

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXX.—MR. EDWARD LLOYD.



It is late in the day to refer to Mr. Edward Lloyd as possessing the right to the position of our leading British tenor—indeed, it might be said to that of one of the first tenors in the world. Mr. Lloyd has won his way to this position simply by the earnest sincerity which has characterized everything he has undertaken—added, of course, to great natural gifts. Since eleven years of age he has always been a working man, and has laboured with a set purpose always before him. His heart and soul are as much in a simple little ballad as in an operatic selection. The public have felt this, and have not been slow in letting it be known. He is, in many ways, a remarkable man. If there is anyone who is prone to be spoiled by a community ever ready to pamper a popular individual, it is a tenor. But from what I have seen—and my opportunities have been peculiar ones—of Mr. Edward Lloyd, he impressed me as being a man who sets his face against all flattery, no matter how honestly it may be deserved. There is absolutely nothing professional about him. In a word, he is about as perfect a specimen of an Englishman as one would wish to meet, and as one who loves his home and its associations, may be held up as a model man. Of medium height and stalwart appearance, with a countenance which is a happy hunting ground for smiles, you no sooner feel the grip of his hand than you know you have met a man brim-

ming over with good nature, honest intention, and unadulterated sincerity.

Previous to the interview proper we made a hurried trip to Brighton, where for three or four months every year Mr. Lloyd, together with his family, migrates, and where he has a pretty little house within a stone-throw of Mr. Edmund Yates's. Its blue tile window-boxes are full of the greenest of evergreens, and flowers are working out their own notions of decorative art everywhere. Here the walls are given up to a magnificent collection of hunting pictures. The dining-room has many exquisite bronzes, and passing by an old grandfather's clock in the hall—picked up in a Devonshire cottage one holiday time, and in which, to the methodical tick, tick, of the works, a ship keeps time on some linen waves—a peep into the drawing-room reveals many a portrait of professional brothers and sisters—Santley, Maybrick, Antoinette Sterling, Lady Hallé, etc., with a number of water-colours by Danby, Enoch, and Prout.

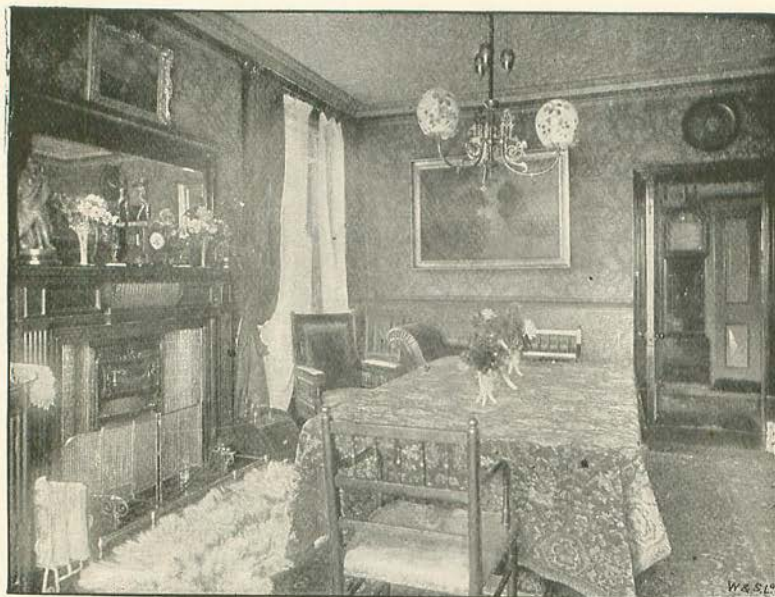
I have already referred to Mr. Lloyd's homely disposition, and this may be the better understood when it is mentioned that on the occasion of my long chat with him at his beautiful house at Tulse Hill, after my visit to Brighton, the day was positively converted into a holiday. The two youngest boys, Ramon Richard and Cecil Edward, had a day's leave from Sidcup College. Mr. Edward Turner Lloyd, the eldest son, and a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, was there.



From a Photo. by MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

[Elliott & Fry.]





From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM—BRIGHTON.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Miss Mary Louisa Lloyd sang many a delightful ballad to us, and Mrs. Lloyd herself, together with her husband and Mr. N. Vert, an old friend of the family, made up a very happy party. So, together with this merry company, I explored the house and grounds of Hassendean.

The early months of winter had by no means robbed the garden of a thousand beauties. Flowers which help to brighten the dark and cold months of the year were bravely holding up their heads above the soil, and the trio of tennis-courts looked in perfect condition. Mr. Lloyd and all the members of his family are enthusiastic tennis players, and it is no difficult matter for one to picture the pleasant little parties which gather on the grass and revel in the five o'clock teas set out impromptu in the cosy arbour.

There is a pause

in our journey at the steps which lead to the interior of Hassendean, a photographic pause for the purpose of a family group. Even "Ruff," a fine Persian cat, who a minute ago had been engaged in chasing an innocent sparrow, was called into requisition to face the camera as being an important representative of the domestic pets of the house. However, as soon as we got indoors again it was apparent that pussy could only lay claim to a certain share of favours bestowed.

A voice proceeded from the kitchen; it was the parrot, who had been sent down below in order to be in close proximity to the kitchen fire, owing to a temporary indisposition. Still, its much-to-be-regretted sickness in no way interfered with its powers of

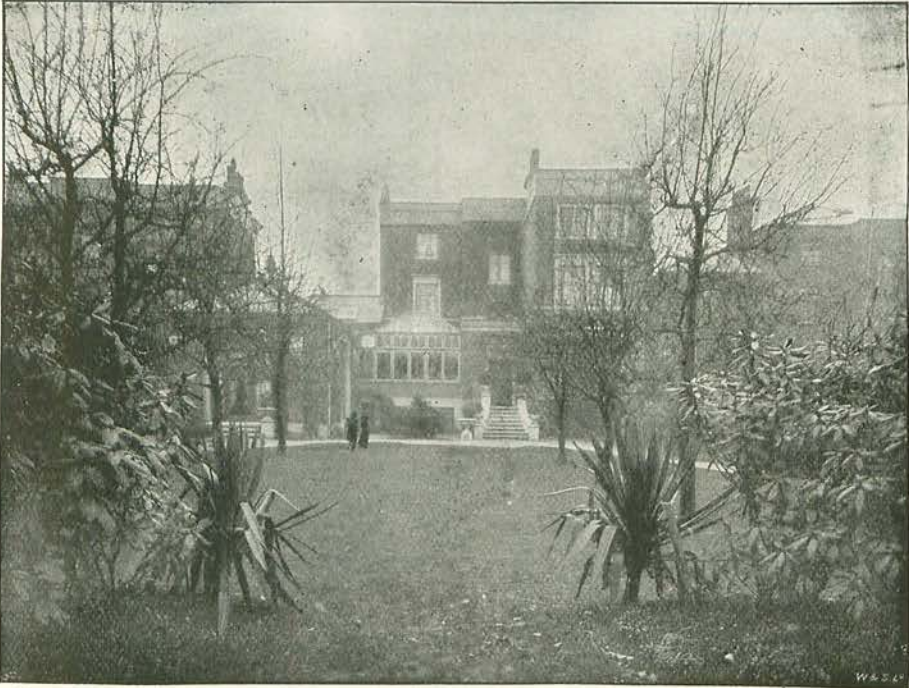


From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM—BRIGHTON.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

HASSENDEAN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

speech. Then, as we stayed for a moment in the conservatory—where, in the midst of the palms and ferns, a fine statuette of “A Dancing Girl,” by J. Lawler, who sculptured one of the sides of the Albert Memorial, stands in a conspicuous position—a little canary suddenly bursts into song as Mr. Lloyd encourages it by running his fingers along the wires of its cage. This same little canary played a conspicuous part after lunch, when we repaired to the conservatory, of which more anon.

The entrance-hall of Hassendeau—on the front door of which hangs a lucky horseshoe—is given up to some admirable examples of engraving—after Millais, Gainsborough, and Burton Barber; whilst the staircase leading to Mr. Lloyd’s own particular sanctum, in addition to providing hanging space for many pictures of musical celebrities, has an artistic selection of Doré’s works.

Mr. Lloyd’s own room chiefly contains family pictures. On the mantelpiece are his children; by the window his father, and close by a reproduction of the stained glass window erected to the memory of the great tenor’s mother at the Ladies’ College, Cheltenham. The dining-room looks out on a great expanse of lawn, studded with fir trees, and contains some grand canvases by Ogilvie Reid, Knupp, Hughes, Ladelle, Danby, Cobbett, Hans Poch, of Munich, and J. Stark.

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Mr. Lloyd points out with pardonable pride five drawings by Rossetti, which hang in the drawing-room; he is a hearty admirer of this brilliant artist’s work. The cabinets in this apartment are full of the choicest of Dresden china and enamelled silver ware, and a prominent position is given to a Russian silver cigarette case inscribed: “Presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to Edward Lloyd, October, 1884.” The motto on it is in Russian, and its translation reads: “Carry about, don’t lose, frequently remember.”

The presentments of the features of musical friends are numerous, and, as Mr. Lloyd takes up a picture of the late Barry Sullivan as *Hamlet*, he remembers that he was the last friend to see him when he was drawn out on to the balcony of his house at Brighton, just before he died. When we remember Mr. Lloyd’s profession, one may be permitted to refer to the music-room as being the most used apartment in Hassendeau. It is really a magnificent room, which the famous tenor had expressly built for himself; its proportions are perfect, its acoustic properties everything to be desired. There are two floors to this room at a distance of 4ft. apart. This realizes an admirable sounding-board.

“Oh, yes!” said Mr. Lloyd, in reply to my question, “I practise here; but I fear that the





From a Photo. by]

THE ENTRANCE-HALL—HASSENDEAN.

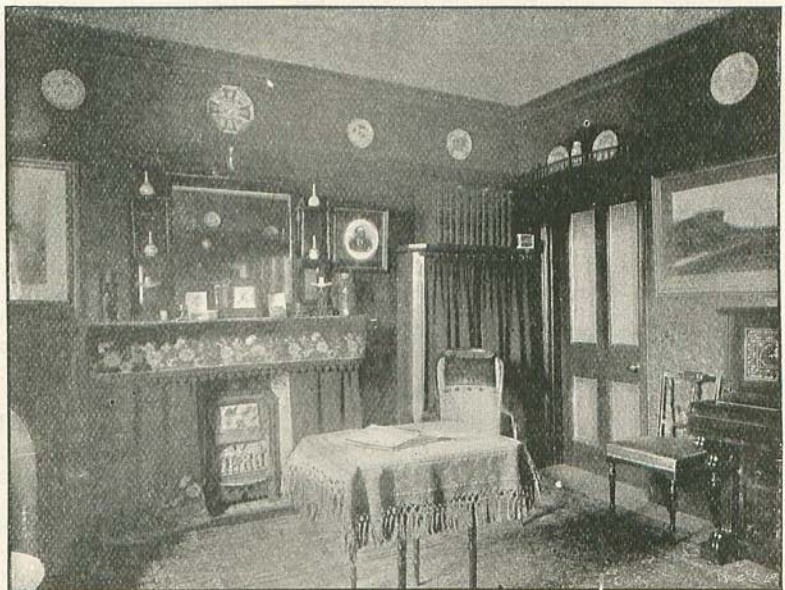
[Elliott &amp; Fry.

public little realize what practice means. I am never satisfied, though I invariably practise a new work every morning for two or three months. I first give my attention to the notes, then study the real meaning of the words. You then begin to see the beauty of the work and gain a knowledge of the composer's idea. Not until a work is learnt thoroughly do you begin to realize its countless gems, and the more I 'live' with the written genius of great composers, the greater pleasure do I find in their beauties."

The music-room has a grand ceiling. Its walls are incrusting with crimson, with a fresco of black oak. The engravings are after Millais, Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, Luke Fildes, Orchardson, Leader, and Rosa Bonheur. The blue china, which is set out on the great mantelboard, once belonged to Rossetti, and the grand piano was made by Schide-meyer, of Stuttgart.

After lunch, I not only listened to the fine tones of the Schide-meyer—but something more. It was a most charming *entr'acte* to our chat together. We were all sitting in the conservatory, and Dick, the canary, was trilling some of his purest notes. At an almost unnoticed sign from her mother, Miss Lloyd quietly left her chair and was followed by her elder brother; the opening bars of a delightful song of

Spain were played, and then the voice of Miss Lloyd was heard in all its girlish sweetness. The little canary remained silent until the finish of the song, then it burst out again; once more came a chord from the piano—a familiar chord—"Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," and I listened to the magnificent voice of our great tenor. He probably never sang with greater expression or intenser feeling than he did that afternoon at Hassendean. The two young lads from Sidcup rested their

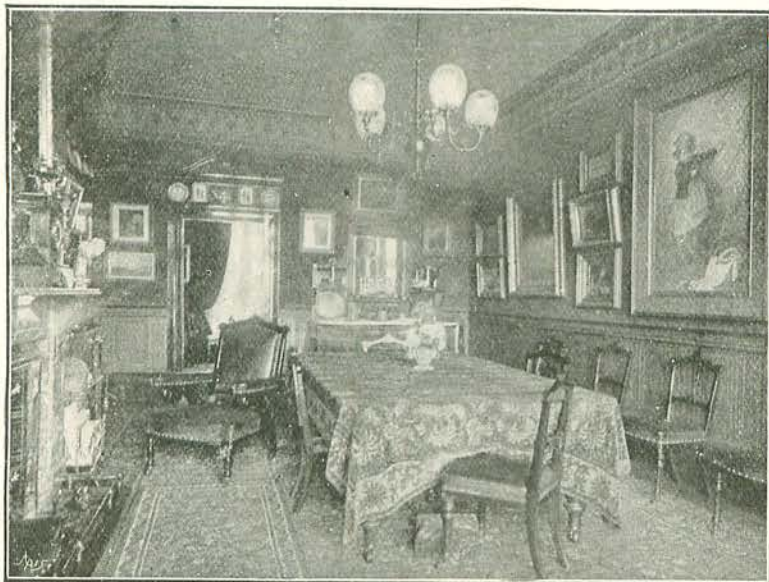


From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY—HASSENDEAN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—HASSEDEAN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

means it; when he must needs speak of himself he does so with a merry laugh and hurries up to get it over. His heart is perfectly open. He is not a "coddled up" individual; he never did and never will believe in it. He never muffles his throat up in a huge silk scarf, but believes in the low collar and "weathering it." The only time he muffled his neck he caught a fearful cold. His advice is: "Breathe through the nose,

heads on their hands, leant forward so that they might not miss a note, and made frantic efforts to outrival the applause of perhaps one of the smallest audiences Mr. Edward Lloyd has ever sung to in his life. When he had finished, Mrs. Lloyd quietly leant across to me very happily, and said: "I haven't heard my husband sing that song for more than fifteen years!"

So we settled down for our talk—and the story of a career which has been one long ascent to the very top rung of the ladder was told very modestly, with a constant genuinely kindly reference to others running through the whole. There is nothing self-assertive about Mr. Lloyd—he remains steadily the same all the time; watching for opportunities to praise his brother and sister artists, though it be at his own expense. When he speaks of others he endeavours to impress upon you that he

and not through the mouth, when coming out of a hot room. Don't wrap up; whilst an egg beaten in a very little whisky and water will be found an excellent stamina.

"I was born on 7th March, 1845," he said. "My mother was a daughter of John Larkin Hopkins, who was a professor of music in the Royal household of George IV., and held the position of bandmaster of the Scotch Fusilier Guards for thirty-nine years. He was a fine, stalwart man, of immense

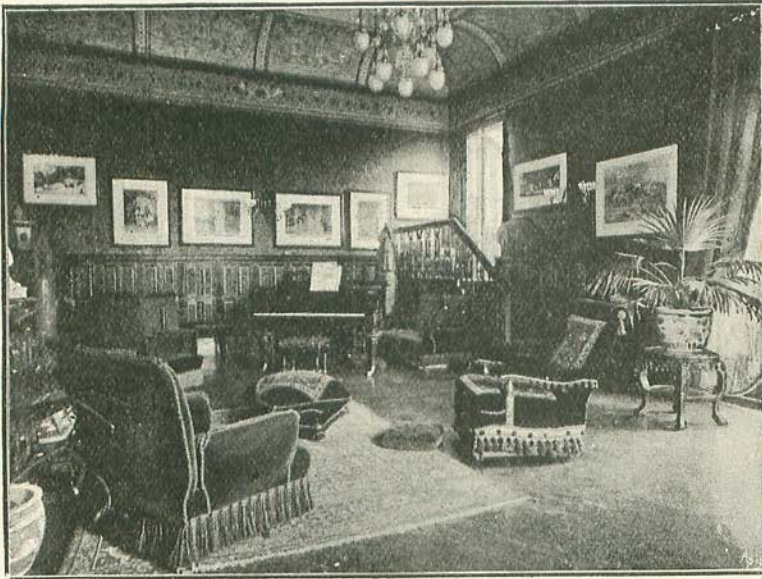


From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM—HASSEDEAN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE MUSIC-ROOM—HASSENDEAN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

strength, and lived to the ripe age of eighty-two. My mother, who was one of seventeen children, inherited much of my grandfather's talent. She was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and gained the King's Scholarship for her pianoforte playing at the age of seventeen. My father was Richard Lloyd, whose good tenor voice gained for him a vicar choralship in Westminster Abbey. I have a vivid recollection of him, for I think I was his pet child; I know that I had all I wanted. I was only five when he died, and my mother, with the utmost devotion, took me in hand with five other brothers and sisters. She held a very influential musical post at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, where she remained for fourteen years; her health gave way, however, and she returned to London. You have seen in my room upstairs a picture of the memorial window which those who knew and loved her caused to be placed in the Great Hall, Cheltenham College."

Little Edward, however, lived in London with an aunt, and Mr. Lloyd has the happiest recollections of the many letters which his mother wrote, always asking for news of her boy. It was happy news, indeed, when the mother heard that her little seven-year-old son had joined Westminster Abbey as a chorister under James Turle, the Abbey organist, who had not been slow in recognising the great gift of a beautiful voice which had been bestowed upon the youth. He took him under his special care, and to-day the great tenor never tires of bearing testi-

mony to the patience of his first master, who seemed never to weary in instructing him in the art of which he was so accomplished a master.

"They were very happy days at the Abbey," continued Mr. Lloyd. "I served as a probationer for twelve months, and was then entered as a full chorister. After a few years, I became one of the first four, until at last I was promoted to head boy. As a chorister I sang at the funeral of the eminent engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and wore the old-fashioned black scarf and black gloves. Even in those early days I got quite a number of engagements; we used to be paid three or four guineas for the week's singing at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, but when I became one of the chosen four boys, Mr. Turle, who had the musical arrangements associated with big City dinners, frequently selected me to sing at a guinea and sometimes two guineas a night at the banquets given by such City companies as the Ironmongers', Merchant Taylors', Goldsmiths', Vintners', etc., where boys in those days always sang the soprano parts in the glees and part-songs. The Dean, however, put a stop to it on account of our health, as it kept us out very late; still, Dean Trench was always very kind to us, and in the evenings would frequently invite us to the Deanery to play at bob-apple. You know the game! An apple is suspended on a string and is set in motion, your hands are tied behind your back, and you try to



bite the apple. The Dean was as merry as any of us, and revelled in securing as big an apple as possible."

"And did you ever bite the apple, Mr. Lloyd?" I asked.

"No," he replied, merrily; "my mouth was not large enough! I must not forget Dr. Wordsworth, who was a canon in my time at the Cathedral. My great recollection of him is that, when he was in office as canon, he used to preach for an hour, and sometimes longer. It was the privilege of a senior boy to repair to his house in the cloisters, and, together with his companion choristers, to stand round a table and be catechized for one hour after the service. In those early days, I fear that I did not appreciate this privilege!

"I sang at the wedding of the Princess Royal, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. I sat in the gallery, and in my memory can almost hear now Mr. Harper, the great trumpeter, 'heralding' the wedding party. I met many choir boys who have since become famous. In those early days Sir John Stainer was then a senior boy at St. Paul's, and we frequently met at the rooms of the old Madrigal Society, in Lyle Street—let to them by the Royal Society of Musicians—where, for our singing, we were rewarded with a glass of port, a buttered biscuit, and two shillings. The two shillings were invariably spent before I got home. I also met Sir Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier at cricket. The boys of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's and Westminster frequently tried their powers with the bat and ball against one another; Sullivan was my elder. Cellier was always the life and soul of the game of cricket: a thorough good fellow, although he did bowl me out once.

"Still, I am happy to place on record the important historical fact that the Westminster boys invariably won."

Although Mr. Lloyd's voice may be said to have never really broken, at fifteen years of

age he left the Abbey and went to a school in Southwark, where, after remaining for twelve months, he went to his mother's, at Cheltenham. He had said good-bye to the choristers' stalls at Westminster, well educated in the music of the great Church writers. He was on enviably familiar terms with such old masters as Gibbons, Blow, Boyce, and Purcell, a foundation for all that was to follow after. At his mother's suggestion he learnt the violin, and she, who herself had studied the piano under Mrs. Anderson, the music-mistress of the Queen, gave him lessons in pianoforte playing. However, although the young lad took kindly to the bow, he couldn't settle down to the piano. He remained in Cheltenham until twenty, when he returned to London to his aunt's.

"I sang at a church at Belsize Park," said

Mr. Lloyd, "and received thirty pounds a year. I did the solo singing, and was regarded as a light tenor, never thinking for a moment that I should develop into anything particular. But I was always endeavouring to improve myself. When I was twenty-one, as luck would have it, my uncle, Dr. John Larkin Hopkins, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, came on a visit to my aunt, and my mother, who was also up from Cheltenham on a little holiday, asked my uncle if he would hear me sing.

He did so. I sang"—and here Mr. Lloyd gave the opening lines of "You and I":—

'Tis years since we parted, you and I,  
In the sweet summer time long ago.

"He was very delighted, and turned to me and said, 'We have an opening in the choir at Trinity College: will you come and fill the post until there is a trial for it?' I was in the seventh heaven; the position was worth £120 per year; it realized all my hopes. I went to Cambridge; the music I had to sing—I was a good reader—came like A, B, C to me. I seemed to please the Fellows. After I had been there three months they thought



From a

MR. LLOYD'S FATHER.

[Painting.]



there ought to be a trial for the post. There were then two tenor vacancies, as Mr. Kerr Gedge was leaving to fill an important position in London. How well I remember the morning of the trial. The trial was fixed for ten o'clock. However, I got up at four, as I was too excited to sleep, told the landlady to have a thick steak ready for me at eight, and went for a long walk. I shall never forget that four hours' stroll; I remembered that there were seven or eight other competitors. I felt terribly anxious and nervous, but by the time I got back again to my lodgings and settled down to my breakfast, I had determined to go in and win. I felt on that morning just the same as I do now when about to fulfil any engagement I may have on hand: anxious, fearfully anxious.

"At that trial I sang 'If with all your hearts,' from 'Elijah,' and read some music given to us, and came out first.

"At Cambridge I met the lady who afterwards became my wife. It was at the opera. 'Faust' was the work, with Blanche Cole as *Marguerite*. Her future husband, Sydney Naylor, conducted, and, by-the-by, he was a Temple boy with me. We were almost engaged from that night, and I should like to say that, although Mrs. Lloyd is not a musician, from that day to this she has influenced my life. It was her wish that I should not sing in opera. And I have never regretted not doing so. Indeed, I have only made one appearance in costume in my life—it was at a private house at Hampstead. Here is a portrait of myself in the character. My part necessitated me carrying on certain papers, which in my excitement I left outside. I was asked for them; I felt in my pocket; pocket was empty. 'Dear me!' I said, 'I must have dropped them on the stairs as I came up'; so I made my exit and brought them back."

Still, Mr. Lloyd's dramatic instincts must have been of a very high order—for the late

Carl Rosa, who chanced to be present, immediately offered him an engagement. Later on Carl Rosa tried his utmost to induce him to sing in "Tannhauser," when the impresario was producing this work at Her Majesty's Theatre, saying at the same time, "I vill gif you a blank cheque to fill up!" This offer was again refused, and Rosa always would have it that the great tenor had missed his chance of going on the stage!

Mr. Lloyd remained twelve months at Cambridge, when he joined the choir at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, Mr. Barnby (now Sir Joseph Barnby) being the choir-master and organist, and was shortly after appointed "A gentleman at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's."

"That," said Mr. Lloyd, "was really the beginning of my career. I was then engaged for the Gloucester Festival, to sing in Bach's 'Passion Music.' It was my first important engagement and my first big audience. There were 2,000 people present. It did me a lot of good. I was very nervous, and my nervousness gave birth to *feeling*. A cold singer is no good! Dr. Wesley conducted this festival. There are many capital stories told about him. He was a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, very forgetful at times, and a most enthusiastic fisherman.

He was once out with his rod and line fishing in a piece of water, when a keeper approached him and told him it was private.

"'Oh, is it?' he said. 'My name's Wesley.'

"'I don't care,' said the keeper, 'what your name is; you can't fish here without an order.'

"'All right,' said Wesley; 'you take in my name to your master and I'll follow you.'

"The keeper consented: his employer expressed his regret at the occurrence, and said he would be charmed if the doctor remained to lunch, and they sat down together. After lunch the host turned to the



MR. LLOYD'S MOTHER.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



doctor and said he would be very delighted if he would play a selection on the organ. A very fine instrument was in the hall, and the doctor, nothing loth, sat down and played for half an hour. The music over, Wesley returned to his fishing, fished to sundown, and then went home. The next day the owner of the organ and the lake was surprised to receive a letter from Wesley asking for ten guineas for his services on the organ. Wesley was even more surprised when he had in reply a letter as follows: 'My charge for a day's fishing is twenty guineas, so if you will kindly forward ten guineas, that will make us quits.'

"On another occasion Wesley was conducting an overture, and was so wrapped up in his thoughts of fishing that he kept on beating time after the overture was finished. One of the principal violins whispered to him that they had done.

"'Impossible!' rejoined Wesley. 'I've got twelve bars more.'

"One can only conclude from this that during the twelve bars the worthy doctor had held his bâton still in the act of catching a fish, and when he rose it again to continue beating time he was landing it."

From the time Mr. Lloyd appeared at the Gloucester Festival the active part of his career may be said to have commenced. He has been engaged in all the principal festivals from that time, and created the tenor parts in all the most important modern works: "The Martyr of Antioch," by Sullivan; Parry's "Judith"; Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" and "The Dream of Jubal"; Cowen's "Rose Maiden" and "The Water Lily"; Stanford's "Maeldune," and Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and amongst foreign, Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" and Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride." He created the tenor part in Gounod's "Redemption" at Birmingham Festival, and at the following festival the tenor in the same composer's "Mors et Vita."



MR. LLOYD'S ONLY APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

At Gounod's request he was invited—an invitation he accepted—to sing in Gounod's latter work at Brussels and Paris under his direction.

At Brussels Mr. Lloyd was presented to the Queen of the Belgians.

His work at all the principal concerts is well known, and ever since the first night he sang in oratorio at the Albert Hall, under Sir Joseph Barnby, he has always been a permanent member of the artists engaged by Sir Joseph, whom, together with Sir Charles Hallé, Mr. Lloyd regards as having done as much for music as any two artists in England. He has been to America

on no fewer than four occasions; the first of which was at the Cincinnati Festival, for which he received £1,350 for five performances in that city. Once every year the State Concerts at Buckingham Palace claim him.

I asked Mr. Lloyd if he considered that oratorios still held their place in the esteem of the public against the lighter and less pretentious musical themes which have of late been so prominent.

He replied: "Oratorios still hold their old power over the public; such standard works as the 'Messiah,' the 'Stabat Mater,' 'Elijah,' and the 'Hymn of Praise' can never die: they are the support and the backbone of the festivals. Such works are so great and so magnificent that they are as fresh to the people to-day, though the hearers may have heard them fifty times, as they will be to the next generation. They are the true heirlooms of all music lovers.

"Go out into the 'West.' In Chicago, where we sang the 'Messiah' twice, there were over 5,000 people at each performance; but if you want to really understand how these glorious works are loved and revered, go into the Black Country, on the occasion of a big musical gathering, and watch the masses come in with their music scores under their arms. I have seen the galleries crowded with miners, who drink in every



note, and applaud in the right places, too. These great works are the property of the people: they come to them, and regard the listening to them as a devotional duty."

It is very well known that Mr. Lloyd has never disappointed the public except through severe illness; he has been in three railway accidents, but such severe upsets as these have never deterred him from proceeding in the even tenor of his ways. He positively snaps his fingers at fogs, and has sung in a hall when the place has been full of this speciality of our particular climate which is so distressing to folk in general and vocalists in particular.

The only occasion on which a fog was a real annoyance was one night when, on leaving the Albert Hall after a Patti concert, the fog was so thick that in thin shoes and a dress suit he had to take a lamp from his carriage, and whilst his coachman led the horse, he had to light the way. Mr. Lloyd fortunately possessed a good bump of locality; still he did not reach Tulse Hill till half-past one in the morning.

He has smoked from an early age, and has never found it affect his voice; still he would not advise young singers to take a pattern from Mario, who he has been given to understand has smoked as many as thirty cigars a day. He is inundated with songs, and it may be a consolation to budding composers to know that the thoughtful tenor always returns unaccepted scores when stamps are inclosed. He admits to one personal mishap with his music when singing Blumenthal's beautiful melody, "The Message." It was an old copy, and a page having become detached, was economically sewn in. Unfortunately, it was not discovered until Mr. Lloyd was in the midst of the song that the sheet had been sewn in upside down.

Mr. Lloyd is famed for his punctuality at all his engagements. "And for a very good reason, too," he said, when I reminded him of this. "It was during my first tour with Mme. Liebhart, and Christian, the bass, suffered with me. We had travelled from Dublin all day, and arrived at our destination where we were to sing in the evening. Feeling very tired, I lay down after dinner for a rest before the concert; Christian did the same. We both fell fast asleep. We were to open the concert at eight o'clock in the duet "Love and War." At five minutes past eight, a man came rushing in to say the audience were waiting for our duet. We flew to the hall, and had to go on a

quarter of an hour late. I could scarcely breathe and could barely get through my share in the duet. But it was a quarter of an hour with a moral—ever since then I have always been present a quarter of an hour before going on."

So the day passed happily at Hassen-dean, and the time came to say good-night. As I was leaving, Mr. Lloyd put his hand on young Ramon's head and said, good-naturedly, "Now, would you like to see something of what I used to do when I was about his age, and was rewarded with anything from buttered biscuits to a guinea?"

I need hardly say I assured him I should be delighted.

"Then meet me next Saturday at five-thirty at St. James's Hall, when we will have dinner at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club and listen to some of their glees."

Saturday came, and we met again at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club—the oldest glee club in the country, being now more than eighty years old. Dinner over—in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Lloyd and myself sat Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. W. Horsley, R.A., Signor Randegger, Mr. N. Vert, and Dr. Scott, Mr. Lloyd's medical man—books of glees were brought round and we sat and listened to the sweetest of themes, most admirably rendered. No one is more attentive than Edward Lloyd—no one more hearty in his approval.

"'Tis Morn" is the first glee, and Mr. Lloyd reminds me he has sung it many a time. A selection of T. Cooke's follows, and we listen to the stirring—

Strike, strike the lyre! Let music tell  
The blessings spring shall scatter round.  
Fragrance shall float along the gale,  
And opening flow'rets paint the ground.

How pure and sweet sounds "By Celia's Arbour." Not a note is lost by those whose happiness it is to listen—

Tell her they are not drops of night,  
But tears of sorrow shed by me;

and whilst it is being sung I cannot help noticing a white-headed gentleman opposite me who rests his head on one hand, so that his face can barely be seen, and bends over the glee-book, and never moves except once, to look up in reverent thought. It is W. Horsley, the Royal Academician. Yet another is sung—an ode for five voices. The painter still keeps his head bowed. I looked at the open book before me and read: "Composed by W. Horsley, 19th February, 1776."



Then Mr. Horsley tells us how well he remembers his father writing "By Celia's Arbour."

"I remember how Mendelssohn used to come," he said, "and sit for hours in the summer evenings in the house where I have lived for the last seventy years. He said that my father's compositions were the most perfect of their kind he had ever heard. He took some copies of 'Celia's Arbour' home with him, and soon after wrote to my father to say that he had heard the glee sung amongst the villagers by *forty voices!*"

Then Mr. Lloyd joins in:—

"I once heard your father's glee, 'By Celia's Arbour,' sung by a few of the Leeds Chorus, in Worcester, during the Festival. They had gathered together in the bar of the hotel where I was staying. I had gone to bed and was awakened out of my sleep, and I thought I had never heard of my sleep, and I thought I had never heard of my sleep to such perfection, the voices were so well balanced.

"There, there you are," said Mr. Lloyd, "that's what I mean. I was something like that in the buttered biscuit days, and when I sang at the Princess Royal's wedding."

A bright-faced little lad had stepped up to join the elder members in a glee for five

voices. He wore an Eton suit. The piece selected was a sonnet by Lord Mornington:—

O, Bird of Eve! whose love-sick notes,  
I hear across the dale,  
Who nightly to the moon and me  
Dost tell thy hapless tale!

The lad's voice was as true as the trill of the bird of which he sang, and this time it was the great tenor who sat and—thought, of those happy Westminster days, of those bewildering banquets at which he used to sing, of the glasses of port, the palatable biscuits, the useful two-shilling pieces. Perhaps he thought of more.

The lad sang again and again, until at twenty past nine o'clock, ten minutes before dispersing, the chairman gave out the number of the last glee, and Edward Lloyd shared my book as we listened to S. Webbe's beautiful music set to—

Rise, my joy, sweet mirth attend,  
I'm resolved to be thy friend;  
Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,  
He's with Thetis gone to bed:  
Tho' he will not on me shine,  
Still there's brightness in the wine;  
From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,  
My face shall be a sun to-morrow!

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

A FAMILY GROUP.

[Elliott & Fry.

NOTE.—In the Illustrated Interview with Sir George Lewis in our December issue, page 655, the following paragraph occurs: "Sir George prosecuted in a number of bank failures, the result of the Joint Stock Act of 1862. In addition to Overend and Gurney's, there were Barnett's Bank of Liverpool, the Unity Bank," etc., etc. The words "Barnett's Bank" should read "Barned's Bank." We much regret the mistake, which makes it seem that we referred to the well-known and old-established firm of Messrs. Barnett & Co., of South Castle Street, Liverpool.