

Belgium, or Holland, could be made from London or the south of England at about the same rate.

Of course, if people want to travel *au grand seigneur*, they must have a *grand seigneur's* purse, but I am not writing for such people, but for ordinary mortals who are content to be comfortable and are willing to dispense with grandeur.

Well, let us now give some attention to the subject of the expense of travelling considered generally, as I think it is a most important preliminary consideration. Proverbial philosophy (not Mr. Tupper's) instructs us, we must first catch our hare before proceeding to cook it, and so, before we can decide on where to go, or what to do, we must first of all sit down and count the cost.

First, then, as to cost of locomotion. It is seldom in England necessary to travel otherwise than third class, except on long night journeys, and even then for those who are strong and don't mind extra fatigue, the saving of so travelling often outbalances the possible discomfort. Then on all the chief railway lines, such as the London and North Western, Great Northern, Midland, &c., the carriages are now so comfortable that it is often a waste of money to go by any other class, especially if there be a party travelling together. The only drawback is the chance of rough company, but it is generally possible to avoid this, and, if a lady is travelling alone, most of these lines have carriages reserved specially for ladies, so that at least they will have but the company of their own sex.

On the Continent, where long journeys have so often to be taken by night, it is best to travel second, especially as the fast trains have seldom third class, sometimes only first, and then you have no choice but to go first. But this objectionable practice is seldom met with outside France. It is said that only princes and fools travel first class abroad. I do not wonder at this, as the second class carriages on most of the continental lines are equal in comfort to many of our English first class carriages, and are, I think, preferable in summer to the first. I have seen first class carriages abroad which on a hot summer's day simply made you hot to look at them, being upholstered in flaming red Utrecht velvet, while the second class were done in a cool-looking grey cloth. One most objectionable habit continental guards frequently have, especially in France—that is, to fill up each carriage and compartment to the full number it is capable of holding before they will open any more carriage doors. To be the eighth or tenth passenger in a compartment on a hot summer's day or night, when all the others object to an open window, and desire perhaps to smoke very bad cigars, is a fate so horrible that one cannot help feeling sorry that Dante had not travelled in such a way. It would have given him a new idea for one portion, at least, of his immortal work. The guards are not so tiresome in this respect in Germany as in France, and there seems, unfortunately, no way of avoiding it except it be by a judicious "tip."

But we have wandered a little from the consideration of expenditure. To lay down any exact sum is simply impossible. In Great Britain, hotels are, I should say, dearer than abroad. To get accommodation and food equal to what you will get in many first-rate hotels abroad, you must pay at least one-third, or probably half as much again; but, against this, you must remember that in this country you have not the great distances to travel, and you will consequently save in that way.

Of the actual expense incurred in getting to any particular place in the United Kingdom, it is quite unnecessary to speak here, because anyone who wishes to know can do so by merely consulting the time tables of any of

our large companies. The cost of reaching foreign places I shall have occasion to advert to in other papers, when I come to deal specially with foreign tours.

Now, as to the cost of living. I daresay we might, as a rule, in this country fix hotel expenses at from 12s. to 16s. a day, not including extras, such as wine, etc.; but this would not necessarily apply to fashionable watering-places during the season, or to Highland hotels, which have only a few months in the year to make money, and where they naturally try to make as much as possible in their brief harvests. Of course, at home it is not necessary to stop at hotels in places where lodgings can be had, and where you purpose to remain for some time; with a family party it would of course entail very large expenditure. Lodgings in Scotland and Wales generally average from £1 a week for a sitting room, and 10s. for each bedroom; but this, of course, is subject to variation both of time, and place, and length of stay.

On the Continent (where, except in a few places, and for those well acquainted with the language, I would not recommend apartments) hotel expenses (subject to exceptions mentioned above) will probably average, in Germany, say, ten marks (one mark, 1s.); in Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy, about ten francs; in Austria, about five to eight florins; in Scandinavia, five to eight krona (one krona, 1s. 1½d.).

It is, however, as I have said, quite impossible to lay down any exact standard; so much depends on the person or persons travelling. It is easy to spend less, much easier to spend more, according to circumstances, than the sums I have indicated. What I have given is the result of my own experience, travelling sometimes alone or with gentlemen, and sometimes with my wife, and always stopping at the best hotels, which I firmly believe to be the cheapest in the end. By best hotels, I mean not necessarily the most expensive hotel, such as in a great city like Paris or Berlin, but a hotel of the first-class, where you will be sure of good food and accommodation.

There is no doubt you can travel in many parts of the Continent for nearly half of what I have mentioned as likely sums, but I have given what I think it will cost in the towns and most frequented places. It must also be remembered that in Switzerland and many other parts of the Continent, if you stay a week, or even less, you will be taken *en pension*, which will reduce your expenditure very considerably. There are plenty of charming hotels and *pensions* where you can stay for from five to seven francs a day, and where you can be comfortable and need not fear starvation. It is well, then, if you decide where you are going to stay to write beforehand and make arrangements with the hotel proprietor, stating your wants and asking for how much a day you will be taken; also, it is desirable, if you think his figure too high, to make him an offer. I have often known the terms considerably reduced in that way, and the hotel keepers seldom refuse a reasonable offer, especially in a place where there is a healthy competition.

For those who wish to be certain of the extent of their expenses in the matter of hotel bills, the coupon system has many charms. They are issued extensively by Messrs. Cook or Gaze. Many people like them, and they are undoubtedly convenient. You get your little book of tickets. One for your room, another for your dinner, and a third for your breakfasts. With these you know when you go to your hotel what you are going to pay for those three important items in your daily hotel life. They are generally issued at from eight to nine shillings a day. I have used them, but not extensively, as I think if one is

moving about much, and making daily excursions, it is often possible to live more cheaply than with them.

Some people think that the holders of coupons are not so well treated as those without them, but I have never found it the case. Nor do I think, considering the numbers of those who use them every year, it would pay landlords to do so. If there were any serious or well grounded complaints, it would probably lead to the hotel keeper losing the custom of the extensive tourists' agency firms, and this, I imagine, would not be wished by those who reap a good harvest from them every year.

To conclude the subject of expense in travelling, I think we might estimate it all round—travelling and hotel expenses—somewhat as follows:—For a tour in the nearer parts of the Continent, viz.: North of France, Belgium, Holland, the Rheinland and parts of Switzerland, you may allow about 15s. a day; for Eastern Germany, Bohemia, Tyrol and Italy, about £1; for Scandinavia about 18s. Again, I must repeat that these estimates must depend in a large measure on the individual traveller, but I am certain, from a pretty extensive personal knowledge, that it can be done comfortably for what I have given above, and in many cases considerably below the figures named.

So far, then, for the question of travelling expenses—a very necessary point for our consideration at the commencement of these papers. We must subsequently consider the no less important questions—where to go, when to go, how to go. It may seem to some inappropriate to investigate these things at this time of year, but I think it is always pleasant to go over holiday questions long before, to decide, as far as possible, what line we shall take when next we leave on our holiday; to fill our mental store-house with facts and figures, which may be useful to us in our journeyings to and fro, both at home and abroad.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE BROTHERS.

As pants the hart (Spohr).
Gloria in Excelsis, from the *Twelfth Mass* (Mozart).

See the conquering hero comes, from *Judas Maccabaeus* (Handel).

These well-known favourites are arranged in a pleasing and easy style by Karl Muscat, and may be deservedly recommended.

W. MORLEY AND Co.

Pilgrim Lane. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Berthold Tours.—Another welcome production of this favourite composer. The harmony is charmingly sympathetic with the words. We especially direct the attention of our young friends to the pianoforte part, which requires precision in the gradual rising to the *grandioso*.

Fairy Tales. Words by Marion Haigh. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A melodious theme, delicately accompanied and thoroughly vocal.

The Little Model. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Emily Phillips.—A fairly-written composition in the conventional style.

W. J. WILCOCKS AND Co.

Look in my face, dear. Words and music by the Right Hon. the Countess of Munster.—A simple song presenting no difficulties; suitable for contralto voice.

Cavatina. For violin, with pianoforte accompaniment. By George F. Vincent.—An extremely pleasing and melodious drawing-room piece.

affection to endure." And Lady Carnelly laughed in a mocking way.

She touched a tender spot when she did this, for Lord Carnelly loved his one sister, and was now more weighed down by the knowledge that he had not acted rightly by her than by all the other worldly anxieties which were pressing upon him. He did not tell his wife how much she pained him by her mockery, but asked what reply she had sent to the telegram.

"Oh, Morris answered it. I told him not to allude to my whereabouts in any way, only just to tell Dr. Crawford that you were yachting and your return uncertain. That would relieve Ida's sisterly anxiety, you know." And again Lady Carnelly laughed.

"She would be troubled, Beatrice. Ida is very tender-hearted, and cares more for me than I deserve."

"And Dr. Crawford cares about the

money, though he always professed to be so disinterested. Of course it was that he wanted to hear about, but he made Ida's anxiety the excuse for telegraphing."

"My dear, you wrong Crawford; he has never written one word to me about Ida's money. We were friends, and he has trusted me implicitly, and I owe him to-day the full five thousand pounds, with a year's interest in addition. What I am to do I know not. I never invested the money separately from my own, and at this moment I could not command five hundred pounds to save my life. What shall I do?"

"In the first place, send a very penitent and affectionate letter, and I will enclose a note along with the bracelet and pendant. Ida is after all a bit of a simpleton, and will be so charmed with these that she will forget the greater matter. You had better look at the

articles, Lindsay, and tell me whether they do credit."

Lord Carnelly scarcely glanced at the jewels, but replied, "I never doubt your good taste, Beatrice, though I do feel ashamed to send these things."

"Why? Are they not good enough?" asked Lady Carnelly.

"You know they are good enough for anyone, but it seems so hateful to make presents at the cost of a jeweller. I know not when they will be paid for. However, I suppose the things must go, and I will tell Ida that Crawford will hear from me on business matters in a day or two."

These were the circumstances attending the despatch of those costly articles on which Mrs. Crawford had looked with glad eyes, as the outcome of an only brother's love.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Du bist die Ruh. Duet for soprano and contralto. English translation and music by Maude Valérie White.—A quiet, graceful duet, as musicianly as all Miss White's works have been, and warmly to be recommended.

Careless Love and Faithful Love. Song by Mary Travers.—Easy to sing. Compass from C to E (in the lowest key). The copy before us is so full of misprints that we advise girls to wait for a revised edition of this little song.

The Broken Flower. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.—A musicianly song, needing more than a cursory glance to appreciate it, and sing it with justice and effect. It is for soprano voice.

The Promise of the Spring. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Summerton Heap.—Charming words set to descriptive music of an ambitious nature, the chief fault being that the song is too high, and keeps the singer constantly upon E and F sharp.

So she went drifting. Song. Words by Walter C. Smith. Music by Ethel M. Boyce.—A well-written song. In the third line of page 3, Miss Boyce appears to have "drifted so deep" as to take the resolution of her dominant 7th with her; but otherwise it is very well written, and the accompaniment is most effective.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Peace, troubled heart.—Sacred song. Words by Jaxone. Music by Pinsuti. A beautiful setting of beautiful words.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Technical Exercises for Pianoforte. By Dr. F. Sawyer.—These studies will commend themselves to the notice of our young friends who are desirous of becoming good musicians. The exercises on touch, scales, arpeggios, octaves, and embellishments are well worthy of attention.

Dans les Champs. Written by A. Thompson McEvoy.—A bright and pleasing composition.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Album of Six Songs. Whewall Bowling.—Above the average songs a long way, and in some places reminding us of Sterndale Bennett. Accompaniments difficult for an ordinary reader, and each number requiring earnest musicianly treatment by both singer and player.

If I a bird could be. Words translated

from the German by M. A. Baines. Music by W. C. Levey.—An extremely pretty song, with flowing accompaniment, music and words harmonising. Is sure to become a favourite.

Come, oh! come where fancy bids. A fairy song. Words by M. A. Baines. Composed by Herbert Baines.—A pretty, characteristic song; will be welcomed by many of our young vocalists.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Two Part Songs. For girls' or boys' voices. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—A style of composition much needed by our schools, combining simple two-part writing with all the care of a cultured musician. The accompaniments are printed in far too small type.

Noel.—Twelve Christmas carols, by such well-known men as Sir A. Sullivan, Dr. Bridge, and Dr. Gauntlett. Appropriate to the coming season.

Rigadon. For piano. By Allan Macbeth.—A capital, inspiring little dance, and worth learning. The Rigadon is an old English jig, and there are specimens extant by Henry Purcell and others.

Pastorella (second gigue). By Michael Watson.—This quaint piece suggests at once a May morning on the village green in days gone by.

Fisher-wife's Vigil. Song. Composed by Frederick Bevan. For a contralto.—A tale of storm and shipwreck, but ending in the happy return of the fisherman. A vigorous and straightforward song, and a story that would require telling well.

I saw thee weep. Music by A. C. Mackenzie, the composer of *Colomba* and the *Rose of Sharon*.

Out of Fashion. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A touching ballad, of the "Auntie" school, and as free from any originality as the last-named song.

OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

The Pilgrim's Shrine. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Key.—An expressive and well-written song, sympathising with the feeling of the composition.

The Freebooter. Words by Lindsey Lennox. Music by Morton Elliott.—A well-written song, with pleasing melody, and within the compass of ordinary baritone voices.

Drucie. A pianoforte piece by A. J. Carpenter.—An agreeable and easy gavotte for small hands.

C. B. TREE.

Danse Élégante. By Alberto Kessler.—Is extremely pretty and interesting. We recommend it to our young friends.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Enoné. Gavotte by William Mason.—The same may be said of this piece as of the one preceding.

WEEKES AND CO.

Sheltered. Song by Fred. C. Atkinson.—A weak imitation of Blumenthal.

The Last Farewell. Words by F. Strange. Music by Ernest E. Vinen.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Constant Still. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Leigh Kingsmill.

HENRY KLEIN.

Which would you be, dear? Words by Oonagh. Music by Henry Klein.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Loving Still. Written by Edward Oxenford. Music by Joseph Spawforth.

The above four songs may be commended. *Morceaux de Salon.* Par Alfred Burnett. Pour violon ou violoncelle, avec accompagnement de Piano.—Why all this French over six very effective little English pieces by an Englishman? The two before us (Nos. 1 and 5) we can heartily recommend to our young violinists or violoncellists as easy, and suitable to their instruments. The bowing, &c., is carefully marked.

F. PITMAN.

Après Gavotte. By Jessie Morison.—Light and graceful, but not over original. We thought that the appetite for the gavotte form had been satiated by now.

Musical Monthly Magazine. Vol. II.—A wonderful shillingsworth as far as quantity and variety are concerned, and worth that sum for the old English airs alone, which are shouldered by such terrible companions as the march from *Le Prophète*, arranged as a banjo solo (!) and by ultra-sentimental ballads. The volume contains, in addition to portraits of our best singers, pieces for stringed, wood, and brass instruments, pianos, and harmoniums; and songs, glees, catches, duets, etc., in both the old and the Tonic Sol-fa notations.



STANLEY LUCAS.

By the Waters of Babylon. Sacred Drama. By C. Villiers Stanford.—This a separate publication of the first part of the Cambridge musician's *Three Holy Children*, performed at the Birmingham Festival, 1885, with such success. This part contains much effective chorus for female voices, and a beautiful soprano solo, "If I forget thee."

Elegiac Ode. By the same composer.—One of our best modern compositions. The words, in praise of Death, are from President Lincoln's Burial Hymn, by Walt Whitman.

Album of German Songs. By Maude Valérie White.—This is an edition for a low voice. Each one a gem. Delicacy, refinement, and musicianship combine to make one of the most delightful collections imaginable. Many of the poems, which are principally by Heine, are translated by Miss White in a very truthful manner.

English Lyrics. Set to music by C. Hubert H. Parry.—Four lyrics wedded to scholarly and yet fanciful music, difficult to sing, and, in fact, unintelligible without a cultured ear. There is a curious coincidence between the setting of the words, "My true love hath my heart," and the duet version of the same sentence by Marzials in canon form.

Twenty-seven Nursery Rhymes. Words by Christina Rossetti. Music by Mary Carmichael.—A good present for the little ones. There has been a notion that music for little ones, so long as it is easy, need not be either correctly or gracefully written; but now we hope that parents and elder sisters are convinced that upon our children's first impressions may depend the whole of their musical taste in the future. In the little book before us, with all its sweet simplicity, there is the musician and the graceful and correct composer.

Golden Grain. Song by C. A. Macirone.—This is a copy of the second edition just ready. This song is having a great "run" among cultivated vocalists. • In two keys.

Album of Songs. By Halldan Kjerulf. Words translated by Marzials.—These fresh and beautiful Norwegian songs are becoming daily better known and appreciated in our country.

Songs of the Pyrenees.—Quaint Spanish melodies, suggestive of the guitar and castanets.

Tendresse. Album Leaf for the Piano. By Walter Macfarren.—A most delicate exemplification of the title. Easy and effective as a drawing-room piece. Originally appeared in this magazine.

A. COX.

Humoresque By Berthold Tours.—We recommend this fantasia for piano to advanced players. Why is all the title-page in French?

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.

Performing Edition of Standard Oratorios, etc. Revised and arranged by Sir G. A. Mac-



MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

It is very encouraging, and a matter for national congratulation, that we usher in the year 1886 with such good hopes of the future of English music. Until a comparatively recent date foreign music and musicians have usurped the attention of the public and thwarted the youthful endeavours of our native composers. However, all this will shortly be a thing of the past, and, with such honoured names as Macfarren, Sullivan, Cowen, Hubert Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, Goring-Thomas, Barnett, Wingham, Misses Macirone, Maude V. White, Mary Carmichael, and many others, we can challenge the whole world of modern music. No longer shall we hunt up foreign terminations to our good old Saxon names, in order to pass muster with a fashion-blinded public; but each one will, as the song says—

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,"

remain "an Englishman." You will have noticed that we nearly always praise pieces of music in our notices, and hardly ever abuse them, and we wish to explain once and for all that unworthy compositions are never noticed at all in these pages; therefore, rather than criticise, we in reality recommend the music alluded to in each month of the year.

We speak rather strongly to-day in defence of our good English music, as it has been our misfortune to hear pieces condemned—sometimes, I fear, even by our girls—simply because the pieces in question were English. But, as we said before, we have a joyful hope that this sort of thing is dying out, and will one day be looked upon as a curious specimen of the ignorant intolerance of the age. We hope that English composers will help you to admire, by never stooping to write for money's sake what they and you would be ashamed to own as a specimen of our English music.



farren.—This important work will have, beside the benefit of our great theorist's preface and supervision, the advantage over other editions of supplying singers with well-known works, exactly as they are performed in our times—those portions which it is customary to omit being placed in an appendix at the end of each work. The *Messiah* is already published at a moderate price.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Dreams at Twilight. Song. Words and music by Grace Massey.—Although evidently an early work, one of "our girls" starts with the advantage of graceful expression and feeling, and we hope that the ability shown in this song may develop into higher and better things.

Solitude. Melody for the piano. By Tito Mattei.—An effective, quiet little piece by this brilliant pianist.

Two Marionettes. Song. By Edith Cooke.—A very funny little story, with a moral attached. A really amusing song for either young or old folks.

The Light upon the River. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A tuneful but simple song.

WEEKES AND CO.

Four Songs. Composed by H. A. J. Campbell.—These charming and graceful songs, which the words, most unfortunately for girls with voices, prevent you from singing, are just exactly the sort of things to suit your tenor and baritone brothers, and would be a welcome gift to any lover of nice music.

B. WILLIAMS.

The Life Boat. Song. By Pinsuti.—A fine descriptive song, requiring dramatic force and expression, in addition to an impressive contralto voice.

Valley of Shadows. Sacred song. By Odoardo Barri.—Simple and telling, but not very original. There is a harmonium part, without which, nowadays, a sacred song ceases to be considered quite as sacred as it should be.

OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Rank and File. Words by D'Arcy Jaxone.

Music by Vernon Rey.—A spirited song, with a martial refrain. Suited for a male voice.

The Magic Flute. Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.—A lady's complaint of a bashful lover. The music is pretty, and has an accompaniment for the flute.

Once in a While. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Arthur J. Greenish, composer of "Sweethearts Still," and other deservedly-admired songs.—"Once in a While," with a violin accompaniment, is well suited for the drawing-room.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Many - Mile Away, and *Someone's Sweetheart.* Two songs by Ciro Pinsuti; the words by Mary Mark Lemon and D'Arcy Jaxone.—Have a pleasant humour; both songs are likely to become popular.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night. Bishop Ken's evening hymn set to music by Ch. Gounod.—This is a very sweet and reverent song, admirably suited to the words, and without any very great difficulties.

EGGING AND BREAD-CRUMBING.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."



WAS once present when some children were being taught in cookery, and a little girl was told to fry some fish, which had been made ready for her beforehand. The poor child, who was very nervous, placed some fat in the pan and put the fish into it at once whilst it was cold, and thereupon one or two clever people round about began to laugh excessively, as if she had perpetrated the most obvious absurdity. I confess I did not see anything to be amused about. The child could not tell by instinct that the

fat should be made hot before it was used for frying, and if she had never been taught, how was she to know? Wise men tell us that instinct is only accumulated experience. It is very hard upon beginners when teachers will not understand this, and persist in taking it for granted that a pupil should know so much before she begins to learn at all. The trying part of the business is that in cooking it usually happens that this mistake is made with regard to the simplest operations. No one thinks it worth while to explain how this, that, and the other ordinary process is accomplished, and the unfortunate learner has to grope her way, arriving slowly and painfully at success through failure and disaster, while a few timely words of explanation would make everything easy for her. Egging and bread-crumbing is one of those simple operations in cookery for the due performance of which one scarcely ever sees directions given. In cookery books we very often see the words, "egg and bread-crumbs in the usual way," but few people think it necessary to go into detail concerning it. Yet it is a business in which it is exceedingly easy to make a blunder, and also scarcely possible to fail if attention is paid to one or two points. I have no doubt that there are a good many would-be cooks who feel rather in a fog as to what these points are, and who when they are called upon to egg and bread-crumbs feel anxious and uncertain as to what the result of their efforts will be. "Will the fish or the cutlet be light yellow when it is finished? or will it

be burnt? And how is it that they never can make the coating uniform, and avoid leaving it in patches and looking mottled?" If these inexperienced individuals will listen to me for a few minutes, I will tell them what I know about the process, and I hope this will enable them to discover what their mistake has hitherto been, so that they may avoid it for the future.

In trying to perform any culinary operation, it is a great assistance if we know clearly what we are aiming at, and can say in so many words what we want to do. Now, in egging and breading, we want to enclose the food which we intend to fry with a coating of egg and bread-crums which shall form a perfect unbroken covering of a uniform brown colour, and act as a crust to keep the fat out, and to keep the juices and goodness in. It is evident that to do any good the coating must be whole, otherwise it will not answer the purpose intended. If there is a break in it here, and another there, the flavour will get out and the fat will get in, and the whole affair will be a failure.

Our endeavour, therefore, must be to make the coating perfect, and to achieve this we must first of all look after the bread-crums to see that there are a sufficiency of them, and that they are of the right sort. I say "first of all," because bread-crums for frying are amongst the things which it is not safe to prepare just when they are wanted. If a girl says at the last moment, "Oh, dear, I want some bread-crums," and takes a slice off the loaf, cuts away the crust, and rubs the crumb between her hands, she is just doing what she can to make fish or cutlet, or whatever it is that is to be fried, unsightly. Crumbs made in a hurry like this are likely to be made of bread which is new, and new bread makes large, uneven crumbs, whereas the crumbs for frying should be as fine as fine oatmeal, even, and dry. They should be prepared from stale bread. It is a very slovenly way of making them to rub them between the hands; they should be rubbed through a wire sieve, and they will be all the better for being dried in a cool oven after being thus passed through. But in any case it must be understood that unless the crumbs are dry, the article to be fried will not take a good colour.

Many sensible cooks make a practice of putting aside any broken pieces of bread which they may have, and rubbing these through a sieve as they have leisure, then putting them away in a dried stoppered bottle to be used when wanted. This method is an excellent one, and can scarcely be too strongly recommended. In many households it is a difficulty to know what to do with the stale bread. Here is an excellent way of disposing of it. The crumbs may be put in a dry place, and they will improve with keeping, so long as they are not permitted to grow fusty. Even the crumbs which have had fish or croquettes rolled in them may be used again and again if they are sifted afresh; and those which have been moistened with egg, and so have stuck together, are kept back. But if through accident it should happen that crumbs must be made as they are wanted, it is absolutely necessary that the crumb only of stale bread should be taken, and it is advisable that the slices, before they are rubbed through the sieve to make them fine and even, should be put into a cool oven to secure their absolute dryness.

I dare say girls who have been to exhibitions where domestic appliances are on view are well acquainted with what is called the "rotary" grater, even if they are not fortunate enough to possess one already. The disadvantage of rubbing bread through a wire-sieve is that it is rather a lengthy process, and that you cannot rub it entirely through; there are sure to be some little pieces which must be left behind. With the "rotary" the bread can be used to the last fragment, and the machine is exceedingly expeditious in its action. A "rotary" suitable for family use costs about twelve or thirteen shillings, and in the long run it is an economy. It can be used also for mashing potatoes.

Where a wire sieve must be used, it is always possible to dry the pieces which will not pass through, till they are crisp without being brown, and when cold crush them with a rolling-pin, and afterwards put them through the sieve. By this means waste may be avoided, although the business is rather troublesome.

The crumbs being prepared, the next point to be attended to is that the article which is

Mr. Carew. She need not describe Bully, because I know him better than she does."

"And has Miss Heath allowed this acquaintanceship?"

There was that in the voice which enunciated this last question that frightened George. He saw the pale face of the questioner grow livid, and the tell-tale nostrils work, and the mouth set itself as if in a vice. He knew that, in his desire to interest the uncle in his niece, he must have said more than he ought. He made an awkward attempt to explain that he believed Mimica and the Carews only met at the Vicarage; but there was no change in the iron countenance.

"Are you in the habit of giving my niece good advice in return for hers?" at last whispered, or hissed, the stately man. "If so, advise her to keep at Courtleroy. But I will see to that. You are too young for a father confessor."

"She is tired of Courtleroy," replied George, boldly. "She is grown up, and wants to come to London and see you. She means to be of use in the world, and would take care of you, sir, or be a sister, or go to her father's friends; or—"

"Enough! You are a bold advocate for your age, and not like Miss Heath—reticent. You must study diplomacy before you take another brief. Stay where you are till I return. I see some friends yonder."

With these words Mr. Le Roy rose and left George to his meditations. He watched the tall, stately figure make its way to a group of men standing not far off, and then began to wonder at what could have annoyed him. He

was not, certainly, born a diplomatist, but from what was known of him, a combative infant, developing into a lad far too open-hearted and open-mouthed for the world that is. He and his adopted parents were of one mind, and he had not yet learned secretiveness.

"I don't like him, and I wish I hadn't come," was the uppermost thought in his mind, when the orchestra began to fill again, and Mr. Le Roy returned.

He soon forgot him, Mimica, and the troubles of life in Handel. Not so Mr. Le Roy, who watched him narrowly, and whose face wore the same set, contracted expression. It relaxed a little, however, at the delight and enthusiasm of the boy, and when the exultant duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," resounded through the place, he almost smiled as George rose in his excitement and gazed on the singers.

"A man of war—that is what I mean to be," he said, turning suddenly on Mr. Le Roy, when the applause began.

"Then you have no pity for Pharaoh and his host?" returned Le Roy, cynically.

"I never thought of that, sir," he replied, as the chorus, "The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone," proceeded.

The magnificent oratorio, with its grand cast of the finest singers and musicians in the world, was performed to its finale without flaw or blemish. George's vivid imagination followed the Israelitish host, and still he wished to be a leader such as Moses, entrusted with the work of the Lord. His thoughts were visible on his intelligent face, and Mr.

Le Roy sighed as he watched him. What would he not have given to be a boy again, and such a boy as George Hope!

"Is it Moses or Handel?" he asked, as the final chords of the last chorus sounded.

"The servant of the Lord, for 'He shall reign for ever and ever,'" returned the lad, again impulsively putting his hand on that of his companion, and using the words he had just heard.

They made their way through the crowds as best they could to the carriage that awaited them. During the short drive George thanked Mr. Le Roy with the words—

"I never enjoyed anything so much in my life, sir—except, perhaps, the fife and drum band."

"Truth at last!" exclaimed that gentleman. "If you go to Summerlands perhaps you will write to me?"

"But you hate letters, sir?"

"From girls and women; not from boys."

"What shall I write about?"

"All you see—things and people. My niece, Miss Heath, Courtleroy, the—the neighbours."

"Perhaps it would not be right. *Padre* says I am too communicative; but I will write if he will let me. May I give a message for you to Mimica? Will you send her your love?"

"Love! I have none to give. I never send my love."

The carriage drew up at Major Percy's gate, George got out, and Mr. Le Roy proceeded on his lonely way.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

By the time that these remarks appear in print, many of our good concerts for the performance of choral, orchestral, and chamber music will have been given. We should do well sometimes to consider whether and how we have profited from listening to the varied beauties presented to our ear, and whether we have studied to improve our knowledge, and to help to make our nation in the highest sense a musical one. To listen well is an art of itself. To make up a musical community, we need to have passive as well as active musicians.

This can never be if what we hear enters at one ear and passes out at the other, causing merely a pleasant sensation, which may accompany either an examination of the dress and lace of the person in front of us, or a criticism of the way in which her hair is plaited. But some will say, "We don't understand the music," and many of us do not—at one or even more hearings; no, we do not; and we go away disgusted with it, and say it is either bad, or dull, or something of that sort. And yet often this may be our ignorance and our want of perseverance. Take another art, for instance. How many of us would understand Shakespeare, or, more recently, Tennyson and Browning by a cursory glance at their poems? We read and read again, and gradually beauty after beauty unfolds itself, and as Ruskin says, becomes "a joy for ever." A thing worth appreciation should be listened to attentively again and again. Music is so cheap nowadays that we can afford to peep at the great masterpieces of music, even at full scores, and see before our concert-day what the instruments are going to do, what the musician has written, and what are the characteristics of the music. A most remunerative lesson would be an explanation and

examination of works about to be listened to—a lesson which our masters would often prefer to hearing us play our pieces. Any way, I think that we shall agree that the same chance of bringing out hidden treasures and elucidating obscure meanings should be given to music that is allowed to poetry and painting. Not content with the ignorant, "I know nothing about music, but I know what I like" (a saying one hears so often), let us, each one, do our utmost in this passive way to be a musical portion of a musical nation.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Cavendish Music Books.—We have received some of the latest of these wonderful little books. They are really marvels of cheapness and excellence combined. For instance, for 1s. you can have either eight piano pieces by Sterndale Bennett (No. 80), or eleven songs by him and other good song writers (85), or twelve songs by Rubinstein (84), different piano works of Schumann (86 to 88), fifty waltzes by Beethoven and Mozart (89), or Clementi's Sonatas (91), besides numerous collections of ballads, dances, and national airs. We specially recommend to young singers Taubert's eighteen songs for young girls (No. 77). All these are well printed in good, clear type.

An Old Garden. Music by Hope Temple.—A quaint, charming ditty. Miss Burnside's words wedded to this music produce a delicious old-world sentiment. There seems to be a scent of lavender about the pages.

Bonnie Lesley. By Maude Valerie White.—A really fine ballad, eminently Scotch, but most original in treatment. Note the very simple means by which this distinctly northern feeling is conveyed. No imitation of bagpipes, or other vulgar means, could have given

the "local colouring" half so well or so ingeniously.

Simeon Sly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—The story of an old miser and the wealth which outlives him. If the moral intended is, that as long as you keep your old love-letters there is every excuse for living a miser's life, we fail to sympathise as much as the folk in this song are supposed to. It is published in C and F, is of moderate compass, and easy to learn.

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music.—The first four numbers scarcely supply the music needed by our academies. The following, charming little pieces as they are—No. 1, *Sonatas*, by Lange; No. 6, *Bluettes*, by Neustedt—rather suggest the nursery edition of pianoforte music. We feel sure that the academies would in no way encourage the numbers devoted to distortions of Mendelssohn's and Schubert's songs.

E. ASHDOWN.

The Bird and the Choir. By E. M. Lott.—Our readers may remember this song's appearance in a back number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is now published in the popular sheet music form, with a separate harmonium part which can be dispensed with, but which, when available, plays the part of "blackbird." The song is effective, and suitable for Sunday singing.

CITY MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Serenade, with violin obbligato. By Erskine Allon.—A well-written song, and suitable for baritones, the compass being from E to F. The violin part would have been effective had there been less of it. There is absolutely no relief.

ORSBURN AND TUCKWOOD.

How I love her. Song by Erskine Allon.—We recommend this excellent music for the same purpose as the last-named. Compass, D to F \sharp .

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

First and Second Sets of Dances. By Erskine Allon.—Attractive and melodious piano pieces in various dance rhythms. Well worth what little study they demand.

SWAN AND CO.

Waiting for the Dawning. Music by J. Stuart Crook.—A semi-sacred song. The words represent a bereaved one's longing for the happy reunion in "our eternal home." The compass of the song is quite moderate—never above E.

ALFRED PHILLIPS.

Tarantelle in F. By H. E. Warner.—A spirited and fairly characteristic piece, but hardly worked up sufficiently towards the end, by which period the tarantula's bite would have driven its victim into a fury!

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Six Two-part Songs, Four Easy Two-part Songs, and Six Two-part Anthems. By Myles Foster.—These little works quite answer the purpose for which they are apparently written, viz., to supply ladies' schools and colleges with duets for class-singing, for which style of composition there is a constantly growing demand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GRISCHA WITTE (Warsaw).—The two Latin quotations, *Res non verba*, and *Honorem meum nemini dabo*, mean respectively "deeds, not words" and "I will give my honour to no one." The name of the mythological personage who made wings for himself and his son, Icarus, out of feathers and wax, was Daedalus. The heat of the sun during the long flight from Crete to Sicily melted the wings of Icarus, and he fell into the sea, but his father reached Sicily in safety.

MARTHA.—The signs, plus (+) and minus (−), are attributed by Professor De Morgan to Christopher Radolf, who published a book on algebra about 1522, or to Michael Stifelius about 1544.

L. B. and FAIS CE QUE TU DOIS.—Pupil teachers are ordinarily engaged for four years, and must be over fourteen years of age. They can become assistant teachers after passing an examination at the end of their time, and they can become certificated teachers after passing the annual December examination. They must pass their last examination before they are twenty-five. To become a head teacher the certificated teacher must undergo a probation of eighteen months, and have obtained two favourable reports from the inspector.

I. M. C.—Read the numberless articles in this paper treating of the employments and amusements of women, especially those by James Mason, Alice King, Miss Macrone, and others. To obtain admission to the reading-room of the British Museum as a reader, you must apply by letter to the librarian, and also enclose a letter from some London householder who can certify your respectability.

THOMASINA.—Plough Monday is in January, the first Monday after the Epiphany. It received its name from its having been the day fixed by our forefathers for returning to agricultural work after the festivities of Christmas were over.

DAMARIS ROTHERHAM.—The age for admission into the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, as a probationer is twenty; but in most hospitals at twenty-five. Your once having had a serious operation would not preclude your admission now if pronounced healthy and strong by a medical certificate.

RUBY and YOUNG LADY.—Yes, you could get instruction in bookkeeping, etc., at the place you name, and likewise at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, W., not far from the Langham Hotel.

EMELINE.—The name, *Pons asinorum*, means the "asses' bridge," which is the name given to the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, as the earliest which is found hard by dull pupils.

HOUSEKEEPING.

COWSLIP WINE is a purely temperance drink if made as follows:—To one peck of freshly-gathered cowslip pips put eight pounds of the best lump sugar, the rind of one and the juice of two oranges, the rind of two and the juice of four lemons (only the yellow

portion of the rind to be used), and eight quarts of cold water. Put all together into the barrel, with two tablespoonfuls of good fresh brewer's yeast; stir it every day with a clean stick till the fermentation ceases; then bung it down air-tight, bottle in six weeks, and put into each bottle two small lumps of sugar. It will keep any length of time, but gets darker, and does not sparkle after it is a year in bottle. All must be cold when made, and no brandy or spirits added. Ginger wine is also a temperance drink when made in the following manner:—Into five quarts of water put three pounds of crystallised sugar; allow it to boil down to four quarts; let it stand till cold, and then add three drachms of essence of ginger, three drachms of essence of cayenne and one ounce of tartaric acid. Colour it with burnt sugar and bottle it. It will be ready for use in about ten days. You say you need something to drink with meals; but we hope you follow the excellent new rule of drinking as little as possible when eating—in fact, the less you drink the better; and milk being meat and drink both, is almost the worst thing to be taken during dinner.

WORK.

OLD LADY.—Antimacassars made of wool are not much used now. But you may make hassinette covers and sofa feet covers of wool. Double Berlin is generally used as being soft and thick. We suppose Tennyson means what he says—viz., that people look nicer in new clothes, which seems self-evident.

A READER OF THE G. O. P. A SHAWL MAKER, and Others.—Now that small manuals of knitting can be obtained so cheaply at every fancy work shop, we do not give the long directions in our much-crowded correspondence columns.

CASPAR, ANDREAS, and MINIAN.—Dip the grass into a very strong solution of alum for a few hours till crystals form, then hang up to dry.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—The frosting on Christmas cards is done with powdered glass, pounded as fine as possible. Do not cut yourself, and take care of your eyes when doing it. Coarse Epsom salts may also be used.

ANNIE D. KNOTT.—Like multitudes of other girls, you make no use of our indexes, and prefer to give us the trouble of searching through these for you. Surely it was enough to have taken all the trouble of making those indexes for you! See p. 363, vol. ii., for "Christmas Card Table," and illustration of it, with a very full description as well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAN.—Tailor-made dresses have rarely very full overskirts or much drapery, but they often have braided bodices. Many thanks for your note. We hope the Bee Reading Club will not be less successful under its new hon. sec., Miss Eva Playfair, 23, West Park, Clifton, Bristol.

AMY RITTER.—Exercise and bathing are the best improvers of the complexion, and the other query you had better leave alone. Your letter is very well composed and written for a foreigner and one who has only studied English three years.

AZALEA.—The meaning of the words *Ecce homo* is "Behold the man," the words used by Pilate (St. John xix. 5). They are divided and pronounced Ek-se-ho-mo. Many thanks for your note.

ETHEL MAY.—One of the first rules to make is never to answer anyone hastily, and if very angry do not answer at all till quite calm. Yes, you can certainly compete in the competition.

ANXIETY.—The time taken by the mails to go to Talcahuano (Chili) by the mail which leaves England on the 2nd and 17th of each month is thirty-eight days; from England to Shanghai, forty-two days. The time taken by a sailing ship would depend on the weather and the wind, and on her sailing capacities, but you might safely expect your letter in four or five months, from what you say.

S. H. A.—One of the best ways of putting back chilblains is to rub them in the very beginning with some dry flour and mustard mixed, as strong of the mustard as can be borne.

MABEL.—At present many brides leave their linen unmarked until after their marriage. Instructions for "Riding" will be found at pages 3 and 131, vol. iii.

NELLA.—Your first attempt does you much credit, and we can only advise you to persevere, and you will doubtless do something to be proud of some day.

PRINCESS IDA must refer to the chapters on "Girls' Christian Names," p. 35, vol. iv.

CICELY sends us two very pretty little poems. She will do better by-and-by, we think.

CHRYSANTHEMUM ANUS is thirteen, and she sends us a "poem," which follows the usual rule of "poetry" written at that early age; it is all about death and dying, and it makes us quite thankful to feel that our girls cannot have their own way in this matter, or we should have no readers left.

MAYDIE's poem shows some imagination, but lacks knowledge of how to write "poetry." She should study the best models in English verse before attempting such difficult tasks again.

ARCHIE.—The gentleman walks on the outside always. The flower is too flat and faded to be recognised.

THY FRIEND BOBBY had better leave physic alone, and keep his dog in health by moderate feeding and plenty of water and exercise. We are all too fond of flying to drugs for man and beast.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Such matters are generally best settled by family arrangement, and if you can you had better get your husband's relations to help you to carry on your business for your children's sake.

MAY C.—We do not answer privately, and we do not see how non-subscribers in a school could want to try to win in our competitions. Why do they not subscribe?

MURIEL E. M.—If the man who wished to marry you had the honourable character and the unselfish love for you which alone would ensure a good prospect of happiness in marriage, he would not permit you to consider yourself "engaged to him" from the day that he "lost all his money." He should have released you, and withdrawn at once. Of course your parents object to such an engagement. Your writing is good.

FRIDA HOWARD.—The prophecies contained in the first ten names from Adam inclusive are very remarkable. See 1 Chron. chap. i.—Adam, man in the Divine Image; Seth, substituted by; Enosh, man in misery; Kenan, lamenting; Mahalalel, the blessed God; Jered, shall come down; Henoch, teaching; Methuselah, His death will send; Lamech, to the humble; Noah, consolation.

MISERABLE and ROSE-LEAF.—If healthy-looking, rosy cheeks be so objectionable that you wish to adopt measures for making yourself pale and ghost-like, go to the cook and get yourself bled, eat dry biscuits, take a little water-gruel only, and lie in bed; all this, with your parents' approval (not otherwise), and you will soon look as ghastly as you could desire. What did your uncle give the animal you name? He will give you all necessary directions.

ETCÆTERA.—The prophet Isaiah, a prince of the blood royal, who entered on his prophetic office in the last year of the reign of Uzziah, was put to death (according to Bishop Tomlinson) by Manasseh, being sawn asunder with a wooden saw. He is called the Evangelical prophet, so specially did he foretell the advent of the Messiah and His sacrifice for sin. The prophet Jeremiah is also said to have suffered martyrdom from the hands of the Jews, who stoned him to death for his courageous uncompromising protests against the idolatry into which they had fallen, when (after the destruction of Jerusalem) he and they (a remnant) were carried into Egypt. Ezekiel likewise was put to death by his countrymen for the same bold protests against their wickedness and their idolatry, after being carried captive to Babylon with Jehoiachin, King of Judah. But his memory was greatly revered by the better Jews and amongst the Medes and Persians. The prophet Zachariah was barbarously murdered for his faithful protests against the wickedness of his countrymen in the Court of the Priests (between the Temple and the altar), the same place where his namesake, the son of Jehoiadab, was martyred for the same cause, between two and three hundred years before. These few remarkable instances may suffice to exemplify the statement to which you refer, in the seventh chapter of Acts.

EDNA CONWAY.—The "h" in "humble" is always sounded nowadays. Many thanks for your kind interest in our paper.

POMEGRANATE.—Try to think of everybody first, and you will soon forget your troubles. You need interests outside yourself.

CINDERELLA.—We regret that it would be contrary to our rules to assist in the matter.

EMILY.—The register of births is to be found at the Registrar General's office, Somerset House, and any certificate sealed with his seal is accepted as evidence.

THE LAST CHANCE, EGYPTIAN WARRIOR.—Situations as lady-companions are few and far between, and are obtained either through friends or by advertisement. If duties differ with each lady, you would be told what would be expected of you.

GUMMY.—Make a gargle of alum, borax, and a little honey, and use twice or thrice a day.

BOUND.—The coloured covers of the summer and winter numbers are bound with them, and add greatly to the interest and beauty of the volume.

A BAPTIST.—The question is one in your case, apparently, of health. But the Bible rule appears to be in all things, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Self-control, self-restraint, and temperance are all to be acquired in using (not abusing) God's gifts.

NINETEEN AND A HALF.—There are many beautiful poems in Longfellow's works and in Tennyson's, and portions of poems by Sir Walter Scott, and many "Reciters" and collections lately published.

A MINTARO GIRL (South Australia).—The word is pronounced mezz-aliance, the accent put on the first syllable. Ask your mother about the gentleman.

MAUD ELIZABETH.—The story is completed.

DIANA G. COKER.—We have read your story carefully, and think it shows great promise of better things in the future, if you persevere in writing. It is singularly well written for a girl of seventeen. We regret we have no space to insert it in our columns.

BELINDA.—W. A. C. very kindly writes to tell us that one of the most successful methods of keeping maidenhair ferns is to water them with cold tea, or putting used tea-leaves on the top of the mould in the pot and watering through them. She is probably keeping her geraniums too warm and without air. January 11th, 1869, was a Monday.

recommend, you will be enabled to visit that most interesting old city, Constance, which is so full of memories of the heroic rector of the University of Prague—John Hus—whose “faith failed not” when deserted and abandoned by the faithless Emperor Sigismund, who had sworn his safety; he, with his like-minded companion Jerome, suffered the pains of martyrdom. Or, if we look still further back in the history of Europe, we will not fail to remember how at Constance, in a house still shown, the lion-hearted Frederick Barbarossa signed the treaty in 1183, which practically conferred freedom upon the cities of Lombardy.

From Constance, Basel can easily be reached, or you may cross the Black Forest, and return by the Rhein, or Strasburg and Metz.

These tours are, of course, but suggestions. For some they may occupy too much time, and if so they are easily shortened by omitting some of the side excursions; for others they may be made longer by the innumerable excursions and ascents which seem ever ready to hand in Switzerland. It will not, perhaps, be necessary to give any more examples of tours in Switzerland, so I shall conclude this chapter by an outline of a most delightful tour which can be made in the neighbourhood of Salzburg and the Salzkammergut.

The ancient city of Salzburg is one of the most picturesquely situated places in Europe. Humboldt is said to have declared it was the equal of Naples and Constantinople. It would indeed be hard to find a spot more beautifully placed. The two great rocks rising out of the town, adorned with the castle and the ancient monastery, the broad and rapid Salzach flowing between them, and the magnificent background of snowy mountains. The town itself will occupy the attention of a tourist for two or three days, and well

repays inspection. Then there are a variety of charming excursions in the immediate neighbourhood, such as to Hellbrunn, with its curious fountains, to Hallein, the great salt depôt of Austria, and last and not least, the ascent of the Untersberg.

This famous mountain, where, according to German legend, the great Kaiser, Frederick Barbarossa, sleeps in one of its many caves, waiting to bring back to Germany all its ancient glory, can easily be ascended from Salzburg. It is well worth the fatigue, as the view is very fine, and there are a great many varieties of Alpine flowers to be met with on the mountain.

Those who visit Salzburg will, of course, not fail to see the lovely König See, perhaps the most beautiful lake in Europe. This excursion can easily be made in a day, including a visit to the salt mines of Berchtesgaden. As both the König See and Berchtesgaden are in Bavaria, the tourist has to submit to the wish of the owner of the mine, King Ludwig of Bavaria, in the matter of costume. That eccentric monarch is well known to love dramatic effect, and so he has provided a very effective dress for ladies not altogether different in principle from that known as the “bloomer costume.” For gentlemen it is not so picturesque. As a matter of fact, these garments are quite unnecessary in the parts of the mine which are open to inspection, but visitors have no choice but to comply with the regulations.

For a tour in the Salzkammergut, starting at and returning to Salzburg, I would recommend the following outline:—Salzburg to Gmunden by rail. Gmunden is delightfully situated at the northern end of the Traun See. The waters of the lake here—in fact, all the lakes and rivers in this district—are most wonderfully clear; you can see to a marvellous depth. Gmunden by rail to Ischl, a well-

known and fashionable resort, a great favourite with the Austrian Imperial family. From Ischl by rail to Hallstadt, on the Hallstadtersee, a most exquisite lake, somewhat resembling the König See, but less stern in character. The town of Hallstadt is built almost in a cliff overhanging the lake. It has well been compared to a swallow's nest.

Returning to Ischl, you can drive to Strobl on the Wolfgang See, and sail up the lake in a steamer to St. Gilgen, where a “diligence” is met which will bring you back to Salzburg.

Another delightful excursion can be made from Salzburg, which will show you some of the finest parts of that province. A circular ticket can be obtained for this tour.

Salzburg, by rail to St. Johann, from which point you visit the Lichtenstein Klamm, the finest, it is said, of all the Alpine gorges; then on by train to Zell-am-See, a most charming spot on the Zeller See. Here you can ascend the Schmitten Höhe, a mountain rising at the back of the town, from which a wonderful view is obtained of the Grosse Glockner range. From Zell-am-See you continue by rail to Wörgl, from which point you may visit Innsbruck, or turn north to Rosenheim, and back from thence to Salzburg.

These tours here suggested will give the traveller a very good idea of the splendid scenery to be met with in that part of Europe. It is not an expensive place for travelling, though, of course, to reach Salzburg itself entails some outlay, as the distance from London is not inconsiderable.

These outlines, it is hoped, will enable my readers to form some plans if they meditate a visit to “the playground of Europe,” or to the, to my mind, quite as beautiful and less over-run Salzkammergut and Eastern Bavaria.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.



FRANZ LISZT.

An event of the greatest interest to musicians and music-lovers will be the visit during this month to England of the venerable Abbé Franz Liszt. It is, we believe, over forty years since his last appearance here, and the artist whom our parents welcomed and applauded as a pianist and virtuoso we are welcoming with respect as a composer and tone-poet.

In 1840 the greater portion of his marvellous and original orchestral work, including the Symphonic Poems, was not commenced, and he was known simply as the most extraordinary genius at the piano, which he converted at will into an orchestra, and upon which any passage, however difficult and extended, was possible. Throughout this period—1839 to 1847—his journeys from country to country, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, were so many triumphal marches; his manners and appearance, as much as his playing, gaining for him the hearts of all his listeners. His greatest rival at one time was Thalberg, and upon one occasion in Paris, in 1836, they both played at the same concert.

In a letter of Mendelssohn's to his mother, dated March, 1840, he compares the two players, and says of Liszt. “I have heard no performer whose musical feeling, like that of Liszt, extends to the very tips of his fingers, emanating directly from them.” But, best of all, the great Beethoven, after listening to him at a concert in 1823 (the lad was only twelve years old), mounted the platform and kissed him. After such a salutation, what musical fervour would seize him! It is curious that, on September 6th, 1811, Weber, writing to Gäusbacher, mentions going, accompanied

by the pianist Liszt, to ascend the Rigi, and visit various classical spots in Switzerland, and that our Liszt should have chosen these very scenes for a series of piano pieces. As he was not born until the end of October in that year, this must have been his father, who was a very good amateur musician.

In Ramann's book, "Franz Liszt: Artist and Man," to which admirable account of his early life and gradual development I am indebted for many details concerning the *maestro*, it is mentioned that the year of his birth, 1811, was a comet year. "Just as a comet heralded in his birth, so his coming was hailed by poets and critics." Ramann also tells us that, when asked by his parents what vocation he would choose to follow, Liszt pointed to Beethoven's portrait, and said, "Such an one."

He began playing in public and extemporising at an early age, and we find him in a first visit to London and Manchester in 1825 announcing the performance of an extempore fantasia for which the persons present were respectfully requested to supply the written *thema*. Upon whatever subject was given him he extemporised the most wonderful fantasias, even at an age when his small fingers could not stretch an octave! The French people went quite mad over their "Little Litz," as they called him.

As he grew older, his strong religious feelings prompted him to give up worldly pursuits and become a priest; but his father, in excellent and forcible words, dissuaded him, and showed him that he could serve God best with the talent given him to use for the benefit of the whole world.

He was much captivated by Paganini's violin-playing, and his attempt to reproduce upon the piano what he did upon the violin most probably led him to that vast insight into the capabilities of his instrument, which, until then, were neither utilised nor understood.

In some of his grandest arrangements of operatic subjects we are really hearing the original orchestral effects, and in his arrangement of Paganini's studies, etc., you feel the bowing of the violin. His treatment of Schubert's songs is really wonderful. In these things, as in his playing of Beethoven and the music of others, he not only reproduced, but produced, as Wagner said of him.

He appears later on as a literary champion of musical reform, and he has written several essays of value, such as those upon works of Wagner, upon the music of the gypsies, and upon Chopin, whose music may be said to have held him in restraint as much as the power of Berlioz drove him beyond the limits of the piano.

In 1849 we find him settled in Weimar as conductor of the Court Theatre for twelve years, and here not only did he bring to light works such as Wagner's *Lohengrin*, *Tann-*

häuser, and the *Flying Dutchman*, with others by Schumann and Berlioz, and those earnest workers whose efforts the world would never have helped but for his advocacy, but he himself, in this important period, transformed himself from piano-virtuoso into poet-composer.

Since 1862 he has lived either at Weimar, Pesth, or Rome, always surrounded by loving pupils and admiring friends. He has ever worked for the good of his fellows. His charitable and noble unselfishness has been exemplified in many and many a good deed throughout his lifetime.

Not very many years ago his orchestral works were studiously avoided or else ignored, but it is a sure sign of the times that now most of the orchestral programmes contain something of his, and a great reaction is undoubtedly setting in, for which, in England at least, we gratefully thank the untiring energy and perseverance, year after year, of his accomplished and devoted pupil, Mr. Walter Bache, at whose annual concerts we have been educated to join in his love for this great and loveable man.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Queen's Jubilee March. By Michael Watson.—A march of the usual type to commemorate an occasion for which, we doubt not, much music of all kinds will be written.

Sweet Marjoram (Morceau de Salon). By Cotsford Dick.—A graceful little piece, much less pretentious than its title would suggest, and quite free of musical fireworks.

The Fisher Girl's Quest. Song. By Alfred J. Caldicott.—A simple little ballad for soprano voice, by the popular music director at the Albert Palace.

Silver Chords. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Alfred Redhead. Compass B flat to F.—Picturesque, sad words set to appropriate melody, with a well-written accompaniment.

While the Bells are Ringing. Song. By Cotsford Dick.—A gracefully written ditty—the music is much better than the words.

REID BROTHERS.

Melody in B flat. For violin and piano. By Marcella Cusack Clark.—A most refined melody, beautifully harmonised, and technically quite simple. We only wish it had been developed at greater length; what there is we heartily recommend.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

Evening Song. For piano. By Joseph Clarkson.—A very simple reposeful piece, without sufficient contrast.

ALFRED HAYS.

If You but Knew. Song. Composed by

Robert Gardiner. Published with French and English words.—Quite in the chaussonette style of Gounod's earliest period. Very easy to sing.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Six Songs of the Seventeenth Century. Set to music by Erskine Allon.—The melodies are quite in harmony with the words, which are well-known selections from Herrick, Waller, and the Earl of Rochester. The accompaniments are decidedly modern, but very beautiful and original. We recommend this book to the brothers of our girls whose voices range from C to E, either basses or baritones.

OSBORNE AND TUCKWOOD.

Sing Me to Sleep. Song by Berthold Tours.—More simple in character than many of the greater songs of this well-known and esteemed composer. Published in G and A, the compass being in the former key from C to E. It requires good singing and playing. All Mr. Tours' songs help to make us better musicians.

Dearie. Within the Minster. By Vernon Rey. *I Must Forget.* By Lovett King. *Ora pro nobis.* By Piccolomini.—These four songs belong to a perfectly harmless school, which makes all things easy to sing and play, which invariably employs the same modulations, and which is never original. Those girls who have not sufficiently advanced in music to understand more intellectual things can safely manage these. They are separate publications.

Saxon March. For piano. By E. Boggetti.—Military in character, and contains a very taking second part or trio.

Viennese Dance. For piano. By Carl Malenberg.—This is a sort of gavotte in disguise. Bright and simple.

Vesper Voluntaries.—We have before us Book IX. of this series, by Theo. Bonheur. There are also books by A. W. Marchant, Arthur Carnall, W. Haynes, Nicholas Heins, and others. They are very short, and intended for the harmonium or American organ. The part writing in volume ix. is not always of the best.

Original Gems. Duets for violin and piano. By eminent composers. Arranged and edited by Odoardo Barri.—The number before us, a little uninteresting tune, is by that eminent composer, Mr. Barri himself!

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Just the Old Way.—A graceful ditty by A. H. Behrend, the composer of *Auntie, Effie*, and other well-known ballads of a sentimental kind.

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

ACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.
Sydney Smith.

I SUPPOSE there is no subject in the world more interesting to its women and girls than that of marriage. It is no matter that it is of daily, nay, hourly occurrence, the interest and the kindly feeling never flag for those who are

entering their new life; and each bride, whether she be young or old, white or coloured, is brought face to face as it were with God and her responsibilities in the marriage ceremony, and if she think at all, she knows that this is the most important step in her life.

"How to be Happy though Married" is the title of a pamphlet published in the seventeenth century. It really would have been more to the purpose had the title been "How

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGES.

"For better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey till death us do part."

Marriage Ceremony.

"God, the best Maker of marriages, bless you."
Shakespeare.

"Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so

"You don't mean it, Pill!"

"I do, though, Bozy. He won't know we're here. We often imagine we hear voices speaking to us, which perhaps are only from some people at our *fenestrum rotundum*, or round window. He will probably answer instinctively, especially if he's having a nap, as I rather suspect."

"I believe the whole thing is rubbish, Pill; anyhow, we cannot tell what he answers, for we're far enough from his mouth, and surely he cannot talk with his ears!"

"The passage is not above 200 yards long. Just run down it, Belinda, and keep fast hold of this string. When you get to the end (mind you don't tumble over) stand in the doorway and look carefully down at the tongue under the curtain.

"You will feel me give a tug as soon as I ask him the question. Then listen. If you see the tongue move slightly, and you hear nothing, give one tug; he is saying 'No.' If you see the back of the tongue much raised, and hear a sound like a thousand rattlesnakes, give two tugs; he is murmuring 'Yes.'"

Belinda, charmed with the new theory of spirit voices, and with the idea of holding a conversation with her uncle under such remarkable circumstances, took the string, and did exactly as she was told. She flew along the gallery, and soon reached the door.

"May—we—have—some—of—the—gold—out—of—your—tooth—uncle?" said Luke, distinctly into the round window to which he had climbed up. He then pulled the string. He waited in feverish anxiety for

some time, when a smart tug nearly made him tumble down, soon followed by another.

"Thank—you—very—much—we—are—quite—safe—don't—look—for—us—any—more—we—"
"said Luke, again at the window, and then stopped suddenly, as another smart tug that broke the string, and a sharp blast of air, made him jump down. Seized at once with a terrible conviction that some catastrophe had happened, Luke rushed down the passage, and soon gained the entrance.

Belinda had disappeared! No trace of her could be seen, and as Luke, trembling all over, directed his light across the cavern, he saw at a glance, with horror, that the whole scene had changed.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

LET us look back into the times dead and gone, and take a peep at the music of the month of April in past years.

The days of sunshine and shower have witnessed many interesting and important musical events; let us glance at some of them.

In the little Austrian village of Rohrau, a wheelwright is rejoicing over the birth of a son, on the first day of this month. His name is to be Franz Joseph Haydn. Little dreams the poor parent that this new-born babe is to become the father of the modern symphony and of the string quartett. Nearly seventy years after, at the end of this month, *The Creation*, the masterpiece of Haydn's old age, was first performed, and created an extraordinary impression. As we write, we have before us a forget-me-not, plucked one day from Haydn's tomb. Let us not forget, in the midst of the evolutions of these modern and swiftly changing times, that to the dear old "papa" Haydn, as he was called, we owe the symphony, as we at present understand the term, and also the string quartett.

Well, the 18th day of this month is to be remembered. A grand concert was to be given upon this day, nearly 150 years back, in Dublin, for the benefit of the city prison, at which a new work was first presented to the world. Yes, upon this eventful day, *The Messiah* of Handel (composed in 24 days) commenced its career—its noble career of preacher and comforter.

Upon April days also, two years earlier, his *Israel in Egypt*, and a few years later his *Judas Maccabaeus*, were first heard. Lastly, he died on the 14th of this month, 1759. What music of the month, had girls but been blessed with a GIRL'S OWN PAPER in those less civilised days! But we have by no means exhausted our stock of events. That great contemporary of Handel, John Sebastian Bach, contributed also to our intellectual feast. Whereas Handel received much of the fruits of his labour and a deal of triumph and success during his lifetime, it was destined for Bach that he should not be understood or appreciated until 100 years after his life-work was ended.

For instance, the *Passion*, as told by St. Matthew, sung first in 1729, in Leipsic (whose famous Conservatoire was opened on an April day), was hidden in oblivion until Mendelssohn re-introduced it to Germany in 1829, and upon April 6th, twenty-four years later, we first heard this great work in London. It was conducted by our great English composer, Sir (then Dr.) Sterndale Bennett, who, by the way, was born in this musical month.

After the days of Handel, Bach, and Haydn, and coming into this century, what April days

were those, upon which the first, second, and third (*Eroica*) of Beethoven's gigantic symphonies first fell upon the ears of the astounded Viennese, who scarcely credited his sanity in some of his novel and awe-inspiring effects.

Space does not allow me to enter in detail upon other events of this month in the years that are fled. One day we should be listening to Glück's masterpiece *Iphigénie*, and applauding with Marie Antoinette and the whole aristocracy of Paris. Another day we should be flying in terror through the streets of this very city, Paris, from the tramping mob from Marseilles, shouting, for the first—a pity 'twas not the last—time the new air just composed by Rouget de Lille, and afterwards known only too well as the "Marseillaise."

We have been reminding ourselves of musicians who, with their works, first saw the light upon some April day, and we will conclude our list with the name of one who has done much to popularise those masters and their noble compositions, viz., Charles Hallé, born on the 11th of this month. A month of showers, I grant you; but are there not gleams of blessed sunlight?

NOVELLO AND CO.

The demand for music for female voices in two or three parts, quite unprecedented at the present time, is met by the above old and honourable firm with a large and excellent supply. Among other works we have received:—

Six Trios. By Franz Abt.—This too-prolific writer, whose death is quite recent, has given us in this little collection (op. 411) better music than we find in some of his latest cantatas. There are fewer commonplace phrases and more imitative interest. There is never wanting in the work of Abt a grace and delicacy that fits him for these pieces for female voices.

The Golden City. Pastoral cantata for female voices. By Franz Abt.—One of the best of his works of this class, containing solos and duets, in addition to the three-part choruses. The soprano solo, "Hours that are Golden," is charming. One great cause of weakness seems to be the constant recurrence of melodic sequences, and another appears in the feeble libretto.

There are five other new cantatas very similar to this.

Ten Trios, by Carl Reinecke, are of another mould altogether. These are brimful of musicianly power, and, although simple in material, are worked out and developed with consummate ability. Only six years younger than Abt, he reaches opus 100 in this first set of trios, the charms of which will, we are per-

suaded, set girls running after the second set, which is already published.

Songs in a Cornfield. Words by Christina Rossetti. Music by Sir G. A. Macfarren.—In the absence of the melodic gift, and, therefore, of all feeling of spontaneity, the interest of musicianship, and the earnest treatment of poverty-stricken notions, will still impress the singers and hearers of this little work set to the most suggestive material of Mrs. Rossetti.

Six Two-Part Songs. By H. Walmsley Little, Mus. Doc.—The Mus. Doc. will suggest something to you terribly learned and dry, so let me undeceive you at once, and say that Dr. Little's two-part songs are simplicity itself. They are graceful, nicely written, and easily learnt. We hope that he will shortly give us some similar work with rather more ambition about it. These six little part-songs, which must have seen several editions, and are very popular, are equally suitable for boys' or ladies' voices, and only cost twopence each.

CURWEN AND SONS.

Freddy and his Fiddle.—One of a series of school cantatas and operettas, published in both staff and sol-fa notations. The one before us is founded upon a Norse legend. Children will enjoy the fun of singing or acting these stories at school meetings.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

The Sweetest Music—Left—Hush—How Shall I Woo?—Four songs by Edith Marriott, showing great promise for that lady's future as a composer. They are spontaneous and well harmonised, and the accompaniments are varied and never monotonous. The compass of each song is rather high, the easiest range being from D sharp up to F sharp. The first two are sung by Miss Annie Marriott, the well-known soprano; the other two are for tenor voices.

E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.

The Great Master.—An impressive sacred song. By Odoardo Barri. The solemn words are by Arthur Chapman. Compass, D to F sharp.

Fallen Leaves. Song for contraltos. By Francesco Berger.—A very melancholy song. The poor contraltos get all the autumn and winter on their shoulders. Why should their soprano sisters be allowed all the joys of spring and summer?

A la Hongroise. Morceau Caractéristique pour le Piano. Par W. Koehler.—An effective piece for lovers of the quaint Hungarian rhythms. On page 4, in the third bar, we are persuaded that the wildest Bohemian would take the G flat for a misprint.

Soldier Jack.—A good stirring song for basses and baritones. By Theo. Bonheur.



A PICNIC.

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

"All the air is filled with sound,
Soft and sultry and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
"Come away!"
Where the bees' deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!"

YES; how we all feel, with Mrs. Hemans, that this is indeed the music for the month! Nature gives her most exquisite concerts during these summer days—commencing at sunrise, when all the feathered songsters awaken and proclaim with renewed vigour and sweetness the opening day. Happy they who are wise enough to get up early and listen to this first part of the programme! Later on, when the "raging noon" draws nigh, and the vertical rays of the hot sun are directed full upon the face of the parched earth, the musicians repose 'neath the shelter of the trees, and "scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard through the dumb mead." And later still, as the majestic orb sinks in golden glory behind the western hills, all nature murmurs soft lullaby, and sings the world to sleep. Alone, whilst the others are silent—alone, the tearful nightingale pours forth its wealth of sympathetic melody, a gentle soothing to the sleepless watcher, the heart-worn mourner waiting for the dawn.

Yes, from sunrise to the day's end, these are the songs for the month; and it is only natural that we children of men should be tempted to lift our voices in the exultation, the full joy of the summer, and join our humble songs to those of the breezes and the birds.

In our rambles through the woods, in our picnics in the glades, and in our boat, as we lazily glide down the stream, how well may our music complete the enchantment of the hour! It is in such times as these that we first realise the great advantage of being able to read music; and in such situations, where a pianoforte is an impossibility, do we first learn how dependent upon that instrument some of us have become.

We do a little part-singing at home; but that frequently means nothing more than having the parts drummed out upon the piano and then coming in with the voices when and how we please, the same process taking place every time we "do a little part-singing." You must have heard the story of the man who assisted in some such performance. The lady who played the parts on the piano asked him which part he would sing. "Oh," he said, "I don't mind; any part you like. I've never seen it before; but that's no consequence; I'll chime in somewhere!"

This promiscuous "chiming in" would simply be the ruin of open-air part-singing, where you are only likely to have a pitchpipe or tuning-fork from which to find your keynote, and where even soloists think themselves lucky to have the accompaniment of a guitar or zither.

Such assistance, charming though it is, is very feeble in so large a hall, canopied by so lofty a roof as the blue sky above us, for the space swallows up the power of the sounds. Indeed, if you think, in the bright gaiety of the moment, that anything will sound well, believe me that you need your best musicianship, for you stand alone in the presence of your heaven-taught rivals, and you prove to yourself and to your friends whether you have trusted to "picking out" your part upon the

piano, or whether you have tried reading and sounding interval against interval, until, simply by practice and perseverance, you read the notes, as you would read a book, with perfect ease.

Truly, it only needs such an effort to enable you to give to others and enjoy yourself the fulfilment of a happy day, whether up the winding river, in the woodland dale, or upon the mountain side.

Even a single representative of each part—a soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass—would be sufficient to sing the lovely part songs which Mendelssohn composed expressly for singing in the open air, and which, by his choice of subject alone, seem, every one of them, to be suggested by rambles, and picnics, and country walks.

Well we recollect helping to sing some of them from memory upon a still summer's night a few years back; a night so still that, save for the chirp of the cricket, the distant burr of the nightjar, or the occasional outburst of chromatic sadness from a nightingale, there was really no sound to be heard around us. We had for some few days been saving the shells of all the eggs consumed in our various homes; these we half filled with tallow or oil and supplied with little wicks, and now we placed our improvised flotilla in the boat which we hired on the lake. The slow and steady stroke of the oars broke the silence of the starlit night with cooling splashes. When we had put off some yards from the shore we set a light to our little eggshells and placed them upon the water, and then, surrounded by our fairy candles, we blended our voices in Mendelssohn's part-songs. However poor our singing may have been, the whole effect was impressive; and we suggest to you that this

is one of many pleasant and attractive ways of rendering open-air music. How delightful, if such a suggestion should prompt any of our girls to learn to sing from notes, and should persuade their brothers (the basses and tenors) to follow their example of useful perseverance! But some forms of open-air music have not the charm, and do not exercise the spell possessed by those kinds, both natural and artistic, to which allusion has just been made.

There are, for instance, the street organs, with either children in cradles or monkeys in costume; there are the pianos, capable of performing the most aggravatingly perfect trills and shakes, the power of which no

amount of technique could make possible to the toiling student; there are the vocalists, who deliver from the muddy road their repertoire, mainly selected from Sankey's hymns; there are those noisy Christy minstrels who never play in St. James's Hall; and, finally, there are the German bands, which latter we have been compelled to listen to in all their varying aspects; upon one occasion, we recollect, the melody had been sent to collect money, and we had the painful pleasure of guessing what the tune would have been had it been there!

However, let us forget the discomforts, not always unattended by amusement, endured from these unmusical musicians, and once

again contemplate with joy the fresh air and the pure sounds around us, and let us raise many a song from lake and hillside, wood and valley, and bid each note soar upwards, up beyond the bright blue yonder, uniting with the myriad voices around, above, below, in love and gratitude to Him from whom spring "all things bright and beautiful."

NOTE.—REVIEWS OF MUSIC, ETC.—We have come to the conclusion that the great depression in trade has affected the publication of new music, as we have received nothing during the last thirty days in any way worthy of our recommendation.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MABEL'S WEDDING DAY.



R. STEINTHORPE looked, if possible, sleeker, handsomer, and better dressed than ever that evening. I could find no fault with him as a lover.

He was evidently fascinated with Mabel, and the delicate homage his manner to her displayed must have been very flattering to her vanity. Nor did his manner towards my father and me leave anything to be desired. Father was more than satisfied with his future son-in-law; he thought the engagement a most fortunate one for Mabel. That he was very pleased I could tell by the unusual animation he displayed; the cloud of melancholy that so often hung over him had disappeared. I could at least feel thankful to Mr. Steinthorpe for having rendered my father more cheerful.

Mr. Steinthorpe treated me with a courtesy into which he tried to infuse somewhat of brotherly kindness. I showed myself so amazed when first he addressed me by my Christian name that he apologised, and humbly asked if I would allow him to use it.

"Of course you must call her 'Dorothy,'" said Mabel; "she is your sister now as well as mine."

I tried hard to look as if this idea were pleasant to me, but scarcely succeeded. Indeed, I endeavoured to think kindly of Howard Steinthorpe, but a secret distrust of him still lurked within my heart. However, it seemed to Mabel that we were getting on nicely, and she was satisfied.

When tea was over, I left Mabel to enjoy her lover's company, and putting on my hat hurried off to find Salome. It was but a few steps to the little white cottage at the top of the road, the three-cornered cottage, we called it, because a large slice had been taken off it for the enlargement of the neighbouring house, and the one room on the ground floor, on to which the house door opened, and the bedroom above it, were alike of a triangular form.

I think Salome was expecting me, for there was something rather too dramatic in the start and exclamation of surprise with which she greeted my appearance. But I could see that she was very pleased that I had come to her so soon after my arrival at home. Her cottage was a cosy little place, and, of course, it looked the picture of neatness. The carpet, curtains, and certain pieces of furniture were recognised by me as having once done service in my home. Clearly Mabel had had a hand in the arrangement of things. Salome was ironing when I entered, and I saw to my surprise that a frock of Mabel's lay on the ironing-board. When I remarked on this she explained to me that my sister, knowing her liking for laundry work, had arranged that she should undertake the getting up of our family linen, having a woman to help her with the rougher work. She said, too, that by Mabel's recommendation she had gained other employers, and was thus able to earn a nice little sum weekly.

What a manager Mabel was! How cleverly she had contrived to rid herself of Salome's presence in the house when she found it inconvenient, yet in such a way that no one could say she had treated our old servant ill!

Yet I could see that her retirement from our service was a sore subject with Salome. When I told her how sorry I was to miss her from our home, and that I hoped she would come back to me when Mabel was married, she shook her head, and refused to think of such a thing.

"Nay, nay, Miss Dorothy, I'd better bide here. I like my cottage, and I've no mind to give it up. Old folks and young folks don't often think alike, and maybe I shouldn't fall in with your ideas any better than with Miss Mabel's."

I was silent, feeling that there was perhaps some truth in Salome's words.

"But I tell you what, Miss Dorothy, my dear," my old nurse went on; "if ever you find yourself at a loss and want a helping hand, I'll come to you; whether it's pickling the hams, or boiling the jam, or the house cleaning, you may rely on me. It's not likely that you, fresh from school, can know how these things should be done, though Miss

Mabel was mighty clever at them, for all her fine education; but you're not just like Miss Mabel, and p'raps I do know better than you, and living so near, I can always run in when you want me."

"Which will be very often," I said, "for I have not Mabel's genius for housekeeping, and I shall get into the most fearful muddles if you do not look after me. And I like the old ways best; I'm not a fashionable person, you know."

Salome's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

"That's true," she said; "you're no ways so particular as Miss Mabel. And if there's any making or mending I can do for you, Miss Dorothy, I'd be only too glad to do it. Or for Miss Mabel either; I'd help her with her wedding clothes if she'd let me, but I doubt I'm not a fine enough needlewoman for her."

"You sew beautifully," I said, though I was not sure that Mabel would agree with me, "and I will find you plenty to do, whether Mabel does or not; you know how I hate needlework."

Salome laughed. I think she liked me the better for my careless, improper ways, shocking as they were to her sense of propriety. They made her feel that I needed her, and it is pleasant to a true woman's heart to know that she is necessary to the well-being of another.

I felt happier after I had had that talk with Salome, and when I went home I told Mabel how much I liked Salome's cottage, and how comfortable she seemed. I hoped thus to make amends to my sister for my hasty, cross words, and especially for the improper way in which I had spoken of Mr. Steinthorpe. Mabel received my overtures graciously, and complacently remarked that she had been sure I should soon feel that I had passed too hasty a judgment upon her conduct with regard to Salome, since she had no right to complain of the way in which she had been treated.

A few days later Edmund came home. I welcomed him with rapture. His company would be more precious to me than ever, since Mabel was much occupied with her fiancé and the preparations for her wedding, which was to take place ere long. But I had the mortification of seeing Edmund on his ar-

that seemed to me rather irrelevant. Was it strange that my heart grew lighter as I received this news? After all I was not the only young person connected with Mrs. Lyell's household. There was another who would surely pass to and fro here pretty frequently if he did not tarry. I suppose my face must have brightened, too, with this thought, for suddenly I caught Sarah's eyes fixed upon me with a gaze which seemed to say that she could read what was passing in my mind. Doubtless she credited me with subtler hopes than I had conceived of, for there was something in her look that made me colour deeply as we drove from the door.

On Saturday afternoon I was sitting with Mrs. Lyell. It was a fine day, but I had not been farther than the garden, having worked myself into a headache that morning, which made me languid and depressed. There had been no visitors to the house during the week. Callers were rare at Mrs. Lyell's, though sometimes old friends from distant parts of London would come to take luncheon and spend a few hours with her; but now for several days not even the most frequent visitor, the old clergyman, whose dreary, drawling talk, usually confined to a discussion of his own and Mrs. Lyell's health, and the deathbeds he had lately attended, used to strain my slender patience to the utmost, had been in. I was rather startled, therefore, when, as I was trying to pick up some dropped stitches in Mrs. Lyell's knitting, the stillness of the house was suddenly broken by a sharp, decided peal of the house-bell.

"That sounds like Mr. Glynne's ring, ma'am," observed Sarah, who was laying the table for tea.

"Ah, it is he, no doubt," said Mrs. Lyell; "he has come back, dear fellow."

To my vexation I felt the colour rising in my cheeks, and at the same time was aware that Sarah's keen eyes were upon me. Yet it was not pleasure that I felt at the thought of making Mr. Leonard Glynne's acquaintance. The shyness at

meeting strangers, for which Mabel had so often rallied me, came over me once more. I was annoyed that Mrs. Lyell's nephew should arrive just now, when I was headachy and out of sorts.

He it was, however, and in another minute he was in the room, greeting his aunt in the kindest fashion, and listening, with amusement sparkling in his eyes, to her exclamations at his sunburnt, healthy appearance. How bright of hue, how strong and vigorous he looked as he stood bending down to the pale, withered little old lady in the arm chair. Stealing a glance at him, I decided that the photograph did not do him justice; he was even better-looking than it made him appear.

"You see I have a young companion now, Leonard," said his aunt; "this is Miss Dorothy Carmichael, of whom you have heard."

As we shook hands his eyes met mine with a curious, questioning glance. Perhaps he wondered what sort of girl could be content to share his aged aunt's quiet home. Anyhow, I divined that I had some interest for him.

"Yes, I am rather brown," he said, in reply to Mrs. Lyell's remarks; "but so would you be, aunt, if you had been toiling up mountains or crossing glaciers beneath a burning sun as I have." Whereupon his merry glance sought mine, and I laughed, as did Mrs. Lyell, too, at the idea of her achieving such exploits.

"I suppose you did not meet with any one whom you knew abroad?" said Mrs. Lyell.

"Oh, yes; I met with several acquaintances. At Chamounix I fell in with the Carsdales. Mrs. Carsdale is better; they talk of coming home in the autumn."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lyell, with a certain stiffness of manner and change of face, of which I had learned the meaning. Who were the Carsdales? I had not heard of them before. Clearly they were not favourites with Mrs. Lyell. Good, kind-hearted, little woman that she was, she had her prejudices I knew.

After a minute her manner softened, and she said, though not without an appearance of effort, "I am glad Mrs. Carsdale is better."

We sat down to take tea. What a different meal it was from any I had yet taken in Mrs. Lyell's house. Some shyness was at first experienced by me as I presided, with that bright, brown face opposite to me and the brown eyes constantly watching me. But the feeling soon passed. It was pleasant to meet the gaze of Leonard Glynne, pleasant to listen to his talk. Mrs. Lyell enjoyed it as much as I did, for she had no difficulty in hearing his clear, strong tones. When tea was over, Mr. Glynne rose, saying that he must go round to the stable and see how his horse had fared during his absence. I suppose he saw that I looked interested, for he asked me if I would come too. "But perhaps you do not care for horses," he added.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I care for them so much that I have already made friends with your steed."

"Indeed!" he said, with a look of pleasure; "I am glad that Ariel has had someone to pet him in my absence."

"Ariel!" I cried. "So that is the name! I could get from Sam nothing nearer it than 'Hairy Hal.'"

We laughed merrily at Sam's defective pronunciation. How good it was to laugh once more with a congenial companion! I had not had such a laugh since I came to Mrs. Lyell's. We made a long visit to Ariel, and strolled about the garden for a while before going in. By that time a perfect sense of comradeship united us. The rest of the evening was passed in looking at the Swiss views Leonard Glynne had brought with him, and listening to his animated description of the scenes they represented, with many an amusing story of his adventures. Very short that evening seemed. It left me strangely happy, with an indefinable sense that everything had changed, and my life at Wylea could no longer be devoid of interest.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Too Soon. Song by Frederic Rivenhall.—A farewell to a beloved friend, with whom the day of reunion cannot be "too soon." This song is decidedly above the level of the usual drawing-room ditty. The compass is an easy one—from D up to E flat.

When Delia on the Plain Appears. *Pack Clouds, Away!* Settings, by Leslie Mayne, of the well known old English words of Lord Lyttelton and Thomas Heywood.—Well written, containing several interesting points and an effective accompaniment. Suitable for young men to sing.

Album of Short Classical Pieces for Piano. Arranged and fingered by William Smallwood.—Another of these capital little shilling books, containing twenty-one standard pieces, some being original piano compositions, others simple transcriptions of vocal or instrumental movements. It is refreshing to find Dr. Arne's little-known song there—viz. "Water parted from the sea," a beautiful air from his opera of *Artaxerxes*. Mr. Smallwood adds fingering wherever he deems it needful.

Minuet Impromptu pour le Piano. Par W. H. Harper.—For some hidden reason this part of the title-page is in French, and yet the dedication on the same page is "To L. C. Venables, Esq.!" A really English piece (it seems to us) in short, solid phrases;

generally each phrase being, as it were, echoed. This piece we can warmly recommend for its simplicity and good writing, and for the quaintness it possesses.

Airs, with Variations, for the Violin, with piano accompaniment. By E.



Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—An air with variations may be a very dangerous weapon. It has been known to clear a room in a very short space of time. The above specimens are not very dangerous, but they are simply little exercises for the violin. We fear that the age for the true variation ended, as it almost commenced, with the immortal Beethoven. He endowed every variation with a charm peculiar to itself; his ingenuity, especially when more than one instrument was employed, was enormous, as was his care that each part should be equally interesting to the several players. He did not take the poor air, and, having knocked it down, proceed to tread on it, to pull out its teeth and then each hair separately, and then to shake up all that remained of the poor victim, and then go home! He never made the varying of a melody an excuse for personal display or undue prominence. We have no such variations nowadays. We have chosen the best out of six airs, viz., No. 1, "Robin Adair," and No. 6, "Jenny Jones."

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Love will Guide. A semi-sacred song. By Joseph L. Roeckel.—A good contralto song; easy to learn, and likely to become a favourite.

The Antiquary. By Michael Watson. Words by A. C. Jewitt.—A very humorous song, telling of the adventures of an F. S. A. A footnote in the song is devoted to explaining the meaning of these initials!

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

The Little King. Song. Composed by Odoardo Barri.—One of the melancholy stories too frequently found in music now to be genuinely healthy, in which a little boy is introduced to you in verse 1, put into action in verse 2, killed or dies a natural death in verse 3, and is carried away by angels to an accompaniment of triplets in verse 4.

The Old Homestead. By A. H. Behrend. Mr. Behrend is the best of the kind of writers above-mentioned. He gets hold of all the woe-begone, dismal, and, we are bound to say, complaining people. These points are made more apparent by the "parlando" nature of the songs, there being no special melodic charm to lighten the weight of sadness. To those who need a melancholy song we heartily recommend the above.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Sacrifice of Tears. By Odoardo Barri.—The story of our Saviour's weeping at the grave of Lazarus, and a prayer that he will accept our gifts of tears.

ALFRED HAYS.

A River. Words by Ronald Burrows. Music by Mary Travers.—A contralto song, requiring good expression and careful phrasing.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Fifty Popular National Tunes for Violin (without accompaniment). Selected, bowed, and fingered by Edward Gray.—It is well to have a thorough knowledge of the national airs of all countries. It is an excellent way of seeing the nation's characteristics, and you may trace a country's history in the style of its traditional tunes.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The River's Message. Song by Marcella Cusack Clark.—A captivating little ballad, compass from middle C to F.

AUGENER AND CO.

Impromptu in F. Also by M. C. Clark.—Graceful ideas expressed in comparatively easy passages. There are no great difficulties in it.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Love the Wanderer. Rondel. By Austria Dobson. Set to music by Mary Travers.—Another expressive song by this promising composer.

Hommage au Prince. A stirring march for piano solo. By Michael Watson.—It is arranged as a duet, as well as for orchestra, and has a good likeness of the Prince of Wales on the cover.

J. AND W. CHESTER (of Brighton).

Etude Melodique. Par Farley Newman.—A study, in which the right hand has all the hard work in *arpeggio*, whilst the left hand vaults over it to the notes of the melody. The right hand passages need very equal, steady playing.

Three Romances for Violin and Piano. By John Gledhill.—In all of these the piano part is more than an accompaniment. They are really duets. The only fault is the great similarity of character in all three. We crave for greater variety, for a little more passionate expression; but they are interesting, well-written works. They can be purchased separately; the first two in D, the third in A.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Gavotte in E. For pianoforte. By Gordon Saunders.—Dr. Saunders' charming little piece has already reached its second edition, and we heartily recommend it to all who love good music.

Like the Gale that Sighs. Trio for soprano, contralto, and baritone (or tenor). Poetry by Thomas Moore. Music by Gordon Saunders.—Vocal trios for mixed voices are scarce, and the two we now recall—viz., those by Henry Leslie ("O Memory") and Myles Foster ("A Wish")—are in the form of a canon. This is also the form of the exquisitely-written trio before us, which, with its musicianly accompaniment, should be a favourite in every household.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

BY ANNE BEALE.



We are now able gladly and thankfully to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Barclay have generously offered the use of their grounds and conservatories at Knolls Green, Leyton, for the Bazaar to be held in aid of the Princess Louise Home. The nearest railway station is Hoe Street, Walthamstow, and we hope that many of our readers may manage to reach it on the auspicious morning. H.R.H. the Princess Louise is so good as to promise to open the Bazaar, the date of which we hoped to be able to affix to this notice, but it is not yet quite settled. We know that it is to be in July, *et voilà tout*. All our princes and princesses work so hard on behalf of their royal mother's people, that all the charities are obliged to look far ahead to secure their gracious services. We hear, however, by a side wind, that our "Home's" particular

princess will travel by special train from St. Pancras, to inaugurate our particular Bazaar; and the exact date can be obtained by writing to the secretary, 32, Sackville-street, W.

Now we have to offer special thanks to a few more of our girls for further contributions. We cannot resist copying one letter in full, because the contents are singularly interesting to all who know anything of the late rebellion in Canada. "Dear Sir,—I take THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and in it saw we could help the Home by sending some useful things for the Bazaar to be held shortly. I trust the two needle-cases I am sending will be a small addition. It may help to sell them if you tell that they were made by one of "Big Bear's" prisoners, and on cloth I had picked up while in captivity last spring, or during the North-West Rebellion. They are both made after the Indian way of doing fancy-work—one with beads, the other of porcupine quills got on the Mackenzie River, N.A.—With best wishes, yours truly, AMELIA MCLEAN, Fort Alexander, Manitoba; late of Fort Pitt, Saskatchewan,

North-West Territory." We hope this young lady will pardon our making her letter public.

We have to thank "S. M. E." for a dozen beautifully-painted cards. "A Surrey Snow-drop" for a cushion and antimacassar, her own work; the three Miss Blanckensees for three dozen toilet-tidies and other fancy articles; an "Old Reader of the G.O.P." from Bath, for a box and parcel of welcome contributions; Helen Kenyon for "a few articles for the Bazaar," as she simplifies her gift; and Amica for "five pincushions, &c.," and a donation of one shilling. Mary, Maggie, and Ada Penrith send us 3s. This is the only monetary help since our last list. Once more, whether wittingly or unwittingly we know not, two masculine letters have slipped in amongst those of our readers. These apprise Mr. Gillham that two hundredweight of soap have been presented by Messrs. Anderson and Cautley and the "Sanitas" Company, for the use of the juvenile washerwomen. By the way, the laundries will be opened shortly, and will, we anticipate, not only be self-supporting, but will enable the girls to help to maintain their Home.





NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

The Eve of the Festa. Cantata for female voices.—The beautiful poem by the late Miss Mark Lemon; the music by Ernest Ford. Undoubtedly the masterpiece of this rising composer, and a work considerably above the value of any other cantata for female voices which has been composed at any time in this country. The exquisite colouring and illustration of the words, the delicacy of thought and graceful subject, the entire absence of commonplace remarks—nay, more, the absolute novelties, the skilful combination and interweaving of ideas—all these and other points combine to make a work which stands high in the limited list of English musical classics.

Album of Songs. Composed by Edmondstone Duncan, to well-known words by Moore, and to "The Miller's Daughter" by Tennyson.—Interesting accompaniments and clever treatment throughout. A little set of songs worth learning, and presenting no great difficulty.

English Lyrics set to Music. By C. Hubert H. Parry.—We have in a previous number

noticed Dr. Parry's setting, and would simply add that the four lyrics are now published separately, at prices ranging from 1s.

O were my love yon lilac fair! Prayer for Mary. Adaptations of Burns' words to "Völklied" ; the accompaniments by Maude Valerie White.—The charm of these simple melodies is greatly enhanced by Miss White's quiet and appropriate treatment.

Forget-me-not. Sacred song. By J. Sebastian Bach. The figured bass filled up by the well-known baritone, Mr. Henschel.—Contraltos and baritones will welcome this fragment of the mighty contrapuntist's work.

Souvenirs (Andante teneramente, and allegretto gioioso). *Good Wishes.*—Three simple little piano pieces. By the learned harmony professor, Mr. H. C. Banister. Banister's harmony is one of the text-books of the musical profession.

Nina Gavotte. By Henri Kaiser.—Better than the majority of these too-frequently used dances. Arranged for piano solo or duet, and also for violin or flute with piano, and string orchestra. A fascinating little piece without difficulties.

Pastorale and Allegro. By Pietro Nardini.

Transcribed by Oscar Beringer, for piano solo.—We have the Pastorale before us, and recommend it to lovers of eighteenth-century music.

To all players who are acquainted (and few are not) with the celebrated "Klindworth" edition of Chopin's works, and who have appreciated his exactitude in expression marks and phrasing, his helpful fingering and his perfect editing, it will be good news to announce a "Klindworth" edition of Schumann, the copyright of which is assigned to Messrs. Stanley Lucas and Co. Already several numbers are published; amongst others the *Novelletten*, *Kreisleriana*, *Arabeske*, *Sonatas*, *Fantasiestücke*, *Concerto in A minor*, &c.

METZLER AND CO.

Were I a King. By Goring Thomas.—The words (*Si j'étais roi*) by Victor Hugo.—Suitable for baritones; full of the grace peculiar to this clever English composer. The words are translated by Marzials.

Serenade. By Goring Thomas. Words by Marzials. A Spanish type of subject, but the development and general treatment of it

bring it very near the French border. The "colouring" of Goring Thomas is often in harmony with the modern French school.

Meditation on Gounod's "Arrow and the Song." For piano, violin, violoncello and organ.—The great French writer gives us here a charming reflection upon his well-known song. We notice that the cornet is given a part, as a substitute for the violin! You might almost as well offer anyone a wine list as a substitute for Shakespeare's plays.

HENRY KLEIN.

Trust me. Flowers from home. Songs. The former for tenor, the latter for contralto or bass. By Franz Leideritz.—Both songs are quite out of the common, full of interest in both voice and piano parts.

Polonaise in C. For pianoforte. By the same composer.—Contains as many good points as the songs just mentioned.

LAMB OSE AND CO.

Out of many songs, all by ladies, published by the above firm, we have chosen a lullaby, *Baby Darling*, by S. Emily Oldham.—It is a sweet little song.

ALFRED HAYS.

A more pretentious cradle song is *Sleep, my Baby*, by Florence May, containing a more finished and elaborate accompaniment.

The Lover's Well. A ballad, by Helen Marion Burnside. Set to music by Alfred Moul.—A quaintly told love story, and full of fun. The capital words make amends for somewhat ordinary music.

Part Songs.—*Johanne shall have a new bonnet.* Set to music for female voices, by C. A. Macirone.—Quite in the old English style; quaint and effective.

The Minstrel Boy. Arranged for female voices by Stiebler Cook, A.R.A.M.—Not very suitable in this form, but arranged fairly well; but we really regret to find Sir Sterndale Bennett's songs, *May Dew*

and *Gentle Zephyr*, arranged in this manner. As solos we all know and love them.

Calisthenic Exercise Tunes. By Emily Walsh. How these are to be used, experts in calisthenics can best tell you; but we confess to having been much startled, upon opening the first page, to find, instead of sonata, minuet, waltzes, or novelletten as title, the heading "Che Expanders"!

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Sleep and Rest (yet one more lullaby). Composed by Gustav Ernest, to whom, it will be remembered, the Philharmonic Society awarded the prize for the best overture a year ago.—Well written, but with such common phrases.

Romanze for Pianoforte. By Gustav Ernest.—This is made up of better materials, and still contains the same earnest workmanship.

Evening Song for Violin. With piano accompaniment. Composed by Tivadar Nachéz.—The work of a well-known violinist, and, as a result, better in the violin part than in the piano accompaniment, for in the latter there are one or two glaring faults; take the last bar but two as an example. Surely the last quaver in the violin part should be D and not F natural against the F sharp of the left hand on the piano, both notes progressing to G!

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Part Song.—*Hey ding a ding.* The old rhyme set to music for female voices, by C. A. Macirone.—Miss Macirone appears at her best in these quaint reproductions of old world thoughts. She exactly portrays what we might fancy to have been our great grandparents' times and tunes.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Extracts from Schumann's Album for the Young. Published at 1s. each.—This seems an expensive way of obtaining these sketches,

the whole of which, 43 in number, may be purchased for 1s. 4d., together with Schumann's valuable Hints to Beginners. However, these will prove useful to players who cannot afford room in their portfolios for the complete volume, when they take pieces with them to play to their friends in the country.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Music to the play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Composed by Rev. A. Wellesly Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—This book contains all the incidental choruses, dances and entr'actes performed in the open air at Coombe last summer. We shall never forget, in 1884, witnessing a performance there of *As You Like It* in the open air, with a woodland background; the scenic effects were quite realistic, and we doubt not that the music before us would gain much by being thus presented; but, apart from the interest of the occasion, there is not much about it that is noteworthy.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

Footprints of the Saviour. Sacred cantata by Edmund Rogers.—One of many cantatas, sacred and secular, published by this firm, and evidently intended for beginners. We take this opportunity of protesting against the adaptation of flat, uninteresting sounds to well-known hymns, whose good and noble old tunes have become inseparable from them, the words and tune being everlastingly wedded in the national mind. What an opportunity for creating a great and legitimate effect, to introduce not only the old words but the fine tunes with which those words are affectionately associated! The well-known *Christ and His Soldiers*, by Farmer, is open to the same protest. Surely Bach has shown us "a more excellent way." How he must have touched the hearts of his German congregations by using the old chorale, in which they could all join, and by which they were linked in common interest to the portions of the work in which they were silent and devout listeners.

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER III.



HE removal of Hebrus from his stewardship, and his transference to the service of another, seemed to have exhausted the anger of Parmenias, for no further refer-

ence was made to his engagement with Chrysé's suitor, embarrassing though her refusal must inevitably have been. A change, too, came over the outward life of the mansion. The costly banquets and entertainments were discontinued, the Sicilian cooks, hired at enormous expense, were dismissed, and Parmenias now rather shunned than courted the society of

the fashionable and wealthy. Entering the Senate, where his past reputation and his commanding ability secured him prominence and position, he sought to find diversion in statecraft, and forgetfulness of his domestic grievances in the high politics of the realm. His deep absorption, and his naturally increased absence from home, never weakened his daughter's devotion, but, by unobtrusive acts of thoughtfulness and attention, she sought ever to minister to his comfort, and keep alive in his heart also the flame of love for her.

Meanwhile events were occurring in distant lands which were destined to affect the lives of Chrysé and Doris in a remarkable and unexpected way.

Among the personal friends of Parmenias there was an old comrade in arms, Ælius Largus by name, who, in his frequent visits to the mansion on the Janiculum, had been struck with the demeanour and appearance of the slave Hebrus. Many times he had sought to purchase the young man, and had offered Parmenias a large sum for him in vain, until the events happened which were recorded in our last chapter.

The transference of Hebrus to his new master was followed by promotion even more rapid than that which he had enjoyed in the service

of Parmenias, although he had now no friend in the person of his master's daughter.

It was no uncommon thing for a Roman slave to rise to a position of importance and responsibility in the household of his owner, and hence the good fortune of Hebrus was neither singular nor unprecedented. When, therefore, Ælius Largus was entrusted with the conduct of an expedition against the warlike tribes of Arabia,* Hebrus accompanied him as his personal attendant, and was charged with his soldier-master's fullest confidence. The war was long and dangerous. The enemy were barbarous, but brave almost to madness, while their unusual tactics and the difficult nature of the country baffled and impeded the more civilised methods of warfare employed by the Romans. The frightful heat of the climate was an even more formidable foe to the mail-clad warriors of Italy than their supple and swarthy antagonists, and the legions were decimated by disease and sunstroke.

Throughout this costly and profitless campaign Hebrus watched over his master's safety with the devotion of a son rather than of a bondsman. Now fighting side by side with the

* About the year 25 B.C. an expedition, headed by Ælius Largus, was sent against the Arabs by Augustus. It is to the dangers of this campaign that Horace alludes in his ode addressed to Icticius. *Ek. 1, ode 29.*