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REMINISCENCES
OF
MADAME
SIDNEY PRATTEN.
BY
FRANK MOTT HARRISON, Mus. Bac.
PUBLISHED BY
BARNES & MULLINS,
BOURNEMOUTH, W.,
ENGLAND.

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5/- NETT.
“By the Sea” at Brighton.
REMINISCENCES OF

MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN:

Guitariste and Composer.

BY

FRANK MOTT HARRISON, Mus.B.

BARNES & MULLINS,
BOURNEMOUTH W., ENGLAND.
1899.
PREFACE.

THE series of articles I contributed to "THE TROUBADOUR" during 1897-8 had such a kind and sympathetic reception by the guitarists of England, that I was induced to accept the publishers' invitation to revise, and slightly add to, them, and to present them again in this, the more permanent form of a volume. The labour which I have bestowed upon the work is fully compensated by the favourable remarks expressed upon the same; and no one who enjoyed such close friendship with MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN as it was my privilege, could regret the time devoted to such a pleasurable task.

FRANK MOTT HARRISON.

Brighton,
April, 1899.
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The following Friends of the late MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN are among the numerous Subscribers to this Memorial Edition of the Reminiscences.

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Reminiscences of

Madame Sidney Pratten:
Guitariste and Composer.
CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW—HER INFANCY—
HER CHILDHOOD—HER FIRST APPEAR-
ANCE IN LONDON—HER DETERMINED
CHARACTER—HER STUDY OF HARMONY
ENDING IN DISCORD.

WHEN I commenced to study the
guitar, the name of Madame Sidney
Pratten so frequently came to my notice,
that the desire to know her was naturally
aroused. The mediocre players that I had
heard, showed the defects of the guitar in
an intensified degree. I knew, however,
that all instruments have their defects, and
that it is the artiste who overcomes, or at
least subdues, them. Example being a
better guide than precept, I sought it;—
and, in Madame Sidney Pratten I found
my ideal example for beauty of tone and
expression, in the rendering of guitar
music.
I little thought that my first interview with the great guitariste would be the prelude to a close friendship for years. But such was my privilege; and I only look back on the past to regret her absence now.

Madame Pratten was fond of dwelling upon the thoughts of her childhood days, which were spent, partly in that region of romance — Rhineland — and partly in travelling from city to city, and from country to country. Her memory carried her back to her home at Mülheim where she was, in the custom of the Fatherland, cradled in swaddling clothes. She liked to talk about her infant precocity when instinct prompted her to rock her cradle to and fro until it over-balanced, and she was able to crawl to a bystanding guitar, and, with her tiny fingers, sound the strings. Mr. Pelzer, her father, encouraged his little daughter in her fascination for the instrument, and his child—Catherina Josepha—
was destined to become the renowned guitariste, the subject of this memoir.

When Miss Pelzer first began to play the guitar, I am unable to say, exactly. But at a very tender age she must have made considerable progress. In her seventh year she was before the public and creating a sensation. Her father took her to various continental cities as well as to London. At this period, about 1830, there were several great guitarists living. Sor and Giuliani, Schulz and Horetzky, were flourishing; and the young genius, Giulio Regondi, was receiving considerable notice. No doubt the success which attended Miss Pelzer's performances instigated her father to develop his child's talent to the utmost—a temptation too great to be withstood when genius and health permit. Little Catherina Pelzer was kept very close to her studies; she was even denied that solace of girlhood—the doll. But her
ingenuity overcame the deprivation, and a temporary substitute was found in a handkerchief wound round her hand, with a knotted corner to form a head! However, the little artiste must have compensated the time lost in her innocent and natural indulgences, for she was soon able to render Giuliani's third concerto.

The musical public was, indeed, privileged at this time. The infant prodigies—Catherina Josepha Pelzer and Giulio Regondi—had met, and were brought out together. Such diminutive performers were "lost" on a large platform; so, to be seen as well as heard, they were mounted upon a table. Madame Pratten often used to speak of these days when she played duets with Regondi, whose abilities she always highly praised.

It may be interesting to add that Fraulein Pelzer played on a "Terz" guitar—a small-sized instrument.
KING'S CONCERT ROOMS.
Hanover Square.

Mr. N. WEIPPERT
Mr. RIBAS

Grand Concert

Thursday Evening,
MARCH 13, 1831.

Mr. E. SEGUEIN, Mrs. CLARA NOVELLO.
Mr. T. BURKE.

Mr. GIUDICIE, Mr. STRETTON,
Mr. HENRY H. ALLEN, Mr. C. FURGEY
And S. REGNIEZ.

Mr. MORI
Will play at Fantasia on the Violin.

Concerts of M. PELZER and GIULIO RECONDI
[Note: This is a piece of the concert schedule.]

Mr. STEWART
A Grand Performance on the Piano-Forte.

Mr. I. RIBAS
A Grand Performance on the Piano-Forte.

Mr. K. I. RIBAS
An Accompaniment of Largo, and Scherzo, Fantasia and other Works.

The subscription for the benefit of the Music School will be collected at this concert. All persons desiring the benefit of the subscription are requested to send their names and contributions to Mr. K. I. RIBAS, music room, No. 6, Hanover Square.

Leader, Mr. MORI. Conducting, Mr. N. WEIPPERT.

To constitute a large and active principal.

A CONCERT BILL.
MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN AS A CHILD.
The illustration gives an excellent idea of her guitar and also shows the "minuteness" of its player. It is copied from a beautifully executed engraving, which was published at the time. I possess two copies of the picture. One was given to me by Madame Pratten, and the other I purchased at a sale, where it was described as "A girl playing a banjo." The mention of this reminds me of an anecdote told by Madame Pratten. She was, some years ago, partaking of a meal in a public restaurant in London, and suddenly espied a copy of this portrait upon the wall. Her excitement was intense; and her anxiety to possess the picture (which was a fine copy), enabled its owner to strike an exceptionally good bargain, at least, so far as he was concerned!

Miss Pelzer's first appearance in London was at the King's Theatre (afterwards called Her Majesty's). She also played,
about this period, at a concert at which Madame Grisi sang.

The little guitarist was quite idolised, her playing being enhanced by her pretty face and her attractive manners. In 1836 she was the "talk of society" and her successes were especially marked at the Hanover Square Rooms. I cannot refrain from quoting the following extracts from contemporary critiques: "The interesting little beneficiare astonished her hearers by her wonderful performances upon the guitar . . . . produced effects from the guitar, of which we had no previous conception it was capable." Another says: "She played three brilliant pieces, accompanied by her father, to the general admiration of the company assembled. Her touch is powerful, and her execution wonderful; we were surprised how such tiny fingers could draw forth such perfect sounds from an instrument requiring some
strength to make it discourse 'eloquent music.' In a very few years we doubt not to see this interesting child at the head of her profession.' This prophecy, I need scarcely say, has been fulfilled.

The first of a series of three recitals was given on Tuesday, February 24th, 1836. Upon this occasion Miss Pelzer was assisted by eminent artistes—Miss Bruce, Miss Addison; Messrs. Mori, Kiallmark, Roche, and Purday. One critic described the young virtuoso as "a little heroine."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Musical World* announcing her other concerts:

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

MISS PELZER respectfully announces that her SECOND CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on Saturday Evening, May 7th, 1836, at Eight o'clock.

And her THIRD CONCERT, Tuesday morning, May 31st, 1836, at Two o'clock. Conductor, Mr. G. F. KIALLMARK.

TICKETS FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

To be had of Mr. PELZER (Professor of the Guitar), 39, Great Portland Street, and at all the principal Music Shops.
They were very successful and brought unlimited fame to the concert giver.

As a girl, Madame Pratten showed a determined character. She disliked the torture endured from having her hair curled. Upon one occasion, on the day of an important evening concert, she rebelled against the tyranny, and set off by herself to the nearest coiffeur to have her locks removed. This was done; and the consternation of her parents when she returned may be imagined!

Although possessing a fertile brain, little Fraulein Pelzer did not enjoy close book study. She disliked her harmony lessons. The matter-of-fact solutions of figured-bass problems were uncongenial to her poetic mind and imagination. Her master—Dr. Carnaby—told Mr. Pelzer that his daughter had a head like a sieve! It was useless to attempt to teach her thorough-bass. The doctor's pupil had the same
opinion and they parted company. Nature, however, bestowed the requisite knowledge, and from the sieve-like cranium there evolved many charming harmonies, of which I shall treat later on.

I have dealt somewhat at length upon the early days of Madame Pratten in order to show that her life was always natural; and although her genius made itself apparent from the cradle, she lived a human life—a feature biographers are apt to overlook when describing the infant precocity of their subjects.

I will not tire my readers with further anecdotes of the young artiste. Madame Pratten told me many—all of which are interesting—showing the child as she was, and giving evidence of the character she developed in later life.
CHAPTER II.

COMMENCEMENT OF HER PROFESSIONAL CAREER—HER PATRONESS, LADY SOMERSET—AS LOVER—'THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH'—HER MARRIAGE AND MARRIED LIFE—HER HUSBAND'S AFFECTION—MR. PRATTEN'S DEATH—AS WIDOW.

MISS Pelzer—at seventeen years of age—established herself as a teacher of the guitar in Exeter. She received in that city liberal support from a fashionable clientèle. Perhaps the most fortunate event of her professional life occurred here. Lady John Somerset took a great fancy to the young guitarist, and persuaded her to go to London. Her ladyship gave Miss Pelzer apartments in her own residence, and introduced her to the nobility as an instructress, which soon brought her into
fame. This kindness, shown by her noble patroness was never forgotten, and Madame Pratten had varied mementoes of Lady Somerset to show, as well as the happy recollections to recount.

During her sojourn with Lady Somerset, Madame Pratten composed her famous solo "Lord Raglan's March" in honor of the promotion of her ladyship's brother-in-law, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, whose name is so familiar in connection with the war in Crimea.

Although this exceptional start in life gave impetus to future success, it must not be assumed that Madame Pratten used no personal effort to reach the summit of fame. Nor would I allow it to be thought that fame alone prompted her in her efforts. Art was her object in life; and to aid its advancement was her aim. I believe that no one has done more to further artistic attainments than has
Madame Sidney Pratten. I have known the effects of her influence upon crude subjects—in whom she saw scope for development—minds which have appeared insensible to that delicacy and refinement which constitute art. I do not wish it inferred that Madame Pratten was led away by ultra-sentimentalism; she possessed no such trait in her nature. While appreciating to the fullest degree all that was artistic, all that was beautiful—she never became a slave to romanticism. She had, however, an inbred hatred of all that was coarse and vulgar. Her environments considerably influenced her in her art. I have known her to be unable to play when facing an ill-shaped piece of furniture; so sensitive was her mind.

Miss Pelzer continued her teaching and public performances with great success, and won for herself a large and influential circle of friends. The smile of fortune,
which greeted her in childhood, had continued with her through her maiden life, and was destined to do so until the end of her career. But I must digress a little to introduce an episode in which I must show her as 'lover.'

It is hardly a biographer's duty to include facts which have been disclosed by a free and open heart. I must then restrain my pen. It is but natural that a halo of romance should hover around one so eminently poetical and romantic as Cath erina Josepha Pelzer was. Were I a novelist I should be licensed to portray any character I might meet—but I feel compunction in exposing the feelings of a young and loving heart. Such was Miss Pelzer's. She had met a sympathising lover, a wonderful musician and an ideal protector. Robert Sidney Pratten was her devotee.
Too true was the old adage: "The course of true love never runs smooth." My readers must turn to the compositions by Madame Pratten to read the story of her love . . . for what power inspired such pictures of sadness as we find in "A Lament" — "A Lost Love" — and "Tears." And again in "Treue Liebe" and "Dreaming of Thee"? Words could not express their meaning—but they belong to this period of her life. . . .

On September 24th, 1854, Miss Pelzer was married to Mr. Robert Sidney Pratten. Mr. Pratten was one of the greatest flautists the world has had. He was also a talented composer. As a performer he was world-famed from childhood. When quite young, he, like his talented wife, became a protegé—Sir Warwick and Lady Hele Tonkin took him with them on their tours through Europe, which enabled him to extend his reputation as an artist.
"My married life," Madame Pratten used to say, "was a heaven upon earth." To this I would add a quotation from Mr. R. S. Rockstro's interesting work "The Flute," in which the learned author in his biographical notice of Mr. Pratten says: "Robert Sidney Pratten was married to Miss Catherina Josepha Pelzer. . . . The married life of these gifted artists was one of unusual happiness and prosperity. At the summit of their respective branches of musical art; thoroughly appreciated by the public and the profession; admired and courted by all who had the good fortune to know them, and devotedly attached to each other, their lot was certainly an enviable one."

Often has Madame Pratten told me of her husband's affection; how, when—as he was for years, engaged at the Royal Italian Opera—he used to return from his work, having heard the grandest operas
rendered by the most famous singers, and would ask her to play the guitar to him. "Chicky," he would exclaim, "let me hear your last new piece." When she asked his opinion upon some chord and its effect, he would—in spite of his great skill and knowledge—refuse to criticise any harmony that she had evolved; so great was his faith in her talent.

I need scarcely say that many of Madame Pratten's compositions were written at this time. Such a life of bliss was surely conducive to the development of genius?

Madame Pratten constantly acknowledged the devotion of her husband who used to be ever with her. Upon occasions of her public performance she was frequently overcome by nervousness. Mr. Pratten then accompanied her, and, seated in the front row of the audience, he would give her confidence by gently marking the rhythm as she played, which detracted her
attention from the sea of faces around her.

But this happy life was of too short duration. Mr. Pratten, on November 22, 1867, "became seriously ill" says Mr. Rockstro, "during a performance of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall. Although scarcely able to sit upright, he played the delicate *obligato* to "O Rest in the Lord" as perfectly as ever, but he could do no more, and was obliged to be assisted to leave the orchestra."

Mr. Pratten, acting under medical advice, was removed to Ramsgate to recruit his strength; where, however, he became worse, and passed away on February 10th, 1868.

Completely prostrated by grief at her husband's decease, Madame Pratten had to practically relinquish her profession. Even the art, to which she was so devoted, lost its fascination temporarily. "At this time" she told me, "I thought that I
should never write another note." So great was her grief. Time, which alone has power to alleviate the wounded heart, brought back to her at last that "soul of music" which had seemingly fled; and her indomitable spirit arose to bid her realise that

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

The charm of her guitar returned, and once more her mind revelled in its fantasies.

But Madame Pratten never ceased to think and talk of him who had been her "all-in-all." She always wore her husband's miniature and other mementoes of him—and mourned her loss for seven and twenty years until she was called to be with him. It was not long before her decease that Madame Pratten journeyed to Ramsgate to have Mr. Pratten's grave set in order. Could she have felt her own end approaching?
PROGRAMME

OF

MME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN'S
MATINEE MUSICALE.

AT

18, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF THEIR GRACES

THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

AND UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH

THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR,

THE LADY SUSAN VAN TEMPEST

THE LADY VICTORIA WELLESLEY,

THE LADY MARIA PONSONBY,

THE HONOURABLE MRS. RYDER

THE HONOURABLE MRS. HOBART.

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1838.

TO COMMENCE AT THREE O'CLOCK

When she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:

Mlle. TITIENS
(By kind permission of J. H. Mengs, Esq.)

Mlle. ROSE MEREI,
(By kind permission of J. H. Mengs, Esq.)

AND

Madame SAINTON DOLBY

Signor NAUDIN and Signor GARDONI,
(By kind permission of F. Ger, Esq.)

Signor CIABATTA and Mr. SANTLEY,
(By kind permission of J. H. Mengs, Esq.)

THE ORPHEUS GLEE UNION.

Pianoforte, Miss MADELEINE CRONIN & Signor MATTEI
Guitar, Mme. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN.

Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT, Signor VERA, Herr W. GANZ
and Signor ARDITI.

Tickets, One Guinea each, and Three for Two Guineas
To be had at Madame R. S. Pratt, 38, Welbeck Street,
Cavendish Square.
CHAPTER III.

HER RECITALS—A PROGRAMME TITLE-PAGE—HER LAST RECITAL—MR. COWEN'S "CORSAIR"—HER RESIDENCE AND HOME LIFE—HER DRAWING-ROOM.

Among the programmes of Madame Pratten's Recitals which I possess, there is one of such striking interest that I reproduce its title on the opposite page.

With such an array of talent, and under such distinguished patronage, it must indeed have proved attractive to the musical circle of London.

Similar concerts followed, and the programmes before me announce eminent artistes in conjunction with Madame Pratten's own talent. On Wednesday, May 17th, 1871, under the patronage of Her Serene Highness Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchess of Welling-
ton, the Duchess of Roxburgh, the Marchioness of Westminster, and other members of the aristocracy, she gave a recital in which she played Giuliani's Third Concerto (1st movement) to the pianoforte accompaniment of Madame Lucei-Sievers (a niece of M. Giuliani, the composer). In 1873, on Thursday, June 19th, under the same patronage, Madame Pratten announced a recital in which she was aided by great artistes, including some of the members of M. Gounod's Choir—accompanied by Mrs. Weldon. The talented amateur guitarist (and friend and physician to Regondi), Dr. Gaisford, joined Madame Pratten in some concerted music by Giuliani and Neuland. On Tuesday, June 15th, 1880, Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, became patroness of a concert given at Steinway Hall, as she had previously done on a similar occasion in 1877.
Miss Agnes Zimmermann was solo pianiste and Mr. Brandon Thomas recited. Another attractive programme was that of 1883, when, on June 28th, Madame Pratten announced that the Lady Charlotte Legge and Mr. Charles Bulpet would play the guitar, and Jeanne Douste the pianoforte. Mr. George Grossmith gave a musical sketch, and Mr. William Pinney acted as accompanist. There were also several vocalists. At another recital Madame Pratten played in a *duo concertante* for Flute and Terz-Guitar, with Herr Olut Svensden.

The last important recital given by Madame Sidney Pratten was at 1, Belgrave Square, by the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sassoon, on Thursday afternoon, June 23rd, 1892. The artistes on this occasion were Miss Edith Tulloch and Mr. William Nicholl, vocalists; Mr. Hollman played the violoncello.
and Mr. Brandon Thomas recited. The Meister Singers also contributed glee; Mr. William Ganz conducted, and the recitalist was responsible for nearly twenty selections from her own works. I cannot refrain from quoting a letter Madame Pratten wrote me immediately after the concert, which I much regret, I was unable to attend:

"My concert was a great success. Hollman played like an angel. The glee were beyond all things superlative. Nicholl sang 'Adelaide' of Beethoven, divinely. Edith Tulloch was encored. I played my best and had great compliments from all, and especially from that King of Violoncellists, Hollman! How grandly he does play! And Brandon Thomas delighted all with his recitation of "Little Jacob Strauss." And Ganz was all there—taking the care off my shoulders in attending to the 'go' of the concert."

But the strain of this effort was too much—Madame Pratten's health suffered considerably afterwards. Although naturally endowed with an exuberance of energy and spirit, her strength was limited. But
this is not surprising considering that she had been constantly before the public for sixty years.

Madame Pratten played the guitar part (with the orchestra) in Mr. Cowen's famous work "The Corsair" at its production in 1876 at the Birmingham Festival; but I am unable to say with what success. I should imagine that the instrument was out of place in such a performance. I have seen the guitar part from which she played—and Madame Pratten considered the tone of one guitar too feeble to be effective in such a work.

Madame Pratten's home, for about the last twenty-five years of her life, was 22a, Dorset Street, Portman Square. Previously to taking up her residence there, she lived at 53, Welbeck Street. But Dorset Street is the address with which her name is associated. During this long period she was relieved of domestic worries
by her housekeeper, Mrs. Grayson, whose daughter, Miss Grayson, was the constant and confidential companion to Madame Pratten, when in residence or away from home; and probably no one understood the great guitariste's character—her likes and dislikes—better than did Miss Grayson, for whose attention Madame Pratten always expressed her gratitude. Nor must I omit the name of Mr. Pegg, a son-in-law of Mrs. Grayson, who acted for several years as secretary to Madame Pratten, taking as his especial duty the management of her publications, which required considerable care and experience.

After her day's work, Madame Pratten would sometimes dine at the Holborn, where she could meet her friends and enjoy the excellent orchestra, which upon several occasions performed excerpts from the compositions by her late husband, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten.
Madame Pratten always spoke of her home-life as that of a "bachelor," and would jocularly remark, when inviting friends,—"I shall be pleased to see you to dinner at the Holborn, as I cannot entertain my friends at home—for you see, I live a 'bachelor's' life!" But she did, nevertheless, act as hostess in her own apartments, at times; and a truly perfect hostess she always proved herself to be. Her meals were dainty, and daintily served; yet not fastidiously. No one could possibly receive guests, and give them ease and comfort better than she could. The most reserved person was bound to feel at home with her; in fact, I believe that nothing gave her greater pleasure than drawing out a timid person. In a few moments she would discover the topic of a "one-idea" individual, and develop that topic in extenso.

Madame Pratten was frequently in society; her accomplishments and charm-
ing ways would have kept her always there, were it not that she was compelled to enjoy quietude to re-inforce her strength and to give further impetus to her talents in producing fresh compositions. Her invitations were to the homes of those who form the aristocracy of England, among whom she was ever welcomed.

An interesting room in Madame Pratten’s house was that in which she stored her music and music-plates. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sheets of metal were stacked upon shelves, and numerous guitars and guitar-cases helped to crowd a spacious apartment. But it is into her drawing-room that I wish to take my readers, and before showing them its extraordinary contents it is necessary to pause for a moment.

Well might Madame Pratten have been proud of this room and its beautiful surroundings!
To the left of the door, as we enter, hang the portraits of Madame, as a child; at the time of her marriage, and at the "present time" (about 1884). Below these is a Japanese guitar, formerly the property of Richard Horne, the poet, who gave it to Madame Pratten. It is now in my possession. From the door to the window the wall is covered with pictures: portraits of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, The Marquess of Lorne, the Right Rev. Bishop of Bombay (Dr. Carr), the Dowager Duchess of Wellington, the late Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Marchioness of Ely, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Summer), Giuliani and Sor, guitarists and composers, and a host of small pictures and photographs of pupils and friends. On brackets and fancy tables lay innumerable curios, choice old china, bronzes and nic-nacs of every description, besides books.
and folio volumes of music elegantly bound. The opposite side of the room is also lavishly decked with bric-a-brac and other costly relics. Pictures again arrest the eye—her husband’s portrait being especially conspicuous. Over the mantelpiece a large mirror duplicates the contents of this apartment, and fills the visitor with alarm lest he should collide with any of the ornaments which surround and bewilder him.

In the centre of the room a Broadwood grand pianoforte invites the itching fingers to try its delightful touch and tone, and guitars recline in easy chairs. A music-rest surmounts a wicker table, by the side of which are an arm chair, an ordinary chair, and a Chippendale footstool. It is here, in this particular spot, where Madame Pratten imparted that art of guitar-playing which has handed her name down to posterity.
CHAPTER IV.

AS CONVERSATIONALIST — A PATHETIC TALE — AS TEACHER — HER DEVOTION TO THE GUITAR — SHELLEY’S POEM.

UNLIKE many artistes, Madame Pratten did not confine herself entirely to music. She delighted in discussing everyday topics, and was as devoted to her daily paper and current literature as a statesman would be. She was always well versed in matters of general interest, and enjoyed an argument or discussion. In consequence, she was most agreeable company in any society, and her endless store of anecdotes enriched her conversational powers.

An amusing story she told of two eminent musicians whom she knew. One was French and the other German. They were both fond of airing their knowledge of
English and of correcting one another in its pronunciation. He, from the Fatherland, was ridiculing his friend for saying "Dis and dat." "Vat is it den?" wrathfully demanded the Frenchman. "Vy!" roared the German, "you should say Zis and Zat!"

Madame Pratten was personally acquainted with most of the great musicians of her day, composers and artists, with many of whom she came in contact through her husband. These often formed themes for her conversation, and many were her stories of the triumphs enjoyed and privations endured by the "slaves to Art." One pathetic tale she related, I remember well. It was of a young singer who made her debut after a severe course of study and with high credentials from her masters. The red-letter day had come: she appeared, and success attended her efforts—but she had not secured the favour of the press.
Her critics were merciless. The youthful aspirant took their verdict to heart and was seen no more in public. A few months of declining health brought her to a premature grave.

It has occurred to me how fitted would Madame Pratten have been to train the youth of her sex. The counterpart of Dr. Arnold I am sure would have been found in her. Possessed, as she was, of a broad and intellectual mind, and untainted by selfish motives, she had wonderful influence over those with whom she came in contact. Without being in any way austere, she could always command and be obeyed; and when she imparted knowledge, her treatment of each pupil was essentially individual. And yet her teaching was systematic. Her keen interest in character found ample scope for investigation of the many temperaments of those who passed through her hands.
There are some persons, undoubtedly, who did not always appreciate Madame Pratten's out-spokenness at first; but I believe there are few who did not afterwards realize the worth of her words. Yet in her teaching she erred on the side of encouragement, rather than that of discouragement. It was her belief that a pupil should be congratulated according to the degree of ability Nature allowed; and, she argued, that which is only fairly good for a person of great talent may be exceedingly good for one less endowed. I do not think that any one should regard the performance of an amateur in the same light as that of a professional artist. Her method of teaching was decidedly unique, and it is inimitable; for no one else could express her ideas in the same manner as she was able to.

When explaining her own compositions she had many varied and curious ways of
A PAGE OF MUSIC.
doing so; which, to the uninitiated would perhaps seem frivolous and unnecessary; but those who received them from Madame Pratten herself must admit that they were a sure means of developing artistic playing. It is impossible for me to detail the innumerable mannerisms adopted by the great guitarist: a page of her music (annotated in the original in red, blue and black pencillings) will best explain them.

I suppose that no artist has ever been so devoted to an instrument as Madame Pratten was to the guitar—especially considering the liberal mindedness she showed towards other instrumentalists. It was never her ambition to thrust her pet before all others: she knew the capabilities of her instrument, and she knew its defects. To her it had the power of expressing her feelings as no other medium could. And certainly the most sceptical critic of the guitar must have been fascinated by her
playing; for she, of all players, was able to prove that

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which Madame Pratten greeted Shelley's beautiful poem on the guitar, to which I had the pleasure of first drawing her attention. No words could better express the "mission" of a guitar than the lines by Shelley, who had evidently been captivated by its enamouring tones. Madame Pratten had the poem re-printed to distribute among her pupils and friends. For those who may not have read it, I append the lines:

WITH A GUITAR,
BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The winds were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine,
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so tais tree,—
O that such our death may be!
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought that loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as its own,
Whispering in enamoured tone,
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
Of the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven in its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way—
All this it knows, but will not tell,
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it.
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day:
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone,
For our beloved friend alone.

This poem suggested to Madame Pratten her composition
"Clouds, Rain and Sunshine."

* Shelley was, himself, a guitarist. His guitar has lately been presented to the Bodleian, at Oxford. This is the instrument to which the poet here refers. An illuminated copy of the poem is exhibited with the guitar.
CHAPTER V.

HER PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS AND PUPILS—MUSICIANS' "GHOSTS"—AS LETTER-WRITER—AS AUTHOR—HER INSTRUCTION BOOKS—AS COMPOSER—HER COMPOSITIONS.—MY "POEM."

THE renown and esteem which Madame Pratten enjoyed for her artistic playing, brought around her students and enthusiasts of the guitar from all parts. In fact, some years ago, the guitar teacher's passport was the proof of having been her pupil. Consequently she had many professional players who sought her advice and instruction. Of these I cannot attempt to give even the names; but there are a few who have already gained some reputation, and of whose talent I have heard Madame Pratten speak; among them I might mention: Mrs. Day, Miss Edith
Tulloch, Miss Annie Davison, Miss Mary Hurst, and Mr. A. F. Cramer.

Madame Pratten was ever ready to recognise talent among guitarists,—whether for their playing or for their compositions. But she scorned the impostor. She often sent to me so-called "Music for the Guitar" with her own opinion freely expressed by marginal notes, and asking my verdict of their artistic worth! I have many such specimens, and it is lamentable that publishers should invest their money upon such worthless productions, which not only degrade art, but prove their writer's ignorance of the instrument, and total lack of knowledge of the laws of the science of music. Madame Pratten always deplored such publications, and ever begged me to assist in the propagation of artistic music for the guitar; a request which I have, in my humble endeavour, attempted to accede to.
Sometimes Madame Pratten would bring to my notice a composition which was, perhaps, artistic in itself, but unsuited to the instrument. She delighted to acknowledge the efforts of earnest enthusiasts, but wisely suggested: "How much better to wait to gain more experience in their art before publishing!" Surely a kind and liberal spirit with which to view such an important matter? But the feeblest attempt at composition coming from an ardent student is preferable, by far, to the more ambitious productions which, I fear, at times emanate from the pens of the musicians' "ghosts!"

Madame Pratten greatly appreciated what she considered as a compliment—but which her devotees, I think I may add, regarded as an honour—the dedication of compositions to her. Among those who essayed to do this, were, with others, doubtless, Mr. Ernest Shand, Mr. A. F.
Cramer, Miss Mary Hurst, and myself.

The great virtuosa had a warm welcome for guitarists who came to London to appear publicly; and many artists, both British and Foreign, enjoyed her hospitality and kindly advice. She always received them graciously even to thwarting her own interests by so doing. It is painful to know that upon more than one occasion such a generous spirit was cruelly unappreciated.

It must have occurred to her correspondents, how Madame Pratten could find time for letter writing. And all who corresponded with her knew how seldom she neglected to reply immediately. Her letter writing was, in fact, a great undertaking, for the posts brought her letters innumerable. It is true that during the last years of her life she was ably assisted in this part of her work by Mr. Pegg whose secretarial duties were so frequently
praised by his employer. To the great overstrain of this excessive work no doubt her decline in health was largely due; for, night after night, she was at her correspondence until dawn.

I know of only one literary effort by Madame Pratten—an article upon "How to play the Guitar," contributed to the *Girls' Own Paper* in 1887. I need hardly comment upon this, which contains some useful hints and interesting facts appertaining to the instrument. I have no doubt its publication induced many girls to become guitaristes.

Her instruction books might certainly be classed as "literary" productions, for, in addition to the musical examples, there is so much useful explanation which is written in clear style. Madame Pratten wrote three instruction books for the guitar. Her first work was in two parts, published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., and
is an exhaustive treatise; but she found it too complicated for the amateur player, so after careful consideration and close study of the requirements of her pupils, she issued her *chef d'œuvre* "The Guitar Simplified." Although published at a high price — half-a-guinea — the book passed through about twelve editions, a fact which speaks for itself. A third work compiled by Madame Pratten was "Instructions for the Guitar tuned in E Major."

Madame Pratten found, when she commenced teaching the guitar, that the amateur pupil was not inclined to devote sufficient study to the instrument to gain the necessary technique to grapple with the difficulties of the music of the classic authors for the guitar. The works of Giuliani and Sor, Legnani, Nüske and Schulz were beyond the powers of the average student. She therefore com-
menced to produce some suitable pieces for her pupils. These pieces require no commendation from my pen, their own reputation is sufficient, for what guitar player has not discovered their worth?

Many of my readers have probably heard from her own lips the incidents which suggested some of Madame Pratten's compositions. I think that I may say that every piece which emanated from her pen had its origin in some event of her life or some whim or fancy which struck her. I once attempted to "versify" a few of the explanations of Madame Pratten's works; and my crude composition so fully met with her approbation that she had it printed for distribution, and I venture to repeat it here:
Whose charming compositions for the Guitar, tell, in their own peculiar language, many a tale—

Of "ELFIN'S REVELS," and of hob-goblin intrusions,
Of strange imaginations, of curious delusions.
The "DANCE OF THE WITCHES"—a "DANSE FANTAS-
TIQUE,"
The "SPANISH DANCE"—a dance most realistic.
Pretty little "QUEEN MAB" and hideous "PUCK" we find
Are skilfully portrayed by thy poetic mind.
The sky we see with dark clouds overcast,
And stormy "RAIN" in torrents pouring fast;
And then, as though by magic skill—to everyone's delight
The scene at thy command is adorn'd with "SUNSHINE,"
bright.
Thou tellest tales of "ALICE" and of sweet "VIOLET,"
Which are in strange contrast to the tale of the "COQUETTE."
At times thou art "WEARY," and seem'st "FORGOTTEN,"—
And yet, surely, thou can'st not be so, often?
To thy departed "TREUE LIEBE"—when lost in "REVERIE"
We seem to hear thy notes exclaim—"I'm still "DREAMING OF THEE."
By "A LAMENT" and "SADNESS," and filled with many fears
Through the "ABSENCE" of "A LOST LOVE"—thou wast brought to "TEARS."
We hear at "EVENTIDE" thy sweet "EVENING SONG" Wafted through the "TWILIGHT" and echoing along— To the far-off realms of space, to the star-lit land so bright, Where 'tis lost to human ear in the soft beams of "MOONLIGHT."

From the land of the Guitar, and the home of the "SERENADE,"
"A SPANISH ROMANCE" is briefly told of gallant knight and maid.

*** *** *** ***

Then solemn thoughts our minds inspire, when at the midnight hour we hear Mournful strains from thy Guitar, as thou bid'st "FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR."

When o'er the world of Fancy with thee our hearts may roam, Thou bringest us back from "DREAMLAND" to "HOME SWEET HOME."

FRANK MOTT HARRISON.

Brighton, June 6th, 1890.

The words in capitals are the titles of the various compositions by the gifted composer, MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.—F.M.H.

I have already alluded, in the early part of these memoirs, to the origin of such pieces as were the outcome of her impet-
uous feeling at that period of her life "when Cupid rules the heart," and which are imbued with a charming pathos which her condition of mind at that time inspired. There are some eight compositions that she produced then, all speaking of love in its most sacred strain.

A contrast to these is found in her imaginative sketches of Elfin-land. In these the highly sensitive German nature which she possessed greatly aided her. She revelled in her descriptive pieces of fairies and witches. Had she wielded the author's pen or the painter's brush, her imagination would doubtless have been boundless.

Then her pieces of a reverie nature are again a striking contrast. Those which depict the close of day—"Twilight" and "Eventide," are especially charming: the latter piece, Madame Sidney Pratten dedicated to me.
At that period of her life, when there was a demand for variations upon well-known themes, Madame Pratten composed some brilliant pieces; and it is surprising to find that the marches which she wrote in honour of the victories at Crimea in the middle of this century are still being performed in this last decade. Such evidence is sufficient proof of their worth and popularity.

Madame Pratten was a prolific writer of original music for the guitar, and she arranged scores, nay, hundreds of songs. But most of the latter have passed into oblivion, for the ditty which charmed our grand-parents or parents would now excite ridicule. Yet, for their simplicity they are still to be admired, and may live again among a future generation.
ADAME Pratten was a constant visitor to Brighton for many years. When suffering from the effects of overwork she would spend the week-end in the queen of watering-places, where she resided either at Connaught House or Cavendish Mansion. Many were the pleasant hours I spent with her at these houses where I frequently lunched or dined with her. Madame Pratten always enjoyed the sea front at Brighton, with its ever-changing population; the eccentrici-
ties or personal beauty of its promenaders, and its innumerable attractions were an inexhaustible store for her in her study of human life and character. Nothing escaped her eye. The old Royal Chain Pier (now utterly demolished) was her favourite rendezvous when she wished for quietude; the West Pier she preferred when she required enlivening. For some years before her death, Madame Pratten generally rode in a hand chair, in which she enjoyed ease and comfort, and received the full benefit of the air without fatigue.

But, I fear, her visits to Brighton were not always so beneficial as they should have been. She invariably took instrument and manuscript. She was ever at work. The sea air seemed to invigorate her, and her energies increased; then she could not be idle. In the drawing-room, after dinner, she invariably played and conversed for hours. At Connaught House
there are frequently visitors who are musicians of high culture. I have often heard exceptional performances there, which add considerably to the unlimited luxuries for which Mr. Gore's establishments are renowned.

I must mention that one of the greatest enjoyments Madame Pratten found when at Brighton was the exhibitions of the time-honoured "Punch and Judy." The drollness of these entertainments always amused her. The primitive instrumentation of the orchestral accompaniment to these puppet shows—a drum and a pan's-pipe—inspired the idea for the introduction to her guitar solo "Danse Fantastique."

Madame Pratten's acquaintances were not confined to the musical profession. Her circle of intimate friends included 'all sorts and conditions of men—and women'—very many of whom belonged to the learned professions. In fact, I know that
MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN (1884).
she numbered among them celebrities of Church and State—law and medicine—art and science; and a host of members of that liberally minded class who have shone or still shine in the dramatic or operatic world. Most interesting were her anecdotes of stage-stars. Mr. Pratten's long connexion with the opera naturally brought him and his esteemed wife in close contact with singers, actors, and impressari. Madame Pratten had keen sympathy with interpreters of the drama; their varied experiences in the vicissitudes of their lives deeply interested her. She loved to penetrate the mysteries of life; and perhaps an actor's career gives as much or more scope for study than any other walk in life. Among the dramatic celebrities of recent years, Madame Pratten was proud of the close friendship of that talented and estimable author and actor, Mr. Brandon Thomas, of whose brilliant career she
so often talked. It would require pages of this memoir to merely mention the names of Madame Pratten's 'celebrated' friends. For, be it remembered, her public life extended over a period of sixty years; and such years unprecedented in history! Between 1834 and 1894 there had lived a most brilliant army of great men and women in all spheres of life. And there were few with whom Madame Pratten did not come in contact. More than once she had the offer of the publication of her memoirs, to be issued by an eminent publisher, if she would write them. Would that she had done so. But her time was too much occupied.

Madame Pratten was a close friend of the late Mr. Charles Collard's family. She wrote her choice \textit{morceau} "Twilight" when visiting their house which commands a magnificent view. In fact, she composed many of her best pieces at her
friends' residences, where, no doubt, rest and quiet prompted her talent.

Madame Pratten's name was always familiar to the "House of Broadwood"—and she constantly referred to Mr. H. J. Hipkins' courtesy and kindness whenever his assistance was asked upon matters antiquarian.

In enumerating "friends" of Madame Pratten, I am at a loss to know whom not to mention—for they were an innumerable army extending all over the world, and famous and well-known in every walk of life. Her clientèle numbered many eminent officers in both services. One well-known officer in the Army once lent her a brougham to attend upon H.R.H. the Princess Louise, at Kensington Palace. Madame Pratten usually went in a private landau, but upon this occasion her coachman's livery denoted his master's official importance. The guard at Kensington
Palace accordingly saluted as she entered the gates. This was an honour that Madame Pratten was always pleased to relate, as she ever was to narrate an amusing episode.

Madame Pratten's friendship was extended to every grade of society. The humble and meek—who understood her—were as much her friends as those of high estate. I have known her to be a friend indeed to musicians and others who had either fallen from the pinnacle of fame, or had never been able to rise.

Although Madame Pratten possessed so many guitars by great makers she always preferred to play upon a French instrument which was, I believe, unlabelled. It was of exquisite tone, but plain in appearance. I need hardly say that Madame Pratten guarded this guitar with jealous care. She seldom allowed anyone to touch its strings, as she always maintained that
strings are sensitive to the varied temperatures of the hand; a theory which I think perfectly true. All players of stringed instruments know how strings are atmospherically influenced. Madame Pratten's collection included guitars of all sizes and ages by various makers—Panormo, Lacote, and others. Some of her instruments were of great interest as having belonged to Sor, Regondi and other eminent artistes. One guitar, by Lacote, made for Ferdinand Sor, was a very fine specimen of workmanship.

Whether from her intimate connexions with the "Upper Ten"—or from other reasons—it was always Madame Pratten's desire to maintain the *prestige* of the guitar. Although ever ready to sympathise with and assist those who were of humble origin in the world—she dreaded the idea of her instrument becoming in any way vulgarised, and insisted upon it keeping
its place exclusively in the gentlewoman's
drawing-room. She would often discour-
age aspirants to whom she felt the guitar
would be uncongenial, or those whose
environments would not accord with its
refinement. It is due to her, no doubt, for
exercising this prejudice that the guitar
has maintained its presence—almost with-
out exception—exclusively to the salon.

Madame Pratten's teaching was among
the aristocracy, and she fully appreciated
the honour of instructing H. R. H. the
Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, of
whose sympathetic kindness she often
spoke.

Madame Pratten's pupils would have
formed a formidable army if seen in rank
and file. At her death she had instructed
some 2,000 devotees to the guitar, among
whom were a large percentage of our
titled ladies—and not a few of the sterner
sex.
CHAPTER VII.

HER LAST VISIT TO BRIGHTON—IN A LOFTIER SPHERE—THE NIGHT SHADOWS FALL—HER DEATH—HER FUNERAL—BY HER GRAVE—HER “EVENING SONG”—CONCLUSION—“REQUIESCAT IN PACE.”

It was but a short time before her decease that Madame Pratten paid her last visit to Brighton—a final attempt to gain strength. I can never forget the shock I received when I saw her. She had completely changed. That buoyancy of spirit which so marked her disposition had fled; her features had altered, and her whole temperament was apparently different. But, notwithstanding, she bore a placid countenance, and the spirit of resignation reigned supremely. She seemed to fully realise that her life-work was closing; and although there was to me a pervading
sadness in her appearance, her conversation had a ring of comfort and subdued happiness. She talked no more of future work; her thoughts were evidently in a sphere loftier even than the sphere of Art. Her memories were drifting over the sea of her past life, clinging tenaciously to that haven where it ever found comfort—her husband's love. She spoke more of those who had already "crossed the bar," than of those still tossing upon the changing tides of life. In fact, the casual observer could not fail to realise that her life was near its close.

Madame Pratten brought no guitar with her—she was too ill to play. This was the first time she had stayed in Brighton to my knowledge—and she came very frequently—without having an instrument.

I saw as much of Madame Pratten as I could during her sojourn, as I felt it was her last visit. She had the attention of a
HER LAST PORTRAIT.
lady nurse, who was her constant companion. I fully believe that nothing more could have been done to restore a well-tried constitution and exhausted heart and brain than was done for her—a fact which she fully appreciated. She spoke so often of the untiring efforts of her friend and physician Dr. Coalle, who did much, undoubtedly, to prolong the life of an artiste whose loss he knew would be felt throughout the world.

And now comes the most painful part of my task. As I have said—the last time I saw Madame Pratten I could see that the hand of death overshadowed her brow. A few months, nay, a few weeks—had brought about a sad change; she, who was ever gay and hopeful—she who maintained her bright activity to the last—had at length realised that “man goeth forth to his labour . . . . until the evening.” The twilight of her earthly career had
drawn to a close, and the night shadows fell softly upon her. Ere she had realised the fact, she had well entered the Valley through which all must pass—and from which no one returns.

Madame Sidney Pratten entered into her rest on Thursday, October 10th, 1895. A few days of severe illness confined her to her bed; but, as recently as the day preceding her decease she gave instruction to a pupil who had travelled to London on purpose. The next afternoon the sun set upon the lifeless form of the great artiste. When the sad event was telegraphed, I need hardly relate how severely the shock came to me, as it undoubtedly did to all who knew her. To think that we should never see her again!

* * * * *

The news of her death was recorded in all the principal papers—London and
provincial—and the deepest regret was expressed by all.

The funeral was first arranged for Monday, October 14th, but it was found that insufficient notice had been given, and the interment was fixed for Friday, October 18th. The invitations issued were as follows:

The Interment of the late

MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN,

will take place on Friday, 18th inst.

The Funeral will leave 22a, Dorset Street, W., at 11.30 a.m., and arrive at Brompton Cemetery 12.30.

An answer will oblige.

It was a glorious day—mild air and bright sunshine—when we met to pay our last respect to the departed one. A great number of persons assembled in the streets, and the blinds in the neighbourhood were
The cortège consisted of a four-horse hearse and ten broughams, and a number of private carriages. The horses of the former were fully equipped with feathers, plumettes and velvets.

The vehicles conveyed: Mrs. Althaus, Mrs. Kingchurch, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Day, Miss Clara Davies, Captain Silver, Miss Bigelow, Mr. W. Barrett, Mr. J. Edwards, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. W. Mills, Dr. J. Leckie (Pontypridd), Dr. Coalle, Dr. W. Leckie, Mrs. and Miss Tulloch, Miss D. Grayson, Miss Grimes, Mr. John Evans, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Seine, Mrs. Grayson, Mr. R. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. Pegg, Madame Cherer, Miss de Lisle Allen, Mr. R. Harrison, Mr. A. F. Cramer, Mr. Harvey, and myself.

The coffin was of polished oak, with massive brass fittings and an engraved plate bearing the inscription:
CATHERINA JOSEPHA PRATTEN,
DIED OCTOBER 10TH, 1895,
AGED 74 YEARS.

The hearse was literally loaded with floral tributes—many of most exquisite design—sent by Lady Layard, Lady Hobart, Dr. and Mrs. Coalle, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon Thomas, Mr. John Evans, Mrs. Ellen Henry, Mr. W. Barrett, Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. C. Soloman, Madame Willis, Miss Hurst, Mr. Wood, Miss Lavington, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Gallibrand, Miss A. Hampton, Mrs. Lee, Captain and Mrs. Keene, Mrs. C. Tulloch, Mrs. Adams, Miss Grimes, Miss Feilden, Madame and Mdlle. Vissian, Miss Montague, Mr. A. F. Cramer, Mr. E. Shand, Master W. F. H. Grinsted, myself, and many others.

It was a long and solemn procession to Brompton cemetery, and hundreds of per-
sons lined the thoroughfares—the traffic of which was necessarily impeded.

The service in the Chapel was most impressively read by the Chaplain, and it required great effort to restrain the impulse of one's feelings—in fact there were many demonstrations of genuine grief.

At the grave-side a large concourse of friends and pupils of the lamented artiste had assembled; and the mortal remains of her who was so dearly beloved were lowered while the words "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life" were solemnly pronounced.

A last gaze into the depth of the grave left us with but the "memory" of Madame Sidney Pratten for ever!

* * * * * * *

On the south-east side of the Grand Circle at Brompton Cemetery there stands
MADAME PRATTEN'S GRAVE.
out in bold relief—amidst the memorials of the "great departed"—a white marble headstone of the most artistic design and exquisite workmanship, and bearing this inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CATHERINA JOSEPHA PRATTEN
Composer and Guitarist,
Died 10th October, 1895, aged 74 years,
WIDOW OF
ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN,
The eminent Flautist, interred at Ramsgate.

A Gifted Musician, an Unrivalled Teacher and a True Friend.
Her loss was deeply mourned by all who knew her.

ERECTED BY PUPILS AND OTHER FRIENDS.

Around the grave is a marble coping with marble pillars connected by chains.

A pathetic touch is given to the memorial by the quotation of a few bars of the
melodious "Evening Song" by Madame Sidney Pratten. This is most aptly chosen and forms a fitting addition to the beautifully worded inscription.

On leaving the grave we can but sigh at the recollection that beneath that turf there lie the remains of a truly great artiste, and a nobly great and Christian friend; and this recollection all lovingly cherish.

To close this memoir is my hardest task. At the onset my difficulty was "How to begin?" it is now "How to conclude"—for, what right has a pen to cease to flow when recording the life-work of such an one as she who forms the subject of these reminiscences? But I fully realise that my readers are tiring—for I know too well the deficiencies I have displayed in my feeble attempts to place before the Troubadours of Great Britain—nay of the world—these few notes about, perhaps, the most
enthusiastic champion the guitar has ever had or ever will have; for Madame Sidney Pratten devoted her very life to the development of her favourite instrument. And what better memorial can she have than that of her own name inseparably connected with the guitar?

The rough sketch I have portrayed is but an outline of the course pursued by her whose life did not end where death claimed her; for such an influence as that which she imparted is ever apparent in those who knew her well and who truly possess that key-note which can never cease to vibrate when touched by the force of sympathy.

To her mortal remains we say "Requiescat in Pace!" To her charming influence and Heaven-born genius we exclaim "In secula seculorum!"
The following letters will convey to those readers who were not in correspondence with the late Madame Sidney Pratten an idea of her mode of expression and of her enthusiasm. In fact, her letters always showed her temperament at the time of writing. In some it is easy to trace the light happy heart—while others give vent to a dreamy sentiment which often possessed her when suffering from trouble or fatigue:

1. **Her Compositions.**

"I did nothing original in the way of composing until my 19th Divertissement—then came 'Tears' and 'Lord Raglan'; then the 'Serenade'; then 'Absence'; and then I went on until my husband died. . . . After that my composing powers were blank for a long time. Then I suddenly began a different style—left off variations and begun 'Sensucht' and 'Weary' and so on, until my moods changed from sad to gay, with my little stories; and that was caused by the happy visits among friends and admirers of my guitar-playing. So my surroundings helped me to tumble into my various moods and styles."
2. **Shelley's Poem.**

"... How kind of you to send me the lovely poem of Shelley on the guitar. Yes, how it seems to speak to us—and *we* who love and dream of the guitar *as I do*. It seems to speak also to me of the very things I have composed in my various moods—to describe one's soul, its feelings of love, joy and sorrow; and the description of beautiful Nature..."

3. **Woman's Life.**

"... I have never sought publicity as a matter of vanity for myself; I have upheld my dignity for the (sake) of the supposed slight on my loved guitar, which I felt was, should and might be, the future poetry of human souls; and as such I have endeavoured to inculcate into the minds of my aristocratic pupils their power to render a poem of woman's life and woman's mission—to soothe invalids and cheer up sad souls."

4. **Her 'Inspirations.'**

"I do think that 'Eventide' is one of my most lovely inspirations—I cannot say that I composed them, because I do not know when I shall do anything. I simply take up my guitar and out of the tips of my fingers tumble out the sounds on the strings... and then I play it over and over again until my brain..."
remains it; then sketch it down . . . Then I leave it, and return to it and put it 'ship-shape.' Then, with my 'little bricks' collected, I build up a romance or a story. My 'Twilight' was done as the sun was going down far below the hills, at Mr. Collard's lovely place (which was on a hill). It was so curious to see the large ball of fire gradually gliding down behind the hill and shedding around, in its disappearance, the golden glow of a glorious sunset—and then all gradually 'hushed up'—birds and people and animals.'

5. Her Health.

"... I cannot get up my strength—the weather is so against me. I cannot get out for fresh air, so gain no strength. . . . I go on with my guitar teaching, and playing to my pupils—I feel to live again, and for the moment forget how ill and weak I feel. . . . My life is lonely—I have risen to a height in my guitar world, beyond all I could ever realise; and, no doubt [in] the sadness of my lonely life I seek the companionship of the sweet tones of the guitar. And then, the thought and beating of my own heart produce the soothing music and come from the tips of my fingers."

As Friend: Her Charity.

It is not my intention to proclaim to the world the good deeds of our late friend—they are too well known.
to those upon whom they were bestowed. The mention of a few acts of her charitable nature will enable those who did not know her intimately to form a more exact opinion of the character of Madame Sidney Pratten, who, although always ready to render service to those deserving help, keenly felt imposition when it was her misfortune to discover such.

"My charity is no virtue" she used to say, "I am only impulsive!" But impulse is, surely, the outlet of a sympathetic nature?

I am indebted to Mr. Pegg for the following anecdotes of Madame Sidney Pratten's life:—

"On one occasion, whilst passing down one of the streets leading into Oxford Street, Madame Pratten saw a poor woman walking along, carrying a baby, and apparently almost without a piece of shoe to her feet. Madame Pratten stopped her, and after making some enquiries, she at once took off her own boots and gave them to the woman, and returned home in a cab, shoeless!"

"One day when riding in a hand-chair on the Brighton front, Madame Pratten heard the sound of a guitar. It was a young man and his wife playing one of her compositions. She was very much interested, and told them who she was. She played one of her pieces to them—greatly to the delight of the promen-
aders. This was probably the one and only occasion upon which Madame Pratten played in the open air publicly."

"Finding one day that her hand-chair man was ill-clad (at Brighton) Madame Pratten gave him sufficient money to equip himself with a new overcoat, etc., remaining in the chair by herself while he adjourned to the nearest clothier's shop."

Mr. Pegg further adds: "It was no unusual thing for Madame Pratten to sit up writing until four or five o'clock in the morning. She would be up again at eight o'clock ready to receive the first post. For years she only allowed herself about five hours in bed."

**HER MS.**

The re-production of a page of the MS. of "Sadness" will interest many readers.
A PAGE OF MS.