

granted. In the evening the flautist slipped the brilliant on his finger and commenced his solo. After playing some bars, he discovered that the ring was on the left instead

Light?" During the opening *pianissimo* passages His Excellency whispered peremptorily "Sing, boy. Sing at once!" The child obediently piped out "Old King Cole was a merry old soul!" The conductor indignantly turned round and, with a portentous frown, menaced his son and heir with the baton. The child stopped, and the glee went on; but tickled with his successful ruse, Captain Grey prompted the youngster to sing again. This time the conductor threatened instant death, emphasized with violent stamps on the floor, which so terrified the tiny culprit that he slid off his false friend's knee and incontinently bolted.

NOTE.—The writer trusts that readers who recollect, or have records of early music and musicians in New Zealand will assist him by kindly forwarding particulars, and when possible photographs (which will be faithfully returned without damage), as it is his desire to deal with music from a colonial stand point. He will also be pleased to receive corrections of inaccuracies which must of necessity creep into records and reminiscences of such ancient history. Veteran musicians of Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and other towns can render yeoman service if they will deign to do so. To hand down memories of their ancestors to future generations is surely worth a little trouble.



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of the right hand, and consequently almost invisible to the audience. However, presently a few bars rest enabled him to slip the dazzler on to the other hand. The change instantly elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause. Mr. Young's solo was of course pronounced the gem of the evening.

Anecdote number two is perhaps even funnier, illustrating as it does the spirit of mischief lurking in the disposition of Sir George Grey. At one of the Society's concerts, His Excellency (then Captain Grey) was seated in the front chair (being Patron) nursing on his knee the conductor's little four-year-old son, a great pet of his. Now His Excellency had not much music in his soul—indeed he delighted in relating how De Beriot had toiled and toiled in vain to teach him the rudiments of the violin. Presently the singers began Bishop's exquisite old glee "Where art thou Beam of

