

useless little thing that I should only be a drag. If it had been Maud it would have been different. Maud is cut out for a poor man's wife, and would be blissfully happy living on twopence halfpenny a week, and making it go as far as half-a-crown, but I am so stupid. My money seems to fly away, and I could not be economical if my life depended on it."

Ned sighed, and looked round the garden with a wistful air.

"I wish Maud were at home!" he said. "She is always so good and helpful. It puts new strength in a man to hear her talk. The house does not seem like itself when Maud is away!"

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.



HERE are, probably, few families in this country or any other wherein the divine art of music is more appreciated or has been more assiduously practised than in the domestic circle of our beloved Queen—whether this be at London, Windsor, Balmoral or wherever Her Majesty for the time

has made her home. The delightful charm and influence of this "the youngest but greatest of the arts" have never been lost sight of in English Royal circles, and it is owing to this state of things, in a great measure, that music in England to-day occupies its honourable, flourishing position. Example goes a long way in everything, but in nothing more convincingly than in music, whether we look at it practically or ethically.

Thus it comes about that the art is in high favour to-day, and occupies a place in people's hearts and homes such as no other can be said to do. This was not always so. When our beloved Sovereign came to the throne, and even as late as her marriage, music was at a very low ebb in England. If you wanted a copy of the *Messiah* fit to play from, it cost nearly as much money as would buy Handel's complete works to-day. Mendelssohn's writings were still more expensive and ungetatable; *Elijah* and *S. Paul* cost as many shillings as they had movements. An unintellectual age that preceded the Victorian had dragged down the art, and both it and its professors generally speaking were anything but highly regarded. Among the aristocracy particularly it was considered "bad form," and there was justification for this, to mix with musicians. "Never learn to play the fiddle, nor mix with those who do," was the advice which many an anxious parent impressed upon his sons as firmly as a sensible father to-day would advise his offsprings neither to bet nor play cards. How different to-day when nearly every young lady plays the violin! *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and it is not too much to say that this has been accomplished mainly by the splendid example and patronage which our good and noble Queen and her beloved Consort accorded to music in the "forties" and "fifties," and in the case of Her Majesty right on until to-day.

Many features present themselves in the consideration of music in English Royal circles. In the first place, there are the musical qualifications and tastes of Her Majesty and her children; the question of the form and character of royal musical pursuit is an interesting one; while, if a book would contain all that could be written thereupon, there is that large aspect of kindly thought, encouragement, advice, reward and memento which the Queen especially has so liberally bestowed upon artists, experienced or inexperienced, British or foreign in nationality, who have directly or indirectly been concerned with the exercise of music at the English Court.

The Queen, as is pretty well known, evinced a passion for music from infancy. As a child it was her delight to get at the keys of the pianoforte, whether in the nursery or boudoir, and make music for herself. Needless to say, this proceeding was not checked; on the contrary, the Duchess of Kent was delighted to watch and encourage the musical tendencies of the child-Princess. Her governess found her not only an anxious but attentive and quick student of the pianoforte. A delightful little story has got about, however, which shows that she was not less natural than other children of her age. There was then a wonder child-harpist astonishing the world, Lilla by name, and she was brought to the palace to be heard. For a while the two children were left alone, with the Princess at the piano. When her mother returned, to her astonishment all music had been given over, the piano was forsaken, and the two children were seated on the hearth-rug, Princess Victoria being greatly occupied in making a selection of the best toys she could find among her collection for the purpose of presenting them to little Lilla. In these circumstances nothing was to be done save to praise the child for her good nature.

In course of time the young Princess needed professional musical training, and this responsible work was entrusted to Miss Lucy Philpot,* then the most talented lady pianist in England. Under her training the future Queen of England made marked progress, eventually becoming a brilliant player and particularly good accompanist—points which are well borne out by pianists, correspondents, and others who were accustomed to hear her perform. Lady Blomfield, who was a Maid of Honour to the Queen, made frequent references in her Journals to the musical capacity of Her Majesty. Some of my readers may have heard the story of how the famous queen of song, Jenny Lind, was once rescued from a perilous position through the ready tact and artistic resource of the Sovereign. Being on a visit to the Queen, music was of course a natural consequence. Seated in the boudoir the "Swedish nightingale" was requested to sing. Readily enough she consented; but, unfortunately, her superb efforts were marred by the unhappy nervousness of the accompanist at the pianoforte. Observing this, the Queen desired another song, expressing her willingness to accompany it. Nothing could have ended better than this dual effort of the queens of race and song. The cantatrice rendered the composition with all her accustomed brilliancy and *verve*, stating afterwards that she had never in her life felt happier and easier in the efforts of her accompanist.

The Queen's talent was not restricted to the pianoforte. Nature had gifted her with a rich, full mezzo-soprano voice which attracted notice from her girlhood. Many Court officials and others have testified to the charm of the young Princess's voice as it used to ring unconsciously from the apartments which she occupied. On a certain occasion she was on a visit when King George IV. was present, and the band having ended a selection of music the monarch said, "Now, Victoria, what piece would you like the band to

* Subsequently Mrs. Anderson (wife of George Frederick Anderson, violinist and director of the Queen's Private Band), who taught the pianoforte to several of the Queen's children.

play? The selection will be left to you." With ready instinct and loyalty the young Princess replied, "Oh, Uncle King, I should much like to hear 'God save the King.'" The anthem was at once played, Victoria joining lustily in the first voice, and singing so well that the gallant monarch declared he had not heard the melody sung better in his life.

The first singing-master the Queen had was John Bernard Sale, who had been a chorister in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, organist of the Chapel Royal, and who possessed a phenomenal bass voice. Curiously enough the famous *basso profundo*, Lablache, next gave her instruction. His voice was one of the most richly-toned ever given to mortal, and it was so powerful that it could make itself heard above any orchestral thunder or in the midst of any chorus, however gigantic either might be. Under his excellent tuition the Queen made great progress, so much so that she became qualified to join with Rubini and other great singers in the private concerts which were frequently held when the Prince Consort was alive. Her Majesty has never tired of singing, and in quite recent years has benefited by the instruction and renditions of Signor Paolo Tosti, who for so many years was singing-master in the late Duchess of Cambridge's circle.

While delighting in the old British ballads and a few

modern songs, Her Majesty has always had a great leaning towards Italian music—the music she used to hear so much when, in the early years of her reign, she in the company of the Prince Consort was frequently at the Royal Italian Opera. Mendelssohn's music also has always commended itself to her, especially his songs and such gems from his oratorios as "How lovely are the messengers," etc.

Apart from her voice the Queen possessed a remarkably acute ear, and could detect the least musical mistake or discrepancy. This has been vouched for over and over again. Thus in one of the early years of her reign there was to be a great civic function with music. As the final rehearsal approached, Greatorex the conductor grew concerned, and warned his band that "they would need to be extremely careful, as the Queen had a quick ear and would detect the slightest blunder if they made one."

Throughout her long life no form of music has given Her Majesty greater pleasure than piano music, whether playing upon the piano herself or listening to a good performer. Unhappily such ailments of advancing years as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago prevent her playing now; but she still retains her love for harmony, and enjoys nothing more than a quiet musical evening.

As is known the wide world over the late Prince Consort



THE PRINCE CONSORT PLAYING TO MENDELSSOHN.

was exceedingly devoted to music, and excelled not only as a performer but as composer and connoisseur. His compositions* range over anthems, church services, songs, ballads and other vocal compositions. The talent for music which is so marked among the German people found a ready exponent in the person of this enlightened prince; and like all large-hearted thinkers the pursuit of the art was not directed merely to the pleasure and satisfaction it afforded himself personally. He exerted himself unusually in the cause of music in the interests of others, as well as of the art itself. Few men of royal birth have done more to encourage music than did the Queen's husband. He took a lively interest in everything pertaining to the art, and was known and respected for the patronage which he extended to all the struggling British musical institutions.

Music formed a systematic part of the Prince's education. As a child he took more than ordinary interest in the art; at thirteen he formulated his own "Programme of Studies," and at eighteen was so "passionately fond" of the art, besides having shown such considerable talent as a composer, that he was allowed to be quite an authority on the subject. In 1839—he would then have been twenty years old—he went to Florence and there pursued the exercise of the art, making such an earnest study of singing, the organ and composition that when he came to England and was heard by Mendelssohn and other musicians they were constrained to express their surprise and admiration at his qualifications and ability.

Mendelssohn, in his *Letters*, has told us much about the Prince's musical doings. He went to Buckingham Palace to try Prince Albert's new organ before he left England. The Prince delighted his visitor by his charming clear and correct playing on the organ, which "would have done credit to any professional." Then it was Mendelssohn's turn. He played "How lovely are the messengers." Prince Albert managed the stops for him to his greatest satisfaction, and both he and the Queen joined in the chorus. Afterwards the Queen sang several songs for him. She sang quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Mendelssohn was obliged to confess that the song she had selected as his, Italian Op. 8, No. 3, was by his sister Fanny, and so she consented to sing one that was really his own, and gave the "Pilger-spruch," Op. 8, No. 5, really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. "I thought to myself," says Mendelssohn, "one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times, whereupon she said: 'Oh, if I had not been so frightened! Generally I have such long breath!'" upon which Mendelssohn praised her heartily, and with the best conscience in the world.

It was upon one of these occasions that the Queen, going into the music-room, found the Prince and Mendelssohn so engaged in a musical discussion that they had not noticed that the wind from the open windows had strewed the room, and even the pedals of the organ, with seemingly endless loose leaves of music. "Dear me, what a litter!" exclaimed the Queen, and immediately she bent to the work of gathering up all the stray sheets, even from among the murmuring pedal-board.

It cannot be a matter for surprise that all the Queen's children are musical. The Prince of Wales has given abundant evidence of his love of music in the constant time and attention he devotes to all musical doings. All our institutions given over to the art—notably the Royal College of Music—occupy his mind; and it matters not whether it be opera, an orchestral performance, or "smoking" concert—wherever his patronage and presence can be extended, there these are sure to be found.

* Those who are interested in these will find them published as follows: *Vocal Compositions of H.R.H. the Prince Consort*, London, 1862; songs and ballads arranged by E. J. Loder; anthems, services, etc. They include, "L' Invocazione all' Armonia," for solos and chorus; a Morning Service in C and A; anthem—"Out of the Deep"; five collections of "Lieder und Romanzen"—twenty-nine in all; three canzonets, etc. The beautiful hymn tune "Coburg," to be found in most collections, is a fair example of the pure four-part harmony which the lamented Prince was capable of writing.

Not less devoted to the art is H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. She is passionately fond of good music. It will be remembered how frequently she attends the Monday Popular Concerts, especially when her favourite Lady Hallé (Madame Norman Neruda) is playing the violin. Not less noticeable, too, has been the much-needed example she set to fashionable folk of "being in time" for these performances, so as not to distract the attention which so many students and connoisseurs give to them.

The musical education of the daughters of the Princess of Wales was placed in the hands of Miss Olga Neruda, whose elder sister is the famous violinist, Lady Hallé. Miss Olga Neruda taught them the pianoforte, but neither of the Princesses when young has been able to learn the violin. This little lack of musical talent has caused some disappointment to the Princess of Wales, who takes much pride in the doctorship of music conferred upon Her Royal Highness at Dublin some years ago. Some of the most famous musicians in the world have played with the royal pupils.

The Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, best known to us as the Empress Frederick, from her having married Prince Frederick William of Prussia, is, like her royal mother, a fine musician. The pianoforte is her favourite instrument, and it is generally allowed that she can play the most difficult piano music at first sight. Like the Queen, too, she has seen a great deal of sorrow, and it is comforting to know that amid all this, music—as it would be to everyone—has been a great solace. She has made use of the melodies of her childhood to assuage the sorrows that the years have brought her.

All the world knows that the recently deceased Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (the late Duke of Edinburgh) was devotedly attached to the violin. On this instrument it can certainly be allowed that he was a good second-rate performer. He frequently took part in public and private concerts, and sometimes played a solo part at Plymouth, at the Colston Hall, Bristol, and at the Albert Hall and elsewhere in London. His daughters are all musical, while it is not too much to say that the Crown Princess of Roumania is far more skilful as a pianist than even her father was as a violinist.

The Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice) is also to be mentioned. She is devoted to music, and it is mainly owing to her musical tastes that so many musicians of the day have received "commands" to appear at Court and perform before the Queen. Of her compositions our readers have had every opportunity of judging, as this magazine has had the peculiar honour of publishing several of them. The late Duke of Albany enjoyed music next to literature, and particularly appreciated the Duchess's playing upon the harp, in which she greatly excelled. The mantle of music descended, too, upon Prince Christian Victor, son of Prince Christian and Princess Helena—another of the Queen's daughters. Prince Victor, whose recent death at the Cape all so sincerely deplore, was an accomplished performer on the flute. The late Princess Alice used to sing beautifully, the rich mezzo-soprano voice of her mother having been inherited by this much-loved princess.

There is scarcely a single artist of note in this country, qualified to permit of an appearance before Royalty, who has not been the recipient of the encouragement and patronage conveyed in a Court "command." Here is the kind of note or telegram despatched to artists who do not receive less official requests to appear before the Queen—"Her Majesty asks if Monsieur — can play the violin here this evening. Monsieur — should be prepared with a short programme, and arrive by 8 o'clock, and ask for the Master of the Household."

Her Majesty on these occasions dines privately, and then with her family circle repairs to the drawing-room, a very large apartment, in which all the ladies and gentlemen of the Court—always including the Minister in Attendance—assemble. Generally the company numbers about fifty persons, who are grouped about the room, the Queen's own group accommodating themselves quite close to the grand piano. The programme is then submitted to the Queen,

who selects a piece—say Ernst's "Elegy"—from a violinist's programme. Then the concert proceeds until it is Her Majesty's pleasure to retire; but often it is 11.30 or even later before the performance is concluded. There is no undue formalism, and everyone finds herself or himself quite at home. Thus, that eminent violinist Monsieur Tivadar Nachéz was once playing before the Queen when, just as he was about to begin, the Duke of Edinburgh merely beckoned him to come nearer, and he played only some three yards from the Queen. After the concert a *recherche* supper is provided, at which one of the Grooms in Waiting generally presides, following which the musical

visitors sleep at the Castle, or go to an hotel as they choose.

Altogether, music under the Queen's roof is a great thing and a great time—a matter to be remembered by all who have experienced it. No greater honour can an artist have than to find himself so placed; no more effective stimulus than such an appearance can be given to an artist's career. How content, for instance, to name only one individual, must Miss Ada Crossley ever feel from the fact that when singing recently by command at Windsor, Her Majesty paid the tribute of her tears to her rendering of "O Rest in the Lord."

WHAT CO-OPERATION DID IN OUR VILLAGE.

PART V.

OUR good doctor was nearly worked to death during the diphtheria epidemic, and he greatly deplored the ignorance that did so much to increase his work. "I wish one or both of you were a hospital nurse," he said one day to us, and the next day brought us word that he had sent for a nurse from London, and as ours was the only house where she could be lodged we must take her in! However, we were nothing loath, glad indeed to be able to assist our good friend so far. So in course of a few hours' time "Sister Eunice" arrived, and settled herself into her quarters. It was a treat to Agnes and me to meet with a young woman of our own age and of education again.

In one of our first chats together, Agnes and I recounted to our visitor something of what had been accomplished in the village, and of the success of some of our plans. But in a very short time, Sister Eunice had formed opinions of her own.

"My dears," she said, "there is nothing short of a revolution needed here, you may take my word for it. I haven't much faith in your improvements, get to the bottom of things and begin there."

"Radical remedies are not always possible when you are dealing with human beings, though," Agnes replied; "prejudice is a stiff hedge to get through, as we have found."

"Prejudice go to the wall; it's the only place for such rank, stubby stuff! I tell you I am shocked to find human life accounted so cheap as it is here."

"What do you mean?"

"There is no hospital, and no place that can be used as one, but bad as that is, it is not so bad as this. I tell you that in fifteen out of twenty cottages there is no room that a sick child, much less a sick man or woman, can lie in with comfort. Then there is never a window to be found open day or night. How do people expect to get well or be well without air, I wonder? Then look at the drainage. No wonder you have diphtheria here. I only marvel that typhoid and cholera are not here too. Talk about elevating people socially and teaching them to think! Teach them to be clean and wholesome first, and make their homes places fit to live in; then do as you like after; that is my plan."

At first we were inclined to laugh at her vehemence, but we grew sober again. "I believe you are right, and we have been self-deluded," Agnes said, "but you must stay with us long enough to put us on the right track now you are here. What would cause enmity if it came from one of us will come with a good grace from you, so you can take advantage of your opportunity, but you must not judge us too hardly, even if we have been mistaken."

Sister's sharp tone was distinctly softened when she spoke next, but it was full of determination as she said, "I don't leave here until I see at least the beginnings of a Cottage Hospital, and I shall deliver my soul in a course of Hygiene and First Aid, too, before I go!"

Like a fresh invigorating breeze, Sister perambulated the village and went in and out of the houses and cottages; the sick cases became rapidly fewer, and convalescents soon regained their normal way of life. She seemed to carry

health and vigour wherever she went. "Fresh air," was her trumpet-note, and she sounded it in season and out. Windows and doors seemed to open of their own accord when she was anywhere near. It was even said of her that one day she entered a sick-room and found a window closed for the second time in contradiction to her express orders. Lifting the poker she promptly knocked out the panes of glass from the offending casement and then laid a half-crown down on the table. "That will pay for its mending," she said, an angry light in her eyes, "but mind I never come and find that window closed again."

"Sister means what she say, that she do!" was the verdict that was passed on the occurrence afterwards.

But Sister had no intention of limiting her work to nursing and teaching cottagers. She had higher aims as well.

The Squire came almost to dread meeting the blue-cloaked figure, for she was importunate as the widow in Scripture, and for very "weariness of her coming" he at last gave the site for the Cottage Hospital, and got an architect to draw up the plans. Then his neighbour, as Justice of the Peace, was, for the salving of his own conscience, compelled to have the drainage of such houses as belonged to him overhauled and renewed, lest the sanitary authorities should be put upon his trail and his office brought into contempt; and whilst compelling himself to do the right thing, he had to insist on other property-holders doing the like.

One of the features of the meetings of the Guild when it met after Easter was the weekly lecture on First Aid, Ambulance Drill, and Sanitation. Sister's way of teaching was as thorough as her practice, and she was not content until she had brought roller bandaging into fashion, and instilled the laws of good housekeeping as well as of good health into her hearers.

Loud and deep were the lamentations when one summer day she left us to obey some call of duty elsewhere, but she bade us look out for her again, and prophesied that if we fell back into old ways her second coming would be a visitation we might dread. Fortunately her threat never needed to be fulfilled.

I must bring my history to a conclusion, for, being contemporary history, it is still in the process of making; we find the days bring ever-increasing opportunities to us whereby we may put the principles of co-operation into practice, and with the roughness worn off the handle, it becomes an easier matter to use the machine.

My moral is—what we have done others can do—and though all has not been done that might have been even in our case, still there is, I think, enough to show what may be achieved when hands and heads unite together.

Long ago the brave little kingdom of Holland formed itself into a nation against fearful odds, and made a fruitful land out of barren wastes and marshes, by taking for its motto, *Een-draagt macht magt*; namely, "In Union there is Strength," and that little kingdom stands to-day as an inspiration for all who in a great way or a small one follow the same grand law.

LUCY H. YATES.