

## NEW MUSIC.

So many of our readers write to us to advise them in the purchase of new music that we find it impossible to answer them individually in our "Answers to Correspondents." We therefore intend to give each month a list of new music, with short descriptions of their character, which will enable the girls to make a wise selection for themselves. No new song or composition which evinces bad taste or poor music will be inserted in the list, as our space and time are limited.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO. :-

*Changes.*—Words by Adelaide Proctor; music by Alfred Scott Gatty. A charming song, easy to sing and to play, and one that requires little dramatic expression.

*Again to Meet.*—Words by Helen Cresswell; music by Emilio Pieraccini. A song of human love lasting "to all eternity":

"Tell me not that thou art mine  
Only while life shall last."

The words of this song do not deal with the subject exhaustively. Human love may remain with us after this life, but love for our Divine Master only can bring any of us happily together again. Bearing this in mind, our girls may safely and thoroughly enjoy the singing of this beautiful melody, the accompaniment to which is one of the loveliest that we ever remember to have played, and one, too, which will help to educate the young performer to that "correct musical taste" of which Professor Macfarren wrote in a recent article in this magazine.

*You shall Steer!*—Words by T. Ashe; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A bright, melodious song. The singer, who is supposed to be a man, is floating down the river facing a fair steerer, and waxing eloquent on the charms of his lady-love, closing with the climax, "I'll wed you, sweet, and you shall steer my craft for aye." This song deserves to become very popular.

*The Unforgotten Song.*—Words by Ada Leslie; music by Odoardo Barri. Some people might like this song, which endeavours to effect a sentiment on the theme of "Home Sweet Home." By-the-bye, it is not generally known that the author of "Home Sweet Home" (J. Howard Payne) never had a home of his own. Before he died he said—

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread. My only wish is to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity."

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO. :-

*Palaces in Air.*—Words by C. A. Beck, M.A.; music by George Garrett. This truly beautiful and scholarly song is especially recommended to all cultivated musicians.

*O Mother Dear, Good Night* (C to F).—Words from the German; music by Berthold Tours. Another song by a superior and far-famed musician. Words would fail to express the delicate and beautiful nature of the words and music. It is a simple song of a dying child beckoned by angels to the heavenly home.

*Pray, Child, Pray.*—Song of the Sailor's Wife. Words by John Oxenford; music by Professor Macfarren. This song is taken from the cantata, "Outward Bound," and is very suitable for separate use.

Mr. J. MORLEY, junr. :-

*The Road to Slumberland.*—By S. J. Reilly. A simple but effective melody in a very moderate compass. It is not suitable for public performance, but just the thing for a girl to sing when she is rocking her little sister off to sleep.

*Spinning at the Wheel.*—By Joseph P. Knight. A pretty piece of melody with a simple and effective accompaniment.

*I Wonder.*—By F. E. Weatherly and F. A. Cowen. A bewitching little song, suitable only for a polished soprano voice.

*The Song for Me.*—Words by John Enderson; music by Michael Watson. An ingenious and melodic composition. The words portray a man asking "the maid he prized so well" to sing. She responds by warbling a song of "La belle France," a "Song of lordly Spain," and "A Lay of Germany," but they were not the songs for him. "But at last she sang me" (and here the music of this song also graduates into the well-known old English melody) "Home, Sweet Home," and that was "the song for me." The song, we think, would be considerably improved by the omission of the second part of the prelude.

BOOSEY AND CO. :-

*The Baby and the Fly.*—Words by Theodore Tilton; music by J. L. Molloy. A pretty little song. Very clever, as are all the simple songs of this talented composer.

*The Stream of Life* (D to G), Love's Barcarolle.—Words and music by Cotsford Dick. A song with a sweetly-flowing melody. May the lives of all our readers flow on as sweetly, and at the end may they be able to say, in Mr. Cotsford Dick's words,

"We have steered through fair and wintry weather—

Swift ebbs the tide, the rapids all are past,  
Floating down the stream of life together,  
Love will guide us safely home at last."

*A Summer Shower.*—A song for a soprano. (D to F). Words and music by Theo. Marzials. A charming and original song, such as only the composer of "Twickenham Ferry" and "Timothy's Welcome" can write.

LAMBORN COCK :-

*The Unfinished Song.*—Words by Helen Marion Burnside; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A grand song. Every girl should know it. The subject is somewhat similar to that of "The Lost Chord," but we do not complain of it on that account. We cannot always be singing Sullivan's beautiful song, and the subject of both is one that bears dwelling upon. An additional harmonium accompaniment improves the performance considerably, especially towards the end, where the words run:—

"But I know in the far hereafter  
I shall hear the angelic throng  
In the golden streets of heaven  
Continue that grand, sweet song ;

For all that on earth is holy  
And all that is great and fair  
Grows into diviner fulness  
Of perfected beauty there !

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## ART.

DAN.—Spread the fan out carefully on the drawing-board and fasten down a portion of it with drawing pins; when finished, lay down another part of the pattern; there is no difficulty. To make an aquarium cement, take one gill plaster of Paris, one gill of litharge, one gill of fine white sand, one-third of a gill of finely powdered resin, mix well and bottle and cork till wanted; then mix with boiled oil and dryers till as thick as putty; use in small quantities, as it dries quickly.

ADA.—Use moist water-colours for colouring photographs. The process requires more experience and dexterity than anything else, and a good eye for colouring.

## WORK.

LILY RICHARDSON.—Inquire at a fancy shop for Miss Ryder's cards for knitting. Your writing is very pretty.

JULIA.—Point lace is never old-fashioned. It is not necessary to dress much on such an occasion.

AMANDA.—We do not give addresses.

DOT.—The competitions were closed on September 20th.

CORA BEAUFORT.—We think the instructions given in "How to Embroider in Crewels" will afford you as much assistance as can be given in print.

BLACKBERRY.—You may restore the pile of the velvet by steaming it over boiling water, taking it off the bat. Your writing is clear and spelling correct.

ISMAY.—Add some plush trimmings of the same colour to your violet silk, or wear a white muslin and lace fichu on the occasion. Consult a doctor.

MURIEL.—Many of the new skirts of thick material have tucks, either real or simulated, instead of killed flounces. Your writing is very neat indeed.

QUEENIE.—Consult "My Work Basket." We think nearly everyone must know the Royal Family by sight in these days of widespread photographs.

KATE.—There is a society for the sale of work in London called the "Institute of Art," at 9, Conduit-street, W., but we recommend your making all inquiries for yourself. Your writing is legible.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—See "My Work Basket," and "Crochet," pages 442, 506, and 596, vol. i. Your writing is neat.

S. A. T.—For the jacket pattern see "My Work Basket," page 149, vol. i. Your writing is excellent for your age.

IRIS.—1. Read the article on "Patchwork," at page 206, vol. i. The patterns in the border will help you to find a finish for your centre. Why not keep to the hexagons throughout? 2. Your writing would be prettier if you made some light lines, not all dark.

AMELIA will not find it difficult to procure any paper pattern she needs; there are many depôts for their disposal. Her writing is very poor.

FAIRY and DAN and MUMPY.—Read the articles by Madame Karger on "Crochet," pages 442, 506, and 596, vol. i., and choose the stitch for your petticoat; stripes downward are the prettiest.

PUSSY.—See "My Work Basket."

CORA FORREST.—Read the "Tam o' Shanter Cap" description at page 591, vol. i. You should have written a note of thanks. Your writing is very clear and neat.

RUBY.—A fine serge flannel or woollen oatmeal cloth is suitable for a child's winter dress. Your writing is very pretty.

MARY CECILIA.—For washing crewels see page 140, vol. i. You appear to use a hard pen, which spoils your writing.

UNE PETITE FEMME.—Take off the feather trimming, brush your matelasse mantle well, and where it is short in the back, put in a square deep black satin kilting, so as to make the back as deep as the front. Then add a small satin-pointed hood at the back, and satin cuffs. You may then add bands of fur or replace the feather trimming. If you have been a pupil teacher already we should advise your studying for a higher step in advance, and endeavouring to make teaching your profession, if you prefer it as you say to anything else.

EDITH.—Your suggestion about advice on "making-over" dresses for children is a good one, and will be considered. We are glad you find our paper useful.

POLYPODY.—A series of articles on work for invalids, especially for those living in a recumbent position, are about to be given in this paper. Your kind letter is very gratifying to us.

E. A. F.—Ulsters are quite suitable for any lady to wear. The covers and index for our first volume can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, price 9d., by post 11d. Your hand is rather pretty.



## NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY, Junr., 70, Upper-street, Islington.

*The Watchman and the Child.* Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Frederic H. Cowen (set in three keys).—This is a very easy and very effective song by the composer of "The Children's Home," which formed the subject of a ballad story in our last volume. This new song is about a poor little girl with no one to love her who "slumbered amid her violets" on a doorstep as the watchman called out, "Twelve o'clock and a wild wet night." At six o'clock, when this same watchman called out "A sunny morn," the child had "the angels all to love her."

*The Angel's Gift* (in two keys, for soprano and contralto). Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Cotford Dick.—The angel's gift was a white rose, which he carried down to the quiet earth in the hush of a tender twilight, to put into the hand of a sleeping child. The words are good, and the music well adapted to them. The composition would be much enjoyed by musical girls.

*A Golden Wedding* (in E flat, compass B flat to E flat, and in F, compass C to F). Words by S. J. Reilly; music by Cotford Dick. This is an enjoyable song, most suitable for use on the festival of a golden wedding. The song ends with these words:—

"Our steps are falt'ring now and slow,

Our sun draws near the West!

Still on we go, and know that yet  
For us life hath its best.

What matter that these things of earth

Grow dim to fading sight?

A higher love than ours shall bring  
At eventide the light!"

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street.

*In the Golden Eventide* (compass D to F). Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A simple and pleasing melody with an easy accompaniment. A more suitable title for this song would have been "The Rose's Voice," for it tells of a rose "I gave to her," which "spoke the words I fain had said." In the after days when the stream of life flowed on, a rose again spoke "that love and woke the old sweet dream," and when the tide of her life was o'er "I laid a rose on her silent heart," and "no longer need the rose's voice to awake the old sweet dream." Every girl, we think, would be pleased with this composition.

*Across the River* (In two keys for soprano and contralto). Words by Nella; music by Henry Parker. There are ten pages of this song, but no one would think it too long, for it is a most enjoyable composition, charming music wedded to good words. The time changes from two-four time to six-eight in the chorus, the melody of which runs thus:—



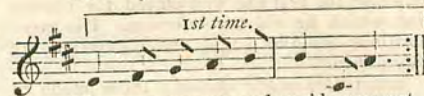
Rowing a-long, stead-y and strong,  
Teardrop and smile, gladness and guile,



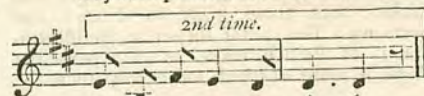
Soft-ly the boat-man sings:  
Each in its turn doth come;



Rich and poor here they all must meet,  
Side by side here to - ge - ther ride



Wayworn peasants and maid-ens sweet.



Plea-sure, and pain, and pride.

Our girls can here glean but a poor idea of  
the merits of this beautiful song. They should



turn from this to the song itself properly to appreciate and enjoy the composition.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

*The Captain's Song.* Words by Col. Meadows Taylor; music by J. L. Hatton (Compass C to F).—This is a capital song to present to a musical brother.

*Daring Nell.* Words by C. J. Rowe; music by J. M. Coward (compass A to E).—It is rather extraordinary that this sea-song, *Daring Nell*, should be written by a Rowe and set to music by a Coward. Notwithstanding the seeming contradiction shown in the title and the composer's name, however, *Daring Nell* deserves to float with other baritone songs in the estimation of the masculine public.

*Queenie Gavotte.* Pianoforte Solo. By J. T. Musgrave.—The coloured picture on the front page would alone induce our young friends to invest some of their pocket-money,

and then the music is equally pretty, with the advantage of not being too difficult for the ordinary pianoforte-player.

LAMBORN COCK 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

*My Heart!* Words by Frederick Langbridge; music by Jacques Blumenthal (compass C to F).—This is a splendid song, but requires much study and declamatory rendering. Suitable only for a grown-up girl.

*Reverie*, in D Flat. By Claudius H. Coul-dery. Graceful and soothing.

*A Bourrée.* By Florence May. A well-written and easy piece, by which a taste for what is really good will be fostered, and is within the powers of our younger musicians.

*Minuet and Trio.* By Claudius H. Coul-dery. Another easy and well-marked piece, rather longer than the "Bourrée," but easily committed to memory.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

*Andantino.* By Stephen Heller. Edited by Charles Hallé. A carefully fingered and easy study for young performers. Charles Hallé's name alone would ensure the usefulness and grace of this—what will be thought too short—piece by the player as well as hearer.

*Thuringia.* Melody by Mendels-sohn. Transcribed for the piano-forte by Frederic N. Lohr. This well-known and most pleasingly arranged theme will well repay the careful attention of our young friends. It is graceful and smooth and but moderately difficult.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-st., W.

*Twenty One.* Words by F. E. Weatherly; music by J. L. Molloy.

(In three keys).—This song, by the writer and composer of "Darby and Joan," is sure to attain the success achieved by the latter song, for it has the same subtle charm of reaching the heart. We had the pleasure of hearing Madame Antoinette Sterling sing both songs the other day, and the new one charmed us as much as "Darby and Joan" has always done. The words are supposed to be sung by one advanced in years, for it commences by speaking of the days of long ago, "when we were only twenty-one." The last verse is:—

"And is not life, for young and old,  
worth living then?

Oh, answer from the heart, oh,  
answer, yes!

To rise above the world, and all the  
ways of men

To win one little child's caress.  
One loving hand within your own to clasp and hold,

And all life's duty, as it should be, bravely done,

And ah! you'll soon forget if you are growing old,

Or if you're only twenty-one."

How nice it would be if some of our girls were to visit the aged poor in their cottage homes and sing such a song as this to them. How it would cheer their lonely, desolate hearts, and if in addition they could play the accompaniment, which is most simple, upon the guitar, why the poor old people would begin to pity the young, and think that they themselves had the greatest comforts of this life after all. Our girls will be rejoiced to learn that Madame Antoinette Sterling has promised them an article on "How to Sing in Public." This paper, which will be written to aid girls in singing before their friends, or at any local entertainment, will probably appear in our next monthly part.



## NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-street, W. :—

*The First Letter.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy (in two keys).—A first letter from a sailor lad, of which the singer says—

" 'Tis the first that I've had from my sailor lad,

There are no fine words of tender passion,  
But it's all just expressed as I like it best,

In his own true, simple, honest fashion.

" My dear little girl, I'm so hard and so rough ;

And you're sweet and good, and I'm not good enough," &c.

Let us hope that love did not blind the sailor lad or mislead him into supposing that his "dear little girl" was better than she really was. This is a charming and simple song, sure to be successful if sung brightly.

*The Children of the City.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Stephen Adams (in two keys).—This is a truly beautiful song, the study of which is sure to be profitable. It tells of the unfortunate children of the city, with no one to care for them. In the workshops and in the street toiling for bread, and life seems so hard for them that—

" They lose the glimpse of heaven,  
And there seems no better life.

Abba Father, Abba Father,  
From their bondage set them free  
Abba Father, Abba Father,  
Suffer them to come to Thee."

Stephen Adams has illustrated these beautiful words sympathetically and well, and we heartily recommend the composition.

*That Sweet Story of Old.* Sacred song. Set to music by Theo. Marzials (compass, D to F).—Every girl knows the words, "I think when I read." This simple and familiar hymn is suitably set to music, and forms a composition admirably adapted for Sunday use.

*The Cavendish Music Books.*—Messrs. Boosey are sure to have a large sale for these books (about thirty in number). Each book is sold for one shilling, and contains thirty-two pages of valuable music—songs, duets, &c., No. 1 Book, for instance, is called "Songs of the Day," and contains ten songs by Sullivan, Molloy, Diehl, Cowen, Pinsuti, and others.

GODDARD and Co., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W. :—

*Resignation.* Words by Longfellow. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.—Every girl knows the poem—

" There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there ;"

and many will be glad to have this suitable setting of it.

Augustus Buhl has written seven short Studies for the strengthening and equalising the fingers of young players; and "a wrist and finger exercise" in a single study, which must be of immense benefit to any one who will carry out the author's advice of practising them from ten to fifteen minutes daily. These exercises are not intended for a beginner, as they require the hand to be sufficiently developed to grasp an octave. The method of fingering each exercise should be carefully attended to, and practised slowly and firmly until quite mastered.

*A Romance Sans Paroles.* By Henri Stiehl.—The air, which is produced by the left hand, is very smooth and pleasant. The accompaniment is light and graceful and played with the right hand.

LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street, W. :—

Has sent us four of six musical sketches by Claudius H. Coudery—Nos. 1 and 2 separately, and Nos. 3 and 4 together—all of which are admirably adapted for young players, well fingered and marked, so that, by careful practice, there can be no doubt as to the pleasure they will afford. No. 1 consists of only two pages: an andantino, easy to read, and very sweet.

No. 2.—Another two-page piece, is of a different style, graceful, and well-defined.

Nos. 3 and 4, published together.—No. 3 is in waltz time, and No. 4 is a beautiful slow movement which must become a favourite.

*A Gavotte.* By H. Fliege.—A very spirited piece in march time, quite military, with its staccato and crisp octaves.

Fragments selected from the instrumental works of Haydn: No. 1, a romance from the symphony, *La Reine de France*. A smooth and easy arrangement in three flats, without any great difficulties either in execution or time.

*An Allegretto Grazioso*, by Charles Steggall, requiring a little more advanced pianiste and careful playing. The composer has marked the character of each bar most plainly.

*A Rondo à la Valse*, upon one of Rossini's well known operatic airs, not at all difficult, and well carried out.

*Gai Réveillé.* By Henri Stiehl.—A brilliant little piece, working up to an accelerando crescendo which will awaken the dullest listener.

*Lost.* A romance for the pianoforte. By Richard Dressel.—The introduction in the first page prepares for the andantino movement, which is "singing," leaving the player to imagine and arrange her own romance according to the suggestions of the music.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W. :—

*The Language of Flowers* (by Frederic H. Cowen) is a much more pretentious composition, capable of testing the high taste and execution of the performer.

Six flowers have been selected: No. 1, the daisy (innocence); No. 2, the lilac (first emotions of love); No. 3, the fern (fascination); No. 4, the columbine (folly); No. 5, yellow jasmine (elegance and grace); No. 6, lily of the valley (return of happiness); each of which is supposed to demonstrate the character of its subject.

It is arranged both as a solo and duet for the pianoforte, and, if only as a study for clever reading, will be found useful to the diligent student.

NOVELLO, EWER and Co., Berners-street, W. :—

*Pianoforte Solo.* Gounod's sacred song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." Transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.

—The name, both of composer and transcriber insures a production of more than ordinary merit. The well-known air is treated in a simple and effective style, and is sure of success.

An easy arrangement for the pianoforte of Fritz Spindler's *Husarenritt*. By Berthold Tours. In the key of D. We can recommend this as being easily committed to memory, and sure to give pleasure.

THE LEISURE HOUR for April, 1881. *The Girl's Own Paper* Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London.

*The Sisters.* Duet for female voices. Words by Alfred Tennyson. Music by Arthur Sullivan. Surely it is a sign that the magazines issued from 56, Paternoster-row, are keeping pace with the progressive musical culture of the English public when we see in its oldest maga-

zine, the *Leisure Hour*, a duet, the words of which are written by the Poet Laureate and set to music by Arthur Sullivan. The words are taken, by Mr. Tennyson's permission, from "The Sisters," a long poem just published in his new book of "Ballads," and characteristically set by Mr. Sullivan in his usual charmingly-melodious style. Every musical girl who desires to keep herself well informed upon the subject of new music should at once procure the above number of the *Leisure Hour*.

ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street, W. :—

*To Inez.* Words by Lord Byron. Music by H. F. Limpas (B to D sharp). A graceful and superior composition, suitable for a trained mezzo-soprano voice.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street :—

*Minster Window.* Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Ciro Pinsuti (in three keys). An easy, effective song, with a moral which is cheering to a saddened heart. The stained Minster window of martyr and saint soften the heart, for they "show of a sorrow greater than mine."

*The Dream.* Words by Adelaide Ann Procter. Music by Luli (compass B to F). A pleasant and easy spinning song.

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By DORA HOPE.



ETSY'S return was indeed a happy event for the young mistress of the house. The visit home and intercourse with her sick and dying mother had had, as Margaret phrased it, "a chastening effect," and now, with the little brusqueness and angularity rubbed off, the maid was all that could be desired, willing,

neat-handed, scrupulously clean, and honest as ever, and it is to be doubted whether Margaret ever again longed for a pretty, refined attendant.

One fault still remained to trouble both mistress and maid, for the latter regretted it almost as much as the former, namely, unpunctuality.

"I can't think how it is, Miss Margaret," she said one morning; "only look at last night, I thought as I was sure to be in time with the tea, and yet before I'd done laying the cloth I heard your pa's knock, and when I finished it off as quick as I could, and run downstairs, I gave a look at the clock, and there it was gone seven, and my meat not dished up."

"In future, Betsy, you must come up and lay the cloth half an hour, or even longer than that before the meal, then you will not be all in a drive at the last; there is nothing like being beforehand in preparing for everything. You know you take your time early in the morning and afternoon, and then as the meal hour approaches you get quite in a flurry. So try to be quicker early in the day, and get forward



which have been left from dinner), mash them up with a little butter and a pinch of salt. Empty on to the paste-board, rub in a little flour, and mix to the proper consistency with milk. An egg beaten up and mixed with the milk or half a teaspoonful of baking-powder is an improvement; but is not absolutely necessary. Roll it out, shape it into small cakes, and bake. Then cut them open and butter them, and serve whilst quite hot."

Then followed a heterogeneous collection of buns, toasted scones, and so on; amongst them some gingerbread cakes, which one of the epicures on the occasion pronounced to be "nice enough to make an old man young."

The recipe for them, as Margaret copied it for Joanna's use, was this:—1½ lbs. treacle, ½ lb. butter, 1 lb. raw sugar, 3 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ½ oz. ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful of salt. Mix the butter, melted, into the treacle, beat the eggs and pour them in; add the other ingredients, and then as much flour as you can possibly mix into it. Make it into small cakes; put them a little distance apart on a tin. Bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

And finally, as a delicate finish to the repast, there were two dishes of apples in custard. The apples were the dried chips, bought at a grocer's for sixpence a pound, stewed, sweetened, and flavoured with lemon.

As the family sat chatting round the fire the evening before Dick's birthday, Mr. Colville mentioned that he would not be home till late the next night, and hoped Margaret would not find any difficulty in superintending the amusement of her guests.

"But they will not want any amusing, I hope; boys generally seem to shake down and enjoy themselves when they get over their shyness. And Mr. Trent said he should very much like to drop in after tea, and play at being a schoolboy again, but I thought perhaps Dick might not like it; so, as it is his party, I did not respond very warmly."

"But I should like it very much, he is such a jolly fellow, and I'm sure the other fellows would like him, and we'll make him do those conjuring tricks he knows. I vote we ask him," cried Dick.

"Yes, Madge, I think you had better get him to come in," said Mr. Colville. "If he really offered to look after the boys it would save you all anxiety."

"I say, how awfully often Trent comes here lately!" said Tom, meditatively, from his post on the hearthrug, where he lay sprawling at full length.

He expected to be reproved for saying "awfully," but no one noticed it. Not choosing to have his remarks thus ignored, he went on, "I like him; he's an awfully good sort of a fellow—don't you think so, Madge?"

"I certainly see nothing 'awful' about him," replied his sister, severely.

"I say, father, I don't believe he would come so often if one of us four was away, do you?" he went on, with that knowing air peculiar to budding youths, raising himself on his elbow and staring at Madge. Whereon she fell to blushing, whilst Mr. Colville replied, unconcernedly enough,—

"I don't perceive that he shows any particular partiality for any one member of the family above the others; but his father was a very old friend of mine, and he naturally feels at home among us. I am glad if you boys think he has taken a fancy to you; for he is a nice, intelligent, sensible young fellow. Now, lads, off to bed with you, it is getting late."

"All right, father. Give us a hand up, Dick. Good-night, Madge. Why, how red your face is to be sure, and you're not near the fire either."

And with this parting shot the irrepressible boy departed.

(To be continued.)

## NEW MUSIC.

J. & W. CHESTER, Brighton.

We can very highly recommend a "Suite in A flat," composed by John Glendhill. No. 1.—*Musing*. No. 2.—*Rustic Dance*. No. 3.—*Cradle Song*. No. 4.—*Barcarolle*. No. 5.—*Lied*; each differing in style, according well with the lines which inspired the composer, and equally telling. The *Cradle Song* is a perfectly peaceful "lullaby," and we are sure we shall be thanked for advising our friends to procure the pieces and to commit them all to memory.

WILLIAM CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street.

*Honi soit qui mal y pense*.—A pretty little "amourette musicale," for the pianoforte By G. Bachmann.

*Caprice Mélodique*. By A. Ergmann.—A very pleasing, lively, and showy piece.

NOVELLO, EWER, and Co., Berners-street.

*Rameau's Gavotte*. By Berthold Tours. It is in the key of D with the introduction of a page of quiet minore, returning again into the original key. An average player will find no difficulties to hinder the right performance of this short and bright gavotte.

A. C. Mackenzie has written three characteristic pieces for the pianoforte entitled "Scenes in the Scottish Highlands." No. 1, *On the Hillside*. No. 2.—*On the Loch*. No. 3.—*On the Heather*. *On the Hillside* is a march in three four time. *On the Loch* is a slow movement; the pedal is in constant use, but the composer has left no doubt as to the right use to be made of it, having carefully marked every bar. *On the Heather* is in a rapid cantering style. In the performance of all three pieces, which are moderately difficult, the wild Scotch pipes can be recognised.

LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles-street.

Henry C. Lunn has taken Tennyson's lines:—

"Wherefore that faint smile of thine,  
Shadowy, dreamy Adeline?"

and composed a reverie with *Adeline* for its title. A sweet singing air with a flowing accompaniment, smooth and soothing.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272, Regent-circus.

*Danse Magique*. By Cotsford Dick. *La Vinandière*. By F. Vivian.—Two agreeable and easy pieces for the pianoforte.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-street, W.

*Two Loves*. Words by Thomas Moore. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Compass D to G.—A bright and simple song with a chorus in valse time.

*The Cottager's Lullaby*. Words by the Poet Wordsworth. Music by Charles Vincent. In two keys.—This charming song is sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling, and is a composition which will be much enjoyed by girls who like a quiet domestic song. The accompaniment, which is descriptive of the rocking of a cradle, is original and clever.

*The Parting Hour*. Words by Maidan. Music by James Kennedy. Compass B to D.—The words of this easy and effective song are above average merit, and more suitable than many to hear a home-bird singing.

"There's something in the parting hour:

Will chill the warmest heart,

And kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part.

But well I know, for many a pang

Has pressed it on my mind,

That he who goes is happier far

Than those he leaves behind.

"God wills it so and so it is;

The pilgrims on their way,

Tho' weak and worn, more cheerful are

Than all the rest who stay.

And when at last man's course is run,

His spirit unconfined,

In realms above he's happier far

Than those he leaves behind."

Oh, the truth of this statement! We all have felt the pangs of separation; but few more so than Mr. James Kennedy, the composer of this very song, who has just lost a son and two daughters in the terrible fire at Nice. One of these daughters used to sing "The Parting Hour" before enthusiastic crowds in Scotland and elsewhere.

EDWARD PHILLIPS, Sterndale House, Clapham-common, London, S.W.

*St. Mildred's Will*. Words by Alfred Phillips. Music by Joseph L. Roedel. Compass D to D.—It is evident that the words of this song were written simply to be wedded to effective semi-religious music. Notwithstanding this not very laudable intention the composer has made a pleasant song which many of our girls may enjoy.

*Her Father's House*. Words by Alfred Phillips. Music by Joseph L. Roedel. Compass D to G.—The subject of this song was suggested by the celebrated painting bearing the same title and exhibited at the Royal Academy. The subject is better than the words; but the music, like that of the previous song, makes it worthy of purchase and performance.

ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London, W.

*Two Roses*. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Milton Wellings. In two keys.—This is a little love poem set to music by the composer of "Banbury Cross," and "At the Ferry." Many admirers of the writings of this popular composer will like to hear of this melodious song, which we must admit, however, to be inferior to the two songs which we mention above.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street.

*The Night*. Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass D to E.—The words, by the father of Adelaide Ann Proctor, are too well known and too much admired to be given here. The music to Signor Pinsuti is beautiful and refined, as are most of the compositions of this much-respected musician.

*Sweet is the Wandering Breeze*.—A duet for soprano and contralto. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—An easy and pleasing duet.

GODDARD and Co., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W.

*Six Sacred Extracts* arranged for the pianoforte. By Lindsay Sloper. No. 1.—*My Heart Ever Faithful*. By J. S. Bach. No. 2.—*Ave Verum*. By Mozart. No. 3.—*La Carita*. By Rossini. No. 4.—*But the Lord is Mindful and How Lovely are the Messengers*. By Mendelssohn. No. 5.—*Benedictus*. By Ch. Gounod. No. 6.—*Prayer from Mosè in Egitto*. By Rossini. Each of the above extracts is a separate publication, and is the easy and, we may add elegant, transcription of a composition of a great master, with a correct fingering plainly marked. Mr. Lindsey Sloper, whose article in our last volume on "How to Accompany a Song," has been so useful to inexperienced musicians, is known by his writings and transcription in every musical English family. Students of the pianoforte will be wise if they select one of the above extracts for home practice, for, as is very different from the incessant playing of an ordinary music "piece," they will never get really tired of the subject.



actually discouraged in his suit, he had left his native village and taken a situation as foreman in a thriving establishment not far off, ostensibly to better himself, but also, as Betsy could not but surmise, with the idea of renewing his proposals.

"And now," continued the damsel, hiding as best she could amongst the friendly gooseberry bushes, her face always rosy, at this agitating moment absolutely carmine, "now the young man was pressing for a decided answer, and a letter had come that very morning urging for it in eloquent terms."

"But you don't mean that—he doesn't want you to marry him directly, surely?" asked Margaret, lost in amazement and perplexity.

"Oh, dear heart, no, miss," replied the damsel, unable to refrain from a smile at her mistress's simplicity, "'tis only to keep company, as the saying is; and I thought as father hasn't no objections, and if you hadn't no objections, and he's a very steady young man and getting on well in his trade too—"

"Your father knows him, then?"

"Oh yes, miss, from a child, I might say, and me too. We was at school together, and was always friendly like."

"Well, Betsy, it would not be right for me to hinder you in a matter like this, so long as your father is content, and I feel sure he would not allow you to have anything to do with one who was not very steady and good and nice."

"No, miss, certainly not, nor I wouldn't wish to. Should you have any objections to me seeing him now and then, miss?"

It was Margaret's turn to smile now, for the idea of not being allowed to see one's betrothed even now and again struck her as droll. She was on the point of saying he could come as often as he liked, but, on second thoughts, prudently replied, "Of course I wish to do what is best for you, so I will think it over, and let you know what can be arranged."

Margaret's "thinking about it" meant, as usual, "ask Mrs. Trent or Joanna about it," for this was indeed a new experience for her. She knew, poor child, that a whole day's thought would bring her no light on such a subject, and though she felt much interested in the affair (as what girl of eighteen would not?) she wished she had not to give an opinion on it.

As soon as possible she set out for Mrs. Trent's, timing her visit so that Wilfrid would be certainly safe at his business.

After hearing the state of the case, Mrs. Trent congratulated Margaret on Betsy's having made so good a choice, for she had heard the young man spoken of in high terms by his employer.

"As to his coming to see Betsy, it has always seemed hard to me that while Miss Belinda in the parlour may have her beaux, Betsy Jane in the kitchen is not permitted to have a 'follower!' One wishes to be kind and considerate in such cases, but too frequent visits are not satisfactory; it unsettles the girl, as she is in a constant state of expecting him to come, and it may tempt the young man to waste the time when he ought to be at work. Now, I advise you to give him permission to come every other Sunday afternoon, have tea with Betsy, and go to church with her in the evening. On the intervening Sunday she will see him no doubt at church, but he should not come into the house on any other occasion, save by very special permission."

"Oh, Mrs. Trent, only once a fortnight! Why, if she is very, very fond of him, she will want to see him every single day! I'm certain I should," Margaret exclaimed, blushing and laughing.

"Ah! well, we cannot have everything we want, love; supposing he lived very far away, once a fortnight would seem delightfully often. But you had better propose that to Betsy, and I feel sure she will be well content, and he

too. Now, dear, I will give you that recipe for the marking ink with which my linen was marked when I was married thirty years ago, and, see, it is as black and clear as if it were freshly written. Here it is. Take two drachms of powdered gum arabic, one scruple of sap green, and one drachm two scruples of nitrate of silver; dissolve these in an ounce of distilled water. That is the ink; but before using it, it is necessary to prepare the linen with a mordant, made by dissolving one ounce of carbonate of soda in half a pint of water. Moisten the place to be marked with this mordant, and when dry proceed as with ordinary marking ink, finally holding the newly written letters to the fire for a minute."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Trent dear, I have been so troubled with bad marking inks: some of them wash out directly, and others, still worse, eat away the linen into large holes. If this is a little more trouble to use I'm sure it will be well worth it, for the names on your linen, done so long ago, are far clearer and better coloured than any I can get now."

"Yes, I think you will be pleased. In looking over my old papers, searching for that recipe, I came across this one—it is a delicious conserve, made of rose-leaves—which I have never seen or heard mentioned since I was a child, and used to have a spoonful for dessert on Sundays as a great treat. Yes, you may well open your eyes, but after all it is not a very different thing from drinking the infusion of tea-leaves. This is the recipe:—Take red-rose petals, remove the white part at the bottom of each, sift them through a sieve, to remove seeds and other particles. Weigh them, and allow three times their weight of the best loaf-sugar. Boil the leaves till they are tender, reckoning about a pint of water to the same measure of petals. Then add the sugar and boil, stirring all the time till the syrup is nearly all taken up. Then put away in little jars, covering as for preserves."

"I shall so like to try that as soon as our roses are in perfection; it is such a pretty recipe, and it is so poetic actually to eat a conserve of rose-leaves."

"Then I saved two simple custard recipes for you. They are such an improvement with rather sour early fruit, which will be soon coming on now. Here is one of them:—Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into a saucepan. Stir over a clear fire till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavouring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, strain it once more, and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical. For it you must boil a pint of new milk, with a little lemon-peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take a basin of the hot milk and mix with the cold, then pour that into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a table-spoonful of peach-water, and any flavouring you please."

"Those certainly sound very simple. I have never been very successful with custards when I have tried the more complicated recipes, but surely I cannot go wrong with such clear and easy directions as these. How lovely that bouquet of lilac is! Surely they are not the same clusters that I saw here more than a week ago?"

"Yes, indeed, they are the same, and they are as sweet as ever, are they not? It is because there was a little charcoal put in the water in which they stand. There is nothing like it for keeping flowers fresh."

"Well, I hope Betsy will not think me very hard-hearted about her interviews with the young man," said Margaret, as she rose to take leave.

"She will be unreasonable if she does; but you need not fear it. I hope you will meet with no worse treatment from the powers that be when your own time comes."

(To be continued.)

## NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street:—  
*Lost on the Prairie.* Descriptive song for baritone or bass. Words by Charles W. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, A to F. This vigorous song comes to us as a pleasing variety after many maudlin sentimental love songs. It may be that *Lost on the Prairie* is more suitable for a man to sing; nevertheless we are sure that many girls will enjoy a change of subject upon which to exercise their vocal talents, and this song can safely be recommended both for its invigorating nature and its excellence as a descriptive composition. If Signor Pinsuti had not written hundreds of other excellent songs, this alone would have made for him an enviable reputation, but it seems to us that each new song written by this composer is better than its predecessor. This song is full of variety and contains a mine of excellent themes with which to play upon the emotions of an audience. It opens with a recitative in E minor:—

"Silence profound, no path, no track is there

To guide the wanderer on his homeward way,

*Lost on the Prairie, far from human ken;  
Save for my steed alone, through night and day*

He, the dear comrade of my many toils,  
Hungered, athirst, exhausted, near me lies;  
While carrion vultures, scenting quick new prey,  
Sail circling round and watch with greedy eyes."

The time and key change as he descants on his visions and dreams of home, and asks with declamation, "What to me now this treasured gold?" for which he "toiled with such wild haste." But the key changes again and the time increases, and in a pianissimo accompaniment we hear the gallop of horses, and in an allegretto recitative the lost man cries, "But hark! what sound is that? It speaks of help, of life, of hope, of home!" and the finale of this splendid composition ends with:—

"O God, I thank thee for this aid  
Sent in our direst need!

Courage, my steed, my gallant steed,  
We're saved!"

*Three Tokens.* Words by Nella. Words by Henry Parker. Compass, E to A; also

*My Treasures.* By the same writer and composer. Compass, D to E.—Sung by Madame Patey. These two songs are melodious, and written in a popular style. They will not suit girls whose voices are not crisp and flexible.

*Autumn.* Words translated from the German. Music by King Hall. Compass, C sharp to D. And by the same composer,

*The Moss Rose.* Compass, E flat to F.—The words of this song, translated from the German of Krummacher, give the legend of the moss rose. On asking the Angel of the flowers for an additional grace, the rose had thrown over it a veil of moss, which has since that time made its appearance different from the other roses of the garden. The music of *Autumn* and of *The Moss Rose* is quiet and beautiful,



and proclaims it to be the work of a musician of superior culture.

WILLEY and Co., Argyll-place.

*The Fairies' Ball.* Morceau for the Piano-forte. By E. Baudey.—A piece suited for beginners, well-fingered and easily learnt, presenting no insurmountable difficulties.

J. H. BARNETT, 67 High-street, St. John's-wood :—

*Boat Song.* By Theo. H. Barnett.—This is No. 2 of "Summer Sketches," and is a nice soothing movement, with an easily-caught air, taking us in fancy over the rippling waters, after the bustle of everyday life. An easy and pleasing little sketch.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W. :—

*Over London River.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederick Henley. Compass, E to E.—This is a song on a subject which we should hope is exhausted. Mr. F. E. Weatherly's *London Bridge* has evidently set song writers agoing on the same theme. The music of *Over London River* is melodious and correct, but more we cannot say.

*The High Art Maiden.* Words and music by Herbert Harraden. Compass, D to D.—This is a humorous song on the subject of modern æstheticism. The capital coloured picture on the cover shows the consummate quiteness and utterness of a feminine æsthetic, who is feeding by the sense of sight, or, as the writer calls it, "that Bedlam-like stare," upon a sunflower placed in a blue and white jar. In the last verse the singer asks :—

"Why does she her love with such fervour bestow  
On a blue plate that cost but a shilling  
or so ;  
And why does she beg us, with tears  
in her eyes,  
To bury it with her whenever she dies ?  
Don't you know why ? 'High  
Art !' is the cry !  
What ? 'Not be æsthetic !  
'Twere better to die !"

The music to this song is suitable to the subject and clever, allowing the necessary amount of flopping and attitudinising.

ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W. :—

*Evening Star.* Nocturne by Fritz Spindler.—An easy, graceful little Nocturne. The theme is well sustained and carried out, only requiring moderate attention to the indications marked by the composer to secure a right rendering.

These publishers have issued a set of four songs, entitled "Proverbs in Song." The verses are by F. E. Weatherly, and the music by Joseph L. Roedel. The following are the subjects of the compositions already published, and others will be added in course of time :—

1. *Two's Company, Three's None* (Compass C to F).
2. *A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush* (C to E).
3. *When Poverty Knocks at the Door, Love Flies out of the Window* (D to F).
4. *The Longest Way Round is the Shortest Way Home* (E to F).

All these songs are capital for performance in the drawing-room. Of course, the proverbs are illustrated by stories of love, but they are agreeable and not "far-fetched," as many might expect.

No. 3 is our favourite by reason of the

illustration (or contradiction, rather) of the proverb as much as of its suitable setting by Mr. Roedel. The song tells us of two poor lovers who married in spite of their neighbours telling them that when "poverty knocks at the door love flies out of the window." And poverty worked its severest—

"But this staunch little, true little couple  
Only stuck to each other the more,  
Till love, every day growing stronger,  
Kicked poverty out at the door.  
So they dwelt at their poor little cottage,  
Devoted as husband and wife ;  
And though poverty pays them a visit,  
Love is their tenant for life."

A. COX, 29, King-street, Regent-street, W. :—

*Revival.* Canzonet. Words by M. M. D. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to F.



This little, short song, which is really the meaning of the term canzonet, is a delightful composition, highly recommended to our girls. The title refers to the coming again of summer weather, the flowers, and the birds :—

"In the snowing and the blowing,  
In the cruel sleet,  
Little flowers begin their growing,  
Far beneath our feet."

*Sleep in Peace.* Words by Mona. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to F sharp. A charming song, requiring delicate rendering, especially in the lullaby :—

"Sleep in peace ! God's love and care will never cease."

*Separation.* Duet for soprano and contralto or baritone. Words by Lewis Novra. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. The subject is the familiar one of the parting of lovers with the necessary renewal of vows. A capital duet, both easy and effective, well worthy of the composer's fame and our readers' purchase.

## OUR PATTY'S VICTORY ; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I was a Girl," &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

A CONFLICT.

"If only I knew what to do !"

Patty uttered the ejaculation to the empty air, in the stillness of midnight ; as, in her own little room, she sat on the bedside in wakeful self-communion, troubled by doubts and tremors, none the less real that the subject of them will appear to others but trivial.

To each human soul its own struggle is all-absorbing. The conflict which this young girl was now sustaining was to her as fraught with pain, as earnest and intense, as were ever the inward wrappings of the most sorely tried and tempted sufferer for conscience' sake.

"It does seem so hard," ran her mental pleading, "when I am trying to do what is right. It must be right when by-and-bye I may earn money and help mother ; and the learning costs nothing !"

"Mother is often wishing she could afford things that I know she used to have, and the children getting bigger, and more expense every way. Father's illness last year cost a good deal, and it he were to be so again—"

She had risen, and was gently pacing the room to and fro with her hands clasped before her.

She had only taken off her dress, and loosened her hair. The candle was extinguished, the half-drawn curtains admitted the moonlight to one side of the chamber. The rest was in shadow.

In the small white bed lay Susie, calmly sleeping, recking little of the struggle which was agitating her sister, and keeping her from the pillow she should hours since have been sharing with the pretty rosebud folded there.

Patty communed with herself half aloud. "Yes, if father were to be ill, or if Mr. Campion were to go abroad again, they would want fewer gardeners at the Castle. Then what use the money would be if I were earning !"

She stopped in her walk, checking her thoughts with her footsteps.

"That is all 'if,'" she said, doubtfully. "Perhaps I ought to have more faith. If God sends the trouble he can send help too. He has done before now. But then perhaps this is the way sent for me to try. Miss Blake says I am getting on so well, and should soon be able to teach."

"I wish things could be smoother at home though, everything seems to go wrong lately. Yet mother always tells us 'What thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might,' and I have tried to learn, and I love it so !"

Another check to the rapid pacing, to the busy thought.

"Yes," she went on doubtfully, "I want it so, I love it so, may be that is the very reason I ought not to. Ah ! if I did but know—if I did but know."

The little one stirred in her sleep, and murmured Patty's name. The elder sister bent down to draw the coverlid closer, and a tiny hand found its way round Patty's neck and nestled there.

The moonlight just showed the little flushed face and tumbled hair. Patty softly caressed



ledged the feeling of admiration which she had from the first inspired, and the reason why he had hesitated to let this be seen. There was much more in the letter than can be related at length.

Enough to say that, as Edith read it, a glad flush spread on her cheeks—paler than usual through much watching—and, as happy tears coursed down them, she murmured, "If I were only good enough to deserve the affection of one like Henry Martin!"

The Northcote family generally were quite satisfied to believe that Edith would now be a treasure to any good man. Henry Martin's character, age, and position were all suitable, and the girl's blushing face told the loving mother that his many excellences had won her daughter's affection and respect. The answer to that "sober letter" was evidently all that its writer desired, for he said to his sister, "Congratulate me, Nora. I hope soon to call Edith my wife."

"And congratulate me," said lively Mrs. Martin, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry to show her sympathy; "for my brother-in-law is giving me my dearest friend as a sister."

There was, of course, further correspondence between Mr. Northcote and his son-in-law elect, but all of a pleasant character. Henry was to spend Christmas and New Year at the Manor House, for that season was close at hand. Nora and her husband could not join the happy gathering, for on Christmas Eve their first baby opened her blue eyes to the light, and they were rejoicing in their tiny treasure.

No person who looked at Henry and Edith could help saying how well they matched each other. They were naturally almost inseparable during that happy holiday time, for, as Henry said, "their actual love-making was terribly in arrears. In fact, it had all to be done. Did you ever think I cared so much for you when we used to meet last summer, Edith?" he asked.

"You did not show special regard for me, and you were so kind to everybody. Sometimes I thought you liked me better than others, and then, when I felt how little there really was in me for anyone to love, I was just as certain that I was mistaken. Still, seeing you what you were, Henry, made me wish to deserve a higher, better affection than any external attractions could win or keep."

"Ah, dearest, you will find me just as much in need of improvement as you deem yourself! But we will be learners together from the same Divine Teacher. Do you remember the night when you received news of your mother's illness?"

"Can I ever forget it?" said Edith, with deep feeling. "It was a turning-point in my life."

"More than you knew. And in mine, also; for, dear Edith, had you then selfishly hesitated, or decided on sending your sister home to undertake alone the work which it was alike your duty and privilege to share, I should never have sought you as my wife. And," he added, "neither should I have sought another; but my sister-in-law's oft-repeated prophecy would have been fulfilled by my remaining a hopeless bachelor."

Time went happily on, and the sisters, accompanied by their mother and brother, were again in London, making preparations for Edith's wedding. By the girl's own wish, the arrangements were to be simple, but tasteful, as all to which she put her hand was sure to be. Still, a great many purchases had to be made; and, above all, a home had to be selected for the young couple within a few miles of London.

House-hunting is a most fatiguing business, and occupies a great deal of time, especially

near the great metropolis. Before starting on a tour of inspection, Lizzie was running over the advertisements in the paper.

"Here is one that sounds likely," she said, and she ran through the particulars. "And at Belford Regis, too. How singular! Mamma, do let us go and look at the place."

"Belford Regis," said Henry. "A delightful neighbourhood. Have you been there, Lizzie?"

"No, but I have a particular wish to go." She looked at Edith, and the intelligent glance she received in return showed Mrs. Northcote that there must be some mental association with Belford Regis. Amid a good deal of laughing, the story was told, and, as Mrs. Northcote said, she for the first time became aware that one of her daughters had once begged for the gift of a penny at a railway station.

"Let us go to Belford Regis by all means," echoed Henry and Harold Northcote. "Perhaps we shall have a sequel to Lizzie's adventure, or find out whether Mr. Percival Long was her unknown friend."

The proposition was carried unanimously, and the party set out. Arrived at their journey's end, they first inquired the way to the house they had come to examine. This one of the railway porters told them, and then Lizzie eagerly asked, "Is there a Mr. Long living in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, ma'am, and no better-known or better-liked gentleman anywhere," was the reply.

"What age is he, do you suppose? I want to find out if he is an acquaintance of mine."

"About fifty-five, I should think. He has only one child living—a daughter; such a one for age and height as you, miss, I should think, and a sweet young lady. You will pass his place—Elm Crag, they call it—on your way to the house you have been asking about. You are likely enough to meet him on the way, as he is often out walking with his daughter. You see, she has no ma living, and that makes them so much together."

Lizzie popped a gratuity into the hand of her informant, which made the man wonder what he had done to deserve it, and then hurried off at such a speed that her mother was fain to plead her inability to follow within any reasonable distance.

"I beg your pardon, mamma. I felt quite excited. We shall see that dear, kind face, for I am sure this is my Mr. Long."

Harold begged that she would not be in such a hurry to appropriate the elderly widower, and received a hint to be silent in the shape of a little fist shaken threateningly. But, sure enough, they did meet the porter's Mr. Long, who turned out to be also Lizzie's "Percival Long, Esq.," with his daughter hanging on his arm. He opened his eyes very wide as he caught sight of Lizzie, then saying, "Mildred, this is my young friend, Miss Lizzie Northcote, whose acquaintance I made under peculiar circumstances," he extended his hand to Lizzie, and shook it heartily.

"Can you forgive me, my dear, for not answering your little letter? It came when this child, my Milly, was at death's door, and it got thrown aside somehow, for when, after the danger was past, I sought for it everywhere, it was nowhere to be found."

After this there was a grand introducing, hand-shaking, and laughing. Mr. Long insisted on turning back with the party, and, taking Mrs. Northcote on his arm, went with them to look at the house, which he knew all about, and advised them to take.

They did so, and then they all went to Elm Crag to luncheon, where they were hospitably entertained, Miss Milly presiding, while ne-

father called Lizzie's attention to the fact that his dear child's cheeks were now as rosy as her own.

There is not so very much more to be told, except that Milly officiated as a bridesmaid at Edith's wedding, and that the young couple became the neighbours of Mr. Long, at Belford Regis. Also, that the union proved, as might be expected, a very happy one.

Harold, like a dutiful brother, soon paid a visit to Edith, and did not fail also to pay his respects at Elm Crag, having, he said, "been greatly attracted by the character of Mr. Long." It turned out that there was another attraction under the same roof, for the following spring Lizzie had again to officiate as bridesmaid to Mildred Long, who became the wife of her favourite brother, Harold.

"Well, I declare," shouted Jack, as his mother paused for a moment, "I call this story of yours a sort of swindle. Whoever suspected such a finish? And you have told us all about Lizzie's troubles and Edith's courtship, and crammed Milly and Harold into a few words."

"Well, dear, you could not expect me to give such details twice over in one story. But you shall have a little more."

"About Lizzie. I should like to know who she married, and all particulars, for she is still my favourite."

"Perhaps I may tell you Lizzie's special story some other time. But I will just say that Mr. Northcote, having other sons, had to spare Harold to his father-in-law, and that when they married, he and Milly took up their abode at Belford Regis, at Elm Crag itself. Also that they lived very happy ever after, that is to this present time of telling. Also, and here mamma's eyes sparkled with fun, that I have altered names of persons and places to make my story a little more mysterious. The truth is Milly's name was not Milly at all; but Florence, like yours, Flossie, and Harold's was John, and that two of their children are called after them."

Mamma was here interrupted by a perfect shout. "Then you and papa were the Harold and Mildred of the story."

"Yes, darlings, and you can testify to the truth of the statement that they too lived happily ever after. It was most especially of your dear father and myself I was thinking when I spoke of the two lives whose future was influenced by a penny."

And mamma having thus finished her story, vanished by the open door in order to greet her hero, who had just entered, and was rubbing his shoes in the hall, and left her youngsters to digest as best they might her "Tale of a Penny."

## NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co., Berners-street.

*The Wishing Stone.* Cantata for female voices. The words written by EDWARD OXENFORD. The music composed by FRANZ ABT.

NOT long ago, if one wished to find even a good trio for female voices, beyond "The flower greeting" (Curselemaun), "Lift thine eyes" (Mendelssohn), or "Era Stella" (Mercadante), the search would have been attended with some difficulty, and as for a cantata for the same voices, the thing was comparatively unknown. In these later days of advancement we are delighted to have the want so ably supplied by good authors and musicians. The cantata before us opens with a short introduction for the piano alone, leading into a bold chorus (No. 1), "O'er the flow'r bejewell'd meadows," capitolly laid



out for the voices, if we except the harmonies of the first two bars in the key of D major, which appear to us a little forced at the words, "Fowrets are their petals closing."

No. 3, "I'm a little peasant maiden," is a nice flowing melody in waltz time.

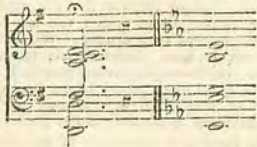
No. 4, "The silv'ry moon," contains some very artistic writing for soprano and contralto.

No. 6, "Hand in hand we hasten," although what may be termed a pretty chorus, is built upon a somewhat slight foundation, and seems to come to us like an old friend. The same may be said of No. 8 (ballad), "Sweet fairy who for countless years."

The cantata closes with No. 10, trio and chorus, "The rosy morn is breaking," the commencing phrase reminding us vividly of Spohr's "As pants the hart," but the succeeding chorus is undoubtedly Franz Abt, and brings the work to a conclusion in a masterly and happy way.

*The Water Fairies.* Cantata for female voices. Words by EDWARD OXENFORD; music by FRANZ ABT.

THE introduction is somewhat incomprehensible, but is soon followed by No. 1, "The day is softly breaking," a chorus bright and sparkling, of no great difficulty, and exceedingly pretty, ending with the chord of the dominant seventh on D, which, curious to say, is not resolved, the chord of E $\flat$  in the recitative (No. 2) coming immediately after.



This progression must surely be an oversight.

No. 3, Air, "This day is sweet," runs trippingly along, fresh in character, leading off in 6-8 time, cleverly relieved in the last verse by a change into common time, the flowing melody being still retained; the accompaniment written in arpeggios.

No. 4, "Yonder lies the shining bower," is a charming duet for two sopranos.

No. 6, "Neath the shining waters." A light and fairy-like chorus.

No. 8, "A queen in days long pass'd away." Ballad with chorus. The only number in a minor key, in its way very effective, if not strikingly original.

No. 10, "The day is o'er" (trio). This number throughout evinces a restlessness to which we cannot award unqualified praise; it is weak at starting, and gains but little strength even towards the close of the cantata.

*The Silver Cloud.* Cantata for female voices. Words by EDWARD OXENFORD; music by FRANZ ABT.

THIS work opens (like the preceding one) with a somewhat chaotic introduction for the piano, and the treatment of No. 1, "Waken, sisters, waken," is rather like a pianoforte exercise with voice accompaniment.

No. 3, Air, "Who would not a fairy be?" sadly lacks originality, and it is with a feeling of relief that we turn to No. 4, Duet, "Where the blue forget-me-nots," which shows how well and originally Abt can write for voices.

No. 6, "Onward we are winging." A really fresh and delightful chorus in 6-8 time, undoubtedly the best number in the work; it has the recommendation of keeping throughout close to its initial key, being for this reason comparatively easy for voices.

No. 8, Chorus, "O welcome, queen, who art to reign." Pretty, but with a very awkward pianoforte accompaniment.

No. 9, Air, "I know not why this honour great." The composer must surely have had

Bennett's "May Queen" in his mind when he wrote this.

No. 11, "This joyous day is ended," which brings the work to a conclusion, is decidedly commonplace.

No one can question the ability of Franz Abt, but the writing in this cantata is so unequal that we feel he has failed to do himself anything like justice. As regards Edward Oxenford's words for the three cantatas, we have nothing but praise. Whatever this gentleman puts his pen to, he invariably shows a thorough acquaintance with the requirements of the art for which he is writing.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER:—

*Slumber Song.*—Words by George Weatherly; music by Tito Mattei. A lovely song, dedicated to Madame Trebelli. The accompaniment, as well as the air, so thoroughly refined and smooth as to leave a delightful sense of repose. "Sinking to sleep under the stars 'mid the wealth of roses." Forgetting all cares and sorrows, the sleeper finds the soothing and refreshing influence of gently falling asleep. The *finale* is most expressive, gradually slackening in time, and ending at last in a soft, low sigh. We can very highly recommend this song to all who love what is good and beautiful.

METZLER AND CO.:—

*A Bunch of Cowslips.*—Music by A. M. Wakefield; words by the Rev. F. Langbridge. A song that speaks to the heart. Both the writer of the words and composer of the music have caught the same inspiration. Commencing in the minor key, it sounds like the chastened sorrow of a true and loyal heart, which craves only a bunch of cowslips to lay on the grave of "Polly," yet, without repining, remembers the "sunbeam" and "sweetheart of twenty years ago." The tale is told in the major as well as minor key by the brave man who can feel and acknowledge from whence his strength comes. This must be "a thing of pleasure," feeling, more than elaborate singing or playing, being required for the perfect rendering.

ENOCH AND SONS:—

*A Sunset Dream.* By Joseph L. Roedel; words by M. Mark-Lemon. Arranged in two keys. No. 1 in C, No. 2 in D. The sound of a sweet voice once heard in the quiet evening hour, now "drifted away from earth, drifted away to heaven." "A treasure lent, not given." An easily-acquired song in a moderate compass.

*On Dreamland's Shore.* Music by E. Waldteufel; words by Mary Mark-Lemon. The burden of the song is a maiden's sad dream changed from sorrow to gladness. We are reminded of more than one well-known song, yet there is no unpleasant sameness nor want of novelty.

Two other songs from the same publishers, of a different character, are entitled, *Was It?* By Ethel Harraden; words by Herbert Harraden. A merry little song, needing only to be sung with lightness and archness to make it become a favourite at our musical evenings. And *Tit for Tat.* Words by Nemo; music by Henry Poutet. A saucy little song, requiring a playful and lively style of singing. "Tit for Tat" has nothing spiteful or objectionable in it. The music is characteristic.

EVERARD AND CO.:—

*Meeting Branches.* Music by Leonard Barnes; words by Edward Oxenford. In the keys of F, G, and B $\flat$ . The accompaniment of this song is so pretty, and the symphony so simple and unhackneyed, that it would arrest the attention and satisfy the hearer even if the air and words were less pleasing, and will be found a worthy addition to the legion of songs to be chosen from.

*At Sunset.* Music by H. A. Muscat;

words by C. Glenister. A quiet evening song. The nightingale's clear notes rising towards heaven, recalling sweet voices of cherished ones now gone above. This song is written in the key of three flats, and by no means difficult.

*Our Village.* Music by the same; words by Edward Oxenford. Subject of words and style of music sure to please our young friends whose modesty or inexperience precludes a more pretentious effort.

GODDARD AND CO.:—

*I Fain would Have Thee Near Me.*—Song in the key of C. Music and words by Percy G. Mocatta. This song is adapted for a mezzo-soprano voice. A smooth and pleasing air with a very easy accompaniment.

LAMBOURN COCKS:—

*Pianoforte Solos. The Unfinished Song.* Transcribed for the pianoforte by Ciro Pinsuti. A most faithful and effective rendering of the well-known song. Singing the very words themselves, yet in so easy a style that merely a moderate performer can give and receive satisfaction over the playing of it. It is only to be heard to make it most popular.

*Sowing and Reaping.* Another transcription by the same composer of a favourite song equally well arranged and telling, but perhaps a trifle easier of execution than the "Unfinished Song." Our readers will be glad that we bring these to their notice.

*Dorothy.* A rustic dance. By Charles E. Tinney. The composer has written a nice little piece worth learning by our younger friends. There are no frightening passages in it, nor is it long enough to weary the patience of the learner.

METZLER AND CO.

Have published a funeral march in memorial of the Earl of Beaconsfield, composed by William Sparks. Solemn, grand, and well-sustained; quite within the scope of our moderately-advanced pianoforte players. It is dedicated to Mrs. Blagden, of the Vicarage, Hughton.

Dr. Sparks has also arranged the march in his Book 1. of "New and Original Compositions for the Organ or American Organ." These are fully marked for both instruments, and will be found useful also for the harmonium.

HOWARD AND CO.:—

Albert Dufare has been mindful of the juvenile performers, and arranged seven pretty pieces on well-known airs so lightly and easily that even without the very pretty pictures they would ensure a warm reception. The titles are:—

1. *The Water Mill.*
2. *The Little Neapolitan.*
3. *Little Pet's Grand March.*
4. *The Little Student.*
5. *The Highland Maiden.*
6. *The Old Church.*
7. *On the Steamboat.*

Quite a little library of pleasant music.

GODDARD AND CO.:—

*Rêcheliu.*—A grand march. Composed by Percy G. Mocatta. This is also an easy piece for the pianoforte; requiring, however, a more advanced performer than the seven pieces we have noticed above.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### EDUCATIONAL.

ALLIE, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND GROUSE.—The address of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, is Oakfield, Eltham. Young ladies over school age may become members, receiving papers of questions, and are eligible for



be accurately followed. If cooked rice or cold meat be used, the dish will not be worth eating, and *old* vine leaves will spoil it.

#### KUFTA (EGYPTIAN STYLE).

Take some fresh meat, either beef or mutton, cut from the bones and put these to stew in a saucepan while preparing the Kufta. Pound the raw meat in a mortar (it ought to be a marble one, but a perfectly clean metal one might answer), till it is like a paste, adding a few drops of water from time to time. Then add dry bread crumbs, chopped parsley, and a very little minced onion, pepper, and salt. Dip the hand in water and roll the paste into balls, not larger than walnuts. Fry these slightly in butter, when rather brown, add some tomatoes cut into the pan, stir for a few minutes, then turn all into the stew-pan, where the bones have been cooking (having carefully skimmed the same, of course), and properly season it. Let there be enough gravy to make a plentiful allowance of sauce. They should be done in an hour and a half or less from the time of putting them into the broth. Have a dish of nicely boiled rice, and when this is very nearly tender enough, but not quite, heat a spoonful of clarified butter to boiling point, pour into the rice (in its stewpan), and set by the side of the fire for five or six minutes; serve to eat with the Kuftas, but they must be in a separate dish. I have never met any one who did not like this, if properly cooked. But if you do not pound the meat very well your dish will be quite unpalatable; there must be no bits of gristle or hard fibre, recollect.

#### ORIENTAL RICE MILK.

This dish, which is only a resource for invalids when forbidden better fare in England, is really a very nice one, prepared Oriental way. But the milk should, if possible, be unskimmed milk, if partly skimmed or *watered*, allow more. Boil the milk, and when just commencing to boil put in the rice, carefully washed, in the proportion of about a tablespoonful, not heaped, to a half-pint of milk; as soon as it boils again, slacken the fire, and simmer or boil slowly, stirring almost all the time, add white sugar to taste, and a little cinnamon ditto; if the milk be real country milk, you add a very little water, as it thickens, now and then; if the milkman has saved you the trouble, add a little cold milk; stir every few moments lest it burn. It should be of the consistence of thick cream when done, and the grains hardly to be recognised. If well done it is a really tempting invalid dish, and not to be despised by healthy people. The English way is to put far too much rice and boil far too quickly, and serve when half cooked, in fact. This way takes more time and trouble, but few good things are to be had without. If you will try it, my dear girls, some invalid will one day thank you, I feel sure.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*The Sleeping Beauty.* Cantata for female voices. The poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON. The music by HENRY LAHN. (Novello, Ewer and Co.)

It requires very little discernment to discover in this cantata the work of a musician, and of an exceptionally clever one. The introduction, a very good specimen of ideal music, has but one fault, and that an unusual one, to wit, brevity, a fault which is, however, amply atoned for by No. 1, a four-part chorus, "The varying year, with blade and sheaf," extending over twenty-one pages and maintaining its interest throughout. We would especially notice the masterly treatment of voices and instruments on pp. 15 and 16, as means employed to return to the first subject on page 17.

No. 2, Contralto Air, "Year after year." Although simple in character, this will require very careful treatment at the hands of the singer to avoid a possible feeling of monotony. A graceful serenade follows for soprano and unaccompanied four-part chorus, "She sleeps."

No. 3, Duet for two sopranos, "All precious things," heralds most appropriately the arrival of the fairy prince deliverer; commencing with a kind of bolero accompaniment, it presents a fine contrast to the preceding. Action is gradually developing where all before was rest. The spirit of the words is here most thoroughly caught, showing us the utmost sympathy between the poet and the musician.

No. 4, Chorus, "The revival," is a grand awakening after the hundred years' repose. Now all is bustle and stir, a veritable tone-picture. We cannot help being amused a little farther on, at the quiet awakening of the king, whose drowsy conversation with his chancellor forms an agreeable rest to the ear before we come to No. 5, "The departure," where the Prince carries off his newly-awakened bride.

We would strongly recommend this cantata for the use of choral societies, the vocal parts being so well arranged for the voices. It has the further advantage of a harmonium accompaniment in addition to that for the pianoforte, this of course lending great colour to any performance of the work.

METZLER & Co., Marlborough-street:—

*Only the Sound of a Voice.* Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR. Music by MICHAEL WATSON. A plaintive melody, suitable to the words; full of feeling and tenderness, and well arranged.

*Light.* By JOSEPH BARNBY. Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Another telling song, the burden of which is a poor blind mother recalling the places where once her sailor son was wont to gladden her heart "fifty years ago," and dreaming that she is about to join him with restored vision in the higher and better land. J. Barnby's songs are deservedly favourites, and always well received.

CRAMER & Co., Regent-street:—

*At Benediction* (a dream of peace). Composed by ODOARDO BARRI. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Whilst we are involuntarily reminded of the "Lost Chord" in some few of the passages, "At Benediction" is no mere copy of that beautiful, well-known song, yet exceedingly nice, and much easier both for the voice and accompanist. The harmonium score is well marked, and adds greatly to the effect. It can be had in F major for contralto, from B to D or A major for soprano or tenor; compass from D to F.

W. MORLEY, JUNR., Upper-street, N.:—

*Before the Shrine.* Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Another song arranged for piano and harmonium. The accompaniment for the piano is very effective, the left hand having the sustained notes, whilst the light, detached, and *legato* chords form a pleasing accompaniment. The harmonium part is very simple, yet adds a fullness and richness to the whole. This is an excellent composition, and deserves a wide circulation.

*The Child's Mission.* By ODOARDO BARRI. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). The subject is a child's voice singing unheeded by the passers-by in the cold night, amid drifts of snow, but heard by a little suffering boy, bringing solace in his dying hours "as music from heaven." Both vocal and instrumental parts easy to acquire, and pleasing.

*The Child's Dream.* By JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. Sung by Mrs. OSGOOD. This song is written in three keys, No. 1 in E,

No. 2 in G, No. 3 in A, full of variety in rendering, and very dramatic. The transitions from pianissimo to fortissimo passages are thrilling, and when sung with feeling will be classed with our "picture songs."

*The Fairy Castle.*—By ANTONIO MORA. Words by LEWIS NOVRA — is of quite a different character, light and airy, with no difficulties either for the voice or accompanist, coming as a relief after more elaborate and ornate compositions.

SWAN & Co., Great Marlborough-street:—

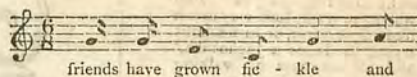
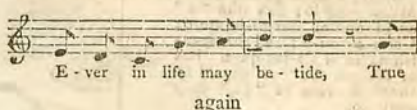
*Near Thee, Still Near Thee.* Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by ALLON MACBETH. A smoothly-written song with good accompaniment, words and music flowing together harmoniously.

*Jeanette: The Flower Girl's Song.* By the same composer. Words by WILLIAM M'OSCAR. A very pretty song, light and graceful. Sure to be a favourite.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.:—

*My Fisher Lad.* Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. Music by C. E. RAWSTONE. Thoughtful words of a trustful heart. The music, perhaps, not quite equal to the words, still by no means unpleasing, and quite easy for a high soprano voice.

*Our Dirlings at Home.* Words by JOSEPH HATTON. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A BARITONE song in 6/8 time with a decided swing in it, but containing a disagreeable novelty in the manner of accenting some of the words, as under:—



We are the more surprised, at this, as the composer in other works shows that he knows better.

*Why should we part?* Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

In this song we have an evidence of the composer's ability to write suitably for the voice. The melody is extremely pretty, and the accompaniment easy. It may be sung either by a mezza-soprano or a baritone, preferably, as far as the words are concerned, by the latter.

*Meeting again.* Sequel to *When shall I see you?* Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

A FLOWING melody in the key of D with an easy accompaniment, thus presenting no difficulty either to singer or player. Being written within the compass of an octave, this song should be very useful. On page 3 a misprint occurs in the treble line of the pianoforte part, where A is written for B, a little error that can easily be corrected for future editions.

J. and W. CHESTER, Brighton. *The Song of the Owl.* Composed for and dedicated to her little friends by MARIA LOUISA BLAON. Words from the *Sunday Scholars' Companion*.

WE are sure this song has only to be heard to become a favourite, and although one or two phrases seem just a trifle familiar, taken as a whole, it is very nicely conceived and well put together, sparkling and gay.

*Capriccio.* By A. H. JACKSON. QUAINNESS is evidently the point aimed at in this piece, which is of moderate difficulty, but rather too full of repetition.



when transferred to a carpeted and well-furnished room may sometimes lose the brilliant tone which it appeared to have where it originally stood. Care should therefore be taken to select an instrument with a *sustaining* quality of tone, so that when struck about the middle part, with the key held down, it should have a continuity of sound, which will ensure its being equally good and sweet in any room. The best instruments are more substantially put together, and are consequently more durable, and will stand in tune, and admit of being more worked than inferior instruments without injury—although it is not good for them that children be allowed to thump on them, which should never be permitted. To keep a piano in sound condition, then, it should stand in a room the temperature of which should be as equal as possible—neither too cool nor too warm. And it should never be placed against an outer wall, or between windows, or a window and a door; but, if possible, it should stand some little distance from an inner wall, not too near a fire, or against a chimney. There is nothing so destructive to a piano as damp, and it must be kept free from dust. Pins or beads should never be allowed to fall into the instrument, as they are apt to obstruct the action, and thus to create a jarring noise. The case should be carefully rubbed with a soft duster every morning. A damp duster may be used for cleaning the keys occasionally. There are so many different materials used in the construction of good pianos, that more care is required in keeping them from injury than most people are aware of. Damp will affect almost every portion of the mechanism, and seriously injure the freedom of almost every part of the action, by causing the swelling of the woodwork, the leather, the centres of the mortices of the hammers, and also the keys; and too much heat will cause the contraction of them, and make them rattle unpleasantly; therefore, care should be taken to prevent an instrument from standing on a damp floor. The piano should be closed constantly when not used; and it is a good plan to make a wadded silk cushion to place upon the keys when closed, as it preserves the whiteness of the ivory, and prevents it from turning yellow or being discoloured. Still, a piano should not be locked up for any length of time together. The door and windows should not be left open, so as to allow a current of air to flow through them to the piano. A blanket or woollen cover should be thrown over the instrument every night, and at all times when the room is cleaned and dusted, as dust is also very destructive to a piano. Should dust accumulate, a pair of bellows should be used to blow it out. Books, music, and other things should never be allowed to be put on the top of a piano, as they deaden the sound, and are apt to cause an unpleasant jarring. A new instrument should be tuned five or six times for the first year, and should never be allowed to drop below concert-pitch at any time, as by so doing it much deteriorates from the brilliancy of the tone. But after the first year a piano should be tuned every three months at least, and if it should be necessary to remove it to any distance, it should be tuned again immediately after its removal. Never allow an itinerant tuner to touch your piano, as it not seldom happens that such tuners do mischief rather than good. It is by no means economical to have your piano left untuned more than three months; especially at the change of the seasons, when pianos require more looking to. If any portion of the action does not work freely, ask your tuner to regulate it when required, and see what is the cause. There should not be too frequent a use of the soft pedal, as it is not good; although the new check action only

removes a portion of the mechanism, yet by frequent use the strings are apt to flatten, and consequently become discordant with the others.

We may remark again that children should not be allowed to use the piano except for their regular lessons and practice, as much injury is done by indiscriminate thumping. Yet it is a grand mistake that most people make when they assume that any old piano will do for children to learn and practice upon; for the fact is that children, as well as adults, should be taught from the earliest period to have their lessons on a first-rate piano, as they are apt to get into a bad habit of fingering by the use of a worn-out instrument, which they scarcely ever after recover. And they should never be allowed to suppose that a piano is to be *played with*, but is intended seriously to be *played upon*, if in after life they are expected to be *performers*. It will frequently interest young children to be allowed to see the mechanism of a piano, and by what means the tones are produced on striking the keys.

## NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

*Night and Morning.* Sacred song. (C to G.) Words by the Rev. F. L. DOWNHAM. Music by J. BUTLER FORTAY.

THE words of this song are simply delightful, and the music, which is equally fine, is evidently the work of a thoughtful composer and sound musician. The enharmonic changes on pp. 2 and 3 are most happily conceived.

GODDARD AND CO.

*The Wild Bird's Song.* Words by JOHN SAFFERY. Music by ALFRED RAWLINGS.

ONE of the prettiest songs we have seen for a long time, the music and words being equally charming. As published, this song requires a good soprano voice, the compass extending from E to G sharp. On page 5, an awkward misprint occurs in the words, "through" being evidently meant instead of "though."

*The New Graduated Method for the Piano-forte.* By JOSEPH GODDARD.

THIS is a most comprehensive work, dealing thoroughly with touch, fingering, and technique generally. We cannot but think that the pupil who will carefully journey through these seventy-five pages of letterpress and music will emerge from the task with a sound knowledge of everything appertaining to the groundwork of pianoforte playing.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

*Dear is My Little Native Vale.* Trio. Words by SAMUEL ROGERS. Music by J. L. HATTON.

CHARMINGLY written for two mezzo-soprano and contralto voices, with a characteristic pianoforte accompaniment.

*The Cavalier.* Trio. Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

WE have heard better compositions from the pen of Miss Macirone, who, even on the first page, seems to have borrowed a very familiar phrase from our old friend, "Hail! smiling morn." It is, nevertheless, prettily put together, and will be sure to please. On page 2 a misprint occurs in the third bar of the last line in the pianoforte part, where B is written for C.

*Bon Soir.* Chorus. By CARALLI. Adapted for female voices by HELEN BIANCHI TAYLOR.

THIS well-known composition is capitally adapted, the French words being in this edition retained.

## BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

### A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"AUNT JOAN, do come out," was the prattling entreaty from the rosy lips of Lettice Rivers, as she toddled across the little garden plot in front of the window where Joan sat working. No longer obliged to live in London, and averse to remaining a day longer than necessary, Joan had persuaded her sister-in-law to settle for a while, at all events, in a little farm cottage, not far from London, but yet far enough removed to possess all the enjoyments which true lovers of nature ever delight in. It was cheerful enough to suit Dora, who utterly refused to bury herself in Cumberland, as was once suggested; but, here, just in the outskirts of the town of Bromley, it was bearable, for the pretty young widow attracted universal sympathy as she passed along, and all were ready to show her a kindness when Robin Cardwell had introduced Mrs. Everard and her sister to some of his relations living in the neighbourhood, through whom these lodgings had been found. It had been Joan's satisfaction that none had ever known the history of the sale of the pearl necklace. The price received had enabled her to satisfy the angry creditor, and to provide Everard all the luxuries he needed at the last. Dora never thought how or where the means were found. That was Joan's business and when, after his death, the contents of the studio were disposed of, many brother artists came forward and secured what there was at prices far beyond the intrinsic value; but there is a kindly feeling among artists which ever leads them to acts of generous kindness towards one another. So the unfinished sketches, &c., were carried away by old friends, and Joan found herself free to leave Fitzroy-street to go wherever might be best, and so finally the move was made, and before long Joan had arranged their few treasures and made the rooms look snug and home-like. Dora's mother had made it very apparent that the young widow must not look for a prolonged visit to her old home. There were too many younger ones coming on there for Mrs. Bruce to suggest that scheme. It was quite evident that, left to herself, Dora and the child would soon starve, and Joan, true to herself, was quite ready to add her small income to the general fund, and thus make a home together.

The first year had passed, and Joan had found herself some work to do to increase their means. Like many others, she found there was work to be got by women if only they are steadily in earnest about it, and are willing to drop all false shame and resolutely determine to earn something by brain or hands. The convenient distance from London where Joan must go occasionally was one advantage in their present residence, and an old friend or two sometimes came to see them. None more welcome than Robin Caldwell whenever he was within reach, and he contrived to make his business fit in with a visit to Dale Farm pretty often as the spring of the year advanced. Joan's heart beat with pleasure when she greeted him; though never by word or look did he revert to past days. His was the hand that guided her young brother when he first set out in life; he was the kind friend who had found this little house; he was the adviser when Dora had any difficulty; he it was who bought a new book, or an order for some sight to be seen, which otherwise the two lone women must have missed, and it was not odd that he should be their escort on any such expeditions.



couple in their easy-chairs had just awakened from a brief afternoon doze. On the table was the old fashioned tea-service of blue china, with the antique silver teapot and cream-jug that had descended to Mrs. Alderstone from her grandmother. There was brown bread and white; there were the crisp tea-cakes that Daisy always relished, and delicate fawn-coloured eggs that the cochins had laid. And in the middle of the white cloth stood the rustic-looking pot, that contained a flourishing fern, green and fresh in its setting of moss, as if it had only just been gathered in the Hurstone woods.

Daisy took her place at that hospitable board, and the old folks petted her in their quiet fashion. Does any one ever truly realise the strong influence of a real home? Home influence was just the very thing that Daisy needed that day, and she found it at the old farm.

There are people who have a power of creating a home wherever they go. Here and there you find a woman who can transform a lodging-house sitting-room into a haven of rest for a troubled soul. She does not even alter the arrangement of the furniture, perhaps, but she puts a book here, and a work-basket there, and rings for the tea-tray; and in five minutes she has created an atmosphere of comfort around her. Any tired man, coming in from the turmoil of the outer world would say to himself, "Here is a veritable home."

The talk and the tea and the petting did Daisy a world of good. At half-past six she was escorted home by Janet and Esther, the housemaid. Well was it for her that Hollyoak Farm was scarcely a stone's throw from Hurst Hall.

At seven she had to sit down to dinner in the great dining-room with her uncle and aunt Cecily and Lord Hazlewood. Cecily gave her many an anxious glance, and was unspeakably relieved to see a brighter look on her face.

"After all," thought Daisy, as she went to bed that night, "I ought to think more of Aunt Cecily's happiness than mine, and I have no right to insist that she shall only be happy in my way."

It is hard sometimes for us all to remember that human beings are not railway engines, and will not travel obediently on the iron lines that we have laid down for them.

(To be continued.)

## NEW MUSIC.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

*Sweet Convent Bells.* Trio. Music by J. L. HATTON.

*The Wood Thrush.* Trio. Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by J. L. HATTON.

We would strongly recommend these two numbers as really beautiful trios for ladies' voices. The music is wedded to equally pretty words, and the pianoforte accompaniment in both is also very tastefully laid out.

*Now Bring ye Forth the Tapers.* Chorus of bridesmaids and choristers from the opera, *The Wedding of Camacho.* English words by F. E. COX. Music by MENDELSSOHN.

THIS wonderfully-effective chorus should be in the hands of all ladies' singing classes. The music of *Camacho* may be reckoned amongst some of the happiest inspirations of Mendelssohn, and in the English words here used the writer has entered into the rhythmic form of the music with the utmost success.

*The Spinning Chorus.* Arranged from Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, by ARTHUR O'LEARY. Words by L. H. F. DU TERREAU.

THIS is another work that should be better known. The music, every bar of which contains melody, presents no striking difficulty. Perhaps the accompaniment will most try the powers of the amateur, but we may add that the result will repay any trouble expended on it.

*Rest thee on this Mossy Pillow.* Trio. Words by Bishop HEBER. Music by HENRY SMART.

ALTHOUGH Henry Smart always wrote well, he certainly excelled most in his trios for ladies' voices, and amongst them this will take a foremost rank. If our young friends have not already made acquaintance with this lovely trio, we should advise them to do so without delay.

*Kind Words.* Trio. Words from the "After Glow." Music by C. PINSUTI.

*It is not always May.* Trio. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by C. PINSUTI.

WHAT has been said of the late Henry Smart might be nearly literally repeated with regard to Ciro Pinsuti. Here we have two trios, the work of a thorough musician, the music well laid out for voices, and revealing beauties in every bar.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

*The Scales, and How to Play them.* By HENRY PARKER.

*The Voice, its Production and Improvement.* By HENRY PARKER.

WE cannot say that in the "Scales" we can discover anything more than what Kalkbrenner has already given us in his method. As to "how to play them," that is entirely a matter of opinion. With regard to Mr. Parker's treatise on the voice, it certainly contains many original suggestions, though whether they will infallibly achieve the result guaranteed must remain a matter of considerable uncertainty.

*The Dream Queen.* Cantata for female voices. Words by NELLA PARKER. Music by ODOARDO BARRI.

THE extremely pretty words and graceful ideas of this cantata seem to have been thoroughly appreciated and entered into by the composer, who has adapted them to some equally charming and graceful music. No. 1. Introduction and Chorus, "Now day has departed," though rather short for an opening number, reveals many beauties, without any extraneous modulation, which is nowadays so frequently resorted to, with such strained effects.

No. 2, Soprano Solo, "Dreary seems each day." Rather melancholy, but we suppose appropriately so.

An agreeable change is in store for us in No. 3, Mezzo Soprano Air, "Simple peasant maiden," a very pretty melody in waltz time. No. 4, "O gentle sister mine." A smooth and flowing duet.

No. 5, Contralto Solo and Chorus, "Where the roses reign." The subject-matter both for solo and chorus being so trivial, albeit elegant, rather suffers from its triple repetition.

No. 6, Soprano Solo and Chorus, "Queen of happy dreamland." We must take exception, in point of time, to the first three bars, which are to all appearance in 6-8 time, though the figures 3-4 stand at the signature. Strangely enough, the same mistake happens again at the bottom of pp. 31, 35, and 37. Despite this technical error, the music of this number is exceedingly pleasing, containing near the

close a cadence with a descending chromatic passage of no ordinary difficulty.

No. 7, Contralto Air, "O foolish heart," is thoroughly original and charmingly conceived.

No. 8, Mezzo Soprano Solo and Chorus, "O yield not, despair not." To this we cannot award much praise, the themes being decidedly weak.

No. 9, Soprano Solo, "No more for rest or gladness," is rather strained in its effects, commencing well, but losing interest as it proceeds.

In No. 10, Solo and Trio, "At last thou hast found it," the last bar on line 2, page 51, seems to require some explanation; but as we go further on we find some smooth and pretty writing.

Finale, Chorus, "Come, sweet sister spirit," is an excellent number, the music aptly exemplifying the contentment of the maiden once more restored to earth and her simple home again.

We would recommend the composer, before the issue of the next edition, to carefully re-read his proofs, as so many typographical errors occur, one very important one appearing on the first page, bar 15.



Wherever the *Dream Queen* is heard, we are confident it will be a great favourite both as regards the words and the music.

LAMBORN COCK, Holles-street.

*Dir Allein.* Words by HERBERT GARDNER. Music by H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

*Dir Allein* (To thee alone) is a musicianly setting of very pretty words for tenor voice, the melody commencing plaintively in C minor, with a happy change to the tonic major at the termination of each verse. We cannot help thinking it a pity that the music of all three verses is alike, for though undoubtedly interesting, we arrive at verse three with a slight feeling of weariness, that might easily have been avoided by a little varying of the treatment, to which the words also would have readily lent themselves.

*The Pear Tree in the Court.* Music by MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY. Words by JETTY VOGEL.

MADAME DOLBY'S name is a sufficient guarantee for purity and goodness of style, and this simple song well sustains this reputation. The accompaniment is quiet and graceful, giving expression to the words, which tell of a solitary pear-tree left to dwindle away for want of sun and culture; yet "gladdening the hearts in the courtyard," and so not spending its life in vain.

*The Humming Bird.* By WALTER MAYNARD.

LIVELY and good, requiring a flexible voice, with a moderate amount of cultivation and clear upper notes. The accompaniment is telling and graceful, and the song must become a favourite when once heard.

*Gavotte and Musette.* By A. H. JACKSON. A CLEVER and musician-like composition, dedicated to Mr. Weist Hill. The composer has satisfactorily caught the spirit of the old masters, and where one or two extra difficult passages occur, he has accommodately supplied an additional easier time, by which means this charming Gavotte is brought within the reach of any performer.

GODDARD & CO., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street.

*The Dove.* With the original French words and an English imitation. Music by CH. GOUNOD.

A SMOOTH little Romance, with easy accompaniment and pleasing theme. Written in the key of G.