



VOL. XI.—No. 539.]

APRIL 26, 1890.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

THE DIARY OF THE EARLY ARTISTIC DAYS OF NATALIE JANOTHA.

By HER MOTHER.

KNOWING that the celebrated Clara Schumann had intended to accept the position of teacher at the new Royal Hochschule in Berlin, I determined to go and place my daughter under her tuition. On arriving, we went first to Kiel, the professor of harmony, who presented us to the celebrated Joachim, and to other artists. Shortly afterwards we heard, in the Reichshalle, Kiel's great oratorio, entitled "Christus." The professor for the piano, M. Rudorf, is an excellent teacher; he composes much for orchestra, piano, and voices. At present he is the conductor of Stern's choir, in which post he succeeded Bruch, and Stockhausen, the celebrated singer. Rudorf admires our Chopin, and has studied Polish history in order to understand better the spirit of his compositions.

The quartetts arranged by Joachim in the Singakademie draw people of all nations, and serve as a model of what real music is. Joachim has been engaged for the last twenty years for the Popular Concerts in London, in which he appears in winter with Clara Schumann. Highly classical works of Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Brahms are performed there by Joachim. His appearance whilst playing is remarkable; he is almost immovable, and it is only by the pallor which covers his face that one can discern how much he feels what he plays. Joachim never speaks of his honours and decorations, but every artist who arrives in Berlin goes first to Beethoven Street, to his charming villa, to pay homage to the master.

From what I had heard of Clara Schumann, I had formed quite another picture of her in my mind. She is of



NATALIE JANOTHA.

middle height, rather stout, with a pale face, and *aquiline nose*. I was charmed by her deep blue eyes, full of expression, and her broad genial forehead.

After a warm welcome, she asked my daughter Natalie to go to the piano, and after she had played, Madame Schumann asked her who had been her master, and if she knew any of her husband's compositions, recommending her to practise certain passages more slowly, but perfectly distinctly, so that each finger might be heard singly.

Both Madame Schumann and Joachim gave us many proofs of kindness and sympathy during our stay in Berlin.

When we left Berlin for Baden-Baden, where my daughter was to study under Madame Schumann, Joachim kindly promised to give us letters of introduction to the Countess Fleming, wife of the Prussian Minister at the Court of Baden. She is the daughter of Bettina Armin, and a friend of the Empress Augusta. The Empress always passes the spring and autumn at Baden-Baden, going for the summer to her favourite town, Coblenz.

The Court concerts and entertainments, and the arrival of many distinguished foreigners, make this place very bright and gay. About 60,000 persons come here every year. There is a splendid church here, containing the monuments of the Markgraves; and on the hill in the distance are the ruins of their old castle.

The view is splendid, looking from the Conversation-house upon the palace of the Grand Duchess Stephanie and the Hotel Messmer, hired by the Empress during her stay. We saw the gambling-rooms of Baden-Baden, the roulette tables, covered with green cloth, and wonderful landscapes of Wouwerman and Poussin on the walls. Occasionally we went in to watch the countenances of the players. Many who left the gambling-tables with an expression of indifference, were found the next day on the Cæcilienberg, where they had hanged themselves.

Before the Kursaal there is a kiosk arranged with great taste and splendour. An orchestra plays during fine weather. There we listened to the compositions of Strauss, that master of dance music who long since carried away the palm in his own peculiar line. He was engaged for twenty-four concerts, and charmed, enlivened, and cheered even the greatest misanthropes.

The most important buildings in Baden are the Trinkhalle, which is adorned with frescoes, the subjects of which are taken from the legends of the country, and the New Castle, rising above the highest houses of the town, so-called in the time of the Markgraf Cristoph, during whose reign it was rebuilt. This was at the end of the seventeenth century, but there are curious underground passages dating back to the Roman times. There one can see the terrible machine called "The Iron Maid," which held in its ghastly arms the victims condemned to its deadly embrace. Here also is preserved the memory of that mysterious being, Kaspar Hauser. The beautiful valley of Lichtenthal begins close to the

town; throughout its whole length runs an avenue of American birches, watered and rendered beautiful by the waters of the Oos. On either side rise undulations, at the foot of which are some handsome villas.

At the end of this avenue is a chapel of St. Anna, erected in the sixteenth century, where the bodies of some of the Markgrafs are kept. In the middle is the sarcophagus of Henry the Lion, on which lies his gigantic statue. Close by is the church and convent of the Cistercian nuns. We watched them walking in their garden, and were able to make closer acquaintance with them, an exception being made in our favour. They are very fond of music. Having heard of my daughter's playing, they begged her to place herself at the piano. She did so gladly, and played a sonata, afterwards one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, and then a speaking song of Schumann. During this their faces grew animated, their heads were raised, their eyes looked with approbation upon the young pianiste, and when the Mazurka of our Chopin began, all hands joined in applause. The choristers sang a Gloria very well; their voices were so fresh and pure. The Empress Augusta protects this institution, and interests herself very much in it. The Lichtenthal Avenue is her daily walk; she goes there alone with her lady-in-waiting, and paces up and down at a brisk pace, a servant in black livery following at a distance.

The Villa Schumann, as it is called, is situated in Lichtenthal, and there Madame Schumann was often amused to see Englishmen, guide-book in hand, seeking with the greatest interest amongst the splendid palaces for the Villa Schumann; and hardly believing their own eyes when they at last discovered it to be this small and unpretending house. But when, as often happened, above all other sounds there came from the open windows in the twilight the enchanting echoes of Clara Schumann's piano, they would stand, as it were, transfixed, and clustering round the house which seemed suddenly to possess an attraction far surpassing that of the richest palaces.

The environs of Baden are very lovely; there is a majestic grandeur in the scenery, coupled with luxuriant vegetation, and every spot is associated with some romantic legend. The charming waterfall known as the Geroldsau cascade was a pleasant object for a walk. About half an hour's walk from Lichtenthal a soft murmur intimates the proximity of the waterfall, the sound always increasing, and the freshness in the air seeming to transport us into another climate. There are, besides, many other beautiful excursions to be made in the mountains, either driving or riding on donkeys.

Bülw, on one occasion, when walking up one of the hills with R. Pohl, the often over-indulgent critic, said to him pointing to an inscription on a hut, "Anes à louer"—That is just the thing for you." "Why so," answered Pohl, "since I intend to walk?" "Take them as subjects for criticism." Pohl

was an admirer of the school of Liszt; he was also in ecstasy about Strauss, and greatly admired Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Artot; but was less enthusiastic about the concerts of Madame Schumann and Joachim. He prided himself on his father being a Pole; in Leipsic he was called "Pole," and from that time the name stuck to him.

Bülw often played at Baden, his programmes ranging from the magnificent sonatas of Beethoven, down to the latest works of Brahms and Czajkowski, all of which he executed perfectly. His memory is prodigious, and his programmes are compendiums of music. As preludes to Beethoven's sonatas announced on the programme, he made use of the beginnings and themes of other sonatas, and the astonishment which he caused the public by this trick amused him, but did not take in those who had prepared themselves with all their powers of concentration to listen to Beethoven. It is not for me to write about the playing of Bülw; as to his judgments of other artists, his pen is used with facility, but his wit and sarcasm are without pity. However, he changes his opinions with great ease.

Saint Saëns, a classic of the French style, and an original artist, had also great success, charming everyone and winning golden opinions by his behaviour. We listened with pleasure to his classical and romantic compositions, written in good taste and excellent style. Madame Menter also gave selections from "Don Juan" with masculine power, and some sonatas which she played with Sivori were a veritable treat to listen to. But what can one say of N. Rubinstein, and of the power and finish of his playing, as well as that of his brother Anton? One can add nothing to what has already been said of one whom the entire artistic world so fully appreciates.

Sivori, the violinist, who reminds one of Mendelssohn in appearance, entranced all listeners by the exquisite delicacy of his touch and the perfect taste of his playing. The Emperor of Germany always enjoyed his "Carnaval de Venise," as indeed did the gay world of Baden. The celebrated Auer also awoke esteem, and elevated the soul by the beauty of his playing. Madame Artot de Padilla, that ever-youthful singer, enlivened and charmed us by her musical talents at Baden.

Strauss was engaged for twenty-four concerts. The kiosk in which his orchestra performed was regularly besieged on the days he was to conduct, the public being carried away by the "entrain" of his charming music. On mounting the platform he was always greeted by applause; and the invalids, who were conveyed to the kiosk in carriages, used to call for his "Blue Danube," forgetting in their enthusiasm that their feeble feet were incapable of keeping time to the swing of his waltzes.

Last, but not least, comes the name of Brahms, the first and greatest of German composers, whom we met at Madame Schumann's house. He was spending the summer at Lichtenthal, where, ensconced in a small cottage on the hill,

he composed his great oratorios, symphonies, Schicksalslied, and those songs of which he wrote so many, to the words of Heine, Schiller, and other poets, rendering them so well that even to those who did not understand the language, the title alone gave a perfect picture of their thought and feeling. His ideal "Lullaby," and "The Curse of a Girl," joining horror to fun, had always to be repeated in the concerts. He was full of goodness for all his friends, especially for Schumann, Joachim, and A. Rubinstein. His playing is so rich and full that, as Schumann wrote of him, it is an orchestra in itself. Full of wit and fun, yet without sarcasm or bitterness, he never gave offence. His method of teaching was the same as Madame Schumann's, and during her absence at St. Maurice he undertook my daughter's tuition.

The life of an artist, enchanting as it is, is nevertheless surrounded by many dangers and unforeseen difficulties, and its success is purchased at a heavy price. Madame Schumann's lot is very sad, though she found an ideal in her husband, whom she admired as a man, and whose musical greatness she felt intensely. Her father, Wieck, made her career, and to him, after God, she owed everything. He it was who educated her and superintended her musical instruction, for at the age of seven she was parted from her mother, who separated from her father, and afterwards married Bargiel, whose son is a composer and professor of music in the Hochschule of Berlin. Wieck cleverly developed the physical and musical powers of his child, as a most careful mother might have done. In her ninth year Clara gave her first concert in Leipsic, and this made her name famous. A few years later she met Schumann; she fell in love with him, worshipping his genius, whose inspiration raised her musical spirit. She showed Natalie the

criticism which Schumann wrote on her in admiration of her talents; "but the pleasantest one" (she added, with a smile) "was that in which I read the words, 'Clara played beautifully yesterday, but looked still more beautiful.'" Wieck, a man of great penetration, did not like the idea of his daughter marrying an artist, perhaps thinking, from his own experience, that the marriage would not be a happy one. He set his face against it; nevertheless, her patience gained the day, and at the age of twenty-two she became the wife of Schumann.

Her happiness in living with Schumann was too great to last long. She ceased to give concerts; all her time was taken up by home duties and the care of her children, seven in number, whom she was obliged to bring up herself; later on the severe illness of her husband, which lasted many years, completely engrossed her. Schumann, even when in health, lived in and with his music, and took no interest in household matters. There is a story told of him, that on one occasion meeting his own children out walking, he was astonished at their demonstrations of affection, and looking at them through his eye-glass exclaimed, "What lovely children, and how well brought up! Whose are they?" When later on his brain became affected, he could never be left alone; often he would rush from the house pursued by fearful visions, and at last, when one of these attacks was upon him, he threw himself into the river. He was rescued, indeed, but only to be placed in an asylum, where, after a few years of suffering, this great genius ended his life.

Madame Schumann, though broken down by sorrow, was obliged to work for her own livelihood and that of her children.

England and Germany, indeed, surrounded this great artist with homage in her widowhood, but it was only after she

had struggled on through many years of work that the Schumann Fund was set on foot, and a sufficient income thus secured to raise a true artistic genius above all pecuniary difficulties.

Madame Schumann's family sorrows did not end with the death of her much-loved husband. The eldest son, having terminated his studies, began to show symptoms of his father's disease. During our stay with Madame Schumann many little souvenirs were returned to her, which had been sent to this poor young man, in the hope of his being able to recognise them. Besides this, she lost a married daughter after a long illness; we saw her with her mother at Baden. It was heartrending to see Madame Schumann trying to drown her grief in work. On the day of her concert in London, she got the news of her daughter's death. A few days later she gave a concert in Berlin, and there was no trace in her playing of the sorrow that had just fallen upon her, though a few moments before the concert she told us, with tears in her eyes, how unhappy she felt. But her love and enthusiasm for her art kept her up, took her out of herself, and soothed her grief. A few years ago her youngest son, who was remarkably like his father, also died, of disease of the lungs. During his illness she used to go to concerts, trembling with fear lest on her return she should find him dead.

Hervilla at Lichtenthal has passed into other hands; nevertheless, Madame Schumann goes every summer with her daughters to Switzerland and Baden, to rest and take the waters.

A few years ago a monument was placed on Schumann's tomb at Bonn; a concert was given, at which Brahms played some of Schumann's compositions, as a testimony of his esteem and admiration for his friend.

(To be continued.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

IV.—MARY TUDOR* (QUEEN-DOWAGER OF FRANCE AND WIFE OF CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK).



MARY TUDOR, youngest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, was born at Richmond in 1498, nine years after the birth of her sister Margaret, to whom she bore little resemblance. Mary was not more than three years of age when she lost

her mother, and when her sister was married to James IV. and set out for Scotland. Naturally enough the little princess clung to her governess, Lady Guildford, who had been Margaret's governess also, and had accompanied her to Scotland, but was not permitted to remain there.

Mary was so lovely a child that the probability of her growing up the most beautiful princess in Europe was taken into account in the disposal of her hand, as such considerations rarely are in State alliances. Mary's budding beauty was an additional item in her value as a princess.

As with her mother and sister, she was very soon an object of treaty. In this case the future bride was not more than nine years of age, when, chaperoned by her sister-in-law Katharine, the young widow of Prince Arthur, Mary received Katharine's royal kinswoman, Joanna, Queen of Castile, who when in England supported the proposals of marriage of her son, Charles of Austria, afterwards the Emperor Charles V., to the young English princess. With the sweetness and docility derived from her mother, which were afterwards marked features in Mary's character, she played her juvenile part to the admiration of all. It is half-comical, half-pathetic, to read how she danced her basse dances, played at tables (chess or

draughts), and did her best to entertain the lady who was at Windsor in the rôle of the small maiden's future mother-in-law.

With the same child-like earnestness and good faith, Mary bore herself with such simple dignity at her betrothal, and at the accompanying tournaments and banquets, that her wonderful "modesty and gravity," quite as much as her rare beauty, enchanted all beholders. The *fanfaillies* went so far that the child Mary received the ring of espousal, wearing it "on the first joint of the ring finger," and took the title of Princess of Castile. But when she was left fatherless by the death of Henry VII., in 1509, the marriage went no farther, ostensibly because Henry VIII. appropriated and refused to relinquish the superb cluster of diamonds that the Emperor Maximilian, the grandfather of the bridegroom, had given in pledge for Mary's dowry, which had been paid into his hands.

There was a suspension and again a renewal of the overtures of alliance, where Austria was

* Agnes Strickland—Bohn's edition for 1888, with many additional particulars. Mary Robinson's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre."

FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

THE DIARY OF THE EARLY PROFESSIONAL DAYS OF
NATALIE JANOTHA.

By HER MOTHER.

PART II.

WE hired a small house in the neighbourhood of the Villa Schumann, situated on a hill, and surrounded by trees and flowers. Countess Fleming, the wife of the Prussian ambassador at the Court of Baden, came to visit us. The Count is a perfect violoncellist; Rubinstein often plays with him, and dedicated to him his charming sonata for piano-forte and violoncello.

The Countess is the daughter of the celebrated German authoress, Bettina von Arnim, the friend of Goethe. We heard many stories of Bettina's eccentricity, which her three daughters inherited in some degree. She used to dress them, after her own fashion, in a most peculiar manner. On one occasion she invented a kind of old-fashioned costume which she made them put on, imitating the form and shape of a bell.

Someone told her that they thought one of her daughters, Countess Oriolla, was very like Rosa Baumann, the sister of Madame Jerichau, the celebrated painter who died lately at Copenhagen. Wishing, therefore, to see Miss Baumann, she went to a concert in which she was to sing, but hardly waiting for the end of the air which Miss Baumann sang with her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, she jumped on the platform and exclaimed aloud, "I was told that you were like my daughter. Well, my daughter is beautiful, but you are ugly."

Countess Fleming was just as eccentric as her mother. Her scientific education, joined to her great artistic taste, as well as her unequalled kindness of heart, won the love and the respect of all. Regarding her as a sincere and personal friend, the Emperor and Empress of Germany often visited her at Baden. At one of those unexpected visits, the Empress Augusta found Madame Schumann there. According to rules of etiquette, she prepared to leave, but the Empress asked her to stay, begging her most amiably to play something. But as Madame Schumann knew that the piano was not good, she felt she could not, even for the Empress, let her art suffer. The Empress most graciously renewed her request, asking her to play at least some small piece, adding that under her fingers no piano could sound badly, but finally excused Madame Schumann, by saying that as a true genius she was right in not making an exception for anyone.

The entertainments given in the villa of Countess Fleming for the Emperor and Empress were fairy-like. The hall of the palace of the Countess was adorned with flowers; banks of leaves of the wild vine, reddened by the tints of autumn, adorned the columns in the saloons; the chandeliers, the crystal

candelabras, and the picture frames, all were surrounded with branches of these lovely autumnal leaves. Beds of flowers, myrtle trees and orange trees, filled the corners of the rooms; and amidst forests of green were hidden quaint little owls in majolica, who peered through the dark leaves, and lighted up the foliage with their sparkling eyes, the brightness of which was caused by the lights put inside. The dress of the hostess corresponded with her surroundings. On her head she wore a wreath of vine leaves turning red, fastened with diamond stars; her dark red velvet dress was covered with silver lace. She really looked like the fairy of that enchanted palace.

There was something very original about the way in which she received Natalie's first visit. As soon as she heard of Natalie's being there, she ordered her to be shown in, and on seeing her, burst out laughing and said, "So you are this pianist, whom I have been expecting impatiently, whom I did not find at home, or who would not see me when I called! So this is you! Still such a child!" And folding the astonished young girl in her arms, she gave her a hearty kiss, and asked her to play at the soirée she was about to give for the Emperor and Empress.

Natalie ran off enchanted to see Madame Schumann, and tell her first of the reception she had met with, and then of the invitation, and of her delight at the idea of seeing the Sovereign. Madame Schumann listened calmly to all this excitement, and then said that music is something higher than earthly greatness, and that it is often understood least by the great. Natalie timidly asked what she should play and how she should behave at Court.

Madame Schumann smiled, and told her not to attempt to play Beethoven or her husband's compositions before such an audience. She advised something gay and easily understood.

Natalie returned home rather discouraged and depressed. However, it soon proved that Madame Schumann had only wished to give her pupil a little wholesome advice. Before the evening was over she sent for Natalie, arranged a charming programme, which she made her rehearse with her, and gave this parting advice: "The aim of art ought not to be pleasing and amusing people. Remember that."

Natalie went to the soirée with her usual gaiety. I awaited her return home with the same feeling of anxiety which I had experienced when she played for the first time in Warsaw, at a concert, the proceeds of which were spent on a monument to Jachowicz, the poet and lamented benefactor of poor children. This monument reminds me

of Jachowicz's blessing given to Natalie before his death. Already very ill, he was brought by his sons to our house, to see the drawing of the monument to Mickiewicz* which Natalie's great-uncle had prepared for Posen. The members of the society presented Natalie with a medallion: a portrait of Jachowicz on one side, his monument on the other.

Natalie returned from Countess Fleming quite beaming with joy; putting her arms round my neck, she exclaimed, "The Empress treated me with a really Polish cordiality. When the Countess introduced me, she asked where I came from; added that she would not forget me. After most kind words of encouragement and praise of my playing, she gave me her hand to kiss, with a touching, sweet smile. Oh, how glad I shall be to tell Madame Schumann that the Empress was so kind to me." She went on, "As a finale, I played the carillon by Kleczynski;† everyone surrounded the piano; then the Emperor, counting aloud the striking of twelve, said, 'Your carillon is charming, and has finished the concert very well.' Then thanking the Countess for the pleasant evening, he added 'that it was a long time since he had spent his time so agreeably.'" One of the pleasantest recollections of the evening was the acquaintance she made with the very musical Mme. Mouchanoff, née de Kalergis, who was always ready to befriend artists. When Natalie played Chopin, "the beautiful lady," as the Emperor called her, embraced her, and promised to take care of her whenever she gave concerts in Warsaw; but alas! the news of her death arrived shortly afterwards.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and Duchess Hamilton, with her beautiful daughter, Princess Monaco, in splendid diamonds, were also present that evening, and expressed themselves to Natalie in the same flattering terms as the Emperor and Empress had done. In the artistic world later on we made acquaintance with Mrs. Moscheles, a beautiful old lady with silver hair, who lives in London with her family. Her husband, formerly professor of the Conservatoire of Leipsic, is remembered as an exacting man but a perfect master. When editing the first part of his characteristic studies, he postponed issuing the following volume. Asked for the cause of the delay, he said, "May they first master this one!" From Mrs. Moscheles Natalie got the first part of the studies of her husband, which were corrected and edited by Henschel.

Signor Piatti retained the pleasantest

* The greatest Polish poet.

† Edited by N. Janotha; published by Chappell.

impressions of what he had seen of Polish society during the time he was giving concerts there. He could not make out, however, why his name was constantly being altered, as he was sometimes called Piatti, and again Piattego, or Piattemu. These are, in fact, the different cases of the Polish declension of a proper name. Englishmen admire his playing immensely, on account of his purity and grandeur of style, united to great beauty of tone. He appears in London with Joachim and Madame Schumann in the winter classical concerts.

Madame Schumann made arrangements for Natalie to play at a concert at Baden. The committee felt no apprehensions in ratifying her choice of the young and hitherto unknown pianiste, and gave Natalie a hearty welcome at the rehearsal of Mendelssohn's concerto. Madame Schumann rejoiced to perceive the careless and frolicsome humour of her pupil throughout the morning preceding the concert. It reminded her, she said, of her own youth, her trust in others, and her self-confidence. Later on, these feelings made way for more serious thoughts before the performances. Nevertheless, at the last moment artistic enthusiasm fired her spirit, and as she sat down at the piano she only remembered the greatness of her art. The audience then disappeared from her eyes, and she only thought of art. She inspired her pupil with the same ideas.

On the day of the concert, Madame Schumann, with her family, were in the first seats on one side of the hall, and the Court, the Duke and Duchess, with their daughter and son and all their circle, on the other side. The hall was filled; Natalie was received with applause, and all her acknowledgments were directed throughout the evening towards Madame Schumann. When she began to play, Madame Schumann bent tenderly forward, listening to the execution, and at last joined in the general applause. During that exceedingly exquisite andante, in which the melody has an accompaniment as of harps, the Grand Duchess shed tears: she is an enthusiastic admirer of Mendelssohn. When Natalie was recalled, she appeared all beaming with smiles; looking towards Madame Schumann, who made her a sign to play something more, she played a valse by Chopin, which she was often obliged to play afterwards, as it became the favourite one of the Empress; and ending it with a brilliant passage, she made a flourish with her hands which Madame Schumann's quick eye took note of.

Being invited to supper at Madame Schumann's, we hastened to share our joy with her. She left the concert-hall before us, leaving Natalie in the midst of friendly congratulations. At the door of her house she was there to welcome us, but spoke coolly to Natalie, and scarcely looked at the flowers given to her. Chilled by such a greeting, we entered the drawing-room, and here Madame Schumann began to condemn that unhappy flourish of the hands. "You spoil all the pleasure for

me by doing that. Did you ever see me do such a thing? You took a great liberty. You wanted to show the public that such passages were nothing to you, that you let them drop out of your sleeve. A real artist never does that: that is only the way of dilettanti. They raise their eyes, they shake their heads, cast conceited glances round the hall, when the greatness of their aim ought to compel them to rise above the earth, and to seek to give fitting expression to the great work of which they are the interpreters. The artist who goes on the platform does not belong to the public: he is only the creator-poet who speaks to them. Does one pass through smiles to an elevated and serious state of mind? Only a bad actor smiles and flatters, to get miserable applause."

Hearing these words, and seeing Natalie's face, which was so bright a moment before, now bathed in tears, I still could only be thankful for such an ideal artistic benefactress; and all thoughts of the ovation we had just received were banished from my mind, till Madame Schumann herself reminded me of it. Kissing Natalie, she said to her, "I must kiss you now for the joy you have given me. You played as I wished, and you know that I am not easily satisfied with anything." At these words Madame Schumann's daughters, who had been kindly waiting, came forward, and carried Natalie off, where a number of presents and surprises were prepared for her. This brought to a close an evening so pleasant and memorable to us both.

At the end of October Madame Schumann left Baden to begin her concert tours, and Natalie, before returning for the winter to the Hochschule of Berlin, stayed a few months in Cologne, to take advantage of the lessons in harmony of the celebrated Weber, organist of the cathedral of Cologne, and conductor of the choir of Orpheonists.

These lessons proved very interesting. Natalie guessed the thoughts of the venerable artist by his expressive countenance. Here we also made the acquaintance of Hiller, director of the Conservatoire, and a pianist of the ancient school. His wife, Antolka, as she was called, was born in our country. These friends made the entrée to concerts and musical parties easy for us.

By means of an introduction from Countess Potocka, we became acquainted with the family of Prince Radziwill, in Berlin, and found in their home an hospitable welcome. We had already noticed the Princess in the church of St. Hedvige, where the contrast between the dignified appearance of this old lady in her simple dress, and that of the Germans, made us wish she might be our countrywoman. She reciprocally noticed Natalie.

One day we received an invitation from the Princess, and went to the palace in Wilhelmstrasse. As soon as we were announced, a lady rose to welcome us; she proved to be the same we had seen in church. She was also glad, as she mentioned, to recognise in Natalie the young girl about whom she had wished to know something.

After making acquaintance with the family of the Princess, later on, when the piano was surrounded, Natalie played their favourite Chopin and Moninszko. One of the Princesses sang; another, Countess Clary, played the violin very well. We looked afterwards at the beautiful paintings of the young Princess Ferdinand, and were taken through the magnificent rooms, where we enjoyed deeply the sight of Polish souvenirs. After that we often had musical gatherings in this artistic palace, singing, piano and violin-playing occupying the time.

The Princess's family wished to be present at rehearsals of the celebrated quartets of Joachim, given in the Singakademie, that they might understand the beauties of the works better when performed at concerts. Natalie went to fetch the ladies, having got a very exceptional permission from Joachim for their entrance. One day when she went to accompany the Princesses, she returned alone, quite shocked at the sorrow which had visited that noble house by the sudden death of the Prince Boguslaw on his birthday. His son, Prince Edward, who was a priest, and who had come to celebrate his father's fête at home, was just in time to offer up his prayers by the dead body of his parent. After this the palace passed into the hands of the Iron Prince, and ceased to be the same centre of gracious hospitality.

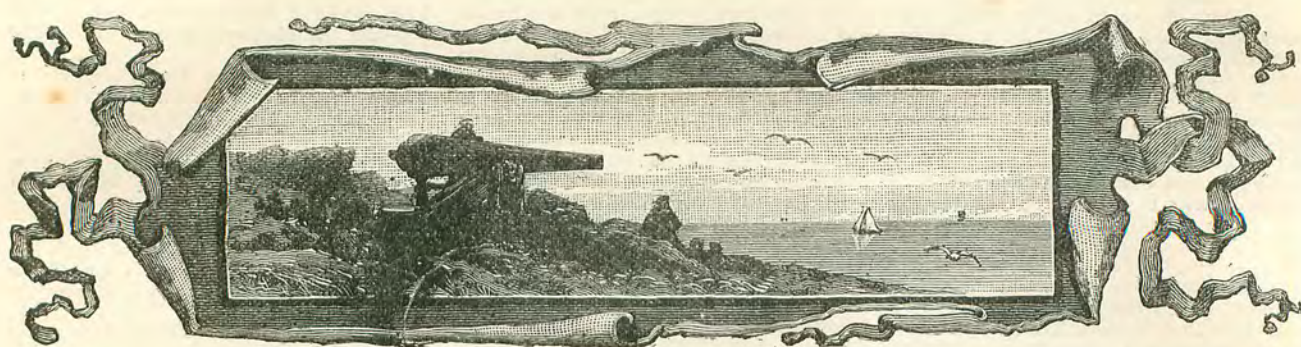
Prince Anton Radziwill remained, however, permanently in Berlin. The Princess herself was quite charming. Young and beautiful as a fairy, she adorned her house with her own work. The satin hangings of the walls were embroidered with landscapes, flowers, and birds in wonderful hues. In like manner she covered the walls of her private rooms with birds that looked so life-like that one wondered they did not fly away. The green satin curtains of her magnificent boudoir were covered with lace of her own making. Similar curtains, delicate as a spider's web, draped the windows.

Whilst she worked, the reading aloud of her husband gave occupation to her mind. Her children speak Polish perfectly. The Princess is also a highly-gifted pianist; she is therefore at no loss to find profitable employment for each moment of her time—a charming example worth imitating. Being related to the Imperial Family, and a great favourite of the Empress Augusta, she always assisted her in visiting the hospitals, affording relief and consolation to the sufferers.

She sent us trios arranged by her grandfather Prince Anton, who was the composer of the music of *Faust*, and a friend of Chopin's. She wished Natalie to play one of them at the reception which she gave to the Emperor and Empress.

Each time the celebrated composer, Max Bruch, was in Berlin, he came to the Hochschule; his great musical picture *Odysseus* charmed all the musical world there.

(To be concluded.)



FROM THE ARTISTIC WORLD.
THE DIARY OF THE EARLY PROFESSIONAL DAYS OF
NATALIE JANOTHA.

By HER MOTHER.

IN February the Court concerts began. The Empress wished Natalie to play at the first.* Artists on those evenings are assembled in the salon adjoining the concert-room, where their Majesties, as well as members of the Imperial family, sit at small tables. In another room are ladies-in-waiting and dignitaries. Before the music begins, the Empress and the Emperor go round to welcome them, saying a kindly word to each as they pass from one to another, and return to their places.

After having played, Natalie was called to the Empress. As she was hastening to Her Majesty along the large salon, she was suddenly detained in the middle of the royal circle. Turning, she perceived His Majesty holding her sash, and saying—

"Slowly! Please stop! I want to be the first to thank you for your playing."

The little audience of Her Majesty being finished, Natalie was obliged to add the favourite valse, and the carillon published by Chappell.

In the beginning of the month of May we returned to Baden, and on our way we visited Carlsruhe and the ruins of the castle of Heidelberg. The piano which was ordered at that place was sent to Baden. Natalie began again to study under Madame Schumann.

The Court soon arrived, and a number of festivities began. The Empress was ill on the day of the first concert, and could not honour it with her presence. Towards the end of the first part of Beethoven's concerto, which Natalie played on that evening, the Emperor arrived, but His Majesty did not come into the hall till the end of the

first part, and waited at the entrance till the music ceased, wishing not to interrupt the playing by causing the audience to rise. A few days later the Grand Duchess invited Natalie to arrange a musical soirée which was to be given for their Imperial Majesties, parents of the Grand Duchess; also to give musical encouragement to her daughter Princess Victoria, now the Crown Princess of Sweden. Natalie afterwards went often to the castle, from which she always returned charmed with the talent of the Princess and the amiability of the Grand Duchess.

By continual and uninterrupted lessons, Madame Schumann helped her pupil, and arranged for her concerts at various places. While at Leipsic, Natalie stayed with friends of Madame Schumann. At the rehearsal in Gewandhaus she was cordially welcomed by the pupils of the Conservatoire. In the evening, after the concerto with orchestra, she had several solos to perform. Reinecke was accompanying the vocalists who sang between the instrumental pieces, and he unfortunately broke a note, and precisely the one that sustained all the melody in Natalie's piece. She, however, managed to replace and change this note till she got through the difficulty in the most happy manner. Reinecke told her that he felt he had broken the hammer, but was curious to see how she would manage it, and congratulated her on her presence of mind.

She appeared subsequently in Berlin at a concert given for the orphanage of Oberlin. All the Court was present; Dr. Joachim took part. Field Marshal Moltke, the patron of the orphanage, sent her, in the name of the committee, a picture (drawn by Overbeck) representing Christ blessing children. Shortly afterwards the Empress wished Natalie

to play with her niece Princess Pauline, now married to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar. Her Majesty was present herself on these occasions. The Emperor laughingly said he feared she would hardly be able to support the dignity of a teacher in presence of a pupil older than herself; nevertheless the Princess made great progress. After that the Empress frequently sent Natalie to the Augusta Stiftung at Charlottenburg, an institution for orphans founded by her. The best masters give lessons there to pupils who now come from different parts of Europe, and from America. The Empress visits the institute several times a week, staying a long time; she even has rooms fitted up for her there, entering into the smallest details of matters concerning this house, which she calls "her youngest child."

The Empress wished the children, whose progress had been satisfactory, to hear those recitals. One of the ladies-in-waiting used to fetch Natalie, who, when seated down to the piano, found herself the centre of what she called a living wreath of eager listeners. At first these performances went off decorously and ceremoniously, but at each visit the children felt more and more at home, till, finally throwing aside all ceremony, they followed their guest to the hall, shouting to her to return as soon as possible.

Having been obliged to leave Germany and pass some time in our own country, upon our return we found that arrangements were made for Natalie to give a concert, of which she still retains the pleasantest recollections.* The outset was, however, surrounded by difficulties of all sorts. At noon, on the very day, Madame Joachim came to warn us

* *Gavotte imperiale*, dedicated to the Empress by N. Janotha. Published by Chappell.

* In 1885 N. Janotha was honoured with the diploma of Court Pianiste.

that possibly she might be unable to sing on account of a heavy cold. Natalie drove to Madame Artôt, hoping that she would replace her. Madame Artôt was ill herself, but wrote to the first singer of the opera, Miss Brandt, "*Faites l'impossible pour Mademoiselle Janotha.*" We drove to Miss Brandt, but she could not sing without the permission of the director of the opera, Von Hülsen. We then went to the director, but he was not at home, he was lunching with Prince Alexander. We now hastened to the palace of Prince Alexander, with a letter from Madame Hülsen to her husband, requesting him to give the desired permission, as the Court announced their presence at the concert. The letter was duly delivered to M. Hülsen, but his host would not allow him to read it, thinking it must be about some annoying affair. Meanwhile it was almost 7 o'clock, and the concert was to begin at 8. At last the director read the letter, and, quite pleased that it contained no bad news, gave the permission, which we hurried off to the other end of Berlin to show to Miss Brandt. This was the end of the troubles. Miss Brandt sang at the concert, and rendered beautifully Madame Joachim's part of the programme. The special feature of the concert was the never-to-be-forgotten kindness of Madame Schumann, who played the variations by Schumann for two pianos with Natalie.

Madame Schumann was just about to go to London for the annual concerts at St. James's Hall. The homage with which she is surrounded in England makes her return there always with pleasure; but ill-health obliged her to postpone the departure. It was hoped, however, that Madame Schumann would be able to be in London before the concerts were all over. However, this was impossible, and Madame Schumann wished that Natalie should appear at the last concert. The same evening I started for London, and when taking leave of me, Madame Schumann added that she would be glad to hear that in London Natalie would, as her pupil, satisfy the public. Natalie joined me in Calais, coming from concerts in Holland, where she went under care of friends.

When we arrived in London we proceeded to the lodgings taken for us—small rooms on the ground floor, but carpeted everywhere, looking the picture of comfort and almost luxury. There was a bright fire to warm the perished travellers, and breakfast was ready on the table.

As soon as the landlady appeared, I asked her in French where a piano could be placed. "You cannot play here," she answered, "as there are sick people close by." In vain I tried to explain to her that a piano was necessary. All my explanations were met by the same answer, delivered with a *sang froid* that annihilated me, "You cannot play here."

We went straight to the director of the concert, who seemed greatly dissatisfied at the non-appearance of Madame Schumann, but helped us kindly, however, in our troubles, and showed us rooms in the neighbourhood. As no objection

was made to the piano, we were satisfied to remain there, and immediately went off to Broadwood's establishment to obtain one. The choice of an instrument was left to Natalie. Seating herself at the piano, the perfection of which delighted her, she forgot the fatigues of the journey and the worries of the morning, and played through the programme chosen by Madame Schumann. After the last piece, full of melody and life, success for this concert was prophesied, the prospect of which alarmed us so much, and immediately a beautiful piano was sent home, and later, one to the concert-room.

Scarcely had we arrived at home when the director came to say that he wished Natalie to play one piece, and that a very short one. So we drove off to Phillimore Gardens to see Dr. Joachim, who at last arranged everything to be as Madame Schumann wished.

We went in the afternoon to St. James's Hall, where Dr. Joachim told Natalie she must not expect to be welcomed on her entrance, as it was not the custom in England when one appears for the first time. I thought of Madame Schumann, and feared she had hoped far too much as to the success of this concert; but at her entrance, and after having finished playing, Natalie received kind expressions of approval. Afterwards it was told to me that the audience recognised the school of Madame Schumann, and were drawn towards the musical marked national idiosyncrasy, which pleased them. The director came to congratulate me kindly, and telegraphed to thank Madame Schumann for sending this pupil, whom he had distrusted at first.

The Crown Princess of Germany wrote kindly to inquire how Natalie had been received in London; and shortly after she was summoned to Windsor, to have the honour of playing before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal family. Natalie was delighted to hear H.R.H. Princess Beatrice play a nocturne by Chopin most poetically, and pleased at the gracious reception she received from the Royal circle.

The grave splendour of Windsor, the tapestried walls and portraits of centuries of kings, arranged in historic order, and the severe style of the furniture, produced an impression of solemnity and grandeur that suited the august presence of royalty.

During our stay in London we saw Sir Frederick Leighton's studio, which is quite a gallery of works of art, and the sight of which creates and trains artists. London possesses many private collections in addition to those great public institutions, the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum; indeed, it may almost be said that every rich Englishman possesses his own gallery.

The pleasantest recollections, however, are some visits at the house of Alma Tadema. He mentioned one day that he had learnt English from two masters—a poet and a footman! From one he acquired the use of elevated, from the other that of ordinary, language.

He complimented the poet, and rebuked the servant when he did not understand him.

This irritation burst forth into every variety of expression, which he learned without the usual process of study. The poet taught him the language of ecstasy and admiration, which he addressed to the beautiful lady who is now his wife. The villa in which he lives in Regent's Park is beautifully situated in the midst of long stretches of green sward, covered with fine trees.

Alma Tadema chooses classical subjects for his paintings. Roman patricians, ladies in gorgeous attire, velvet hangings, marbles, mosaics—everything is reproduced marvellously on his canvas. Photographs of all the works of Tadema adorn the walls of the hall leading to his studio. His drawing-rooms are filled with rare Indian plants and strange furniture with dragons' heads. The music-room has the walls gilt. The piano (Broadwood's) holds the first place in it. The artist gave the design. All the cover inside is covered with parchment, where artists who play upon it write their names. The sides of the piano are inlaid with ivory. The upper part of the keyboard is of mosaic, of a different coloured wood, representing birds upon branches, the leaves of which contain the music they are singing.

On the end of the piano are the owner's initials. The seat is a miniature of the Great Mogul's throne. This beautiful and expensive caprice cost the happy possessor enormous sums.

Mrs. Tadema paints beautifully, and her studio is close to her husband's, like a miniature of the kingdom of Flora, with a favourite tortoise and a refreshing fountain in the middle.

An interesting concert which we attended was given for the benefit of Mario, the singer, who was reduced to poverty. The artists who offered their services on this occasion were Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Santley, and Sims Reeves.

The love of music is almost general in English society. Amongst others may be named Lord Dudley, with an historical name of the time of Elizabeth. At the private concerts given at his splendid house, which is almost like a garden in its wealth of flowers and plants, the leading artists are to be heard.

Yet neither Madame Schumann, Joachim, nor Rubinstein considered such performances worthy of the greatness of art. There is an anecdote about Lord Dudley and Rubinstein which illustrates this. When his lordship proposed to the latter to play for him, offering very high terms, the artist said, "The ticket for my concert to-day will not cost so much." Lord Dudley was not offended by such an answer; he went to the concert, and listened to the great pianist with pleasure.

A *matinée*, arranged under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, in which Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sang with all the *greatness* of her genius, prolonged our stay in London.