

## LUDWIG ON IRISH MUSIC.

An Interview with the Favorite Baritone  
—Enthusiasm for the Old Songs.

A writer in the London *Star* gives the following account of an interview on Irish music with Mr. William Ludwig, the favorite baritone, whose voice has charmed two hemispheres.

"Here's to the rare old Gaelic song, sung by men of the Gaelic sinew." It was a line from one of Ireland's minor poets that flashed into my mind," an interviewer says, "as I grasped the hand of the well known baritone, who has done so much to popularize the music of his country."

"There has been a good deal of interest aroused in the Irish music of late, has there not, Mr. Ludwig?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "although the same may be said of national music in more than one country. For instance, in Russia there has been a distinct movement in the way of reviving the old national songs, and in other countries composers are striving to make their works racy of the soil. Dvorak, about whom we have heard so much, has composed music which is distinctly Bohemian in character, and I am inclined to think, though I have no information on the point, that the marked individuality of Mascagni is due to a similar cause. Then, again, the study of folk lore, which is now so keenly taken up everywhere, has brought folk songs into prominence and importance."

"May we assume that there is a distinctively Irish music?"

"There would be no difficulty in proving that. Its characteristics are very marked, and its antiquity is no less certain. The scale as used in old Irish music is the same as that used by the ancient Hebrews, and in other ways it seems to show an eastern origin, or at least a connection with the East in early days. I am told there is a curious similarity between the imagery in many old oriental lullabies and that of Irish lullabies which have come down to us.

"Was there any golden age of Irish music, or can any dates be fixed for its origin and growth?"

"I am afraid not. You see none of it was written down, practically, until the end of the last century. Under the old Breton laws the bards were a very powerful, not to say formidable body, and as far as our great-grandfathers' days every gentleman kept his harper or piper. From time to time singers and musicians met and compared notes, and so a great amount of music was passed about, and handed down, but always orally. Bunting, at the end of the eighteenth century, held a sort of congress of all the itinerant and bardic musicians he could gather, and collected from them many of the best known melodies. After him, Petrie deserves praise as the next great collector of Irish airs. He travelled extensively through the land and took down the songs he heard from the lips of the peasantry. Moore's collection of melodies is, of course, well known and very valuable, though, I think, in some cases the airs he wrote his words to have been so conventionalized as to have lost much of their character. Others have followed in the same field, notably Dr. Joyce in our own day."

"But no attempt has been made to identify the exact age of these airs?"

"I am afraid not. Most of the airs are known by particular names, but the names are those of songs that have been written to the airs, and remembered in place of still older songs. That is the case with the Jacobite songs, for instance. An air may be traced back to a particular date—as 'Colleen Oge Asthore,' which is found in the 'Virginal Book' of Queen Elizabeth; but throws no light on how long it existed before. An air like the 'Return from Fingall,' which

tradition asserts was played by the troops marching home from the battle of Clontarf, must be very old indeed."

"I see that Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is doing so much for the recovery of old Irish literature, speaks with regret of many Gaelic songs which have been lost. I suppose that would apply to music as well as words?"

"No; I think not. The Gaelic words would go, owing to the suppression of the native tongue, and the emigration of Gaelic-speaking people; but the airs would remain and be wedded to English words, many, no doubt, being paraphrases of the older Irish songs."

"From what district of Ireland do the songs chiefly come?"

"Well, that is hard to say, because you find the same songs with but little variations in widely separated districts; even songs about local heroes or events give no guarantee that the airs arose in the localities mentioned. Perhaps, on the whole, Munster is the richest in songs. Those from Connaught are fewer, but they are more martial, and stirring character than the rest."

"Do you suppose there remain many songs which have not yet been written down?"

"There must be some—a good many, perhaps, owing to the traditional channels by which all have come to us. In fact, I have quite a number myself which have been given to me by people who have been interested in my concerts. I heard only to-day of an old Munster family who possesses a banshee (the spirit, you know, which comes to sing her caoine around the house when the death of its head takes place; this family possesses the peculiar air which its banshee is said to sing; no words have ever been set to it, and it has never been written down. Irish music, owing to its traditional nature, has many stories attached to it. There is the fairy music which Joyce mentions, the only evidence of the 'good people's' powers that we possess. The story goes that one night some 'boy' was going home very late when he came across some fairies making merry in one of their forts. Their song grew monotonous to him, as it merely consisted of the words (in Gaelic), 'Monday and Tuesday, Monday and Tuesday,' the musical phrase being, moreover, unfinished. The 'boy,' unable to stand it any longer, sang out 'Agus thee kaideen' (and Wednesday) completing the phrase. The 'good people' were delighted, and, after getting him to teach them his addition to their song, sent him home loaded with presents."

"May every composer be as well treated! But that reminds me to ask how your efforts have been appreciated?"

"Please don't put me down as a 'man with a mission.' It is true that I found Irish music and folk songs forgotten and despised, and that I hoped to do something to restore them, but I never set myself to singing songs 'with a moral.' My profession is that of a singer, and one likes to sing things that are a pleasure to oneself. I always loved our old Irish songs, and my experience and that of my friends is that to render them properly requires as much skill and ability as any other music. When I gave my first concert of Irish music, over twelve years ago, my musical friends tried to dissuade me, saying I should ruin myself, and many Irish friends shook their heads over it. But I have found, wherever I have gone, the old Irish music, well rendered, provokes the utmost enthusiasm."

Woman's work is never done. That's the reason she oughtn't to complain. Now a man has to do his work or lose his situation.

Avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty.—*Fielding*.

## Obituary.

A peculiarly sad event which has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends occurred on Saturday last, by the death at St. Michael's Hospital of Typhoid fever, of F. P. Henry, Barrister at Law and ex-representative of the Separate Schools on the Collegiate Institute Board.

He was a well-known figure in Toronto. Possessing talents above the common he was looked upon as one destined to make his mark in the legal arena, and was fast climbing the ladder leading to the summit of his profession. Cheerful and jovial he was a universal favorite with all classes. Ever ready to take up the cudgels in defence of his friends, Frank, as his acquaintances familiarly called him, was never known to say or do aught that could wound the susceptibilities of any. He was deeply attached to his family and the principle support of his widowed mother.

He was born in the Township of Otonabee, County of Peterborough, in 1862, being 32 years of age at the time of his death. He was educated at the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, taught school for two years, matriculated for Law in 1883, and was called to the Bar in 1889, whereupon he entered into a partnership with his old school-mate, fellow teacher, and student companion J. M. Quinn, under the name of Quinn & Henry, in which he continued to the time of his death.

In politics he was an enthusiastic Conservative, and a leader of the Young Men's Conservative Association, where his voice was often heard. Like a number of other Catholics he cut loose from the party in Ontario matters at the time of its attempt to ride the "Protestant Horse" and to discriminate against members of his faith, and consistently opposed the leaders of that movement since that period.

He leaves a widowed mother, one brother, and two sisters, one of whom being well-known as a leading member of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association and an ex-president of that body. This is the third son that has succumbed to typhoid fever within three years.

The bereaved family, and deceased lifelong friend and partner Mr. Quinn (who himself has just left a bed of severe illness) have the sympathies of all and trust that strength be given them to bear their affliction.

His remains were taken to Peterborough for interment on Monday being followed to the station by a large number of friends.

## Rosa d'Erina.

Rosa d'Erina, plump and rosy and almost as young looking as when she last visited us, sang before a large and fashionable audience in Orient hall, Wolland, on Thursday evening Feb. 1. Mme d'Erina is a gifted and highly educated woman, and it is a treat to hear her. Prof. Vantom is a success as a humorist, has a taking manner, and a sweet tenor voice. His humorous selections were very laughable, and made him a great favorite—especially with the ladies. As a whole the concert was successful and enjoyable. Mme. Rosa d'Erina's playing upon the organ and piano was unusually grand, and was received with enthusiastic applause. The whole program was elevating, instructive, entertaining, and was greatly enjoyed by the audience. After paying all expenses, the two concerts (Wolland and Port Colborne) netted the R. C. Church about \$100.—*Welland Tribune*.

The large and enthusiastic audience that assembled in Matthews' Hall, Port Colborne, on Friday evening Feb. 2, to greet Mme. Rosa d'Erina, after many years of absence, proved that time had not effected from their memories the sweet notes of by-gone days. The rapturous applause that followed every selection was the best evidence that the artist's voice has only improved as years have rolled by. We do not wish to be critic, but if Madame Rosa d'Erina will only permit, we might say that Home, Sweet Home, with the accompanying imitation of The Storm at Sea, was her *chef d'oeuvre* of the evening. Prof. G. R. Vantom proved a valuable assistant. He has a charming tenor voice which he uses to the very best advantage, every selection being performed with ease and grace that many years of study can give. To say that Mme. Rosa d'Erina and Prof. Vantom are to be congratulated upon the success of their programme is but a very mild expression, as the repeated encores demonstrated. We beg to congratulate the congregation of St. Patrick's church on the success of their annual concert. A pleasing feature was the drawing for a solid gold watch. Mr. W. R. Jordan and Dr. McRae were the committee, and Miss Emma Rosch was the fortunate winner of the watch, which was afterwards presented to her by Mme. Rosa d'Erina. Miss Mary Twohey was the winner of a beautiful fancy quilt, made by Mrs. Philip Ryan, the proceeds from which will be applied in payment of a stained glass window which Mrs. Ryan presented to the R. C. Church. *Welland Telegraph*.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

Sometimes the man steals money; other times, and more frequently, money steals the man.

## Mother Juliana.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph of this city after a painful illness of some months. Mother Juliana passed to her reward on Monday night, after long suffering. In August last she was appointed Superior of the Convent at St. Catharines, but was obliged to return to Toronto. The dread disease of cancer attacked her, from which there was no escape. With a patience and fortitude which had marked her character in health and with the resignation of a true religious she bore her tedious, trying suffering. Oward, ever onward stole the insidious disease until it so took hold that for the last thirty days of her life she could not eat—the only nourishment she could take was a little water or tea. When death came, it was a happy release and the closing of a life which in its noontide was edifying by her sweet and amiable disposition, and in the evening of its close more charming still by the magnanimity and bravery with which she bore her suffering.

Sister Juliana was born in the township of Adjala, being the daughter of Mr. F. Morrow, and at the time of her death was in the 52nd year of her age. In 1863 she entered the Convent where throughout her many years she gained the love of all who knew her. For three years she was Superior at Port Arthur. When the Sisters were given charge of the Isolation Hospital Mother Juliana was appointed Superior. May her soul rest in peace.

## Oakville.

The lecture and musical vespers held in St. Andrews church on Sunday the 4th inst., was, as we anticipated, a rare treat. The Very Rev. Monsignor McEvay gave an interesting description of the many places through which he travelled in Palestine, and kept the large congregation in wrapt attention to his vivid description of persons and places, his lecture was interspersed with eloquent and at intervals amusing passages, and every one went away pleased and favorably impressed by the words of the learned lecturer. We hope to hear Monsignor McEvay again.

The singing also was of an exceptional order. St. Andrews choir, aided by a few singers from other parts, rendered the psalms in a pleasing manner. In the chorus singing, the powerful alto voice of Miss Maloney, of St. Catharines, was heard to effect. The first solo of the evening, an Ave Maria, was sung by Miss Susie Herson, of Toronto, whose beautiful soprano voice filled the church with sweetest harmony. S. S. Egan, of St. Michael's choir, Toronto, sang the Holy City. This piece was very appropriate after the lecture on Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Mr. Egan possesses a rich baritone voice and rendered his solo creditably. The third soloist was Mr. George Forbes, who also sings baritone. His two solos, an O Salutaris and an Ave Maria, displayed a voice of richness and culture. He is, by the way, a pupil of Signor D'Auria, of Toronto, and casts high credit on that master vocal teacher.

The congregation was very large, all seats in the body of the church and in the gallery being filled, and still a number were obliged to stand. The collection reached nearly forty dollars.—*Oakville Star*.

## Home Rule Fund.

The following are the amounts collected at the Churches on the 4th inst. The names will be published in next week's issue:

St. Michael's Cathedral	\$136 35
St. Mary's Church	111 38
St. Basil's Church	102 00
St. Patrick's Church	150 00
Our Lady of Lourdes	83 75
St. Joseph's, Leasideville	60 00

## For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winstow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winstow's SOOTHING SYRUP.

## Advice to Invalids.

Almoxia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs.