Mabel, the youngest daughter, here enters, and declares herself willing, singing, as an aria d'entrata, a charming vocal waltz, finishing with a very high and difficult staccato passage with choral accompaniment. Here follows a very animated and catchy chorus, Mabel and Frederick singing a love duet, while the sisters retire to the rear of the stage, sit down, and hold an animated musical conversation about 'the weather,'broken at intervals as they strain to hear what is going on between the lovers. The pirates now return, capture the daughters, and proceed to arrange for marrying them, when the Major-General appears upon the scene, introducing him-self in a remarkable ' patter song,' the difficulty of which, taken prestissimo, may be imagined from the following sample of the words :

- 'I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
- I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
- I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,

In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus. I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard

- Dows and Zoffanies, I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs
- of Aristophanes; Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard
- the music's din afore,
- And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, "Pinafore."
- I can write you out a washing bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
- And tell you all the details of Caractacus's uniform,
- In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral.
- I'm the very model of a modern Major-General.'

The General is horrified to learn that the pirates are about to marry his daughters, and he throws himself on their generosity, declares that he is an orphan, and begs for his daughters' release, ' without a touch of poetry in it.' At the word 'poetry' all fall on their knees. and sing what is perhaps the gem of the opera, ' Poetry, heaven-born maid !' an unaccompanied chorale, a beautiful number, full of rich harmonies, which so charmed the audience that it had to be sung three or four times each night.

The scene of the second Act is a ruined chapel by moonlight, and at its opening the Major-General is discovered suffering the pangs of conscience for having 'stained the scutcheon of his ancestors, in the matter of the imposition practised upon the pirates as to his being an orphan.

The policemen, who are to undertake the extermination of the pirates, here enter and sing a chorus with a tarantara' or trumpet refrain. This is followed by solos for two of the daughters, and a full chorus, finishing with a very clever and effective piece of writing in canon. In the ensuing scene between Ruth, the Pirate King, and Frederick, the latter is told by the other two that they have hit upon a paradox, namely, that, although he has lived twenty-one years, yet, having been born on the 29th of February, he has seen only five birthdays, and that consequently, as he was bound to them until his twenty-first birthday, he will not be free until A.D. 1940. After a capital trio between these three, Ruth and the Pirate King, upon Frederick promising to return to his duty, retire, and on Mabel entering to Frederick, a very beautiful parting duet takes place, the solo prayer for Mabel being worthy of comparison with that of Zerlina in 'Fra Diavolo.' The orchestration here is particularly effective. On *I* Frederick's departure to rejoin the pirates, the police return, and here, in the Sergeant's song, we have another specimen of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar vein of satire, and his remarkable rhyming power :

'Serg. When the enterprising burglar's not a burgling,

- All. not a burgling, Sery. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,
- All. pied in crime. Sery. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurg. ling,
- All, brook a-gurgling, Serg. And listen to the merry village chime,
- village chime ; AlĨ.
- Sery. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
- All. on his mother. Sery. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,
- All. in the sun; Sery. Ah! take one consideration with an-
- other. All. with another. Serg. A policeman's lot is not a happy one, All.
  - happy one.

On hearing the pirates coming, the policemen hide; the General enters, when the pirates hide in their turn. The General then sings an 'lode to the evening breeze,' pirates and policemen joining in the chorus, another fine bit of music both for voice and orchestra, running pianissimo passages for the violins imitating the sound of the wind very