception into (1880), 203.  
 Rome (1873), 98.  
 Ronald, Landon, 361-2.  
 Rose-Innes, Mr., kindness of, 55, 89, 205 ; household of, 74-5 ; musical tastes of, 77-8 ; house in Chile, 212-13 ; home voyage, 221 ; illness and death of, 234-6 ; legacy from, 205 ; mentioned, 91, 113, 125, 132, 166, 183, 225.  
 — Mrs., 76.  
 — George, 206.  
 — Lizzie. *See* Santley.  
 — Michael, 236.  
 — family, 74-5.  
 Ross, Mrs. Janet, 324.  
 Rossetti, 331 ; "Mary Magdalene," 189.  
 Rostopchine, General, 42.  
 Rowe, Miss Nellie, 358.  
 Rowton, Lord, 304.  
 Rubinstein, 249, 266, 309.  
 Ruskin, J., 188.  
 Russell, Mr., 344.  
 Russia, visit to, 349 ff.  
 Rutland, Duchess of, 155.
- Saint-Saen's "Danse Macabre," 233.  
 St. Vincent, 207-8.  
 Salamis, 342.

- Sandhurst, Lady, 303.  
 Sandringham, 167.  
 Santiago, 218-19.  
 Santley, Lady (Lizzie Rose-Innes),  
 236; nurse of, 75.  
 — Mrs., 236.  
 — Sir Charles, début with, 56, 194 ff.;  
 "The Devout Lover," 201-2, 227;  
 estimate of, as a singer, 89-90;  
 generous kindness of, 199-200;  
 friendship with, 202; mentioned,  
 157, 302.  
 — Edith. *See* Lyttelton, Mrs. Robert.  
 — Michael, 206, 208-9.  
 Sardou, Victorien, 338.  
 Sargent, John, 368.  
 Saxony, King of, 19.  
 Schliemann, Dr., 342, 343, 345.  
 Schneider, Mlle., 44.  
 Schön, Frau, 256.  
 Schumann, Clara, 200-1.  
 Schumann's "Frühlingslied," 64-5.  
 Schuster, Frank, 255-6, 323; at Casa  
 Wolkoff, 334 ff.  
 Schwab, Gustav, 8.  
 Sedgwick, 187.  
 Shelley, "When Passion's Trance,"  
 226 ff.; "Prometheus Unbound,"  
 228-30.  
 Sicily, 32; visit to (1890), 338 ff. *See*  
*also* Taormina.  
 Sierawska, Mlle., 67.  
 Smith, Anna Maria Cope Wiley, 22-4.  
 Sohm, Der, 15-16.  
 — Frau, 15.  
 Sölden, 332-3.  
 Songs:  
 "Absent yet Present," 184-5; sung  
 by Santley, 195 ff.  
 "Ave Maria," 301-2.  
 "Devout Lover, The," 201-2, 224,  
 226-7.  
 "Did One but Know," 297.  
 German Album, 275; New German  
 Album, 291, 331.  
 Gipsy, 245.  
 "Isaotta Blazesmano," 190-2.  
 "Liebe, Liebe," 240-1.  
 "My Soul is an Enchanted Boat,"  
 228-31.  
 "The Throstle," 354.  
 "When Passion's Trance," 226 ff.
- Sorento, 327.  
 Spanish language, 74-5.  
 Spencer, Lady Sarah, 303.  
 — Lord and Lady, 248.  
 Speyer, Lady, 369-70.  
 Spindler, Herr Fritz, 18.  
 Squire, Berkeley, 323.  
 Stieffel, Herr (der Vater), 7, 12-13.  
 — Fräulein Marie, 5-14, 20, 24, 28-  
 32; revisited, 124.  
 Stubbs, Mrs. Stanley (Sophie Richard-  
 son), 113, 127-32, 134.  
 Sullivan, Lady, 280.  
 — Sir Arthur, 145, 175-9.  
 — Fred, 280.  
 Sutherland, Millicent, Duchess of, 303.  
 Sweden, voyage to, 276 ff.; visit to,  
 282 ff.  
 Sykes, Sir Tatton, 263.
- Tacora, 92-3.  
 Taglioni, Mme., 65-6.  
 Talbot, Mrs. Jack, 277.  
 Taormina, children's gratitude at, 65;  
 Ferstels at, 261; visit to, in 1890,  
 338 ff.; Watts' picture at, 358-9.  
 Taylor, Franklin, 157.  
 Taylor-Smith, Bishop, 302.  
 Tennant, Sir Charles, 308.  
 — Laura (Mrs. A. Lyttelton), 240-1.  
 Tennyson, Lord, 60-1, 292-3.  
 — Lionel, 292.  
 Terry, Miss Marion, 323.  
 Thomas, Ambroise, 44.  
 — Arthur Goring, 138.  
 Thorndyke, Herbert, 354.  
 Tijuca, 211.  
*Titanic* wreck, 364.  
 Titian's "Assumption of the Madonna,"  
 358.  
 Tombs, Mr., 159.  
 Torquay, 106 ff.  
 Trafalgar, battle of, 3-4.  
 Tree, Sir H. Beerbohm, 328.  
 Trench, Herbert, "Deirdre Wedded,"  
 283.  
 Troubetzkoy, Princess, 66.  
 Troy, 344.
- Valparaiso, 203 ff.  
 Venice, 95-6; revisited, 334 ff.  
 Verdi's Requiem, 131.

- Versailles, 67.  
 Victoria, Queen, 4.  
 Vienna, 255 ff.; Symphony Concerts, 266; revisited, 349.  
 Von —, Fräulein, 61-3.  
 — Dutschka, Frau, 270.  
 — Hügel, Lady Mary, 155, 316, 331.  
 — Rinagel, 3.  
 — Zur Mühlen, Raimond, 308-10, 354.
- Waddington, Sydney, 173.  
 Wade, Charles, 159, 165, 182.  
 Wagner, Richard—*Die Meistersinger*, 252 ff, 359; "Am Stillen Herd," 64; operas in Vienna, 266-7.  
 Wakefield, Mary, friendship with, 112-13, 147, 160; musical ability of, 112, 147-9, 174; "den" of, 187-9; the Italian song, 190, 192; mentioned, 159, 164, 295, 323, 332.  
 — family, 147, 187.  
 Warrender, Lady Maud, 369.  
 Watts, G. F., 357-9; "Love Triumphant over Death and Time," 358; Allegorical Woman, 295.  
 Way, Miss, 242.  
 Webb, Godfrey, 246.  
 Weber, 186.  
 Wemyss, Earl of, 357.  
 Westbury, Lady, 302.  
 Westlake, Mr., 139.
- White, Dora (Mrs. —), 21, 88-9, 92, 206.  
 — Edmund, 218.  
 — Mrs. Edmund (Emily White), as weekly boarder, 84; riding accident of, 220; musical ability of, 225; at Albion Street, 238, 250, 309; trip to Vienna, 255; in Algiers, 305; at Carlsbad, 310-11; engagement, 332; European tour, 336 ff; affection for, 304; mentioned, 27, 37, 59, 82, 83, 104, 107, 166, 204, 233-4, 274, 321, 359.  
 — Fred, 133; letter from, 271.  
 — Harry, 19, 32.  
 — Mrs. Harry, 354.  
 — Captain John, 2-3, 40-1, 50-1.  
 — Mrs. John, 51, 54, 106-7, 118; at Parkfield, 74, 83; the Mendelssohn Scholarship, 181; illness and death of, 204-5.
- Wieniawski, 369.  
 Wiesbaden, 123.  
 Wilton, 314, 316 ff.  
 Wodehouse, Mrs. Edmund, 167-8.  
 Wolseley, Lord, 301-2.  
 Worontzoff, Simon, 316-17.  
 Wrest, 298.
- Young, Patrick, 220-2.



*Printed by*  
MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED  
*Edinburgh*

Telegrams :  
"Scholarly, Reg. London."

Telephone :  
No. 1883 Mayfair.

41 and 43 Maddox Street,  
Bond Street, London, W.  
*April, 1916.*

# Mr. Edward Arnold's SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1916.

---

## VERDUN TO THE VOSGES.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR ON THE FORTRESS  
FRONTIER OF FRANCE.

By GERALD CAMPBELL,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" IN THE EAST OF FRANCE.

*With Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

At the beginning of September, 1914, Mr. Campbell was commissioned by *The Times* to go to France as its representative on the Eastern Frontier, and he made his headquarters at Nancy until January, 1915, after which date no correspondents were allowed in the zone of the armies, and he retreated to the vantage ground of an adjacent neutral state. Mr. Campbell's very interesting letters to his paper were highly appreciated by all who read them, and he was, moreover, the only English newspaper correspondent who has been stationed for any length of time on the long length of front between Verdun and Belfort. In this volume, after describing his journey through France, and the situation as he found it at the date of the battle of the Marne, the author details the events immediately succeeding the outbreak of war, and goes on to describe the French offensive in Alsace and Lorraine, and its abandonment after the check at Morhange. There is a particularly interesting account of the attack on the Grand Couronné of Nancy, a battle which lasted nearly three weeks, and was one of the most important of the whole war, for on the result depended the fate of all the other armies further north. Among the many illuminating points of view that the author has gleaned is the astonishment of the Swiss, and even many French people, that we should be so quixotic as to intervene in the war because the soil of Belgium has been invaded.

---

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

## YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

By SERGE AKSAKOFF.

Translated from the Russian by J. D. DUFF,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

*With Portrait.* 10s. 6d. net.

Serge Aksakoff, the author of this autobiography, was born at Ufa, in the district of Orenburg, on September 20, 1791. His father held some office in the law-court of the town, and his grandfather lived in the country as the owner of large estates, to which Aksakoff ultimately succeeded.

His childhood is here described down to the winter of 1799, when he went to school at Kazan. From school he proceeded to the university of the same city, and left it in 1807, when many of his classmates were joining the army to fight against Napoleon. He entered the Civil Service in 1808 and served until 1839. He married in 1816, and his two sons, Constantine and Ivan, both played a conspicuous part in the public life of Russia. He died at Moscow on April 30, 1859.

Aksakoff was always keenly interested in literature, and wrote a number of books; but his reputation, which stands very high in Russia, depends mainly upon two volumes of *Memoirs*, which he wrote at the end of his life. The first of these he called "A Family History," and the second, which is here translated, "Years of Childhood."

As to the merits of the work, the following description, by Mr. Maurice Baring, may be quoted. He is referring, of course, to both the volumes of *Memoirs*. He says: "The story is as vivid and interesting as that of any novel, as that of the novels of Russian writers of genius, and it has the additional advantage of being true. . . . It is impossible to put down the narrative after beginning it, and I have heard of children who read it like a fairy-tale. . . . One is spellbound by the charm, the dignity, the good nature, the gentle, easy accent of the speaker, in whom one feels convinced, not only that there was nothing common or mean, but to whom nothing was common or mean, who was a gentleman by character as well as by lineage, one of God's as well as of Russia's nobility." Mr. Baring adds that no book in Russian so richly deserves translation into English.



## A PHYSICIAN IN FRANCE.

By SIR WILMOT HERRINGHAM, C.B.,

PHYSICIAN TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL ; CONSULTING PHYSICIAN  
TO THE FORCES IN FRANCE.

*One Volume. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

How the war, as seen at close quarters, strikes a man eminent in another profession than that of arms is the distinguishing feature of this volume of personal impressions. It is not, however, merely the outcome of a few weeks' sojourn or "trip to the trenches," with one eye on an expectant public, for the author has twice seen autumn fade into winter on the flat countryside of Flanders, and is still at his post rendering invaluable services amidst unforgettable scenes. After some introductory pages, the book takes the form of letters to friends in England and America. The author's comments on the day-to-day happenings are distinguished by a tone that is at once manly, reflective, and good-humoured. Medical questions are naturally prominent in the correspondence, but are dealt with largely in a manner that should interest the layman at the present time. Sir Wilmot was with Lord Roberts when he died. A very pleasing feature of the book is the constant revelation of the author's love of nature and sport, and his happy way of introducing such topics, together with descriptions of the country around him, makes a welcome contrast to the stern events which form the staple material of his letters. There are some very amusing stories.

## LOVE, WORSHIP, AND DEATH.

SOME RENDERINGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By the Right Hon. SIR RENNELL RODD, G.C.M.G.,

AUTHOR OF "THE VIOLET CROWN," "BALLADS OF THE FLEET," ETC.

*Small Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

The interpretation of these lyrics has been the sole and grateful distraction of the British Ambassador at Rome during a period of ceaseless work and intense anxiety in the tragic years of 1914 and 1915.

**A FRENCH MOTHER IN WAR TIME.**

By MADAME E. DRUMONT.

Translated by MISS G. BEVIR.

*Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net.*

The writer of this frank and simple narrative is the wife of the famous anti-Semite, but the young airman son, to whom she is devotedly attached, is the child of a first marriage. The volume consists of her diary from July, 1914, to August, 1915. This anxious French mother makes no attempt to represent herself as more heroic than she was or is, and her honesty gives a special value to her picture of the central and really fine figure in the book—that of her son Paul, many of whose letters to her during the war are here given. Among other interesting passages in the book is a description of the scene at the Paris Cabinet Council, when General Gallieni was asked by the Ministry if he would defend Paris.

**OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY**

(1814-1914)

By G. BURRELL SMITH, M.A.

*With Maps. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d.*

This well-informed, concise outline of the main current of European events can hardly fail to be useful to anyone wanting a handy book of reference to accompany the study of the many problems of the war associated with the interests of the countries concerned. Commencing with the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the ground is covered down to the day the crime of Serajevo precipitated the present cataclysm.

**THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES.**

By C. E. ROBINSON, M.A.,

ASSISTANT MASTER AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

With a Foreword by PROFESSOR C. W. OMAN.

*Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth. About 5s. net.*

This is a series of sketches illustrating Greek life at the time of Alkibiades. They are mainly in narrative form, and comprise the various sides of public and private life, as, for instance, an Attic Farm, the Theatre, the Assembly, the Mysteries, the Market Place, Battles by Land and Sea, Olympia, the Great Dionysia, Delphi, the Piræus, Sparta, Education, a Wedding, a Funeral, a Dinner Party, Home in Athens, a Trial by Jury, etc. The intention is to give a clear picture of the background of Greek literature in a manner free from the ordinary associations of a Dictionary of Antiquities. The author has travelled in Greece, so that he is able to describe the setting of his instructive and entertaining sketches at first hand.

## THE MIGRATION OF FISH.

By ALEXANDER MEEK, M.Sc.,

PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY, ARMSTRONG COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM, AND  
DIRECTOR OF THE DOVE MARINE LABORATORY, CULLERCOATS.

*With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. About 15s. net.*

A great deal of information relating to the migrations of fish has been accumulated, especially during the last twenty years. But it is scattered in books and periodicals frequently difficult to obtain. The author of this work has aimed at giving a systematic account of this knowledge, developing at the same time a theory of migrations based on the conduct of the various stages in the growth of the fish with respect to currents. The book contains descriptions of the spawning habits, the eggs, and the young, the usual passive drift to the feeding ground, and of the distribution due to migrations of the species and of the schools into which they are resolved. The important species and families of food fish of the northern hemisphere have received a detailed treatment, but practically all families have been considered. The essential facts are brought conveniently together in a manner which will be welcome to the zoologist and the legislator, to the student and to the fisherman. An account of migrations without reference to the distribution, past and present, would be incomplete, and it will be found that this aspect of the subject has been fully dealt with. The geological evidence as to the relationship of land and water in the period of the past is, so far as is necessary, presented, and has been used as a basis for a critical examination of the known facts of distribution. The work is illustrated by numerous figures, photographs, maps, and diagrams.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

## FOOD AND THE PRINCIPLES OF DIETETICS.

By ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.D., EDIN., F.R.C.P.,

PHYSICIAN TO THE LONDON HOSPITAL, AND TO THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,  
GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.

*Fourth Edition. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.*

A new edition of this well-known standard work of reference upon a subject of vital importance requires very little introduction to the medical profession. It may, however, be reiterated that, while the book has been specially designed to meet the requirements of students and practitioners of medicine, it has also been found useful and intelligible to many of the general public who are interested in the problems of nutrition and food values. *The Spectator* has said that: "Our readers will find this most suggestive book not only intensely interesting but amusing. A man of forty who reads it and still goes on his way unheeding deserves to be called something uncomplimentary."



**RECENT BOOKS ON THE WAR.****A SURGEON IN KHAKI.**

By A. A. MARTIN, M.D., F.R.C.S. ENG.

*Third Impression. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.*"A superlatively interesting book."—*Graphic*."A book full of life and human feeling. 'A Surgeon in Khaki' will certainly live as a first-class description of a portion of the great war."—*Field*."A book of extraordinary interest. There are many stories, grave and gay, in this book, which should be widely read. It is quite a remarkable book and gives a wonderful vision of what war is."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.**WITH OUR ARMY IN FLANDERS.**

By G. VALENTINE WILLIAMS.

*Second Impression. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.*"Mr. Williams has written an excellent book, one of the most vivid and informing accounts that have yet been produced of our men in the field. Like all good correspondents, he has an eye for significant detail. His knowledge of Germany helps him to many instructive comparisons. He is the master of an easy, vigorous style, which occasionally reaches real eloquence. Above all, he has a great gift of enthusiasm. The book is written in a fine spirit, not captious, or egotistical, or flamboyant, but honest and understanding."—*Spectator*."This book is no mere compilation of the day-to-day dispatches from Mr. Williams, but a complete study of the army at work and at play, touched by many a scene of pathos, enlivened by many a page of vivacious anecdote, and marked throughout by keen study of all the phases and problems of the war."—*Daily Mail*.**THE CAPTURE OF DE WET.**INCLUDING A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST OF  
GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

By P. J. SAMPSON.

*Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.*

"I have perused the work with interest, and must congratulate you on the accurate, impartial, and comprehensive manner in which you have dealt with a much-to-be-regretted episode in the history of South Africa."—From GENERAL BOTHA'S letter to the author.

"What he unfolds is a drama—we might almost call it an epic—of South Africa in action, in which the principal figures stand out boldly and the principal events happen again before our eyes."—*Morning Post*.

**THE LATEST BOOKS OF REMINISCENCES.**

**THIRTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE  
NEW FOREST.**

By the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES.

*With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

"The charm of the book arises from the fact that the author has been in complete accord with his environment and the woodland spirit, which he expresses happily throughout the book, together with an energetic and observant individuality, and a whole-hearted love of outdoor life."—*Morning Post*.

"A delightful blend of sport, forestry, and tradition."—*Saturday Review*.

"A book for the readers of *Country Life*. They are sure to delight in it."—*Country Life*.

**THIRTY YEARS A BOXING  
REFEREE.**

By EUGENE CORRI.

*Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

"A genuine treat for all lovers of boxing."—*Referee*.

"This breezy book on boxing is just characteristic of the author. It is a great cheery volume to the end."—*Morning Post*.

**FROTH AND BUBBLE.**

By MONTY HARBORD.

*Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.*

"As full of incident and adventure as 'Monte Cristo.' Whether ranching in Montana, or fighting in South Africa, or fighting against nature in British East Africa, we always have the feeling that we are getting nothing but the truth."—*Evening Standard*.

"A book more full of the joy of a roaming life and of the delight of conflict there could not be than 'Froth and Bubble.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Altogether a capital work of its kind."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

## GOD AND FREEDOM IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

### A Study of Degrees of Reality.

By the Right Rev. CHARLES F. D'ARCY, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF DOWN.

One Volume. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"It was time that we should have a new apologetic, incorporating, among other things, the fresh contributions which have been made to thought by Bergson. The Bishop of Down has set himself to supply this need. . . . He has produced what is for the present the best available statement of Christian Theism."—*Church Times*.

"A remarkably stimulating book."—*Guardian*.

"Bishop D'Arcy is by far the ablest writer upon philosophic subjects in Ireland to-day."—*Saturday Review*.

## NIETZSCHE AND THE IDEALS OF MODERN GERMANY.

By HERBERT LESLIE STEWART, M.A., D.PH.,  
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.  
AUTHOR OF "QUESTIONS OF THE DAY IN PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY."

One Volume. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d. net.

LORD CROMER in the *Spectator*.—"Professor Stewart has done a real service alike to the thinker, the practical politician, and the general reader, by giving them a brief but singularly lucid sketch of Nietzsche's philosophy, and by exposing the fallacies of his reasoning."

"Professor Stewart's book has a value that is independent of current events. It is certainly one of the best statements of the case against Nietzsche that has been made in an English book."—*Daily News*.

## MODERN ESSAYS

REPRINTED FROM LEADING ARTICLES IN "THE TIMES."

With an Introduction by DR. J. W. MACKAIL, F.R.S.L.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 5s. net.

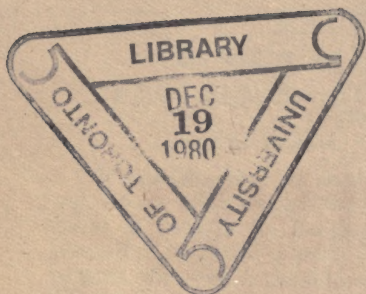
"We have found them ideal reading for those odd moments when the brain is flagging, but not fatigued. When rest is to be found in thought, not in thoughtlessness."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"We get here touches of real wit, real imagination, real thought, and always there is style."—*New Statesman*.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.



26  
~~20~~3







PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

ML  
410  
W64

White, Maude Valerie  
Friends and memories

Music



