

vated taste, and more to be understood and appreciated by the *dilettante* than by the ordinary mind. What is this characteristic? It is that the harmonies of these madrigals are mostly what are known as tonal harmonies, those founded on the scale of the key in which the composition is written. Plain chords on the dominant, subdominant, and key-note are frequent friends; and it was only when composers commenced to add their sugared combinations of modern tonalities that the madrigal began to lose that austere and noble style which was as peculiar to it as it was to the Church music of this best age of our musical history. To appreciate the dainty grace of the old English madrigal, let the student compare a present-day madrigal and one by such a sweet singer as Weelkes, or Wilbye, or Cobbold. And it has other distinguishing features—*i.e.*, it is composed in parts for voices with or without instrumental accompaniment, but the tradition is that madrigals should always be sung without accompaniment; unlike a glee, its parts may be sung by any number of balanced voices without spoiling the effect.

Madrigals continued fashionable till the reign of James I., when the taste for them declined so fast that few, if any, collections of them were published subsequent to 1620. This latter half of the nineteenth century, however, has witnessed a marvellous reaction in the cultivation of all kinds of music—and the madrigal, like other forms, has benefited. But it has received little like the favour it deserves. Here and

there a stray madrigal is wedged into a concert programme; a few enthusiastic minds who meet in a back room of a tavern struggle through one of these ingenious and delightful compositions, but the atmosphere of the place muddles up the harmony deplorably; and lay clerks and cathedral singing men have got so terribly “professional” these recent years that few, if any, of them deign to sing and practise madrigals for sheer love of the thing, as a past generation of choristers, “men not less distinguished by their love of vocal harmony than by the harmless simplicity of their tempers and by their friendly disposition towards each other,” were proud to do. It is true that London, which spends millions of money in fostering foreign talent, has two languishing societies whose few members endeavour to keep alive and encourage the taste for this class of music, but such help will hardly rescue it from the fate of a gradual oblivion. Every town in England ought to boast its society for the advancement of this noblest form of native musical art; and it is a wonder that in private circles and among friends a step is not made to collect available musical strength with the object of cultivating the study of madrigal singing. A novelty and a welcome relief would at once be found in the drawing-room, and the everlasting monotony of “song” and “piece” would be broken. Some acquaintances, the will, a few rules, some cheap copies, and a presiding spirit, are alone needed. All, however, must possess musical perception and marked intelligence.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS.

AMONGST many canine friends I have made at one time or another in my life, some five or six stand out with unwonted distinctness, not entirely from their cleverness, though all had a certain claim to be called sagacious animals, but because their fidelity or affection endeared them to me, as to others.

One of the early recollections of my childhood brings to my mind the image of dear old Dido. Dido was a black retriever, belonging to some friends who lived in a nice country house, and who were kind enough sometimes to ask us children to come and spend a week or fortnight with them in “strawberry time.”

There were no children in the house, but there was a very small and rather cross Maltese terrier, called Snap, of whom we stood in wholesome awe; and then there was dear old Dido, to whom we were perfectly devoted.

In the days of her youth she had been an excellent sporting dog. Indeed, her master used to say of her that he had never known a dog retrieve a bird better. She would stand patiently with it for any time, and

knew the tricks of her trade in a way that delighted all sportsmen who went out with her.

But in the days of which I write, Dido and her master had grown old together, and she was reaping the reward of her faithful service in a happy and peaceful old age.



DIDO.

How we loved Dido! We thought her the most beautiful dog in the world, and were indignant with any one who dared to criticise her tail, which, to tell the honest truth, was not quite what a retriever's tail should be, but was fringeless and pointed—nobody could explain why.

I shall never forget the commotion that pervaded Dido's home one morning, when it was discovered that one of a pair of very precious pigeons (I cannot remember the name) was missing from the aviary beneath a portion of the verandah. A small door was found unfastened, and two birds had escaped in the night. One of these was of little value, but the other was of a rare breed, and a large sum of money had been given for the pair only a short time before. The odd thing was that Dido was missing too, and we were made very indignant and distressed by hearing it surmised that she was in some way connected with the mischance. Her mistress threw out dark hints as to the dog's fate if she began tricks of that kind.

The disturbed breakfast had just come to a close, when the master of the house espied Dido trotting home across the field; and when she came a little nearer, the mistress screamed out that she had the precious pigeon in her mouth! We could hardly restrain our tears at this confirmation of our worst fears; but the culprit appeared in no way ashamed of herself; she approached, with waving tail, and ears well up, until she reached her master's feet, at which she deposited her prey.

Of course we thought the bird was dead, and a sound of lamentation arose from the mistress; but the master stooped and picked it up; and found it not only living, but perfectly uninjured, only suffering from the effects of fright. A dose of brandy brought it round, and in half an hour it was as well and perky as ever. What a fuss then was made over dear old Dido! It was plain that she must have been patiently watching and following the movements of the escaped bird, quietly biding her time until the unusual exercise had tired it out (a thing that soon happens with birds reared in captivity, and not accustomed to use their wings), and had then pounced upon it without injuring it, and had brought it home in triumph. After that we were quite certain that such a clever and good and wonderful dog as Dido never lived before.

Two more nice dogs of my acquaintance are Pepper and Rufus, a red setter and a well-bred pointer, who were renowned for their devotion to one another, and for their amiable dispositions.

Pepper was an excellent sporting dog, and he and Rufus delighted to range the country together with guns and keepers, till one unlucky day, when a careless sportsman lodged a charge of shot in the poor pointer's shoulder, after which he could never bear the sound of a gun again. This was a great distress to Rufus, and they would console themselves by many a private rabbiting foray of their own. Pepper, too, kept up his love of sport by a perfect passion for hunting cats. Rufus, though on friendly terms with the cats of the establishment, was not above the pleasures of the chase; and, as not even Pepper ever

dreamed of hurting them, these cat-hunts were amusing enough to watch. Pepper had a peculiar bark which always meant cats; and if any stranger ever inquired



SNAP.

into the cause of the peculiar commotion and shrieking that often woke the echoes of the yard, the answer would generally be, "Oh, it's only Pepper, *catting*!"

Sometimes the son of the house indulged the dogs with a thorough good cat-hunt. He would go round with a sack, collecting all the cats of the establishment—house cats, stable cats, gardener's cat, coachman's cat—every cat he could lay hold of, even to the white Persian, whose young mistress would plead for her with sobs and tears; and with the sack over his shoulder, and every dog on the place baying at his heels, he would go off down the fields, with a select company who craved to see the sport.

The dogs were then held in—no easy matter in the case of Pepper—whilst the cats were given a good start. When all was in readiness the sack was opened, the cats fled homewards as if for dear life, and in a

second or two the dogs were loosed. The wise cats always made for trees, up which they scrambled, and could then smile in calm superiority at the frantic struggles of the dogs below; the white Persian, being foolish, was generally run down, but never suffered anything more than a fright, as the dogs never thought of hurting, only of chasing the prey. As for one staid old tabby, she simply declined to run, but sat still and stared at the dogs with the coolest effrontery. Of

altogether improbable, the truth of them can be vouched for without hesitation.

Part of his life he lived at Cambridge, and as he had a great deal of spare time on his hands (his master being much engrossed by his literary work), he took to paying visits to a neighbouring police-station, and taking his exercise with members of the staff. His master knew but little of his movements, as Spot was a dog of independent habits and well



PEPPER AND RUFUS.

course they did not know what to do with her, so passed her by, leaving her to take her leisurely way home. I always admired the iron nerve of that cat. It is not one in a hundred, however little they really fear dogs, that can forbear to fly when they see the hounds tearing straight down upon them.

At another house where I have often been a visitor there are two particularly nice dogs, though neither of them is so handsome as Pepper or Rufus.

Carriage-dogs are seldom good-looking; I, for my part, have a dislike to their spotty appearance; but I must confess to a weakness for Spot, who is really quite one of the cleverest dogs I have ever known; and though some of the stories told of him sound

able to take care of himself. On some occasions he absented himself for a few days together, but always turned up safe and sound at the end of that time; no anxiety being meantime felt about him, although nobody knew what he did with himself.

Enlightenment on this point was brought home to his master in the following fashion. He had been giving himself a little more relaxation of late, and Spot had been, in consequence, more with him, and less abroad on his own devices. One evening, as master and dog were sitting over the fire together, there came a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a police constable, whose appearance Spot hailed by flopping his tail upon the floor.

"If you please, sir," began the man civilly, "I've come to ask if you can kindly spare the dog for a bit?"

"The dog!" replied the master, in surprise; "my dog, do you mean? What do you want him for?"

"We've got a new man on the beat, sir," was the answer, as if that would explain everything.

Much perplexed, the dog's master proceeded to make inquiries, and elicited the information that Spot, from accompanying the different men on their rounds, had learned every beat with the greatest precision, and was quite a qualified adept at instructing the new men. The constable simply started the dog on any given round and bade the new man follow him; and sure enough Spot would show him his beat, take him accurately round it, and never make a mistake. Night or day he would be at the service of any new man, and would constitute himself his protector until he had familiarised himself with his new duties.

"It saves us telling off a man to instruct a new-comer, you see, sir," concluded the constable. "And if so be as you can spare the dog, you'll be doing us a kindness. Taught him, sir? Bless you, he taught his own self. Nobody ever taught him nothing. Dog like that don't want no teaching. He just keeps his eyes and ears open, and takes it in like a human creature—that he do!"

It really seemed sometimes as if the policeman's words were true. One of the sons of the house where he lived, who was going to live in Dublin, petitioned to take Spot with him, as he was such a companion. This was agreed to, and Spot was taken from the Manor House, where his later years had been passed, and transplanted to Dublin. Letters brought the news that he did not seem to settle down at all comfortably; and one morning, as the family were assembled at breakfast, what was their surprise to see Spot walk calmly in, with an air of the utmost assurance, and lie quietly down, with a sigh of contentment, upon a favourite black mat of his in

front of one of the French windows. He was tired and rather shabby-looking, but quite composed and self-contained, showing no effusive excitement, but a sort of calm satisfaction, which was quite as eloquent in its way. At first it was supposed that the dog's master must be on the road, as it was considered impossible that the dog could have crossed the water alone; but no master came, only a letter announcing the loss of Spot. Partly out of curiosity, I believe (though it seemed rather a shame, I thought), poor Spot was sent back to Dublin. But what a dog can do once, he can do again, and very soon he was back in his old home, from which no further attempt was made to move him. It was then I made his acquaintance; and though I never witnessed any feats of extraordinary sagacity, he always had the air and manner of a very wide-awake and intelligent dog. He had odd likes and dislikes amongst the horses, with whom he spent most of his time. There were some amongst them with whom he positively declined to run, whoever rode or drove them, whilst it was a perfect delight to go with others. Altogether, he was a curious dog, and decidedly an original.

His only friend amongst the dogs was little Dino, a rough, half-bred Skye terrier, who also had a weakness for horses, and was a frequenter of the stable-yard. Those two were constantly to be seen lying together at a side door from which the carriages or equestrians generally started, and would herald the approach of the horses by a chorus of delighted barking.

Dino had a sort of cleverness of his own, too, which often amused us a good deal. The master of the house passed a rule that no dogs should be allowed indoors; and the larger dogs, who had at all times been allowed in only on sufferance, accepted their ejection with resignation; but poor Dino resented his banishment sadly, and so did the son to whom the dog was especially attached. The dog had acquired a habit of going up to his young master's room early in



SPOT.

the morning, and scratching for admittance. Now, however, he could do this no longer, for the door of the lord of the manor was just opposite to the son's, and the sound of the dog's claws at once evoked an angry rebuke, or even the discharge of some missile, that sent the terrier scuttling away. But Dino was not going to be "done" like that. Perhaps he took counsel with Spot, or perhaps he solved the idea out of his own brain. At any rate, he soon hit on a solution of the difficulty. The dog used to run upstairs, and throw himself against the door with a soft thud,

perfectly audible to the young man within, but not to the occupant of the opposite room; and he would lie snugly hidden away in a warm bed until the redoubtable master had descended, and he could escape from the house undetected. In many other ways of equal ingenuity he would manage to evade the obnoxious rule and make his way indoors. I am afraid we all aided and abetted, for Dino was a great favourite; but I fear I shall tax the patience of the reader by any more details, and must bring to a conclusion this brief account of Some Favourite Dogs.

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

WHAT MISS TRUSDALE SAID.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. AN OLD MAID'S STORY.



O Miss Gwendolen Grey is married!" said Elizabeth Trusdale to me, a few days after the wedding.

"Yes," said I; "married and happy. I must say, Miss Trusdale, that I cannot see why the young ladies cried. Two of them were in tears. The bride was happy, so was her husband. They weren't so *mentisental*!"

"Ah," said Miss Trusdale—who, I may mention, is an elderly maiden lady living in a small cottage not very far up the old Minchester road—"Ah, they may cry more before they die! Men are like roaring lions, and very wicked!"

Now this I thought pretty hard; and I was going to ask how she knew, being all alone and unmarried, while I had a husband. The idea of Charley as a roarin' lion, too, was pretty good. But I only said—

"Miss Trusdale, ma'am, I think your experience must have been unfortunate. Men may be bad—some of them—but so are some women, and we're all flesh and blood, so don't let us run ourselves down."

"Well, Lucy Farmer, you'll see. There's been fine goings on at the Manor! Did you notice a Mr. Maurice Jennings there at the wedding?"

"Yes, I did; a slim, fair-haired young gentleman, who looked sweet as sugar at Miss Eggström, or Eggstream—some such name. There was an egg in it, I'm sure."

"Miss Eggström is her name; a very pretty girl, *people say*, with a rich father; no mother, I'm told; but I can't say I think her conduct is ladylike."

"And why not, Miss Trusdale?" I asked, nettled-like, because Miss Eggström was first favourite amongst the bridesmaids, and looked as good as she

was pretty. She was small, certainly, but her figure was as neat as a new pin, and she dressed *well*, not gaudy. So I asked, "Why not?"

"The fact is," whispered Miss Trusdale, "that, between you and me, Mrs. Farmer, your grand young lady is going to elope with Mr. Jennings!"

"Going to elope with Mr. Jennings!" I exclaimed. "No, Miss Trusdale, I can't believe *that*. For why should they elope? They can get married, I suppose, if they want to; and if they *did* elope, what matter?"

"What matter! Oh, Mrs. Farmer! But there, of course, your feelings are not so fine in these delicate cases. What matter! Well, well! I will bid you good afternoon, Mrs. Farmer."

"Good afternoon, Miss Trusdale," said I, glad to see her go. "Venomous thing!" thinks I; "here's that old maid dropping 'sinuations about all over the place. I must inquire into this."

There are a great many things which are very commonplace until you begin to inquire into them. I'm sure I never thought that daisies was so splendid till Mrs. Martin-Henry showed me the bits in a kind of telescope on a stand; and the fright I got over a fly's leg I'll never forget! So when Miss Trusdale came and hinted about an elopement, though I didn't believe her, still I thought I would inquire, as Charley says.

Poor Charley; he's all for partridges now, being August; and the trouble he takes with the pheasants would make many a hen blush with shame for neglecting them.

The children were pining for a run down on the beach, so I took my knitting and a book, and we went to a quiet nook. Our beach is shingly, with sandy stretches here and there, and breakwater-looking things, which Charley says are "grones." I sat down behind one of the "grones" and knitted, looking up every few minutes to watch the children.

While I was watching them, I also saw two figures—a lady and a gentleman—walking arm-in-arm some distance away. He was slim and tall, she was short;