

A VERY large house greeted Signor Foli on his opening night in the Empire City. The large Opera House was crowded, and the audience included a large party from Government House—Lord and Lady Glasgow, Col. Pat Boyle, Miss Hallows, the Ladies Boyle, Capt. Hunter-Blair, Mr Clayton and Mr Gillington, all of whom appeared to thoroughly enjoy the concert. The great singer was, of course, encored again and again, and was very good natured in responding to such enthusiasm.

MRS JACOBS, the Danery (Christchurch), gave a children's party, which was greatly enjoyed by all the little folk.

MRS JOHN BEAUMONT, Aberley, Christchurch, gave a pleasant luncheon party. Her guests were:—Mrs G. G. Stead, Mrs Cunningham, Mrs Weston, Mrs W. B. Common, Mrs John Aiken, Mrs W. D. Meares, Mrs M. Macpherson, Mrs Matson and Mrs C. Matson. The table was exquisitely appointed and decorated, the centre having a crumpled lillyow bank of crêpy material in a soft shade of blue with three centie pieces in silver, the middle one being rather tall, filled with double and single daffodils. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Mrs Beaumont will shortly take a trip Home with her husband.

THE Blenheim Hunt Club Races, held on the Riverlands Racecourse, were most successful, and very fairly attended. The day was bright and sunny, but cold, so there were no spring costumes worn by the ladies, who were all most sensibly and seasonably clad. Most of the races were very exciting, with close finishes. Mr Rutherford's capital team was much admired on the course. Among the horses running Prince Cole 'took the cake,' as someone slangily remarked, so far as regards looks, but as he did not win anything 'looks were deceptive.' Mangama disappointed us very much, as his form in the hunting season was well-known. He looked trained too fine, however.

THE Dunedin School of Art Club had a crowded hall every evening, especially upon concert nights. It is expected that a number of the pictures will sell. Each ticket gave a chance of drawing a picture, and when the lucky numbers were made known the Choral Hall was packed.

MR E. B. HAYWARD, in connection with the other office-bearers, works hard to make the Club a success. This is only the second exhibition of the Club, which is formed chiefly of members who are engaged in other occupations during the day. The Society is a self-supporting one, and about £50 worth of prizes have been allowed each year. Every work exhibited is distinctly original, anything in the shape of a copy being at once rejected.

THE Club meets at the School of Art, Moray Place, every alternate Friday for the purpose of study from the living model, or to hear lectures delivered or papers read upon art or kindred subjects. During the summer months excursions are made for the purpose of sketching from Nature. Great confidence is felt that the Club will establish a permanent selling club.

THE famous oaks in Government House grounds, Auckland, are now clothed in their most delicate coats of green. The mild spring weather, with its plentiful showers, has produced its usual result of exquisite flowers of every description. One amateur gardener in Eden Terrace is displaying a magnificent bed of cinerarias, about three hundred and fifty plants, grown in the open air, which present a marvellous mass of gorgeous colour. This gentleman has also some rare bulbs, many of them having been imported from the Continent at a cost of thirty-five shillings a bulb.

A CAPITAL dance was given by Miss James Scott at her residence, 'Mahinga,' Dunedin, on the evening of the wedding-day of her daughter, Miss Annabella Scott. It always seems a pity that on these occasions the bride and bridegroom do not stay to, at least, set the ball rolling. This dance is described as 'one of the jolliest of parties.' The large dining-room was the ball-room, the floor was perfect, and the dances animated and gay.

THE drawing-room was prepared for cards, and here between the dances the guests rested. The breakfast-room was devoted to the supper, and looked simply beautiful with spring flowers, among which lovely camellias bloomed. The hospitable hostess had made every provision for the comfort of her guests, receiving them in the charming heliotrope gown she had worn at the wedding.

MR AND MISS STUDHOLME, of Canterbury, arranged a very pleasant driving party a few days ago. Unfortunately the weather was not quite all that could be desired, but notwithstanding this the large drag was full, and a merry time they had driving to and from the Hutt, where they had afternoon tea. Several of the Government House party were present besides more than a dozen others.

THE paper hunt, which took place in Gisborne at Mr G. L. Sunderland's, Lavenham, proved very enjoyable. Mr W. Wethered suffered a rather serious accident, but recovered sufficiently in the evening to attend the Italian Opera Company's concert at the Theatre Royal.

THE Northern Club intend to give an 'At Home' during the visit of His Excellency the Governor.

A NOTABLE event in connection with the early settlement of the colony is announced to take place on next Monday week in the Choral Hall, and which promises to be unique of its kind. On the 16th October, 1842, the passengers of the ships *Duchess of Argyle* and *Jane Gilford* were landed on our shores, and a more suitable class could not have been found for laying the foundation of a great city. They were nearly all young married couples, and skilled workmen representing every trade. The present generation can hardly realise the weariness, labour, and toil endured by the early settlers; localities were not clearly defined in those days, when people frequently lost their way half-way up, what we now call Symonds-street. It is now arranged to hold a re-union of the old colonists and the passengers of the above vessels on the above date, and as the 15th of October, 1892, will complete the jubilee year we wish them all success at its celebration.

MISS KATIE SINCLAIR (Blenheim) gave a small birthday party to her friends, when dancing and games were kept up with much spirit, and greatly enjoyed.

HUMOUR and pathos, joking and grieving, laughter and tears, how inextricably they are mingled in this world of ours, so that the master of the one art is almost invariably the truest artist in the other; and the man who can most quietly tickle our fancies is he who reaches most unflinchingly, through the ever growing crust of worldliness, and touches what surrounds that strange thing we sometimes call our heart. Narrow is the line between the sublime and the ridiculous, narrower still that which divides screaming farce from gravest tragedy. Nay, the two often run concurrently, the one on the face, and the other in the soul. Somewhat vaguely expressed, perhaps, and scarcely developed, these ideas as imaginings that spring from music often are.

FOR in good truth 'The Yeomen of the Guard' is the subject on which these paragraphs should by right deal. There is a sadness, a gentle melancholy, melancholy of the pleasant description so admirably described by that clever humorous writer, J. M. Barrie (whose intermediate bits of pathos are veritable gems), in this opera that is conducive to meditation, and meditation is a great breeder of vain imaginings. Of all Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, this is the strangest and incomparably the most beautiful from a musician's point of view. It is the opera that will live long after 'The Gondoliers,' 'Patience,' and 'Pinafore,' ay, even the 'Mikado,' have passed away. It was a shocking misnomer, however, to term it comic opera. It is tragic of the tragic! There is folly, but that is merely lighting, there is laughter, but 'tis the laughter followed by a lump in the throat. It is precisely because there is so much fun and frivolity on the surface that we feel so keenly the bitterness of the half-hidden grief. The sorrow is not naked, but half-draped, your nude figure is never suggestive. The death wound seldom shown.

THE 'Yeomen of the Guard' strikes a note with the vibrations of which we are all familiar. The farce of the merryman and his maid, with a gay face and stricken heart, is played every day by those around us, and sooner or later in life the curtain goes up when it is our turn to take a principal character. Some of us would seem, indeed, to play the part so well that our life is but a series of mad encores. Miseric me, lack a day dee—do we not all know the play? How well, how far too well! The smiling face, so set and serene, the really laugh produced at such a cost, the shuddering jollity, the dance of death, are they not like the poor, always with us while we are eating our very hearts out.

COME good or ill, and come love and life, despair or death, sorrow, shame, disgrace, through them all many of us have to turn to the grinning, gaping audience of the world a

smiling face. Gaily we play our part and the fools applaud; loudly we laugh, louder and louder, for we would fain drown the passionate beating of our breaking hearts, and then when the last joke is made and the audience has gone cackling home, and the gay lights and giddy throng have given place to the darkness and silence we craved for, then, while the rain beats sadly on the roof, and the wind howls in sorrowful cadences round the desolate house, then we can tear the numbing mask of artificiality off, and turn to the sky and to our God the white, drawn face of grief unconsolable.

NEXT day we resume the mask.

SULLIVAN'S greatest opera is admirably interpreted by the Williamson Opera Company, and all over the colony there is a treat—a very real treat—in store. It would be hard to bestow too much praise on the admirable mounting. Vocally, the opera is just a little beyond the company, but the orchestra covereth a multitude of sins. Mr Bracy is to be as warmly congratulated as manager as he is in his admirable rendering of the fine tenor part of Fairfax. Miss Graupner makes a most bewitching Elsie, and gives evidences of vocal and histrionic powers which were hidden till the opportunity of a delightful character called them forth. Miss Vaxley is altogether charming as Phoebe, and has the complete sympathy of the audience. And poor Jack Point! Well, it was Jack Point that caused all that moralisation. If Mr Lauri cannot find the truest compliment in that tribute to his powers in the half a column of sentimental meandering preceding this, for which he aided and abetted, and Gilbert and Sullivan were entirely responsible, well, he ought never to get a notice again.

OUR Wellington correspondent telegraphs:—'Signor Foli concluded a series of most successful concerts in the Opera House on Saturday night. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Glasgow, accompanied by one of their daughters and Captain Hunter-Blair, A.D.C., were present. The concert was excellent throughout, Signor Foli being in splendid voice. By special request of Lord Glasgow, the Signor sang 'Ruddier than the cherry,' giving in response to an enthusiastic encore, Gounod's 'She Alone Charmeth My Sadness,' in magnificent style. Signor Foli's other songs were, 'In Sheltered Vale,' 'Mavroucen, Dearest' as the encore, and 'I'm off to Philadelphia,' which being as usual, encored, was followed by 'The Wedding of Shon McLean.' The Company gave one more performance on Monday night, when an oratorio occupied the first part of the programme, whilst the second included Signor Foli's greatest success 'Father O'Flynn,' and 'Bedouin Love Song,' etc.

THE incumbent of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Hastings, has met with a magnificent response to his appeal to the congregation to pay off the church debt. Last Sunday, on the occasion of the special offertory, the collection amounted to £1,230. This included a cheque for £500, and two for £100. The Rev. J. Hobbs feels that the Church of England has some generous friends in Hawke's Bay.

MISS EMILY JOHNSTON gave a small and very delightful dance in Fitzherbert Terrace, Wellington. The drawing-room was used for dancing, and a delicious supper was prepared upstairs. The music was splendid. The decorations were particularly beautiful, consisting of draped pot-plants, palms, greenery and flowers, the whole softly illuminated with shaded lamps. It goes without saying that the Scotch Reel was danced.

ANOTHER small party eventuated on Saturday night, September 24th, at the house of Mrs T. C. Williams, Wellington, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Music was given in the drawing room, and dancing enjoyed in the large hall.

IN the afternoon, Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin) gave a small water-party. About a dozen guests went in the steam launch Kate across Wellington Harbour to the fortifications, where afternoon tea was much appreciated. The outing was most enjoyable, the weather being glorious.

ANOTHER 'At Home' is announced at Government House on Thursday from 9 o'clock till 12. There will be dancing.

## MR JUDE.

MR JUDE opens his season in Auckland next week at the City Hall. Readers of this paper need no further introduction to the great vocalist so far as these columns are concerned. Herein he has figured frequently, and always in connection with something pleasant. Mr Jude's progress through the colony has been one of unqualified success, and to judge from the numerous and lengthy disquisitions on his merits which have reached us from the South during the last few months, Mr Jude will score another triumph and do more good work in Auckland.