

abbreviation, which appears to be so necessary among English folk; and while *Bertie* is agreeable to almost every ear (and is, indeed, frequently registered in this shape), *Vickie* is felt to be awkward and unpleasing. Of the names of the other members of the Royal Family, *Maud* and *Beatrice* may be mentioned as having most distinctly become fashionable in their turns. The history of the usage of *Alfred* and *Arthur* in reference to the Princes is not clear, on account of these names having obtained much acceptance before they were applied to the Queen's sons, the former by continuous usage from Anglo-Saxon days downwards, the latter as a hero-name, that of the Duke of Wellington. But there can be no doubt that both have found increased favour through their association with royalty. *Leopold* has never become fashionable; but since the young Prince's lamented death it has appeared more often than before.—*Good Words*.

DOROTHY.

SWEET, with blue eyes, with golden hair,
Shading a brow untouched by care,
My child who claims such love from me,
My little daughter, Dorothy.

If I might plan thy future days,
Thy feet should tread in flowery ways,
And earth one pleasant scene should be,
Of peace and joy, my Dorothy.

Ah, no! I would not if I might:
The sun may shine with happy light,
Yet care and grief are Heaven's decree,
And clouds will rise, my Dorothy.

May heavenly wisdom be thy stay,
And guide thy steps from day to day,
My child, the gift of God to me,
My little daughter, Dorothy.

—J. R. Eastwood.

WRITERS' CRAMP.

WE are glad to see that a German physician seems to have discovered a cure for this hitherto baffling complaint, which is wont to afflict persons who have much writing to do, and which is caused by the undue employment of certain muscles and sinews in that complex and delicate organism, the human hand. But while sympathizing with such sufferers who, for the most part, do not write because they love penmanship, but because, as Douglas Jerrold said, they have to feed themselves and their families out of the ink-pot, may we venture to hint that in a metaphorical sense it would not be such a bad thing if this writers' cramp, or scriveners' palsy—for it is known by both names—were to become an epidemic complaint? In other words, we should like to see the quantity of writing considerably reduced. Everybody—except young ladies, who never seem to get too many letters—receives more postal communications than he wishes to have, and this again involves more writing on his part. As for writing which is intended to be printed, the quantity is awful. The contemporary accounts of all the wars, battles, and sieges of the ancient world do not equal in space the full and glowing details furnished by enterprising correspondents concerning the present campaign in the Soudan. Is there no remedy for this written and printed deluge? Will our descendants of 1985 be to us in this respect as we are to our ancestors of 1785? If so, posterity a hundred years hence will probably find itself under lock and key at Colney Hatch, consigned thither by the so-called savage tribes of the earth, who will have preserved their own bodily and mental health by religiously abstaining from learning to read or write.—*Graphic*.

THE COLOURS OF FRANCE ON STRASBURG SPIRES.

ONCE more the French flag floats over the spires of Strasburg. Such is the announcement proudly propagated by the whole French press. This fact does not, however, mean that the lost provinces have been restored to the French people; it is simply emblematic of a childish and theatrical phase in the French character. It would appear that a dyer of Strasburg succeeded in capturing some of the storks which, it is well-known, are the pride of the town. He forthwith dyed the under part of the wings of the birds—the one wing red, the other blue, leaving the body to form the white or central portion of the French tri-colour flag. This done, the birds were at once restored to freedom, and as they spread out their wings to regain their roosts they displayed to all the colours of France. The fury of the German authorities was so great that at first they proposed to shoot these innocent standard-bearers; but ultimately wiser counsels prevailed. Fearing still further to alienate the sympathies of the Strasburg population, the authorities determined to trust to time and weather for the obliteration of this token of the French preferences of the annexed province.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A REPORTER recently said to Mme. Patti, "You are not thinking of retiring from the stage for some years, are you, Mme. Patti?" "No; why should I? I do not think I am very old, and I like my profession when I do not have to cross the sea too often. However, I have engagements in Italy, London, Russia, and, perhaps, in France for the next five years. After that I may devote myself to my Welsh estates and salmon fishing—that is if something does not happen whereby I lose all my money."

MUSIC.

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER, the celebrated organist, recently gave his fiftieth organ recital in Chickering Hall, New York. The programme was as follows:—

Organ solo, Sonata in D. Minor, G. Merkel, Mr. Frederic Archer; song, "I'm a Roamer," Mendelssohn, Mr. Myron W. Whitney; organ solo, Storm Fantasia, Lemmens, Mr. Frederic Archer; aria, "Air de Bijoux," Gounod, Mme. Louise Pyk; organ solo, March Orientale, Dulcken, Mr. Frederic Archer; piano solos, "Meditation," "Berceuse," "Tarantella," Mr. S. B. Mills; song, "The Lost Chord," A. S. Sullivan, Mr. Myron W. Whitney; organ solo, Air and variations in B. flat, Mendelssohn, Mr. Frederic Archer; songs, Swedish Airs, Mme. Louise Pyk; organ solo, "Merry Wives of Windsor," O. Nicolai, Mr. Frederic Archer.

These recitals are remarkable for the great extent and variety of the repertoire of the performer. Mr. Archer has done good work as an exponent of the modern school of organ-playing by resolutely setting his face against the pedantic, churchy style to which organists of the past generation confined themselves, and showing that the modern organ can be made a veritable orchestra. Formerly it was the custom in playing a fugue to pull out every stop in the organ, and, as a well-known writer says, "wallow in it." Now, however, in the hands of an artist like Mr. Archer, every subject is brought successively into prominence, and the most delicate gradations of tone secured. One surprising point about Mr. Archer's playing is the facility with which he manages a strange organ. During his frequent visits to Canada our organists have frequently expressed delight at the calm manner with which, at the first interview (and that a public one), he proceeds to play an orchestral piece on a totally inadequate instrument managing to produce effects usually considered impossible except on organs of the largest size. Mr. Archer is also doing good work by mercilessly exposing the incapacity of the average musical critic of the New York daily papers. As editor of the *Keynote*, he has reprinted in the columns of the paper some specimens of critical ignorance which are really curiosities of literature. These small critics have in return "boycotted" him by omitting to notice his recitals, a course which will make small difference to him, as he has earned the thanks of the musical world by his spirited action. It is indeed curious that, whilst on most subjects newspaper editors seek contributors who understand their work, when it comes to music anyone who can use a few stock phrases and gush about "spirituelle" and "fluty" effects is considered quite qualified to write on the divine art. Music suffers by its very popularity. Other arts appeal to those who like them, whilst music is expected to appeal to those who neither understand nor care for it. This is especially the case in church music. Not long ago a bishop preaching about music in an English Cathedral, said the music chosen should be such as could be understood by even the "poor idiot" who had wandered in. Probably his sermon was on the same model. This is the constant cry of the clergy, who urge their organists to choose the church music with a view to the satisfaction of the unmusical section of the congregation. Painters usually paint for those who love pictures, poets write for those who love poetry, architects do not generally design cathedrals in accordance with the views of those who are ignorant of architecture. It is reserved for the poor musician to be told that, in using the most emotional of arts for the most sacred purpose, he must ignore artistic beauty, noble composition and sense of fitness, and perform, during Passion Week for instance, such a vulgar combination of negro minstrelsy and silly doggerel as "The Story of the Cross" in preference to such beautiful hymns as "O Sacred Head," sung to the immortal "Passion Chorale" of Bach and others of a similar character.

ONE of the features of the "Inventions Exhibition" to be held in London will be a hall, holding about six hundred, specially intended for recitals, to enable exhibitors to give public demonstration of the musical instruments they show. In this hall will be six great pipe organs and half-a-dozen more in different parts of the Exhibition. Her Majesty the Queen has allowed selection from the collections of musical instruments, manuscripts and other works connected with music in the Royal Palaces, for the Loan Historical Exhibition; and from Buckingham Palace the committee will be able to show the original scores of the "Messiah," and others of Handel's compositions, as well as manuscripts of Purcell, Mendelssohn and other celebrated composers. Old-fashioned musical instruments will be placed in rooms suitably fitted up in the style in vogue in the reigns of Elizabeth, Louis XVI., and other periods, whilst an attempt will be made to procure the performance, on musical instruments of their time, of compositions of the old masters, such as the church music of Palestrina, Bach, Handel and others.

THE Heckmann Quartette, of which mention has already been made in THE WEEK, has appeared in London, where even greater success attended the efforts of these artists than in Scotland where they first played.

MR. GUSTAV ERNEST, composer of the prize overture recently performed by the London Philharmonic, is a young German musician resident in London. He was trained at Berlin, and received his finishing instruction from the brothers Scharwenka. The overture is said to be, without direct plagiarism, in the style of Schumann. It is characterized by earnestness of purpose, consistent thematic development and remarkable skill of orchestral writing. On the other hand it is somewhat spun out, and loses effect by the climax being too long delayed. It will be remembered that when this prize was offered before, about three years ago, it was won by Mr. Oliver King, then resident in Canada.

ON Thursday last a Sacred Concert took place in the Dundas Street Methodist Church, London, under the direction of the organist Mr. W. J. Birks. Mrs. Wells B. Tanner, of New York, was the vocalist, and Mr. L. H. Parker, of Hamilton, presided at the organ, Mr. Birks conducting. The