

Be as Thorough as You Can.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might !
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man ;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright !
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white !
He who alters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me ;
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak !

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut !

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch ;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much !
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun ;
Our hearts without it—
Never doubt it—
Are the world's without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true ;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you,
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain ;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might ;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right,
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman ;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

The Tongue of the Maid of Athens.

Maid of Athens, we must part !
Your will is strong, your temper's tart ;
And, when I go and when I come,
Your tongue swings like a pendulum.
Hear my prayer before I go,
Remember 'tis my last request,
And, if you can for an hour or so,
Keep it still and let me rest.

By those banged locks all unconfined,
Blown all about by every wind ;
By that curled nose all out of joint,
Like an interrogation point,
Check that tongue's eternal flow,
Oh, heed, I beg, this one behest,
And, if you can for an hour or so,
Keep it still and let me rest.

By those lips that never close ;
By those crossed eyes which daunt their
foes ;
By my bald head, so prompt to tell
What words can never speak so well,
Your tongue is darting to and fro ;
You pour forth words like one possessed ;
But, if you can for an hour or so,
Please keep it still and let me rest.

Maid of Athens, I am gone ;
I'll be at peace when I'm alone.
Yet, though I fly to Istambol,
Your strident tones shall fright my soul.
Can I cease to hear thee? No !
That tongue is heard from east to west ;
But, if you can for an hour or so,
Oh, keep it still and let me rest !



MISSES' HOUSE DRESSES.

A Musical Tyrant.

THE CAREER OF THE EMPEROR WHO FIDDLER WHILE ROME WAS BURNING.

(From the Studio and Musical Review.)

In his own person Nero gave the world proof that love for the divine art of music can live in the blakest soul. When he ascended the throne he summoned Terpnos, the ablest of the *citharædi*, to his court and became his industrious and studious pupil in singing, neglecting none of the measures which were practised by the Greek musicians of that day for the preservation and development of the voice. His baritone voice was naturally weak, a little rough and hoarse, and only by means of incessant practice, by the greatest care in vocal and instrumental delivery, did he succeed in accomplishing anything in music. During his whole life he was filled with the conviction that he was the first virtuoso of his time, and he died with the words, "What an artist perishes with me!" When, towards the end of his reign, the Proprietor of Gaul, Julius Vindex, rose against him, nothing pained the Emperor deeper than the fact that in the address of the Gallic insurrectionists, he was called a "miserable *cithara* player." Desiring to shine as a tragic singer as well as *cithara* player and poet, he introduced musical festivals into Rome in the style of the Greek festivals.

In the year 58 he established the *juvenalia* (festivals of the youth) in his palace on the right bank of the Tiber, and in them he appeared for the first time as a performer before a circle of intimate friends. Under the name of *Neronic Games* he established, A.D. 59, imitations of the Olympic games, great contests which were to be held at

intervals of five years. In them the contests were of three classes—musical, gymnastic, and equestrian. At this time he had not yet entered personally into the contests. It was in the year 63 that he came before the public in the semi-Greek city of Naples, and sang a Greek hymn to an accompaniment on the *cithara*. "Vainly did an earthquake shake the theatre," his biographer, Suetonius, reports of this appearance; "he did not cease until he had completed his hymn. Immediately after the performance the theatre fell to the ground, but nobody was hurt. For several days thereafter he sang in Naples." For these occasions he selected young knights and more than 5,000 powerful young men from the people, divided them into groups, and had them drilled in the various methods of applause according to the Alexandrian manner, such as clapping with hollowed hands, applauding stormily with hollowed hands, and clapping with flat hands, so that they might support him whenever he appeared as a singer. This claque was magnificently dressed and remunerated in a princely manner. Suetonius says that, "Their leaders earned 40,000 sesterces." Finally, he determined to exhibit his art before the connoisseurs and the public of Rome, and this happened in the second spring games in the year 64, a short time after the first persecution of the Christians. All the world had desired to hear his "divine voice," but Nero wished to appear only in his garden. Finally, when his body guard united their solicitations with those of the people, he promised to take the public stage and sent his name to be inscribed on the list of singers and *cithara* players. He drew lots with the other contestants, and when his turn came he ascended the stage, followed by the military tribunes

and surrounded by his intimates. The *præfecti prætorio* carried his *cithara*. After he had taken his place and played the prelude, he had Cluvius Rufus announce that he would sing *Niobe*, and he sang for an hour. Nevertheless he postponed the contest for the principal prize and the other numbers of the programme till the next year, in order to have an opportunity to be heard oftener. The postponement was too long for him, however, and he appeared repeatedly in public. He did not scruple even to associate with the actors of the private theatre, and one enterprising manager, a *prætor* closed an engagement with him one day for 1,000,000 sesterces (\$34,000), a remuneration which he owed less to his art than to his testy and dangerous artistic pride. Besides the *cithara* songs, he sang a number of tragic parts in costume. When impersonating heroes and gods, he wore a mask made to resemble his own features, while the masks of the heroines and goddesses copied the features of the woman of whom at the time he chanced to be most fond. Among other roles he acted the parts of *Orestes*, *Œdipus*, and *Hercules*.

Soon his success before the Roman public, secured for the greater part by intimidation, did not satisfy the ambition of the crack-brained comedian. He longed for the applause of the Hellenes, who, he said, were the only men who knew how to listen to him and appreciate his accomplishments. Toward the end of the year 66 he set out upon an artistic tour through Greece. In Cassiope, as soon as he landed, he sang before the altar of Jupiter Cassius. Then he appeared at all the festivals, and even had those which were separated by a long interval of time changed so as to bring them into one and the same year. Contrary to all custom, he arranged a musical contest in Olympia and participated in it as *cithara* player and tragedian. At Delphi he took part in the musical contest of the Pythian games. Returning in 67 from Greece to Naples, where he had appeared in public for the first time, he entered the city through a breach made in the walls, behind a team of white horses, as was the custom at victories in the sacred games. He made similar entries into Antium, into his palace at Alba, and into Rome. In the latter city he required the arch of the *Circus Maximus* to be hurled to the ground, and entered standing on the chariot which had been used in the triumphal procession of Augustus, a purple mantle hanging over his shoulders, the garment below studded with gold stars, the wreath of Olympia on his head, the Pythian laurel wreath in his right hand, while his other wreaths were carried in triumph before him, with banners inscribed with the names of the places where they were won, the names of the defeated singers, and the titles and contents of the hymns with which he had defeated them. Sacrificial animals were killed along his path; he had the wreaths placed in his sleeping room and also a statue of himself as a *cithara* player. But all of these noisy successes and prearranged triumphs did not satisfy the artistic ambition of the Emperor. He wanted to appear as a universal genius in music. Toward the end of his life, when he was threatened by the insurrection of the Gallic and Spanish Legions he made a vow, if he retained the Government, to participate in the games which would celebrate his victory, and play on the hydraulic organ, the chorus flute, and the bagpipes, and on the last day of the festival to appear as a pantomimist, and play the role of Virgil's *Turnus*.

Nevertheless, Nero left behind him at his death the reputation of a talented poet composer, and a collection of his writings was preserved for some time. Martial praises the love songs of "the learned" Nero, and Seneca quotes one of his verses with encomiums.

Mrs. Lily Langtry with face in repose is rather a fine-looking woman, with heavy features and a large mouth—but not remarkable at all. But when she begins to talk and becomes animated—then the features of this Galatea grow radiant, her eyes flash, the heavy look disappears, half a dozen bewitching dimples come and go and the large mouth smiles in exquisite curves. Mr. Langtry is an Irishman whose father and grandfather sent ships between Liverpool and Belfast since a hundred years ago. Mr. Langtry inherited their fortune and was brought up to no profession.