

BIRD LIFE IN NOVEMBER.

By A NATURALIST.

ALTHOUGH vegetation appears to have died out in this so-called dreary month of November, bird life is in a state of considerable activity, as any girl interested in the beautiful little creatures may see for herself if she chooses to look for them. Go where you will, bold robin redbreast will look at you with his full, dark eye, and his head cocked on one side, for robin is a most inquisitive and self-confident creature. I have made such friends with him in lonely places, that he would come to me regularly for his meals, taking the food from my fingers. A kind of superstitious regard for the robin, which is in a degree shared by the wren and the swallow, protects him most rigidly. Few schoolboys care to exhibit the eggs of the robin in their collections. If the weather is clear in November he sings most gaily, but if rough weather is brewing he will mourn dolefully.

If you chance to pass by a hazel hedge you may hear a rustle among the falling leaves, and looking down see the nuthatch in quest of nuts. Directly these are ripe he visits the hazel bushes, and takes his share; then, when the leaves lie thickly below, he hunts in the hedge once more, for he knows as well as the children do that two crops of nuts may be gathered in a season in that way. A bright, active bird he is, with blue-grey back and orange and white breast. The peculiar call he gives to his mate at times—twit, twit—will attract your attention to him.

Upon the upland pasture lands you will be sure to hear the chattering chack, chack, chack of the field-fares, the bluefelt of the country folks; or if you wander on and about the sheep pastures, where the juniper bushes flourish, you may hear a note like the alarm note of the blackbird, only wilder. It proceeds from the ring-ouzel, that has made his stay for a week or two, on his usual migration from the southern counties. He is a fine bold bird to look at—when you have the chance—but he is very shy. He is very irregular in his flittings to and fro. Some seasons

Such is the bird life that may be seen during an afternoon's walk in the shepherds see great numbers of the ring-ouzel, other seasons not in November.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

single one. Probably the year's crop of juniper berries has something to do with this. Wild berry-bearing trees and shrubs are like cultivated fruit trees, in rarely having full crops for successive years.

If we leave the uplands for the lower ground and enter the water-meadows, the first bird we are likely to see will be the gentle redwing. When hard times come he will sit with his head on his shoulders and his breast feathers puffed out; but you will not hear him complain, for, like most gentle creatures that God has created, he suffers in silence.

Close to the redwing a bird springs up, crying "scapè"! and you see a flash of white and a streak of brown—just enough to let you know that you have disturbed a snipe. Strange it is that the wader and the song bird should feed at the same table, so to speak.

As the afternoon shortens, the starlings go through their manoeuvres before settling for the night, and all the members of the finch tribe leave the stubble and lea grounds for thick copse and hedge shelter. Close by, a chattering rattle sounds; it is the wren fussing about and talking to himself before going to rest. And now there is a regular row among the members of the finch tribe; they are clattering in and about the bare stems and twigs in all directions. On looking we see a grey flash glide over the fields—it is the dread sparrowhawk.

Daylight fades. A grey mist comes over all things. Flapping bird forms show here and there over the bare fields, low down, twisting and turning, and you hear "Pewit, pewit, pewit." The green plovers are on their feeding-ground. Very good friends to the farmer are the full-eyed crested plovers.

You have an impression that some bird has passed over your head whilst you were looking at the plovers—it was the barn owl; the gloom that is fast gathering is his best hunting time.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

PATERSON AND SONS (EDINBURGH).

A Sailor's Song. This is a capital bright four-part song by Otto Schweizer, with both English and German words.

Bonny Kilmeny. A cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra. By Hamish MacCunn.—A most fascinating work, full of graceful melody and very musicianly treatment. It is to be regretted that the pianoforte arrangement of orchestral accompaniments, of such interest as, at least, the work before us, does not contain indications of the various instruments employed. This is a great help, even to a piano accompanist, in imparting character to each section of the work. The subject of

the opening chorus is often pleasantly referred to in the course of the cantata, and where all things are good, we would call special attention to No. 2, tenor solo; No. 7, a chorus, ending Part II.; No. 11, Kilmeny's solo, and the Epilogue, which is an excellent piece of part-writing. Although, to a musician, the accompaniments are most suggestive throughout, nevertheless we feel that great additional enjoyment might be given to the average reader were the orchestral combinations named here and there.

We have also received Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of a set of six songs by the same clever young composer, each one evincing his tasteful fancy

and considerable versatility. Let us sincerely hope that nothing may break the promise of great things contained in Mr. MacCunn's work thus far.

Andante and Allegretto, for two violins and piano, by Pierre Perrot, is a useful piece, containing in the allegretto in B minor a good brisk contrast to the 3-4 opening movement.

Two Short Movements, for either violin or violoncello, by the same composer, are inscribed "for pupils," and very good material for practice will they make. The movements are connected, and form one short work.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Ellaline Gavotte. Composed for the piano, by Hamilton Clarke.—A capital little dance, in every way above the average of the modern gavotte. We often wonder that a composer of such enormous talent as Hamilton Clarke should never let us hear or see the Symphonies and other important works of which we know him to be the able writer.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Away, Far Away is an excellent song, by Miss Edith Marriott, a lady whose work we have often had occasion to recommend to our readers. The song is published in two keys.

As I went down to Richmond Town is a very fair imitation of the old English ballad, the words, which are written by the composer

of the music, F. W. Deane, being very quaint and old-fashioned.

Outward Bound is a simple duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor, by Stanislaus Elliot.—There are very few duets written for these voices, and some new ones are much needed.

Slavonski Mazurka; *Seladon Valse*, and *Nocturne "In Vain,"* are the titles of three duets written for violin and pianoforte, by the late Franz Leideritz.—The recent death of this clever writer is much to be regretted.

Polacca, by Josef Trouselles, is also a number of the "Violinist's Album," which seems to be a very good collection of drawing-room pieces for this favourite instrument.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

We have before us a most interesting collec-

tion of Hymns and Anthems of a Congregational character, composed by the late Miss Eliza Flower, and set to words chiefly selected from Holy Scripture and the writings of the poets. Amongst many original thoughts and phrases we would select, for special consideration, the setting of the words "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The idea of making the congregation respond to the Choir in certain passages is excellent.

Six Pieces for Violin. Composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. This collection of violin solos is dedicated to Madame Norman Neruda (whom we congratulate as Lady Hallé), and is a most valuable addition to our violin library. Our readers may not all know that the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music is an accomplished violinist in addition to his other talents.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

AMOUNT previously acknowledged in No. 456 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £260 os. 5½d.

Miss Beath, 10s., A. S., 6d., "One of Our Girls," 1s., "A Birthday Gift," 1s. 6d., M. R., 1s., E. L. R., 2s. 6d., Collected at the Hackney and Clapton High School, per Florrie Crutcher, £2 5s. 6d., Jeanie Cowan (collected), 12s., E. E. E., saved from her holiday (£1 per annum), £1, M. and F. B., 6d., E. Sindall (collected), 9s. 3d., E. Evelyn Macandrew (5s. per annum), 5s., Admiral Pollard's Family, 7s. 6d., Miss Allenby (collected), 1s., E. Bolwell (collected), 9s., "White Wings," 1s.,

Mrs. Learmont (collected), 7s. 9d., F. Evenden (collected), 6s., Clarissa H. Chinnery, 1s. 3d., J. Andrews (1s. per annum), 1s., Julia Blackencee, 1s. 1d., Gertrude Sayer (collected), 6s., In Memoriam, Elizabeth Ann Booth, 5s., Frances L. Hewlett (collected), £1 6s., Annie Devine (4s. 1d. monthly), 8s. 2d., C. A. F., 2s., A. E. N. (Scotland), 4s., H. Hobson (collected), 6s. 8d., Dorothy M., 15s., Annie E. Tasker (collected), 6s. 6d., Daffodil and Three Sisters, 2s., Priscilla (collected), 3s. 6d., R. Bourne, 3s. 6d., A Thank Offering, 1s., Mary Schofield (collected), 6s. 6d., Amy, 6d., Colne (collected), 4s., Frederica Ransom, 2s. 6d., Miss Lloyd Griffith (collected), 4s., M. C. G.,

5s., Kathleen and Dorothy, 4s. 6d., Cliffholme, £2, M. S. G., 1s., Housemaid, 5s., Maggie Saunders (collected), 1s., L. M. D. (collected), 2s. 6d., Mrs. Collyer (collected), £1 13s. 6d., Miss Stettaford (collected), 15s., Collecting Box of the Girl's Sewing Society of Yokohama, £1 2s. 6d., M. S., 1s., Mrs. Learmont, 2s. 6d., Miss Evenden (collected), 4s. 1d., Miss Evans (collected), 12s. 6d., E. H., 3d., Frances Hammond, 3d., Lylie Brown (collected), 1s. 6d., C. Long (collected), 4s., Fanny Buttle (collected), 10s., "Ata-Ata," 1s.

Total amount received up to September 24th, £280 8s. 11½d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

MERRY-GO-ROUND.—It is quite true that red is an exciting colour to the whole tribe of oxen, and probably to the rest of the grazing animals as well. Turkeys and geese are annoyed by it also. The reason given is that red is the complementary colour to green, and as the eyes of the animals are during most of the day fixed on the green herbage on which they are feeding, a red article impresses their sight with great intensity. Of all the grazing tribe, oxen are the most pugnacious; and consequently they are more easily provoked than the others by the sight of a red object.

HOUSEKEEPING.

INEXPERIENCE.—Dessert is generally now put on the table when it is arranged for dinner. If there be no room for fruit, it can be put on with the dessert plates and finger glasses. Fish carvers, i.e., a knife and fork of silver or electro-plate, for helping the fish, and also fish knives and forks for eating it, are sold by all silversmiths.

BOILED LOBSTER.—Professor Huxley in his book, "The Crayfish," is the only authority we can quote on the reason for the change of colour in the lobster when it is boiled. Many theories have been advanced for it, and the same effect would be produced by the action of alcohol, ether, and many acids. The reason assigned by Professor Huxley is, that the outer shell of the lobster and the crayfish contains rather more than half its weight of calcareous salts, of which 7-8ths consist of carbonate of lime, the rest being phosphate of lime. These salts become dissolved in the boiling water, and act chemically on the rest of the shell, causing the change of colour.

HOUSEWIFE.—The secret of preserving fruit seems to lie in gathering it in dry weather, sufficient boiling, and addition of sugar, and in keeping it, when finished, in a dry, airy place. Both dampness and lack of air are enemies to its preservation. Also, it should be covered down while hot.

ANXIETY, and AN IRISH TOURIST.—We do not know of anything, saving to try some of the many insect powders sold, or else turpentine, or kerosine oil, ap-

plied with a brush. If the worms you speak of are the little white ones of the moth, you may destroy them by extreme care in hunting for them in May and June, and by ironing your carpet on the wrong side with a hot iron. We should advise that more care be used in turning out and cleaning the rooms, and that more frequently, and in giving plenty of air and light. Damp, dark rooms are great inviters of moths and of all insects.

RUBBY.—Grease stains of any kind can be removed with fuller's earth, moistened with lemon juice, and a small quantity of pulverised pearlsh. This may be made into balls (enough lemon juice being employed) and used to scour the stained places whenever needed. A little French chalk scraped on a fresh grease or oil spot will take it out.

MUSIC.

A LOVER OF MUSIC should attend a class, if one could be formed amongst her acquaintances, and arranged for with some good teacher.

ESSY W.—The violin is a very difficult instrument to play well, and perhaps the anxiety to excel in so doing causes you too much nervous excitement; or else you protract your practising too long at a time, and being liable to headaches, you suffer from it.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Do not attempt to play music for which you have no taste, and which you will play with no feeling nor correctness of expression. You will only disgust others as well as yourself.

D. DENHAM.—You are by no means too old to learn the violin at twenty, but we advise you to obtain a few lessons to commence with, from an amateur, if not a professional. Nevertheless, we know some persons, of both sexes, who taught themselves. Your ear should be thoroughly good.

COPPERS.—The only legend of that kind attached to Loch Lomond would probably be of the days of Mary Queen of Scots, we think. You must not imagine that there is a tale attached to every song, as most of them are purely imaginary.

MARY B.—A volunteer's "buglette," as it is called, has eight or ten notes, and gives any call whatever. The bugles used for a tricycle club should be of the same kind. They cost under a pound, and can be got of any good instrument maker, we suppose.

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

The following has been received from Nurse Finnis:—

Rochester,

August 25th, 1888.

Sir,—This morning I received the "Medal of the Girl's Own Order of Merit," which I beg thankfully to acknowledge and gratefully accept. I need scarcely say how much I appreciate and value the honour conferred upon me by both yourself and subscribers. I feel that it will be an incentive to try and make myself more worthy of it.

Believe me to remain, sir,

Yours obediently,

LAURA FINNIS,

Head Nurse, St. William's Hospital.

To the Editor of
"Girl's Own Paper."

THE NEXT CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" is
to be entitled

"HOUSEHOLD HARMONY,"

"— by Notes of Household Harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty."

And will be published with the December
Monthly Part.

* * * As these extra numbers are never reprinted, and are in great demand, our readers should order them in advance from their Bookseller.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Twenty-five Progressive Studies for the Piano-forte, by Georges Pfeiffer.—These well-planned exercises, for style and finesse, combined with manual independence and the higher departments of technique, are greatly to be recommended, and would precede, in a most satisfactory manner, a study of either Clementi's "Gradus" or Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier."

The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, edited by Charles Gardner, present no novel features, and connect major and minor scales, bearing the same signature, as heretofore. We hope some day to find the minor scale having the same key-note, second, fourth, fifth, and seventh as the major holding that connection, as the acknowledged "nearest relation."

Fifty Five-finger Inventions, by Edwin M. Lott, represent an earnest attempt to supply a much-needed equalising practice for the five fingers, without changing the position of the hand. Considering the limits to which Mr. Lott bound himself, it is really surprising to find so much interest in his melodies.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Daybreak. Four-part song, by C. A. Macirone.—This is a beautiful composition of Miss Macirone's, possessing all the

breezy vigour which Longfellow's words naturally require in the first part, and filled with a very touching sadness when the wino "cross'd the churchyard with a sigh, and said 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'"

A Book of Four Songs, by Kate Boundy.—These settings of Herrick's and Shelley's words show great individuality of thought and harmony.

The Parting Hour, by Ernest Birch, is a typical ballad of the period, as free from difficulty as it is from interest.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

A Ribbon and a Flower. A song, with sweet, sad words, by Mary Mark-Lemon, receives a rather poor setting at the hands of Joseph Barnby.

Ask Not. By Maude Valerie White.—There is always some trait of originality in the compositions of this talented woman. In this case the words are weaker than the music.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Little Guardian. A song, by Cécile S. Martog.—Although rather in the style of such works as "Daddie," "Auntie," "Childie," and other relative compositions, this little song has the advantage of looking at things from a cheerful, hopeful point of view, which is greatly in its favour.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Who Was It? is the title of a very funny song, by F. E. Weatherley, cleverly and humorously set to music by J. L. Roeckel.

La Cavalcade makes a brisk march, although inclined to the polka in style.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Lullabye, my Darling. Words and music by Jenny Maude.—This is a simple, pretty berceuse, of which the first part is excellent.

The Dew is Sweet to the Lily. Song, by R. B. Addison.—Mr. Addison's songs are all nice, and this is no exception to the rule. The compass is from D up to E.

The Queen's Jester. A jig, by E. Boggetti.—Has all the freshness and go required, and would be very suitable for playing at a children's romp.

SOMERSET AND CO.

The Grenadiers. Polka-March, by Theo. Bonheur.—Is a lively quickstep, dedicated to Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, whose portrait is reproduced on the cover.

Jessamine, No. 1, of Floral Beauties, by J. E. Newell.—A drawing-room piece of the nocturne kind. Why "Jessamine," we cannot tell!

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

WE are once more encouraged to appeal to our young readers on behalf of this Home, in which they have been so long interested. A few weeks ago we told them that it must be closed next Christmas, unless a debt of £600 could be paid. A portion of that sum has been collected, but at least a third has yet to be gathered, if the inmates are to be saved from that destitution which must result from their being cast adrift on the stormy sea whence they were rescued. We venture to plead earnestly for them, and to ask our readers to allow the subscriptions they have generously sent in towards a Convalescent Home for Girls, to be transferred to Woodhouse, which is virtually a "Convalescent Home," since the doctor's bill for last year was only £2 3s. 9d., and the neighbouring Epping Forest is quite a health resort. Of course we all know that the contributions sent to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER towards founding a new Home for Girls are insufficient for the purpose. We have been told what a large sum is required to secure and maintain a permanent institution of this kind, and that the money in hand falls far short of it; indeed, that the scheme must be relinquished and the kind donations otherwise appropriated. This emboldens us to ask our friends to keep open the "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," by allowing the £360 collected for the one Home to be transferred to the other. This sum will enable the committee to clear off the debt, and, we will hope, leave a small margin wherewith to start afresh. Instead of closing so valuable a preventive work, we would fain see it doubled. But for lack of funds, one hundred, instead of fifty, girls would be received at Woodhouse—saved from possible ruin. Our readers have done much towards filling the Home in the past, and we feel secure of their

help and sympathy in the present crisis, as well as of their aid in the future. Could they only see the bright, happy faces of the girls, they would, assuredly, lend a hand to save them; which hand will be, metaphorically, stretched out by giving them a Happy Christmas once more in their dear Woodhouse. The following letter, lately received by the secretary, will speak for itself. The writer was three years in the Home:—

"Dear Sir,—I must ask you to forgive the liberty I am taking in writing to you. I do not know if you will recollect me or not. I was school monitor under Miss Crane, but I have not heard anything of the Home since I left, except by occasionally reading scraps in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the *Quiver*. I was sorry to read the other day that the funds were so low, but I sincerely hope that before long subscriptions will increase. I am sure if people only knew the immense good work the society carries on they would subscribe more liberally. I often think of the happy times I had in the Home and also of those evenings when you came in and enlivened us by joining in our somewhat boisterous run. Those were happy days indeed. I often feel thankful I was sent to the home, for many things I learned when there have proved invaluable to me since. I am glad to be able to tell you I have a good situation as parlour-maid. I have been eighteen months, and I hope to stay much longer."

All the letters from the girls in service are full of gratitude, and those from many mistresses are truly satisfactory. When we consider the degraded condition from which most of them were rescued, and that fourteen hundred and fifty have been trained, fed, clothed, and placed in domestic service, we thank God for His aid, and take courage. We feel sure that His servants will still help to

save the young from such a state of sin and wretchedness as we find chronicled in the last report. We read of one, fourteen years of age, with an insane mother, and deserted by her father. Of another, eleven, with no parents that could be discovered, found in possession of two notorious drunkards. A third, aged fourteen, declaring that certain black lines under her eyes were caused by the black eyes she used to get when she was young; and so on. Most of them have been snatched like "brands from the burning." Knowing this, and much more, we need not apologise for our continued efforts on behalf of this excellent charity, or for our somewhat bold proposal that our girls shall benevolently signify to the Editor their willingness to save it from annihilation.

Since the above was written, the sum of £100 has been sent for the Convalescent Home by C. R. S. The donor adds to her benevolent gift the text, Psalm cxxvii. 1. The Editor wrote at once to the kind lady, to state that it was in consideration to transfer the sum collected for the one Home to the other, and received an immediate permission to appropriate her munificent contribution as he thought best. Had our readers seen the thankfulness of the secretary of the Princess Louise Home, as we did, on learning that £100 of the debt was to be thus wiped off, and that, with their approval, the whole would be eventually cleared, they would rejoice with us in the prospect of maintaining an existing Institution. The gratitude towards C. R. S. is intense, and the text she quotes is to be placed over the door at Woodhouse, so that all who run may read the words, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."



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DECEMBER 29, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Twelve Studies for Pianoforte, by Walter Macfarren, conceal, in a most artistic way, the dry facts of technique beneath a glamour of musicianly grace. On this account alone they will be warmly welcomed by amateurs.

Un Aveu, a melody for piano by Tito Mattei, is full of beautiful expression and melodic charm. There is, near the foot of page five, a most uncomfortable case of consecutive fifths. The exceptions to the rule forbidding this progression should always be pleasant ones.

Arabian Serenade. A song for basses, and composed expressly for Signor Foli, by Michael Watson.—This stirring ballad will make a capital present to brothers who sing such things, and can only look at music very superficially.

Sabina. Minuet and trio, by Margaret Gyde.—The minuet in C minor is the stronger movement of the two. The trio in A flat major, too great a contrast to its predecessor, is built up upon a very common sort of melody.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

The Creation. The performing edition of Haydn's masterpiece is edited by the late Sir George Macfarren, who has, besides, arranged the pianoforte accompaniment, adding the orchestral indications which are of such great value and interest to amateurs, and also giving breath marks, denoted by a large comma above the staff, and intended to ensure unanimity amongst the singers. The lamented professor strongly advocates the restoration of the pianoforte as an accompaniment to the recitativo "secco" or "parlante." Its predecessor, the cembalo, was originally used, and the figured bass was intended to be filled up on that instrument, and not on the violoncello and double-bass. We must mention that the paper is not thick enough, for the writing upon the other side of a page shows through, and tends to create confusion, but otherwise the "performing edition" is most valuable.

Five Songs—words by Moore, and music by Lancelot Martley—belong to that interesting young school of song writers of whom Erskine Allon (to whom these love songs are dedicated) is a shining example. May we suggest that there are times when a particular rhythm, like a private hobby, should give way to beauty which is sadly thwarted by persistent reiteration?

L'Hirondelle is the title of a most graceful French chansonette by F. W. Davenport.

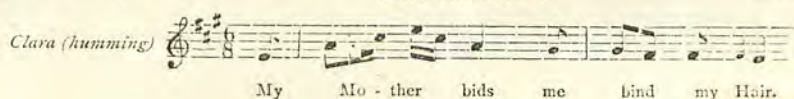
All rights reserved.]



Drawn by]

SONG PICTURES I.

[Sydney P. Hall.



Sunshine. Song by Berthold Tours.—This is a simple setting of some good words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. The third phrase of the music is a curious reminiscence of Sullivan's song about a silver churn, in *Patience*.

Tiny Feet. A song by Morton Elliott.—We can recommend this song to average singers, as a simple and effective thing, strongly impregnated with the character of an Irish melody.

Bonnie Wee Thing. Words by Burns, music by Amy Elise Horrocks.—This is such a pretty song, with such excellent "local colour" about it, that we recommend it heartily. Compass C to F.

La Bergère.—A rustic dance, by Warwick Williams, is a bright little piece, à la gavotte.

C. JEFFERYS.

Life, we've been long together. Words of Mrs. Barbauld's, set to music by Ernst Helmer.—This is a ballad of the Balfe-Wallace period, and although a decidedly weak composition, it has some melodic interest. There is the display of a gift, without any use having been made of it.

REYNOLDS AND CO.

Grannie's Rings. Music by Theo. Bonheur, and words by Arthur Chapman. The words are very touching, and represent a charming

social interview between a child and her grandmother.

The Last Vespers. Music by Cuthbert Vane.—It is surely time to protest against the damage which the well-deserved popularity of such songs as "The Storm" and "Children's Voices" has wrought, by flooding the market with a demand for ballads with a refrain from the Church Services. In this particular song the conspirators in composition are reduced to killing a Sacristan! and the refrain is borrowed from the Nunc Dimittis! Another is named "Miserere Nobis," which is the refrain murmured by a monk who happens to pass a bridge just as a poor lunatic leaps over into the water. A song which, under similarly sad conditions, made a stirring demand for a life-belt would be more natural in character and less morbid in tone.

Danse Imperiale. By E. Boggetti.—You never know under what disguise a gavotte will "dissemble" nowadays! Everything not a march is safe to be a gavotte. This belongs to the latter class.

THOMAS MURBY.

Elsa and the Imprisoned Fairy. A Cantata for Juvenile Voices. By Thomas Murby.—There are many good points about this fairy cantata, but also some features which might be developed to greater extent with decided

advantage. For instance, the two-part writing is simply a series of thirds. We think, if Mr. Murby is able to do so, that he should elevate the second sopranos to something above mere imitations of an upper part at the distance of a third, and should give children an early love for independent counter-melody. Again, the melodies in solo numbers, and harmonies and rhythms in the accompaniment, ought to introduce features of interest and even novelty; threadbare harmony and commonplace tunes only make children lazy and apathetic.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

The Tempest King. By Oscar Verne.—Is a very fair specimen of a ballad for bass voice. It is dramatic, and would require a big voice.

Dresdina is a graceful little gavotte (this time disguised as "Stately Measure"!) by Carl Malemberg.

Gigue in G. A bright, frolicking dance. By E. Boggetti.

Vesper Voluntaries. Book 20 of this useful series of organ, or rather harmonium, pieces contains 12 movements of varied character. By King Hall.

The Juvenile Portfolio of Dances is a book, cheap at a shilling, of Quadrilles, Polkas, etc., for little people. The best number is the old dance, Sir Roger de Coverley.

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

"A fellow so mercurial as your fiddle is not to be created out of any chance piece of timber."—*An old book.*



ALTHOUGH we know for a certainty that every thing on the earth and under it has, from the beginning, been laid under contribution by man for the purpose of pleasure and of art, yet in passing through a forest the last thing that would suggest itself to us is, that the trees under whose shade we are walking are endowed with a wonderful power—latent, it is true, until the hand of man inspires it with life—a power of expressing the inmost longings and passions of the human heart, a power to draw tears from our eyes or make us dance with joy, a power to soothe our aching hearts and draw forth the expression of our love and devotion, a power to sympathise with us, a power of making itself indispensable to us. Can any fairy tale be more wonderful than this?

We are not surprised to see the trees cut down and made into ships, or furniture, or houses; but to see them endowed with an almost superhuman gift of companionship to man would seem impossible if we did not know it for a fact, and one which we are about to prove.

The form in which this power is lodged must, of course, be as near perfection as possible, and this it is acknowledged to be. It vies with the human voice in its delicacy and its power of expressing every shade and nicety of tone.

The skill of an hour has not made it what it is, nor even that of a century; but, as Ruskin expresses it, "the help of numberless souls has produced it." Nothing good comes forth all at once, but is the result of thought, anxiety,

and labour, and the violin, as handed down to us by the great masters, is no exception to the rule.

To us who love the instrument it will be interesting to learn by what process a tree of the forest is made to give out all its latent beauty and power, and assume the form of the graceful violin.

Those entrusted with this work of transformation have no easy task; they must be thoroughly educated in their art, and fully acquainted with those fixed laws and regulations, which to infringe, even by a hair's breadth, means failure. Presuming that this is all as it should be, then the next important step for them is to obtain material wherewith to work. This is most difficult, even though they happen to live in the midst of forests, as at Mittenwald.

There may be an abundance of wood from which to choose, but how and what to choose is the all-absorbing question, for the makers know well that the acoustic properties of the instruments they are about to make will greatly depend upon the selection of wood.

The knowledge of selecting wisely was the secret of the old Italian and French masters, who sought their material far away from their own lands, not because there were no maple or pine trees in Italy and France, but simply that those growing there rarely combined the qualities necessary for the production of a perfect violin, and so much did they value a piece of wood containing both beauty and acoustic properties that they guarded it jealously for their best work, and used up every inch of it.

It is to the old masters' choice of wood, quite as much as to the work bestowed upon it, that their instruments possess that velvety sound which distinguishes them.

It is certain that they had fixed guiding principles as to the nature and qualities of the wood they used; and none knew these better than Stradivarius and Guarnerius.

Not only did they seek wood among the

trees of the forest, but were constantly observed mysteriously prowling about far from home, tapping tables, floorings, and even ceilings with their little hammers, and bending down their ears to catch, if possible, the tone of music they loved so much to hear. If they were fortunate enough to catch the ring in anything they touched, they lost no time in making an offer for it, and never parted from it till it was safely lodged in their studios.

Guarnerius seems to have obtained in this way a large piece of well-seasoned pinewood possessing extraordinary acoustic properties, from which he made most of the bellies of his violins. He looked upon it as a mine of wealth, and was most careful in working it that not a scrap should be lost.

In like manner a pupil of Stradivarius visited Ireland, and while there came across an old maple table, which he at once secured, and made from it some beautiful instruments.

I suppose everyone has heard of Vuillaume, the famous violin maker and repairer, and how he wandered about in search of the wood he required. He might have been seen in various parts of Switzerland buying up the furniture or wood-work of a chalet, or entering the poorest hovels in search of what he wanted; and whenever he could detect the right resonance in anything he touched, he made it his at any price.

One day he went so far as to persuade the curate of a small parish to let him take away the ceiling of his sitting-room, and replace it by another; and with this heap of dried wood he hurried back to Paris, there to work wonders with it. The beauty of the wood thus found consisted in its perfect dryness and readiness to be worked upon.

Many experiments were made by the old masters before determining what were the best materials for their purpose. They tried the pear, the ash, and lemon trees for the backs and bouts (sides), they tried deal for the bellies, but they failed to satisfy them on all points; and at length they came to the conclusion

But when favouring fortune permitted his return, he did not meet with much gratitude. His sentiments were of too liberal a nature to be pleasing to an exclusive dynasty. His wonderful lyric, "What is the German Fatherland?" was perhaps the first voice of the national craving for unity. It runs—

"What is the German Fatherland?
Is't Prussia's realm or Suabian land?
Is't where the Rhenish grapes hang red,
Or Baltic sea-mews scream o'erhead?
O nay, nay, nay, so cramped a strand
Is not the German Fatherland!"

And so on, through a poetic enumeration of the many provinces, until the question is answered—

"Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,
That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call thou thine!
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O God of Heaven, look down and see;
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end.
Thus shall it be, thus shall it be!
The whole of Germany shall it be!"

Arndt was born in 1769, in the Isle of Rügen. He died in extreme old age in 1860. Could he have been spared for ten years, he would, "in the flesh," have beheld the fulfilment of the youthful "desire of his heart."

But, alas! for years after the downfall of Napoleon, the history of Germany was little but a record of petty squabbles between its several states and of high-handed repression of popular rights in all of them.

When Frederick William IV. (brother of the late Emperor William) ascended the throne of Prussia in 1840, the popular party founded great hopes on the moderation and tolerancy of his earlier measures. These hopes proved ill-founded; for from that date until 1848 all Europe was filled with "risings" of "the peoples," and with clamours for popular representation. To this period we owe the world-famous song of the

"WATCH ON THE RHINE,"

whose author, Max Schneckenburger, like the writers of so many other national lyrics, was a

quiet, obscure person, who does not seem to have burst into song on any other impulse. The song, which attracted very little attention at the time, was written on the occasion of France insolently asking for the Rhine frontier as her natural boundary; it runs—

A cry goes up like thunder's crash,
Like clash of swords and roaring sea.
At the Rhine, the Rhine, the German
Rhine.
Who will the river's guardian be?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine.
Firm and true stand the watch,
The watch on the Rhine.

"Through countless thousands flies the word,
A million eyes with lightnings shine,
And each sound German heart is stirred
To keep the sacred boundary line.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"To heaven's plains he lifts his eyes,
Where hero-fathers have their rest,
And swears, while patriot passions rise,
Thou, Rhine, art German as my breast.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"For while one drop of blood still glows,
One sword remains in German hand,
While one the rifle's magic knows,
No foe shall trample on thy strand.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"The oath resounds, the waters shine,
The standards flutter in the air,
By Rhine, by Rhine, the German Rhine,
All German hearts are guardians there.
Dear Fatherland, etc."

The perpetual bickerings between the German states culminated in the Franco-Austrian war, at the close of which Frederick William of Prussia died, and was succeeded by his brother William. He began to reign as King of Prussia in 1860. His chief minister was the famous Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," whose one idea was, sooner or later, to place Prussia at the head of a "united Germany." His first move towards this end was the annexation by Germany of the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein; Austria to hold Holstein, and Prussia Schleswig. Next a quarrel was picked with Austria, which drove her out of Holstein, and reduced her to a secondary posi-

tion. But the climax was the great war with France in 1870, when France once more hoped to extend her frontier to the Rhine, and to carry her triumph into Berlin itself. The whole German nation rose up in solemn self-defence, in the resolute spirit of another popular song—

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine."

It was at this time that "The Watch on the Rhine," the song of the obscure Suabian merchant, Schneckenburger, sprung into universal favour.

The King of Prussia, already an aged man, rode out of his capital with tears in his eyes, accompanied by his son and surrounded by royal kinsmen, and followed by his troops. On the other hand, the French Emperor's first despatches were filled with self-glorification and boastful sentimentality.

There was soon a most dramatic reversal of the picture. France was defeated at every turn. Instead of the French marching in triumph to Berlin, the Prussians marched to Paris. Instead of extending France to the Rhine, the French had to give up Alsace and Lorraine, including the fortified towns of Strasburg and Metz. In September, 1870, the Emperor of the French placed his sword at the feet of King William of Prussia, and was carried a prisoner to Germany, being only released to die an exile's death in England. It was actually in the heart of France, in the "Hall of Mirrors" of the Palace of Versailles, that William I., King of Prussia, was proclaimed "Emperor of Germany." This happened on the 18th January, 1871. Thus was fulfilled the dream of poets and patriots, and wherever the conquering army passed the stirring notes of our three "famous songs" accompanied them.

Let us hope and fervently pray that this great empire, whose foundations have been laid by such strong hands, and cemented by the blood and tears of myriads of her own children, will now be ruled by heads and hearts wise to know that there is "a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time of war and a time of peace."

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO AND CO.

FROM this eminent firm we have received several new works of interest, amongst them being Weber's hymn, "In constant order works the Lord." This is, of course, another number of the celebrated octavo editions. To the octavo choruses have been added many numbers, ancient and modern. We have before us a chorus (753) from Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," and a Hallelujah Chorus (755) from Handel's "Triumph of Time and Truth." Their tonic sol-fa series of anthems and part-music comprises over 600 numbers. Amongst the most recent of these appear madrigals by Pearsall, part-songs by Sullivan, Barnett, and Pinsuti, and anthems by Dr. Mann and Berthold Tours.

The volume of Seven Pianoforte Pieces, by Henselt, edited and fingered by De Pachmann, would make a beautiful New Year's gift to a really capable pianist.

Then, for violinists, we have an Album (No. 11), containing six sonatas by Corelli, full of beauty; and another (No. 13), made up of eight British melodies arranged by Siegfried Jacoby.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Drawing-room Songs, with banjo accompaniment, arranged by Edmund Forman.—This

album includes "Three Old Maids of Lee," "Some Day," and other ballads which, doubtless, will suffer but little from being associated with the banjo.

A Child's Garden of Verses.—Twelve songs for children, with delicious quaint words by Robert Louis Stevenson, which alone should create quite a rush for copies, and, added to this, charming music by Miss Carmichael, forming a most auspicious commencement to Messrs. Enoch's Kindergarten series.

Madrigal is the name of a graceful French song by C. Chaminade. Both French and English words are appended.

The Angel Came. A song by Frederic H. Cowen.—This ballad is published in keys to suit all voices. It is scarcely up to the high standard which we assume by some of his songs that Mr. Cowen has set up for himself.

The Salute is a capital quick march, and has all the dash and spirit necessary to military music.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

King Weathercock, words by Chrissie Denning and music by Joseph L. Roedel, is a humorous song, which, well sung and well told, would be sure to give amusement.

None Know How I Love Thee. Words by W. Toynbee and music by Tito Mattei.—A

fine song, but almost overbalanced by a rather meaningless and very vague modulation.

Burlington Music Books (No. 1).—This part offers six songs by Gounod, Sterndale-Bennett, Blumenthal, Cowen, and others, at a shilling, sheet-music size.

Six Recreations for the violin, with piano accompaniment, by Carlo Ducci, jun.—No. 4, a song without words, which we have before us, is very well suited to the instrument, and has a most melodious subject.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Six Easy Pieces for Violin. By Otto Peiniger.—Let us again recommend these excellent and interesting pieces. They are so very suitable for young beginners.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Little Sweethearts. Song, by Edward German.—Quaint and pretty, the compass in the G minor key being from D to E natural. The story is funnily pathetic. It will amuse old and young alike.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

If at your window, Love. Song, by Ethel Harraden.—Published in three keys. A clever and graceful song by a G.O.P. Prize-winner. It is fully expected that this song will become very popular.

At the end of each transept is the most lovely rose or wheel window it is possible to imagine—one of the thirteenth and one of the fourteenth century.

The oldest piece of glass of all is a narrow lancet window at the extreme east end, with a most exquisitely delicate round window over it. In all these windows a celestial blue predominates, suggesting the expression, "The blue vitrailed gate of Heaven."

The pulpit and altar-piece are ugly productions of modern days.

Amiens Cathedral is larger than any other in France, and is indeed only surpassed in size by Cologne Cathedral and St. Peter's at Rome. It was built about the same time as Salisbury (1220), "under the orders of two successive bishops, one of whom directed the foundations of the edifice, and the other gave thanks in it for its completion." It is called by M. Violet le Duc "The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture." Whewell says: "The interior is one of the most magnificent spectacles that architectural skill can ever have produced. The mind is filled and elevated by its enormous height (140 feet), its lofty clerestory, its grand proportions, its noble simplicity. The proportion of height to breadth is almost double that to which we are accustomed in English cathedrals."

In Mr. Ruskin's opinion the "apse is not only the best, but the first thing done perfectly by Northern Europe." In the "Bible of Amiens" he gives this advice: "Whatever you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence and the inevitable necessities

of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment have left you so much as one quarter of an hour—not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Picardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here, but such carpenters' work you cannot. It is late—fully developed Flamboyant, just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity, mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

"Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, trained and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame.

"Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreaths itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book."

At the conclusion of a long morning service we climbed up into the triforium, and made the whole tour of the cathedral, sometimes inside and sometimes outside the building. We were surprised to find High Mass commencing. The faint sound of the bell and the monotonous chanting of the priests sounded most strange as we wandered round, sometimes catching glimpses of the service that was going on in miniature below.

Then we went up into the spire, and saw the city, with its churches, forts, houses, and

its river (dividing into twelve canals), laid out like a child's toy city far below.

We walked on the roof of the nave, and our guide opened a ventilator and let us look down. Two old men were sitting just beneath (very liliputian in size), little dreaming of the temptation to unregenerate hearts to try "if marbles would bounce on their bald heads." Truly we had never been so high in life before, and never expect to be again.

We stood in a narrow ledge high over the organ, above the clerestory, and looked down the whole length of the church. We did not disturb anybody, for we can only have looked like big flies to the people below. Our guide told us that the nave is one metre wider in the upper part than in the lower; but whether this is intentional or owing to a giving way of the building, caused by its vast height, he did not know. In any case we felt it was unwise to add our ponderous weight to that part of the edifice, so descended with all convenient speed.

We attended an afternoon service, and saw the bishop and other gorgeous beings. We lingered about until the deepening twilight produced that air of mystery we had missed at noonday. A feeble glimmer from a candle or an oil-lamp was all the light there was when at length we tore ourselves away. After dinner we went again, hoping to see the effect of moonlight, but the moon was obscured by clouds. A very simple service was going on in the nave.

We reached London at three o'clock next day, crossing by Calais, and thus ended a delightful six weeks' holiday, which cost us each about £31.

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC AND MUSICAL EVENTS.

MANY events of interest to our musical girls have already taken place this year, or are about to do so. We think it may be of assistance to our readers if, from time to time, we give them notice of any performances or publications of high class music, by the hearing or studying of which their perception of the divine art may be quickened, and their enjoyment of it enhanced. What we must strive to do above all things is to persuade you all to help on the music of native composers, by finding out what is good and hopeful in their compositions, rather than by cynically comparing them to their more experienced foreign brethren, and by encouraging their efforts with your attendance at their concerts and your purchase of their best works. It is satisfactory to find that the appreciation of native efforts is by no means confined to England—nay, more, it is almost a reproach that keener interest should be shown in them in Germany than at home. We must blush to think that in January last the best musicians in Leipzig attended an orchestral concert, of which every item was composed by Dr. Villiers Stanford, our most able professor at Cambridge University. The audience not only attended, but applauded and enjoyed that collection of British compositions, all by one hand. At the celebrated Saturday Concerts in the Crystal Palace British music always meets with a kind helping hand from Mr. August Manns; on the 15th of February the entire concert was devoted to a performance of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's new cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." So far, Mr. MacCunn has wisely illustrated scenes and subjects belonging to his native Scotland.

On 23rd February Dr. Stanford's third and latest symphony was heard for the first time in England (the Germans already know it!), and at succeeding concerts we are to have overtures by Dr. Bridge and Mr. Prout, and a serenade by that very clever musician, Mr. Wingham.

The plays of Shakespeare which are being represented in London at the present time have musical interpolations by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and, in every way, there seem to be hope and encouragement for British music and musicians. This state of things can be best developed by combined exertion, but every individual, in however small a way, may assist in the advancement of what is best in our native productions, either, as I have already suggested, by the purchase of the best and purest compositions, irrespective of the amount of advertisement, which is as a rule anything but a guide to good music, or by the attendance and attention at concerts where new and standard works by fellow-countrymen are to be heard. This alone would encourage our people to make music rather than to import it.

Amongst events of interest, we note the return to this country of little Otto Hegner. You will probably have taken the opportunity of seeing and hearing the youthful genius, and will, we hope, have been able to discover in him all those makings of a Mozart or Mendelssohn, all that firm foundation and good purpose, without which a terrible affliction, "the infant prodigy," stands unmasked, a skeleton of wretchedness, and quite as much a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as the Baldwin pony!

Mr. Henschel's excellent Symphony Concerts came to an end in February with a performance of the ninth symphony of Beethoven, known as the "Choral," being the only symphony in the last movement of which voices are employed, and followed the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, for the interpretation of which the celebrated Leeds Choir came to London for the first time. These splendid northern singers should be heard. If we can show them delicacy in chorus singing, they can teach

us firmness of attack, and enthusiasm, such enthusiasm as is altogether wanting in our apathetic meetings in the south.

The Philharmonic Concerts recommenced in March, but the conductor, Mr. Cowen, did not return from Australia until after the first concert, at which Dr. Mackenzie most kindly took his place; but the reason for Mr. Cowen's absence is a very important one. At the Melbourne Exhibition he has preached to our colonies the crusade of good music, he has introduced to the thousands of our brethren out there very many works and composers, well known here in London, but never before heard in Australia; and best of all, he has the gratification of knowing that the good seed sown is even now taking root and springing upwards. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated.

Think of the life, the rough bush life, the hard-working life, and picture all the hardships softened, all the troubles comforted, all the hopes revived, and the latent good feelings brought out by this glorious art of music. Most of the new English work has been published at a cheap rate, and may be obtained at the various well-known music establishments. We hope to speak more fully about some of it next month.

NOVELLO AND CO.

Monsieur de Pachmann's clever wife, Margaret de Pachmann, contributes a *Thème et Variations*, and a *Rêverie du Lac*, two piano pieces fairly full of difficulties, but most musician-like and worthy of all the toil they demand.

Twelve Songs, by Schumann (Op. 35), not published in the older sets, and written to words by Kerner, will be welcome to all singers of good music.

We can also recommend some books of soft voluntaries for the organ, composed by George Calkin, and a toccata, by W. G. Wood, the latter rather difficult.

state of excitement. To see them excavating these in the hard sandrock is a wonderful sight. Who, on looking at the bill of the sandmartin, unless he had seen him at work, would suppose him capable of drilling long holes—little tunnels, in fact; and very quickly he does his work too.

There is a bird very swallow-like in its flight that comes out in the evening after the swallow tribe have retired to rest. He is more heard than seen, though he might be called a giant night swallow, taking up the hunting after the others have left off. By day he rests, lying lengthways on some branch or limb asleep; but when the sun has gone down you will hear his curious jarring chur-chur, like the hum of a spinning-wheel; it is the note of the goat-sucker or fern owl. A most powerful wing he has, and he sweeps over woods, meadows, and streams, now high up, now down, wheeling and twisting in all directions. The plumage is very moth-like in its bars and markings, as you see when you inspect the bird closely, which you can as a rule only do after one has just been shot. The large eyes and wide mouth, with its bristles, fix one's attention first; he is fitted admirably for the purpose

for which he was created—that of capturing insects, and not sucking goats, which a silly superstition once supposed to be his delight. A most useful, gentle creature, and he deserves a better fate than to be shot, as he often is.

Those elegant insect-eaters, the wagtails, that run about so nimbly, moving their long tails continually, give life to the meadows and the streams that glide through them. Where cattle are pastured, there you will see the wagtails, for they attend them very closely. It is a pretty sight to see the common black and white wagtails running nimbly round the muzzles of the cows as they feed along, making dips and snaps at the insects the animals disturb by their feeding. They are not at all particular where they run—round the beasts' heads or about the feet they flit with perfect indifference. The yellow-breasted wagtails are very beautiful creatures, they do not affect the feeding pastures so much as do the common species. Where the stream runs over the pebbly shallows, and the pollard willows line the bank, in spots where the sand has been washed, forming little bays, there you will find the yellow wagtails.

In the same locality I have seen that inte-

resting little bird, the common sandpiper, or as we might now say, the uncommon sandpiper. He is a bird of neat appearance as he trips neatly along, dabbbling here and there as he runs in and out of the shallows, and crosses nimbly over the sand. A little pond has been formed where the brook runs through a wide shallow hollow, caused by the tearing up of the banks where a clump of trees has been blown down in a storm. The stream runs through it, flags grow round the sides, "spiked reed and golden iris bending over." Here a dabchick has located, or a little grebe; there is his mate; they are most expert divers, and they are very busily engaged just at present; somewhere in or about the flags is their well-concealed nest, which looks just like a lump of damp weed, and nothing more. It is damp, too, just as it looks, both inside and out; but that will not make any difference to the hatching process.

It is sweet to rest here awhile.

"In the faint,

Sweet breath of the wind comes tuneful insect hum,
Mix'd with the rustle of the swaying leaves,
Bass to the birds' clear treble."

NEW MUSIC.

SPRINGTIME not only ushers in the flowers, but it also thrusts upon us the early concert season with such an impetus, that even the fast-lengthening days do not prevent the impossibility of hearing all the good things and fresh things played and sung for our pleasure and instruction. With many excellent performances to choose from, let us first speak of those given by the Novello Choir.

The production in London of their conductor, Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, was in every way a success. Apart from the enthusiastic singing of the choir, the interest centred in the revival of the "melodrame"—a recitation spoken above an expressive undercurrent of music. Mendelssohn uses it in *Athalie*, and in some of the male-voice cantatas, and Beethoven employs it in the prison scene in *Fidelio*; but our impression is that the melodrame, being on this occasion in the able hands of Mr. Charles Fry, has never been more sympathetically or beautifully used than in this example by Mr. Joseph Bennett. In fact, his libretto in all its details is singularly beautiful, and ranks high in the realms of poetry. The subject chosen is a most suggestive one, and Dr. Mackenzie shows all that versatility which the story demands. Jubal is represented deploring the weakness of the music produced by his tortoiseshell as compared with the myriad voices of nature around him—the murmur of the foliage as the breezes whisper soft, "the deep-voiced torrent, the buzzing insects and choirs of birds." He falls into a sleep and dreams that an angel reproves his presumption in despising God's good gifts, and then proceeds to show him what the future of music, as a divine art, will be.

To illustrate this, Dr. Mackenzie had to compose a chorus of praise in Divine worship, a song of comfort in bereavement, a patriotic march and chorus of victory, the song of a labourer in the harvest field, a funeral march and chorus in honour of a hero, and a duet of lovers. No trifling task, you will observe; but most ably carried out by the talented principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

At a later concert given by the same Society, an opportunity was afforded us of hearing Dudley Buck's *Light of Asia*, which although written some time ago, was then heard in London for the first time.

If we are to judge from this of the present condition of music in America, things look

extremely hopeful, and we trust that we may be permitted to listen to similar productions from other composers "over the water."

We all know and enjoy the Saturday and Monday "Pops," and many of us have, by their means, learnt to understand and estimate at their proper value the finest specimens of classical composition, written for the various combinations of stringed instruments.

The promoters of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society are giving the flute, oboe, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon the justice which has already been meted out fully to the strings. In the face of considerable difficulties, and in spite of but little encouragement, this excellent Society lives and is a strong child, and its performances, supported by the finest players of the day, have been, as far as the wind music was concerned, well-nigh faultless. If, in the end, entrepreneurs and audiences alike are persuaded that the alternation and combining of wind music with strings should form part of every chamber concert, that is now exclusively and selfishly devoted to the latter instrument, we suppose that one of the objects of the Society will have been gained; but the encouragement given by it to all players upon wind instruments, and to composers to write pieces for those instruments, is another feature, a prize of twenty guineas being offered for the best quintet written for the five instruments above named. Brothers of any of our girls, who play wind instruments, and would like to join the Society, could get all information, etc., from G. G. T. Treherne, Esq., 26, Brunswick Gardens, W.

A most enjoyable series of pianoforte recitals adds considerably to the reputation of Miss Dora Bright, both as a player and as a composer. Should another series be given, no one should miss the chance offered of hearing what our English lady-pianists can do.

A delightful and novel form of concert, one which we hope to find soon repeated, was the vocal recital given in Harley Street not long ago, and entirely supported by two ladies—Mrs. Florence Perugini and Miss Hutton. The programme consisted entirely of duets and solos. "How monotonous!" we hear you exclaim; but that is the most marvellous part of it. Had you been there, you would have left the concert room, as we left it, simply longing for more.

One could not wish for a more perfect piece of duet-singing; the interchange of light

and shade was such as could only be acquired by sympathetic and constant rehearsal, and only maintained by long and mutual regard.

We hope they will soon sing again.

Then, at the Albert Hall, an awkwardly large concert room, many of you doubtless listened a few weeks ago to the very powerful effects, and were struck with admiration at the grand chorus-singing in Benoit's *Lucifer*. Never has the Royal Choral Society shown more enthusiasm and sympathy with their work, although we certainly feel that the best of the composition is to be found in the first two numbers.

The Philharmonic Society has introduced us to another most accomplished pianist, Madame Backer-Gröndahl, whose playing of Grieg's pianoforte concerto will long be remembered; and, for a second time, to the representative Russian composer, Tschaiakowsky.

These are only a very few of the many concerts of good music which London alone can boast of, and in many of the provincial towns of this "unmusical country" good performances of good music are given week after week.

From a large selection of new music we can recommend the following pieces:—

NOVELLO AND CO.

Original Compositions for the Organ, Nos. 110-112. The first of these numbers contains three Offertories by Hamilton Clarke; the next is a Pastoral by Luard Selby, and the last comprises six easy Voluntaries, composed by Kate Loder (Lady Thompson). A set of songs about the reeds (one is tempted to say "the German Reeds," for they are Lenan's Schilfflieder) is full of original thought and pleasant, simple melody. They are composed by Schlesinger, whose detached songs, published in America, we have already noticed with interest.

PATERSON AND SONS (EDINBURGH).

Wert thou mine and Maiden Fair. Two songs by Alfred Stella; the words of the first by Burns, and those of the second by Professor Blackie. They are both decidedly Scotch in colouring, and are quite simple and ballad-like in design. Like many other things apparently simple, they are perhaps not so easy to sing well, and many hidden beauties will only be brought to the surface by earnest good singers.

Loving Shepherd is the title of a sacred song by W. Harrison. A good, useful setting of the well-known words by Jane E. Leeson.