



[By ORPHEUS.]

"Orpheus" will be glad to hear from those managers of theatrical companies touring New Zealand who desire that the public shall know the movements of the companies. Any information as to dates, etc., will be acknowledged in these columns, as well as any other items of interest to the theatrical world. All letters should be addressed—"Orpheus," SPORTING AND DRAMATIC REVIEW, Vulcan Lane, Auckland.

THE MUSICAL MATINEE SOCIETY.—On Wednesday in last week, Burling Street Hall was again crowded, and the third *matinee* of the series proved quite up to the high standard which the society has set up for itself. Mrs Hamlin-White opened the programme with two sweet songs by Mendelssohn—"On Wings of Love" and "The First Violet." Her pure and clear soprano voice, refined taste and careful attention to contrasts, won loud applause. Later on, in Goddard's "Angels Guard Thee," the same lady's good phrasing, correct breathing, and crescendos and diminuendos, were marked features. Mrs Boulton displayed a clear and elastic touch, and much power, in her pianoforte solos—"Mazurka" (Leschetitzky) and Chopin's "Ballade in A Flat." Mendelssohn's familiar and favorite trio ("Concerto in D Minor") for piano (Miss M. Heywood), violin (Dr H. Cox), and cello (Mr G. A. Pague) received an excellent rendering and enthusiastic applause. A vocal duet, "The Voice of the Waterfall" (Pinsuti), by Mrs Petrie and Miss M. Purobas, was only moderately successful—the *timbre* of the voices is dissimilar and marred their blending. Mr C. C. Buoz (leader of Pollard's orchestra) vigorously attacked Sarasate's difficult violin brilliant, "Ligeunerweisen," with facile execution, but a somewhat hard tone. In the muted cantabile he displayed true sensibility, and in the rapid featherings, double stops, pizzicatos, and harmonics, which occur in the finale, displayed a great command of technique. Mr G. A. Pague's cello solos were quite a feature in an excellent programme. "Walther's Lead" (from Wagner's "Meistersinger") was a perfect gem, the cellist's exquisitely pure, round, and full tone—absolutely innocent of the pernicious vibrato—sang the lovely cantabile with thrilling effect. "Kol Nidree," with its striking introduction and florid embellishments, gave Mr Pague opportunity to display his brilliant execution. Mr Pague's cello should be heard oftener in our concerts. It is impossible to over-praise Miss Alice Batger's to both violin and cello *moreaux*. I feel sure that the soloists feel perfectly confident

and happy with such artistic support. But for the veto against encores several numbers would have received a "bis." The next of these most satisfactory *matinees* is fixed for Wednesday, the 13th December. Of the society one may say "Vires acquirit eundo."

THE band contest at Bathurst is over, and the Wellington Garrison badly beaten. But what are we to make of this statement: "Nine points were deducted from Wellington because nine men were unshaved!" Does that mean not clean-shaven on the day, or is it a blemish for a bandsman to wear a torpedo beard, side-boards, or a moustache? If such questions affect musical issues, surely the winning band must have played selections from "The Barber of Seville." In any case one would think that the judges' decision must have been based upon *hollow grounds*! Other reflections are born of the eccentric ruling. How many points would be deducted for a cast in the eye, a pimple on the chin, a mole on the eye-brow, or a wart on the nose? Would bandy legs be mulct in a penalty, and would Katisha's "tooth which stands alone" absolutely disqualify? Those questions, like federation, want more light thrown on them. In the solo competitions the Wellingtonians appear to have won a large share of prizes. Happy thought! They must have found time to patronise a Bathurst barber. Joking apart, it seems that the nine points were deducted in the marching contest, in which Wellington tied with Code's band (the winners) for music, but were defeated on the *hollow grounds* above stated. But why unshaven men should be passed over musically, and penalised when marching, is a thing which "no fellah can understand." The Championship of Australia was won by the Hillgrove Band with 306 points, Code's Melbourne Band (298 points) second, the Newton Band (297) third. The Wellington Band came sixth with 281 points. In the solo competitions three Wellingtonians won gold medals for firsts, viz:—G. G. Buckley, E flat soprano cornet, with the maximum points; H. Cummings, E flat slide-trombone, 58 points out of a possible 60 points; and O. Davey, B flat bass, 58 out of a possible 60 points. In the trombone contest, A. Somerville tied for third place with 56 points. Those instrumental victories carry with them championships of Australia, so the Wellington men win high distinction after all, and uphold the honor of New Zealand. For the benefit of the Bathurst judges, I cannot resist quoting from Rosalind's epilogue to "As You Like It":—"If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breathe that I defied not."

THE HELLERS.—Mr Callender, the energetic *avant-courier* of this talented combination, is in Auckland just now. Mr Heller's clever illusions, feats of legerdemain, comic songs, etc., etc., and Madame Heller's inscrutable psychomancy, to-

WELL-KNOWN WANGANUITES.

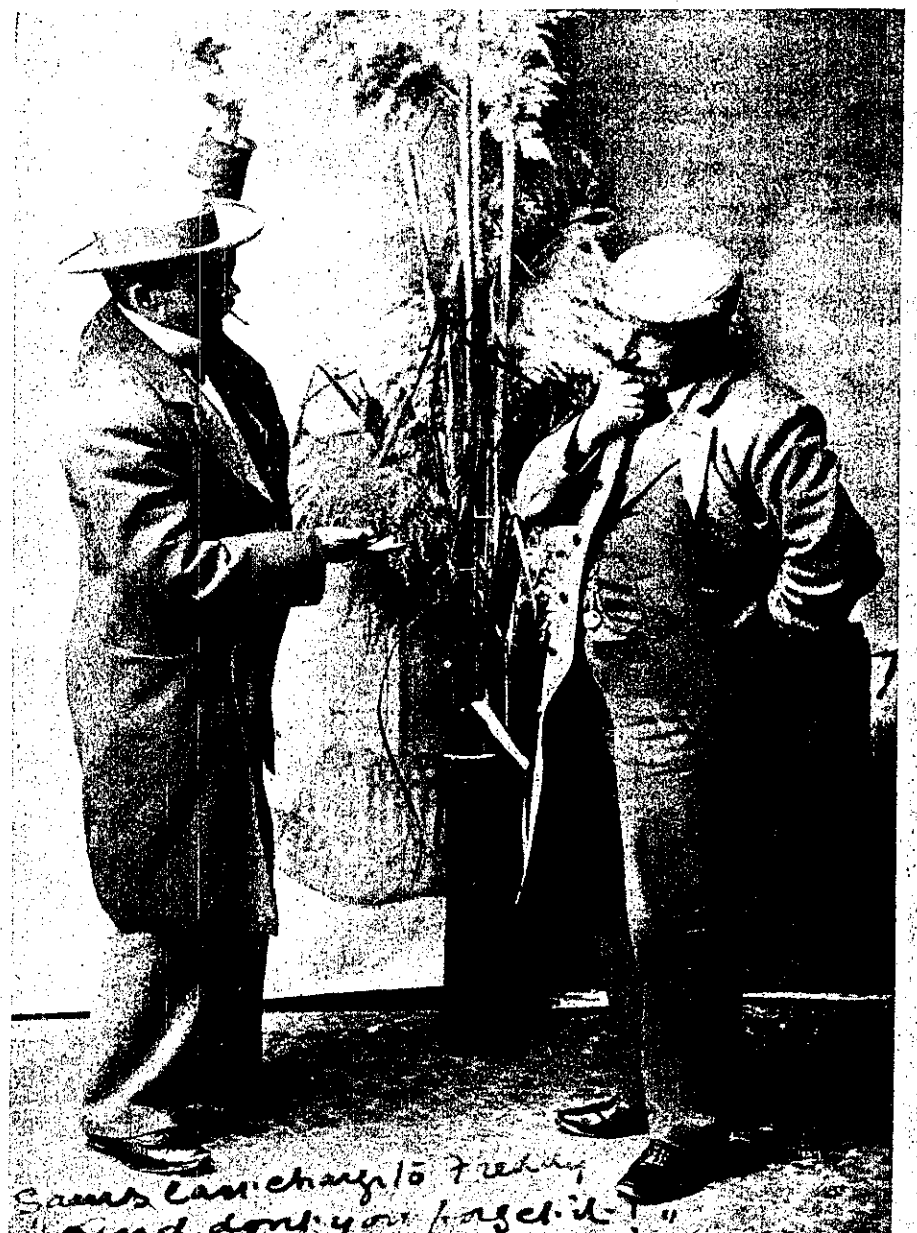


Photo by Bell & Greig, Wanganui.

Sam Ridegway and Fred. House.

gether with other attractive features, form an interesting and enjoyable entertainment which is always welcome. Mr Heller brings novelties galore, of which more anon.

AT THE VOLUNTEER CAMP.—Hunter's Band is playing a lively tune. Two young ladies approach and are met by a youthful warrior. Y.W. (loquiter): "Glad you've come to see us!" Y.L.: "Oh, we've only come to hear the band and see the tents!" Y.W. (disgusted): "The tents! What about the contents?" Y.L.: "Oh, *malcontents* don't trouble us!"

Holt is just packing the Royal with "The White Heather" at time of writing, but announces a change of bill for Monday. When I dropped in last night the circle seats, save and except about half-a-dozen of the least desirable, were all ticketed "Reserved," and the weeping and wailing of those who came late and hadn't "reserved" was terrible. Attendants were flying about up to within five minutes of the curtain rising with chairs and camp stools—trying to find seats for unfortunate ladies who, like the immortal Mother Hubbard's dog, found "when they got there the cupboard was bare." When "the rag" at last rose, there were about fifty disconsolate ones still standing at the back and round the sides. Oh, it was pitiful—in a whole theatre-full of seats they had none! H'm, Tom Hood slightly altered. Reclining in my own very comfortable, plush-covered, and padded chair, I had serious thoughts of giving up my seat to some fair one in distress, but reflected, "What is one amongst so many?"—and sat still. They really ought to build a larger theatre, although, alas, the present building is quite large enough for some shows that bob up there periodically. "The White Heather" is a gorgeously-mounted melodrama in four acts and any number of scenes. The first shows a Scotch moor—daybreak being magnificently illustrated. It gradually grows lighter and lighter, until a burst of glorious sunshine exhibits the vast expanse of rugged heather clad moorland in all its beauty. Oh, the clapping and the stamping! Other scenes show tea-gardens at Batterssea Park, with cyclists and cyclisttes arriving and departing continually, and perspiring waiters rushing hither and thither with plates, dishes, and coffee and "milk and roll one." Then there is the interior of London Stock Exchange, with "bulls and bears" hard at it, and then there is a stage rehearsal of a London burlesque—with Bland Holt as the stage manager—which is delicious. Lastly is shown a great fancy-dress ball, a color-study worth going miles to see. Miss Harrie Ireland shines in the emotional part of the heroine—the weepful is evidently her forte. Mr Styan (the new man) I don't think much of, but the others are all old favorites, so I need say no more about them. * * * Hats off! It is with real regret I have to chronicle the death of poor Captain Lorraine (aeronaut), reference to whom I made last week. Poor fellow, yesterday (Thursday)—his "benefit" day—he ascended (assenting to arrangement) from Lancaster Park, and, as you will have read, parted company almost immediately with his parachute, fell with his balloon into the sea near Lyttelton Heads, and was drowned. His young wife is distracted. They had been but six months married. A public subscription is being raised for the unhappy creature. I trust it may result in much money being collected. At the same time I cannot help saying what I have often said before: these exhibitions should be sternly prohibited. "Butchered to make a Christchurch holiday" may be written of Lorraine. And yet, he had but himself to blame, and knew that every time he went up he, literally, carried his life in his hand. How many fatalities of the kind to date does his death make? Probably more than a score. It is frightful to think of. Let little Maoriland lead the way in this, as she has already lead it in other cases, and

GREENROOM GOSSIP.

[By PAUL PRY.]

The following are the words of another patriotic song recently circulated. It has been sung to the air of an American military march, but it is intended to place the words with a musician and publish the composition. The song is entitled

BOYS, RALLY ROUND THE UNION JACK.

(Prompted by seeing the N.Z. Contingent leaving Wellington for the Transvaal, 21st October, 1899).

Boys, rally round the Union Jack, so dear to British eyes—
The flag its foes would fain pull back from where it bravely flies;
O'er land and sea, for liberty, it floats above us all;
Then round that flag, for freedom, we will stand as one, or fall.

What though its foes be powerful, and eager to attack,
We'll never let them cast a stain on our own Union Jack.
Though thousands fall, we've thousands more who would avenge the shame
That jealous nations might, if let, inflict upon its name.
Then rally round the Union Jack, and rally round the Queen—
The grandest flag and noblest Queen this world has ever seen—
For these, for God, and country let every Briton stand,
And volunteer with eager heart from every far off land.

CHORUS.

Then rally round the Union Jack, and rally round our Queen—
The grandest flag and noblest Queen this world has ever seen—
Our fathers faced their Waterloo—some died like men thereon—
And we will proudly do the same when duty calls us on.
C. DE C. WILLIAMS.

Our Christchurch dramatic correspondent writes—Here we are again on the eve of the Carnival, and town is becoming as full as a prohib sometimes gets on *plum wine* or *overproof hop-beer*. We are well off for shows, as per usual at this festive period. Bland Holt at the Royal; Robert Henry about to open at the Opera House in a thrilling drama, except "Soldiers of the Queen," in which is to be shown a British charge in the Transvaal, and the Boers all flying with their tails between their legs—which ought to catch-on with the grip of an octopus; the something-or-other Handbell-ringers are due at the Choral Hall; and Ben Fuller, with a company as strong as dynamite, is holding the fort at Oddfellows' Hall with the Waxworks, Punch and Judy, and a variety company including Fred. Bluett, who is reported to be funnier than a jest-book, and though I haven't heard him yet, I mean to do so. * * * Bland



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES, as Kate Creegan in "The Manxman."