

hotly. A skirmish ensued, which ended as such encounters generally did, by Katharine throwing her arms around Nora's neck. In this instance, however, she privately resolved to hold her own in the matter of Mary Percival.

It must not be supposed that she forgot her mother, or her late home at Belle-Rive, now that she had settled into her English life. Madame Du-vigny had wept over the first frantic effusions of home-sickness, yet her tears were not all bitterness; Katharine did really care for her, did really feel the separation. As time went on, the letters grew less frequent, and the wild despair vanished out of them altogether. The mother was glad of this, and yet cherished and re-read the first outbursts of affection and wretchedness. All was well in the Professor's household. Douglas Gordon was studying hard at various University "Cours," and learning French. He wrote, about the middle of March, a long letter to Katharine in that language as a proof of his progress. Her reply may be transcribed.

"Clevedon House,  
"Clevedon Hill,  
"London, S.W.  
"March 26.

"MY DEAR DOUGLAS,

"Your letter is not bad, only you don't always "remarquer l'accord du participe passé. I think you are, as I said you would, making more progress now your teasing English-speaking comrade has departed. I am glad the children are all well, and that you are looking after my mother. I can't say you are doing it in my place, because I didn't do it, I am afraid, or at least not as well as I

ought to have done. But do keep on taking as much care of her in little ways as you can.

"I am as happy here as ever I can be. On Saturdays I go to the 'National School of Music' and have the most delightful, wonderful lessons from Herr von Drachenfels. If you see Monsieur Dumaresq, you can tell him that my Belle-Rive lessons were simply an empty farce compared to these! I am getting on in harmony and composition too.

"During the week I go to the High School, which is great fun. I am very fond now of my Cousin Nora, though I didn't like her (do you remember?) when we met in Switzerland. She never plays that 'Air with Variations' now. In fact she won't play much; she always tells people that I am the musical one. I have other friends too at the High School. My days are neatly divided between study at the school, and study and practising at home.

"Of course we don't go out much yet, but auntie has friends who call in state 'every other Thursday,' and sometimes, very rarely, I am had in to play to them.

"I wish you could see our home. Clevedon House is the most delightful place you can imagine for a London suburb. In February we had skating on the pond—very different from the skating you recollect in the forest, that day you scolded me so! Still, it was skating. Now the birds are beginning to sing and to build in the tall elms on the lawn, and I can see the tiny leaf buds coming. There is that feeling in the air which tells you it is spring. I feel as if I must exclaim with joy sometimes.

"As you were like a sort of brother, you won't mind this long scrawl. Give my love to mother, and if you like, my kind regards to the Professor.

"Yours sincerely,  
"KATHARINE LOVELL."

"What is she writing to that Scotch lad about?" inquired Mr. Lovell, when he came home and found the envelope addressed to Douglas Gordon awaiting postage with others, in the letter-rack.

"She'll tell you if you ask her, but I don't know, I'm sure," rejoined Mrs. Lovell, with a comfortable easy-going smile. "They're both children."

"Well, yes, I suppose they are," observed Mr. Lovell.

"Why, Richard, I should think so. She showed me a letter she had from him, at least she translated it, and it was all about schoolboy sports: tobogganing, or *lugin* they call it, and skating, and rowing on the lake, and such-like."

"All right," assented her husband. "Only mind; Katharine is seventeen, and when she really is a grown-up young lady, we won't have any nonsense."

"Katharine grown up!" laughed Mrs. Lovell. "Why, she hasn't put her hair up! She's a child as yet, if ever there was one, with all the ways of a child—careless, and heedless, and racing hither and thither. She won't be grown up just yet awhile!"

"Well, she's a good girl, and improving fast," said Mr. Lovell, putting the letter back, "and I'm very glad we took her from her home at Belle-Rive."

(To be continued.)

## MADAME SCHUMANN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The History of Music."



THE greatest woman performer on the pianoforte has passed away. It is seventy-seven years ago since Madame Schumann was born. Many things have happened in that lengthy interval of time. Great

changes have taken place in the musical world. Beethoven has died. Spohr, Rossini, Donizetti, Weber, and Schubert have passed away. Mendelssohn has made his appearance before the world, written his first composition, closed a short life of singular brilliancy, and joined the great majority in death. Madame Schumann was a contemporary and friend of many of these gifted men of a glorious past.

Since the death of her gifted husband, who was the last of a long line of great German composers, very little has been done really great or edifying in the music of Germany. Theorising musicians have arisen who have attempted to compose music on certain fixed principles which, while a few zealous partisans commend, half the world objects to and abhors. There has been a plentiful crop

of little men who, like the frog in the fable, have blown out their sides and imagined themselves as big as an ox—we allude to such composers as the disciples of Wagner—but the really great and glorious German musicians seem to have been extinguished at the death of Robert Schumann. Taking her all in all, Clara Schumann was probably the greatest musical genius who has existed in Germany for the last thirty years or more, although her talents have been confined to the sphere of execution, and were not extended like those of her illustrious husband to the sphere of composition likewise.

She was born at Leipzig, a town whose musical traditions may rival those even of Vienna itself, since it can point back through a long series of celebrities to the days when John Sebastian Bach was cantor at St. Thomas's church in the town, and wrote for the benefit of the good people of Leipzig his immortal compositions. Clara Wieck, for that was Madame Schumann's maiden name, had no sooner entered the world than her father resolved that she should be a musician, "and the greatest," he was accustomed to add, "which all my care and attention can make her." Here was a prospect for a little baby in the cradle—foredoomed to pass her life, or at least her girlhood, in playing exer-

cises and scales from morning to night! We tremble to think what would have been the young girl's misery, if by chance she had had no "ear" for music or an aversion to it, which comes to the same thing. Fortunately for herself, and fortunately too for posterity, neither of these two things was the case. No sooner were the child's baby-fingers big enough to grasp the keys of the piano than she was placed before the instrument by her indefatigable and sedulous father, who forthwith proceeded to instruct her in the art of playing a scale.

We may imagine the little baby-girl demurely seated at the instrument for her first lesson in the piano, while bending over her was her grim and inexorable instructor, who had determined that, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, she should be made to play the pianoforte, and become the greatest performer in Europe. Herr Wieck, Clara's father, delighted in the appellation "the schoolmaster," by which title he was familiarly addressed by his numerous music pupils. He earned the name owing to the diligence with which he inculcated his principles of tuition, and the care with which he insisted on the methodical repetition of stated exercises and scales. Some pupils finding that the title of "old schoolmaster" was too mild a term for

his severity and castigation, called Wieck "the old drill sergeant," who, they declared, drilled them as effectually and as remorselessly in the routine of keys and scales as the sergeants of the regiments exercised recruits in the "goose-step."

Such was the future instructor who bent over tiny Clara Wieck on that day in her early childhood when she received her first lesson in the pianoforte. He must have been exceedingly anxious, although determined. Fortunately his fears, if he had any, as to the child's ability for music were completely dispelled by the result. She showed herself from the very first moment when she sat down to the piano endowed with a remarkable affection for the instrument. In place of having to be driven to the pianoforte, there was no getting her away from it, and the only fear in this earliest stage of her instruction was lest she might work herself into an illness rather than waste her time in idleness. No apprehension of that nature seems to have troubled "Schoolmaster" Wieck. He kept the girl constantly at scales, exercises, and pieces from morning to night. All the favourite difficulties wherewith he was wont to render miserable his other pupils, were enforced with treble energy upon her. The child, however, seems to have made light work of all Wieck's armoury of difficulties, and to have astonished her father by the display of a capacity which in his most sanguine moments he had never dreamt of her possessing.

The rapid advances which she daily made rendered her quite able to play the pianoforte in public by the age of nine. Her father was anxious that she should face the ordeal. She on her part had no objection—in fact she must have looked forward to such an incident as an agreeable change from the harsh routine of her everyday life. In order to introduce her effectively to the public, advantage was taken of a concert given by Mdlle. Perthaler in Leipsic, and the young girl was announced as about to play at it. Her performance at the pianoforte that evening was sufficient to stamp her as a most remarkable executant, young as she was, and all Herr Wieck's friends united in praise of his wonderfully talented child.

Her instruction was carried on unremittingly by her father until she arrived at her teens. She was suffered to learn little else but music, kept in an atmosphere of music from morn till night, and indeed worked so terribly hard that any but the most splendid constitution would have sunk under the strain. Her father, with all his tremendous enthusiasm for the girl's development, seems to have overlooked entirely every consideration of her health. Fortunately for him she was a strong girl, or else his system of instruction would, in this instance, have resulted only in a deplorable failure and breakdown both of spirits and frame. As it was, she stood the ordeal admirably. By the time she was thirteen her proficiency was so great that there was no piece of music which she could not execute, no difficulty so great as to deter her from attempting and overcoming it. It was at this time of her life that she met Mendelssohn, and the influence of that master on her musical taste was very marked and very important. From him she learnt that the true end of music is not to astonish or even to amuse, but to touch the emotions, to awaken the sympathies, to strike the chords

of the heart. Her style of playing, as may readily be imagined from the method of tuition which her father adopted with her, was that florid, brilliant, dazzling style of transcendent execution, which electrifies, astonishes, appals. She knew no other. She had been taught by the whole course of her training that the main object of musical practice is to overcome difficulties, and beyond this triumph over difficulties she paid little regard to the requirements of the art. Mendelssohn changed all this, and from the day she met him she was conscious of a new aim gradually making itself felt within her. She proposed to herself now the interpretation of the composer's thought rather than the display of her own matchless execution. She tried to suppress her own personality as a pianist, and bring forward as prominently as she could the sentiments and intentions of the composer. The

aged nineteen came to know the little girl aged nine who could play much better than himself on the piano, and who easily outstripped him in general intelligence. His wonder and astonishment at the faithful prodigy deepened into admiration, and admiration deepened into a warmer feeling as the girl grew up to womanhood. When Clara Wieck herself became of an age capable of understanding his sentiments, she began to reciprocate them, and little by little the friendship of the two, although marked by disparity of years, developed into love, strong and abiding. Like all German lovers, the two young people plighted their troth together and solemnly pledged their words to each other that at a certain period in the not very far distant future they would become man and wife. Their happiness was naturally extreme, and they looked forward with ardent pleasure to the happy day which

would make them one, when suddenly a thunderbolt fell on their mutual felicity. Herr Wieck got to hear of their secret betrothal; declared that he would not have a penniless musician for a son-in-law, and banished Schumann from the house, forbidding him even to write a letter to the object of his adoration. The marriage, said Herr Wieck flatly, was a preposterous one, and should never, never take place. He forbade his daughter under any circumstances to read any letter which the now disgraced composer might send her; and to make sure that no communication should reach her hands, made a point of going to the letter-box at all hours of the day, and opening every note—no matter in what handwriting—which was addressed to Clara.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," is an old saying and a true one. We might supplement it in the present instance with another one, equally veracious and more to the purpose: "Love laughs at letter-boxes." While the remorseless and indignant father was deluding himself with the idea that he had effectually put a stop to any interchange of communication between his daughter and the disgraced pupil, the two lovers were all the time carrying on a correspondence under his very eyes by a particular means not easily paralleled in the history of love-making. Robert Schumann at this period of his life varied the labours of composition with the task of editing a musical newspaper called the *Neue Zeitschrift der Musik*. He was forbidden to correspond with the young lady. But he knew that

the *Neue Zeitschrift* was taken in at her house, and in lieu of getting letters to her through the letter-box, he determined to print anonymous letters to her in the newspaper itself, on the chance that she might open the paper and read them. This extraordinary plan he executed with the greatest boldness, and once a week a letter never failed to appear in print, and was regularly delivered at Herr Wieck's house. Herr Wieck put on his spectacles as usual, read the news, read the letter, could make nothing out of the latter, and in the ordinary course of things handed the paper to his daughter.

These letters have been preserved and reprinted. They are entitled *Schwärmbriefe of Eusebius to Chiara*. It will be noticed that the name Clara was disguised by the adoption of the Italian form of the name by the astute editor. This was done in order to deceive Wieck, who was ignorant of the Italian language. Of these extraordinary epistles,



CLARA SCHUMANN.

(From the photograph by F. Ganz, Brussels.)

pursuit of such an aim speedily lifted her above the common level into a new and higher atmosphere, and it is this peculiar secret of her playing, steadfastly adhered to from that day forth, which has made her what she was—the greatest pianist in Europe of her day.

When she was barely nine years old, she had met the man who was destined in course of time to be her husband. Robert Schumann, at that time a youth of about nineteen or twenty, had come to Herr Wieck's house in the double capacity of a lodger and a pupil. Destined for a profession very different from that of music by his mother, viz., the law, he had at length thrown up his law-books in very weariness and disgust, and comparatively late in life had commenced the study of music. To whom better than to Herr Wieck could he entrust the task of his education? There was probably not a better man in Germany for the purpose; and to Herr Wieck accordingly he came. At Wieck's house the musical novice

the following may be taken as a specimen: "Amid all our musical soul-feasts, there's always peeping out an angel face, which more than resembles the divine lineaments of a certain Chiara. How thou must have thought of us last night, Chiara, at the concert, where thou wert playing those compositions which the editor of this paper loves so well. I also thought of thee, Chiara, pure one, bright one, whose hands are ever stretched towards Italy—whither thy longing draws thee—but thy dreamy eyes still turned to the editor of this paper." If Mr. Jacques, the editor of the *Musical World*, were to incorporate a series of such extravagances in his paper, we may imagine what commotion there would be among its readers. No less commotion prevailed among the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift*, who were completely mystified as to what it was all about. The only person who fully appreciated every expression in the ardent letters, was a certain young lady at No. 36

Grimmisch Strasse, Leipsic, who had suddenly become a most diligent reader of the paper.

Such a pertinacious wooer would take no denying, and in due course Herr Wieck relented, and promised that the marriage so ardently desired should take place. It proved a very happy one. No better partner in life could have been vouchsafed to the meditative, dreamy composer than the young maiden whom he had wooed and won so romantically. She proved herself first and foremost an admirable housewife and economist, not the least important of the many qualifications which go to making up a good wife. In addition to this she shared and fully sympathised with his poetical nature, his musical day-dreams, and studied that he might indulge his reveries without interference, while she faced the more serious side of life, which her more practical nature was better able to cope with. She encouraged him to continue the labour of composition, and played his music in public in

a way which achieved it ready popularity. A happy household they were in after years, with seven children running about, and everything proving joy and prosperity. Schumann's painful illness and sad death destroyed that happiness, but the energy of the mother prevented a blight to the family prosperity. She continued her admirable pianoforte performances; she became the wonder and delight of Europe, and in every capital city her name is well-known and her talents admired.

She generally resided at Frankfort-on-the-Main or at Wiesbaden, and was held in esteem and veneration by all who knew her. She used to write to the Editor of this magazine some interesting letters, and it is his great pride, as it must have been that of his readers, that she contributed a pianoforte-solo of her own composition to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is also worthy of note that her best pupils, Mademoiselle Janotha and Miss Fanny Davies, are contributors to the same magazine.

## WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

### CHAPTER III.

PORTLAND PLACE.



MAY DEL-  
LINGHAM  
had had a  
busy win-  
ter. Both  
she and her  
husband  
liked going  
out, and  
did so in  
moderation.  
To them both  
it was recreation  
and not the  
business of  
life, and an  
earnestness  
of purpose and

high standard was never lost sight of. They generally went out together, for Mr. Dellingham was proud of his lovely wife, who received admiration with dignity and never allowed the "sweet briery fence," as Moore poetically calls it, to be broken down in her intercourse with men. Those who knew her were often reminded of Mrs. Browning's "My Kate," and certainly her influence was greater than she was at all aware of herself.

Every morning of her life May offered all the actions of the day to God, her recreations, her amusements, social duties, etc., remembering always that if such ordinary matters as eating and drinking were to be done to the greater glory of God, much more could that spirit affect all other duties and pleasures.

From May's lips detractions never came. She knew well that it was a sin—robbing those who were the object of it of their good name—and society scandals were never spoken of by her. Many an ill-natured story or scandalous piece of gossip was nipped in the bud when in her own house she silenced it by a deft turn of the conversation or marked silence eloquent of disapproval.

May read a great deal but chose her books with care, and was never ashamed of saying she had not read a popular novel which she knew was by an author who wrote of those

things, of which no modest woman would care to hear.

"No, I have not read it," she said to a lady one day who asked her if she had read a new French novel which was making a sensation, "and I shall not do so."

"Of course it's rather *risque*," said the lady, "but when one is married one can read anything, and it's so clever."

"Possibly," said May coldly, "but because I am married I do not think I am more free to sully the purity of my mind than when I was a girl. And besides I should loathe the book. I have read reviews of it and know the line it takes. Evil and sin for some inscrutable purpose exists in the world, but we should not without necessity inform ourselves of its details or learn more of it than we can help. It always seems to me that books of that kind are as if you took up some filthy mud that had accumulated in the street and placing it before you contemplated it."

The lady laughed and said how very prim and proper Mrs. Dellingham was—she would soon learn better in London society.

But May did not learn what this lady would have termed better. She was careful in all ways to what she exposed herself to see, hear and read, knowing that the mind and soul is of greater value than the body.

How careful people are lest they run into danger which may affect the latter, and yet how reckless they are of what they let come to influence the mind and soul!

May and her husband did much for the poor and suffering in the way of money but did not stop there.

As May was not very strong Mr. Dellingham did not care for her to undertake any "slumming," but both of them rendered personal service to their Master in very many ways, the medium through which they did it often being some poor artist or struggling governess, young men who needed a helping hand and the exercise of interest to push them on, or girls to whom education meant endowing them with a fortune which could be used but never spent.

May had several poor gentlewomen whom she visited often in their humble lodgings or tiny flats. Many of them according to the decision of their friends were fit subjects for homes and the various asylums which exist for impecunious or distressed gentlewomen. These May

and her husband exerted themselves to help by getting votes, etc., but there were others who shrank from any charities of the kind and who clung to their one room with a pertinacity few understood. May's sympathetic nature helped her to comfort these and give a great deal of help in various ways. These ladies are of a most difficult class to help, so people say generally, but May did not find it so. Hers was a "heart at leisure from itself" from which soothing and sympathy flowed spontaneously. With tact and courtesy she won her way and was able to help in many ways. There were newspapers sent regularly from Portland Place, and however busy May was she always undertook the addressing of these herself. There were flowers and fruit sent, delicacies in time of illness, a nurse when needed, a doctor's bill mysteriously paid, anonymous gifts sent through the post, according to the old Russian plan when the receiver is asked to accept the offering "For Christ's sake," and many other things in kind.

May was quick and observant, and thus soon discovered what the needs of her friends were, and much as she assisted them materially she also often helped them more by the very fact of her sweet presence and her visits.

What with one thing and another, although she had no children May's hands were always full, and she had to plan out her time and use method or else she would never have got through half she did and yet be always able to go about with her husband, for whom she felt increasing admiration, the more she knew of him and his sterling, unselfish character. The servants of the house all loved their master and mistress, who treated one and all with respect and courtesy. Although in their rambling life abroad May had not had much to do with servants beyond her own maid and the man-servant who had been for many years with Mr. Dellingham, she soon discovered how to govern her house. Her housekeeper took much trouble off her hands, but May did not consider that her existence freed her from all responsibility.

One February day when the wind was very keen Winifred called at Portland Place on her return from a long afternoon of shopping. May had gone to the Queen's drawing-room and Winifred had promised to look in if she had time and see her on her return, which