

MUSICIANS.—I.  
HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.



DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.



THE name of the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music has a fine Celtic ring about it which there is no mistaking. The "Mac"—as in the case of the Principal's predecessor, Sir George Macfarren—has been known to give rise to erroneous ideas of nationality, but there can be no doubt about Alexander Campbell Mackenzie. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mackenzie can boast of a long lineage of Scottish ancestry—of ancestry, moreover, whose life history rather tends to show that the composer's career has been a complete working out of a very obvious destiny. His great-grandfather was a leading member of the Forfarshire Militia band; his grandfather played the violin, and taught music in Aberdeen; and his father was one of the best-known Edinburgh musicians of his day. What more natural, then, than that the composer should "evolve" in the fourth generation?

But Dr. Mackenzie had a long way to travel, and over many thorny paths, before he found his true vocation. Born in Edinburgh in 1847, he was packed off to Germany at the tender age of ten, and at Sonderhausen, under Ulrich Stein, he learned to play the violin so well that in three years he was a member of the ducal orchestra. There was plenty of experi-

ence of a rough kind to be got here, but Dr. Mackenzie desired to become a finished violinist, and so, in 1862, he came to London, and placed himself under Sinton at the institution which he now directs. In the end he became an excellent player on the stringed instrument, and when he returned to Edinburgh to settle down as a professional, it was at first mainly as a violinist that his townsmen knew him. As a soloist and an orchestral player, he travelled about a good deal, and he has many interesting reminiscences of that early time. On one occasion, when playing at a concert, he observed a stout gentleman in the front seat who appeared to appreciate his efforts in quite an unusual way. The concert over, Dr. Mackenzie was told that someone desired to be introduced to him, and behold the hero of the front seat, who proceeded to shower compliments on the player. The latter was about to make a suitable reply, when he was cut short with the remark: "But mind you, you'll never be half as good a man as your father."

It was about this time that Dr. Mackenzie "discovered" Chopin's biographer, Professor Niecks, now the holder of the Music Chair in Edinburgh University. He brought the professor over from Düsseldorf, but so little was his brother impressed with the importation, that he could only compare him to a "stickit minister." Niecks and Mackenzie were frequently engaged to play together. One evening they,

with some other musicians, landed at a little country town, where they were to accompany *The Messiah*. The appearance of the orchestral instruments in their curiously-shaped cases greatly puzzled the countrymen who had gathered about the station. "What's all this, Sandy?" inquired one rustic. "Man, do ye no ken?" was the reply; "it's the Meesia come; they're goin' to play the nicht." As a Church musician Dr. Mackenzie had other and very different experiences. "Training the choir, quarrelling with the minister, and generally managing to get the better of him," is the way he speaks of his work at St. George's, Edinburgh, where, however—as, indeed, in the capital generally—he is very kindly remembered and very proudly thought of.

Of Dr. Mackenzie's record as a composer we have no space to speak. Thirteen years ago he left a large teaching connection in Edinburgh to seek health in Florence, and Florence gave him both health and fame; for it was while thus resting that he blossomed forth as a composer. His works are already numerous enough to require a little catalogue to themselves; and if they are not all of equal merit, they have been at least sufficient to remove the old taunt of Scotland's musical barrenness. The late Von Bülow used to say that composition was the most expensive amusement he knew. Either Dr. Mackenzie does not find it so, or—which is more likely—he is content to regard this, the highest exercise of his art, as purely a labour of love.

But the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music is not the sole musical glory of his country, although he was certainly the first to break the unmusical record. In Mr. Hamish MacCunn we have a musician who is essentially national, where Dr. Mackenzie is essentially cosmopolitan. The younger composer has proclaimed his total lack of sympathy with what is known as "absolute" music; and his interest in "far-away personages" and "foreign subjects" may be guessed from the fact that he declares he *might* write an opera on, say, *Dido and Æneas*, but only if he tried "terribly hard." He has not tried to do anything of the kind; but in selecting a style of composition, has taken what lay, as it were, at his hand—what he knew best about, and what touched him most nearly. For Mr. MacCunn is a Scotsman in all the essentials of birth, training, and sentiment. He is a Greenock boy, and has been steeped in music since 1868, when he first shook his tiny fists under the parental roof. His father is an active business man, who has always given up his leisure to the Divine art; and the son has testified of both parents that their instruction and encouragement have formed an all-important factor in his musical development.

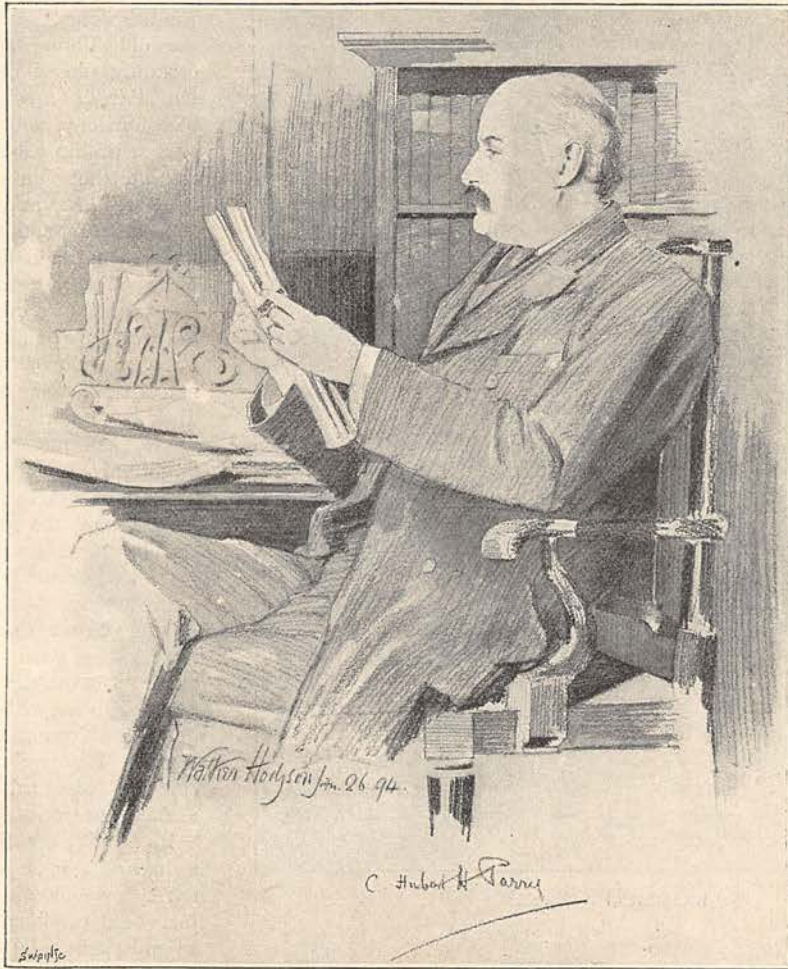
Of the details of that development there is not much to say. In 1883 Mr. MacCunn, having already been well "coached" locally, secured a Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, and went off to London for his finishing lessons. In one year he had learned all they could teach him at the Royal College, and very



MR. HAMISH MACCUNN.

soon after he had left the institution his countrymen were rejoicing over the possession of a second notable composer. Having had no Continental training, Mr. MacCunn's mind naturally inclined towards Scottish subjects. "The more I look," he says, "into the large and interesting tradition of ballad music and ballad literature that has been bequeathed to us, the

also believes in play and in good living. He likes billiards as much as Paderewski himself. Art is not, in his opinion, compatible with miserable surroundings. "I live well," he says, "because I feel that any form of unnecessary hardship would probably impair my activity." Mr. MacCunn is married to a daughter of the late John Pettie, the artist; and he is



DR. HUBERT PARRY.

more I feel that here there is plenty of material for the work of more than one life." And so Mr. MacCunn has practically stuck to that material. Scottish tunes and Scottish rhythms have become his second nature; so much so, that critics have actually mistaken his melodies for some of the old national airs of his country! He likes to have something to write about, so that his music may represent emotions aroused by some definite idea or ideas. He has no delight in fugal composition, nor has he any patience with the meaningless floridities of the Italian School. In vocal music he lays great stress upon declamation, and he always treats his chorus in masses by preference. Mr. MacCunn believes in hard work; but he

one of the youngest appointed professors of composition at the R.A.M.

It seems just the right thing to follow on with a notice of Dr. Hubert Parry, for Mr. MacCunn bears eloquent testimony to the sound instruction he received from that eminent musician at the Royal College; and Dr. Parry is, besides, understood to be very proud of his young disciple. There are—or, at any rate, there have been—so many musical Parrys, that the ordinary reader is apt to get confused as to their identity, more especially as there are two distinct Parrys, both doctors of music, both composers, and both professors. How to label them accurately is a problem. In writing, at any rate, there may be a



EXAMINING A PUPIL.

ready means of distinction: Dr. Joseph Parry is a Welshman, who works in Wales; Dr. Hubert Parry is an Englishman, who works in London. Born at Gloucester in 1848, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry has, apart from the history of his compositions, had a comparatively uneventful career. In due course he went to Eton and to Oxford, where he graduated Mus.B. in 1867 and B.A. in 1870. It is said that he rather astonished Sir Frederick Ouseley by passing the Mus.B. examination while still literally an "Eton boy."

Going from Oxford to Stuttgart, he studied composition with H. H. Pierson there, and then returned to London to finish his training under Sir George Macfarren and Mr. Dannreuther. Since that time he has been busy composing, writing, and teaching, and in all three branches has been equally successful.

In the first-named department he has taken his place as a master; and in such works as *Judith*, *Prometheus*, *St. Cecilia*, and *De Profundis*, not to mention symphonies and other instrumental compositions, he has distinctly enriched our English art. Someone has said that in all genuine English song there is a breath of the old Viking spirit. There is certainly plenty of that spirit in Dr. Parry's music. Strong diatonic melody, which rides on its bass as a ship rides on the water; rhythm that can change without being restless, and continue without being monotonous; sentiment that is sane and healthy, with no touch of extravagance or affectation—these, as a critic has well put it, are the qualities which Dr. Parry's music has drawn from its native land. Nor must Dr. Parry's work as a contributor to our stores of English musical literature be forgotten. Musicians, as a rule, make poor writers; but Dr. Parry's practice of the pen is steadily tending towards a perfection which we shall probably see in some future *magnum opus*. His "Studies of the Great Composers" is a remarkably good volume to be made up of papers originally contributed to a girls' magazine, while his more recent "Summary of Musical History" is likely to become a standard work for the musical student.

In Sir Walter Parratt we have a musician of a somewhat different type from the men we have just been considering. He is an organist above all things—one of the

finest of players on the instrument, and an authority on all matters pertaining to it. Indeed, Sir Walter has one unique qualification as a player: he can go through an organ fugue from memory or at first sight, and at the same time play a game of chess! When he was organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, he and Prince Leopold spent many an evening together over music and chess; and so expert a chessman did the musician become, that he could play several games at once blindfold. As an organist Sir Walter has had a long and varied experience. When he was born at Huddersfield, in 1841, his father was organist of the parish church there—a post which he held for fifty years. In fact, he played the organ on fifty consecutive Christmas Days, and his son Henry, who succeeded him, has now played twenty-six Christmas Days—father and son thus officiating in the same

church for three-quarters of a century. Walter Parratt naturally received his first instruction from his father; but the latter was wont to complain that his son found the study of music so easy that he could not be induced to spend time enough on it in a serious manner. But there was one thing the son would gladly do: there was an organ factory in Huddersfield, and if Walter Parratt was not to be found there, looking keenly into the construction of organs, it might be taken for granted that Walter Parratt's time was not his own.

At the early age of eleven he was appointed organist of Armitage Bridge Parish Church, but the instrument had only one manual; and so we find the young musician, after a few months, at Charlotte Street Chapel, Pimlico, London. In 1854 he went back to Huddersfield as organist of St. Paul's, and it was then that people saw in him the "coming man." For one thing, he had a wonderful memory, and an equally wonderful gift of playing at first sight. One Sunday morning a candidate for a place in his choir came to sing on trial, but forgot to bring for the use of the organist a copy of the solo he meant to sing. The omission only occurred to him during the first lesson, and as he could not himself sing without the music, he handed his copy to Mr. Parratt and asked him if he could accompany it. Mr. Parratt

replied that he had never seen or heard the piece before, but would try what he could do. During the second lesson he played the composition over on the keys of the organ without wind, and handed the copy back to the singer. When the solo came on, he played the accompaniment without an error, and turning round to the vocalist, told him where he had sung a wrong note!

While at Huddersfield Mr. Parratt, though then only nineteen, came very near to being selected as organist both for the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Town Hall, Leeds. In 1861, however, he was appointed organist to Lord Dudley's church, Whitley Court, and there he remained till 1868, when he went to the parish church at Wigan. In 1872 he was made organist and choirmaster at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his Mus.B. degree; and when Sir George Elvey retired, he was chosen as his successor at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where he remains. Sir Walter is the leading professor of the organ at the Royal College of Music, and does some hard days' teaching there every week. As a player he specially excels in Bach, whom he interprets in an almost insurpassable manner. Like Dr. Parry, he is a writer; but as yet his efforts in that direction have been confined almost solely to the musical journals and kindred publications.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

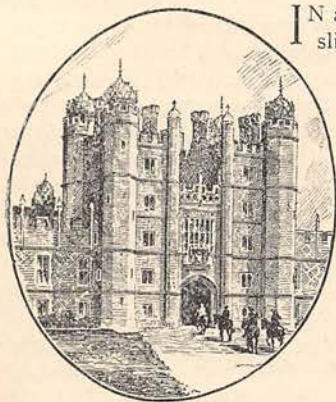
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## ROYAL GHOSTS IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

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THE GREAT GATEWAY IN WOLSEY'S TIME.

IN attempting to give a slight sketch of my experience of ghostly visitants in Hampton Court Palace, I must first assure my readers that personally I have never actually seen a ghost there. Neither have I any wish to do so, as I am told the sensation it produces is a very unpleasant one, and impossible to describe. One feels completely

paralysed for the time, and the sudden shock seems to haunt one night and day.

The apartment in which I now write is situated near to the Haunted Gallery, and I have distinctly heard the loud screams at dead of night, which are supposed to be uttered by the shade of Queen Catherine Howard, whose restless spirit still haunts the Long Gallery, on the right-hand side of the Queen's Great Staircase. This gallery is kept locked, and is not

shown to the public generally, but only to the favoured few, and by special permission. The story goes that, after the disclosures made to Henry VIII. of the alleged unfaithfulness of the queen, he was one day at service in the royal closet in the chapel. Catherine Howard, who had been confined to her room, escaped and ran along the (now called) Haunted Gallery, having determined to make one last frantic effort to appeal to the king for mercy and pardon.

She had just reached the door of the royal pew when she was rudely seized by the guards, and in spite of her piercing shrieks she was carried back to her own rooms, while the king continued his devotions apparently quite unmoved.

This terrible scene is said to have been enacted over and over again in the Haunted Gallery.

A tall figure, dressed all in white, has been seen going towards the royal pew, and on approaching the door has rushed back again hastily, her garments all disordered, and a look of utter misery and despair on her face, as she utters a succession of unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the doorway which leads to the Queen's Staircase. These shrieks are constantly heard to this day, especially when there is no moon, and at the autumnal season of the year, when these Royal Shades seem to be particularly restless. They never

messages from one part of the body to another. If the connection be broken at any point, messages can no longer travel—for example, if the nerves of the arm are cut, we should feel no pain, even if the hand were completely burnt and destroyed. We are now in a position to understand how pain may originate. It may depend upon an unhealthy state of the brain, upon injury or disease of a sense organ, or sometimes it may depend upon the condition of the nerve itself. In many instances the difference between pleasure and pain depends simply on the amount of stimulation which is applied. There may be only a comparatively slight difference between the heat which warms us pleasantly and that which scorches us, giving rise to a distinctly painful sensation. The eye is specially sensitive to such differences. It is stimulated by light, and when the light is too intense or glaring, as when the sun shines brightly after a recent fall of snow, we soon begin to suffer from aching and pain in the eyes.

There may be actual injury, as when we cut ourselves; or there may be disease, as a decaying tooth or a chronic ulcer or an abscess. Pain may also depend upon the condition of the nerve itself. If a sensory nerve be injured somewhere in its length—as, for example, when we strike the elbow on a particular spot and stimulate the underlying nerve—we do not refer the sensation to the point struck, but to the end of the nerve, and we feel our fingers tingle. The brain has always been accustomed to receive messages from the fingers by means of that nerve, and consequently interprets as usual the message it receives. For a similar reason, after amputation of a leg, pain is often felt as if it were in the toes. The brain occasionally makes a mistake; the nerves branch very freely, and it sometimes happens that the message is attributed to the wrong branch. Thus a very painful ear-ache is often really due to a decaying tooth, and

in hip-joint disease pain may be felt in the knee, though it originates in the hip.

At times a pain is felt for which a local cause cannot be found. This is true neuralgia, and is due to the nerve itself being slightly inflamed. The word is too often used as a synonym for toothache or other ailments for which a definite curable cause exists. Lastly, pain may depend upon the condition of the brain. As long as it is healthy and well nourished it is able to value correctly at their proper worth all the messages it receives. It pays no attention to many of them, others it remembers, while it promptly replies to a few. If it is overworked, confusion results, and we hear of people "losing their heads" in consequence. If it is not sufficiently occupied it pays too much attention to the many trivial messages it receives. It is well known that when people who are martyrs to neuralgia are enjoying themselves they forget all about the pain, but as soon as they find time for introspection, as the habit of closely considering our own feelings is called, the pains return. Many *malades imaginaires*—a polite name for people who fancy themselves ill—are always analysing their own feelings.

It is obvious that the treatment of pain depends upon its cause. If it depends upon injury or overwork, rest is absolutely necessary. Pain is often Nature's way of enforcing rest. The agony experienced when a man attempts to walk with a sprained ankle is a sufficient command for him to keep it at rest. Local irritations must be carefully looked for and avoided, and decaying teeth stopped or removed, ulcers healed, etc. I have in previous papers referred more than once to the benefit and well-being which depend upon useful occupation and regular exercise. I mention these factors again, for in no condition are they more beneficial than in the vague pains, real enough in most cases, included in the word "neuralgia."

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## MUSICIANS.—II.

### HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.



TO most people Sir Arthur Sullivan is the high prophet of the lighter school of music. He is that—and something more. He had made a name for himself before he wrote a note of comic opera, and his name would remain although as Mr. Gilbert's partner he should be quite forgotten. "The Lost Chord" and the spirited tune that has made "Onward, Christian Soldiers" popular, are certainly known to thousands who have never had the opportunity of hearing a Savoy opera.

Sir Arthur's early career as a musician was entirely associated with the church, and with the composition of what must perforce be termed serious music. When quite a little fellow he conceived the notion of being a Chapel Royal choir boy; and so he got his father to

take him to Sir George Smart, the organist. Sir George heard him sing, was satisfied, and sent him off to Helmore, the master of the choristers, for a final decision. But the Helmores had left the address given to the elder Sullivan, and the new tenants did not know where they had gone.

"They must have eaten when they were here," said the boy to his father; "let us ask at the butcher's shop."

The butcher supplied the information, Mr. Helmore was found, the boy was heard, and the following day he made his *début* in the duet of Nares' anthem, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy."

Arthur Sullivan remained at Whitehall for two years, when he succeeded in carrying off the first

Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. The choir boys were boarded under Mr. Helmore's care; and the composer has still among his juvenile sketches a little madrigal upon which one may read the following note:—"Written while lying outside the bed one night, undressed, and in deadly fear lest Mr. Helmore should come in."

At the Academy Sullivan worked under Goss, whose influence may easily be seen in his sacred compositions; and as Goss and Helmore and Thomas Carlyle were all neighbours in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the young musician spent many of his evenings in the best of good company. At Cambridge in 1876 one of the most interesting sights was to see the aged Goss leaning on the arm of Arthur Sullivan when the latter was being made a Doctor of Music.

In his early days Arthur Seymour Sullivan—he prefers to drop the middle name—held the post of organist at important churches like St. Michael's, Chester Square, and St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. At first he took pupils like other musicians, but, fortunately, he wrote songs—good songs—and published most of them on the royalty system. "The Lost Chord" alone has

brought him a good income for years, and what the others have done in that way may be guessed from the fact that Chappell paid £700 down for "Sweethearts." Sir Arthur has given us works in every style: symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, songs, anthems, and—comic operas. He cannot compose when he is fatigued, and he cannot compose, in London at any rate, unless when postmen have ceased from troubling and omnibuses are at rest. He says he can do more between twelve and four a.m. than he can do in a whole day, and as he is not obliged to rise early it seems as convenient a time for working as any other. In music as in other things he believes in England for the English, and he as little understands as he approves our curious preference for the "musical foreigner." In short, "in spite of all temptations to become an Englishman" he would have the foreigners remain on the other side of the Channel.

Like Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Stainer affords a good example of a choir boy who has risen to the top of his profession. Known at first chiefly as the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir John, though now living and working in the quiet atmosphere of Oxford,

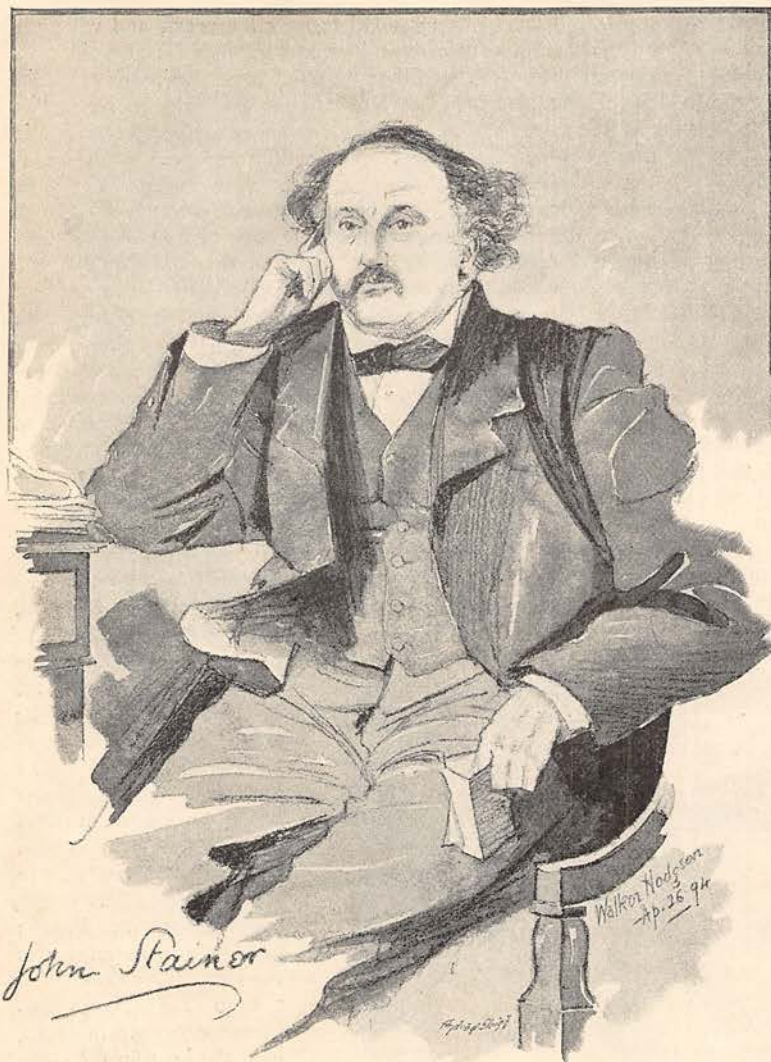
is probably still thought of by the majority of people in connection with St. Paul's. To be sure, he served for only ten years in the Cathedral organ loft, and in that respect broke the precedent of his predecessors. It has been said that the best way to secure a long life is to get appointed to St. Paul's; and there is something in the idea.

John Jones, who became organist in 1755, held the post for forty-one years; Attwood, his successor, reigned for forty-two years; and Goss was organist for thirty-four years. For substantial reasons, too, St. Paul's is worth holding. To Sir John Stainer the berth brought in, we believe, £750 a year; and, besides that, the organist's house, No. 1, Amen Corner, is one of the healthiest residences in the whole City of London.

John Stainer became a choir boy in St. Paul's when he was only seven. This was in 1847, and he remained at the Cathedral in that capacity till 1856, during which period



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



SIR JOHN STAINER.

he was often heard as a composer, besides being allowed to play the organ occasionally. Miss Hackett—here as elsewhere the chorister's friend—took an interest in him, and paid his fees to study the organ with George Cooper at St. Sepulchre's. He also had lessons in counterpoint from Dr. Steggall, and hence it happened that at the age of twelve he was singing the soprano part in Steggall's degree exercise at Cambridge. When he was fourteen he took his first organist's appointment at the church of St. Benedict and St. Peter, Paul's Wharf. After serving at St. Michael's, Tenbury, he went to Oxford as organist of St. Magdalen's College, took his Mus.B. degree when he was seventeen, and followed it up in due course with B.A., M.A., and Mus.D.

In 1872 he was back at St. Paul's as the successor of Goss. It chanced that the organ was being rebuilt at the time, so that there was an entirely fresh start, and very soon St. Paul's became as notable for the high

character of its musical services as it had formerly been for its dulness and its slovenliness. Sir John could tell of wonderful changes he has seen at the Cathedral. As a choir-boy he remembers standing by the grave of Turner, at a time when the crypt was without windows and the floor was all in puddles; and he likes to recall the amusing story of the Dean's verger being called out one Sunday evening by a policeman, who was convinced that there was "something up in the cathedral as didn't ought to be." There was actually a light in the building!

But Sir John's eyesight began to fail him, and he was obliged to give up St. Paul's for a quiet residence in Oxford where, since 1889, he has been the Professor of Music. Though most people thought he had gone into retirement when he left London, he is still one of the foremost active musicians in the country. In proposing his health recently his friend Professor Higgs celebrated him as "one of that band of distinguished musicians who have done so much to raise the standard of musical education in England, to raise the position of musicians, and to procure for them the recognition they are beginning to enjoy."

Sir John is more or less intimately connected with nearly every musical institution in

London, and he is, besides, the head Government Inspector of Music in Elementary schools. As organist of St. Paul's he was held to be unsurpassed by any musician in the metropolis; and when Gounod came to conduct the Albert Hall Choral Society in 1872 he selected Stainer as its organist.

As a composer Sir John Stainer is widely and favourably known, particularly by his services and anthems, and his "Daughter of Jairus" and "Crucifixion" cantatas. His contributions to the literature of the art have also been very considerable. Every musical student in the country knows him as the editor of Novello's long list of "Music Primers," for which he has himself furnished works on Harmony, Composition, and the Organ. Long ago he combined with the late Dr. Barrett in "A Dictionary of Musical Terms," and what he modestly called at first "A Theory of Harmony" has now gone through some seven or eight editions. His "Music of the



Bible" is the standard work on its subject, and his article on Music in Spottiswoode's *Variorum Bible* has made his name known to millions. Happiness, according to an old author, means a successful activity in all your undertakings. If that be so, then must Sir John Stainer be indeed happy.

Professor Villiers Stanford is a comparatively young man, with a reputation that might serve for a veteran. Some fifteen years ago, when he came out second in a competition for the best symphony held at the Alexandra Palace, his name was practically unknown, although, as a matter of fact, he had already written some chamber works, an orchestral overture, and one or two vocal pieces.

Now he has attained the distinction of being a University professor and a composer of high repute both in his own country and on the continent. Dr. Stanford is an Irishman, having been born in Dublin in 1852. His musical life has been bound up with Cambridge from the first, for although he had some lessons from the late Sir Robert Stewart, of Dublin, he matriculated as a choral scholar at Queen's College, Cambridge, became organist of Trinity College, and was appointed conductor of the Cambridge Musical Society.

At that time the society was solely composed of male vocalists, but Dr. Stanford set on foot a new order of things and had ladies introduced into the chorus at once. In this way he has been able to do some admirable work, where only very poor results had hitherto been obtained, and to rescue from oblivion many good things—such as Gluck's *Orfeo*—that had long been lost sight of.

Having perfected himself for his profession by a three years' study in Leipzig and Berlin, Mr. Stanford began by composing, at the request of the Laureate himself, the incidental music to Tennyson's "Queen Mary," produced at the Lyceum in 1876. But "Queen Mary" did not bring him into fame; nor was his own country the first to give substantial encouragement to his high abilities. A three-act opera, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," was in 1881 actually produced at Hanover, while three years later the composer was being called several times before the curtain at the close of each

act when his "Savonarola" was given for the first time at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg.

In the meantime our opera-going public had refused to "enthuse" over his "Canterbury Pilgrims"; but the Leeds Festival of 1886 gave Dr. Stanford the opportunity, and he literally had his "Revenge,"—a work which a critic of the day declared to be typical of true British manhood, breezy and hearty. Since that time Dr. Stanford has been busy composing without giving us anything of outstanding excellence—anything to make us talk. He has great facility in writing, and can fill up a score as quickly as could Handel or Mozart. He always aims high, and he has so little respect for the commonplace as to have had it said of him that "a *rococo* cadence is to Stanford like holding out a red rag to a bull." A vulgar bit of melody for "bringing down the house" he regards as the abomination of desolation.





MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Dr. Stanford succeeded to the Cambridge Chair on the death of Macfarren in 1887: and before this he had been appointed conductor of the Bach Choir and a Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music. As a teacher he is said to be somewhat sarcastic, but that may bring excellent results by preventing his pupils from thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think.

At Cambridge he is rigorous, and insists on a very high standard in the examinations for degrees. Indeed, he is generally thought to go too far in that way: he expects all his Bachelors of Music not only to compose with technical accuracy, but to show soul as well—which is expecting more than he can ever get. At the same time he believes thoroughly in English music, and his cordial help is always at the service of any young man who may show traces of the divine fire.

Fifteen years ago a London weekly placed Mr. Frederic Hymen Cowen amongst its "Coming Men." At that time Mr. Cowen had made his mark, and had gained successes; but he had to do more and better before it could be said that he had actually "come." Mr. Cowen has now demonstrated to us that at this

early period his fame was but in its infancy. Nowadays it is doubtful if he would try, as he tried then, to give us an intelligible expression in orchestral music of the emotions and feelings created by the daisy, the lilac, and the sunflower. He has conceived a greater loftiness of aim and a more earnest endeavour, and stands, as a critic has put it, "one of those excellent sons of Apollo who love and respect their art and labour to the best of their means for its advancement."

Mr. Cowen's father was private secretary and confidential adviser to the Earl of Dudley, and he also held a position of trust at Her Majesty's Opera. The composer is thus an English-born subject, but he is not strictly a native, for he was born at Kingston, Jamaica.

There are people who profess to find in his works the influence of the tropical climate in which the first four years of his life were passed; but that is just because they know Mr. Cowen was not born at the North Pole. Brought to England, he was set to study with Goss and Benedict; and in 1865 he began a roaming course of instruction on the Continent, which ended in his speaking four languages fluently and acquiring a useful experience of European Schools of Music.

He started composing when quite a lad. His first

success was with the cantata, "The Rose Maiden," a very pretty work which choral society conductors have taken to their hearts. That was in 1870 and two years later he was being heard in a "Festival Overture," at Norwich, followed by an Orchestral Symphony at the Crystal Palace.

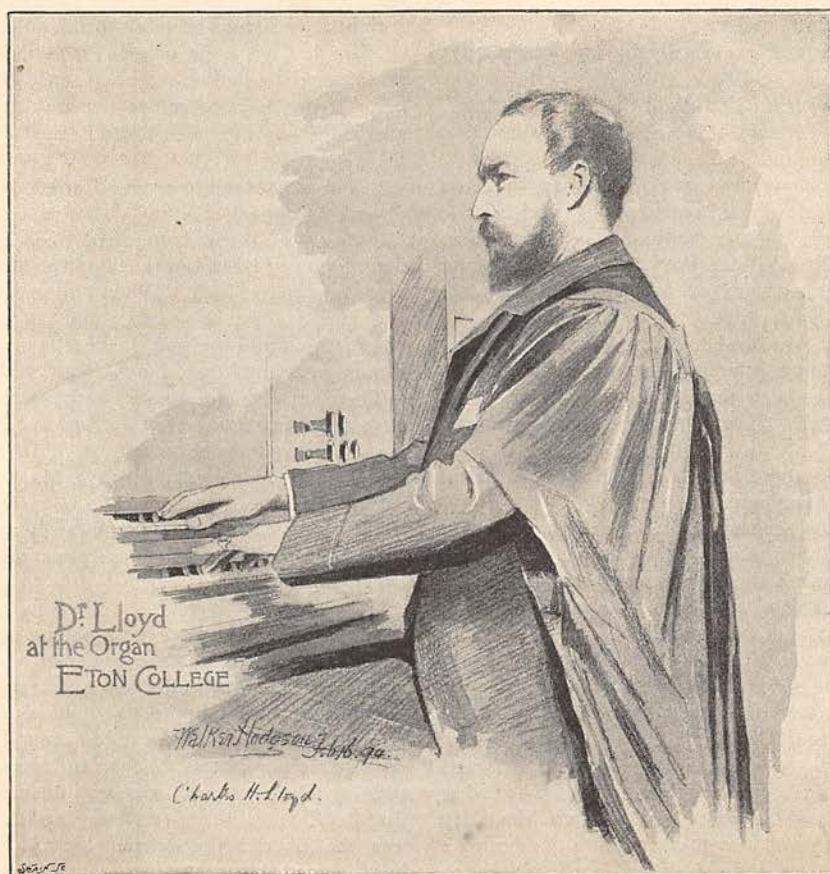
By this time Mr. Cowen had discovered that the popular song may have very substantial charms, and "The Better Land," "The Children's Home," and other successes of the kind were the result of the discovery. Another result was that Mr. Cowen gave up the drudgery of teaching, being resolved to venture on composition alone for a livelihood—a resolve which no other prominent English musician but Sir Arthur Sullivan has so far made.

Mr. Cowen has always had plenty of work ready to his hands. He has conducted Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden; has tried concert giving at his own risk; and quite lately as the composer of the opera "Sigma," has achieved fame (and been the indirect cause of a duel challenge) on the Continent, as well as at home. What he may yet do, it would be unwise to prophesy. It is enough that even now he is one of our most popular and successful composers.

Dr. Charles Harford Lloyd was for several years best known to musicians as the organist of Gloucester Cathedral and the conductor of the Gloucester Festivals. At the Cathedral he succeeded Samuel Sebastian Wesley in 1876, and he conducted the festivals till 1882 when he became organist at Christ Church, Oxford. Nowadays he is probably best known as the Precentor of Eton, for as that post is worth more than £1,500 per annum, with a residence in the cloisters, the man who holds it naturally enjoys the distinction which the capturing of such a prize in the profession involves.

Dr. Lloyd was born in Gloucestershire in 1849, and was educated at Rossall and at Magdalen Hall, taking his Mus.B. (Oxon.) degree in 1871, and his Mus.D. degree twenty years later. Conducting the Gloucester festivals for some years he had excellent chances as a composer, and the cantatas "Hero and Leander," "Andromeda," and "The Song of Balder" were the result of these chances. At Eton Dr. Lloyd has proved himself a worthy successor of Sir Joseph Barnby; and although music suffers by not being a compulsory subject he has yet done capital work, which in time must bear good fruit.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.



DR. CHARLES H. LLOYD.