

## NEW MUSIC.

"QUIDA" Musical Folio, Xmas 1891. Messrs Charles Begg and Co. Dunedin.—This is an annual of a very choice and well selected kind, doing credit to the firm by which it is published. The publication opens with an instrumental piece called "The Dancing Sappho's Ballet," arranged by R. W. Jones, chiefly *tempo di mazurka*, and which is very tuneful and pretty, an additional advantage being that while full and showy it is quite within the powers of a fairly capable performer. The rest of the book is allotted to songs, some established favourites and some new. The place of honour is necessarily given to Mendelssohn's "O, Best in the Lord." This perhaps is a graceful though tacit homage paid to Madame Patey, who, on her late visit to Dunedin, gave this exquisite song a principal place on her programme. The restful, persuasive, and consoling manner in which the great contralto sang it must remain in the memory of all who heard her. The song gives us Mendelssohn at his best, and more than that it is impossible to say. Among other well-known songs are Blockley's pretty duet "List to the Convent Bells"; "The Old Folks at Home," a production of the earlier "Christie's Minstrels," whose merit is proved by its survival; "Scenes that are Brightest," from the Opera of "Maritana"; and Linley's pathetic "Kate O'Shane." Among the songs that are new, or comparatively new, is Mr Thomas Bracken's "The Tramp of the Fire Brigade," set to a spirited and appropriate air by Mr Marcus Hume. This is a fine manly song, and should especially suit a baritone voice. A capital song of a humorous kind is "Dear me is that possible," arranged by L. D. Cox, and which has been made popular in Dunedin by Mr James Jago. The singer finds scope in this for broad Scotch as well as humorous expression, and as the music is very good, a great deal can be made of the song. Songs of this kind, besides, are very desirable to lighten the programme of amateur entertainments, as well as to promote the success of social gatherings. A song of quite another tone is called "The Dying Nun." There are, however, now-a-days nuns of various sorts, and this nun, we must premise, is not of the sort that is found in Catholic convents. Possibly she is an Anglican sister. At least the song is headed a "descriptive ballad," and therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that "Nathalie," the writer of the lines, describes what she knows something about. Dreadfully sentimental her experience has been. Even in Anglican communities, or Russo-Greek—for there are also Russo-Greek nuns—perhaps this "dying nun" was a Russo-Greek, and, by the way, are there Buddhist nuns as well as Buddhist monks? May be it was in a Buddhist convent "Nathalie" acquired the dismal though touching experience that enabled her to write this "descriptive ballad." Even in Anglican or Russo-Greek, nay, even in Buddhist convents, if such there be, we would fain hope nuns depart this life less like the traditional dying swan, or, let us say in this particular case, the dying goose. There is certainly a good deal of the goose about the matter, whether it rests with the "dying nun" or the living poetess, if poetess we must call her. Where there is so much that is good, however, it is hardly fair to cavil at a chance exception. All the songs we have otherwise named are good, and one at least very much more than that. There are, as well, several others also deserving of admiration. The music, both for voice and accompaniment, is clear and excellently printed, and the publication, as a whole, well and handsomely brought out. The price, we may add, is only one shilling.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—Mr Max O'Rell, in his *Jonathan et son Continent*, quoted the Chicago announcement—"All change here, twenty minutes allowed for divorce." This record has been outdone, for a certain lawyer in Dakota now advertises daily: "Telegraph when you leave New York and your divorce papers will be handed to you at the station."

Among the many useful things which absolute privation has been the means of making known to the world is carrageen, or Irish moss. The virtues of this seaweed, now so largely used as a basis for mucilaginous drinks and cough emulsions, were for many years known only to the very poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish sea-coast, who were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger. Finding that when boiled it produced a thick, nourishing, and not unpalatable jelly, they for a long time used it as food before becoming gradually aware of its beneficial effects in diseases of the throat and lungs. After a time this discovery led to its medicinal use in other and richer lands. Boiled with milk, or even with water, and carefully strained, it forms a most nutritious and soothing diet for invalids, especially from those who suffer from chronic diarrhoea or other complaints which are attended with great irritation of the mucous membrane lining stomach and intestines. The jelly may be sweetened or flavoured in various ways, fruit juices, either canned or in a natural state, and coffee or chocolate, prepared as for the table, being preferable to any of the flavouring extracts, both for taste and healthfulness. For invalids it is always best to use the least amount of sugar which will make it palatable. For the past twenty-five years Mr Bonnington, of Christchurch, has been supplying a compound preparation of Irish moss, and so great has it increased in public favour that since January of this year his actual sales have reached the respectable figure of 59,146 bottles, an increase upon 1890 of 6,224 bottles, and it has shown a steady advance year by year since its introduction. An advertisement in another column particularises its special merits.

The moment a child is born; that moment he begins to die. Therefore beware of disease making inroads into the system. Probably one of the earliest signs is slight dyspepsia which cannot be attributed to error in diet, want of fresh air, &c. It is a nervous kind of atonic dyspepsia, sometimes combined with acidity from liver sympathy. There is not the same relish for food, and so relief from this state is sought for in piquant relishes, wine or tea. Another symptom is an uneasy or tired feeling about the head, fulness it may be, or sleeplessness and stupidity, especially after eating. The brow is often hot, so is the top of the head, and the hand is pressed wearily across the eyes. Life begins to lose its brightness, then things begin to go a trifle wrong, and there are moments of peevishness and irritability. Lowness of spirits is succeeded by want of sleep. There is danger ahead, if not, indeed, close at hand, and happy is he who sees the signal in time. Recourse should immediately be had to some genuine tonic restorative, which will restore the consumed nervous tissue, and most probably CLEMENT'S TONIC is the best for this purpose, it having had uniformly good results every time we have seen it used. In cases of debility, nervous prostration, bilious and nervous headaches, anæmia, and all diseases arising from poorness of blood and indigestion, CLEMENT'S TONIC can be used with confidence. It is not a quack remedy, and unlike other patent medicines its proprietors do not claim that it "will cure everything" from lock-jaw to bad spelling. But for cases of affections of the nervous and digestive systems it is specially serviceable. E. O. Guttridge, Esq. (Messrs Mauri Bros.), writes:—486 Kent Street, Sydney. Dear Sir,—It is only justice that I should write to you of the benefit I have derived from the use of CLEMENT'S TONIC. Two years ago I was brought to death's door by typhoid, and from that time until recently I was quite destitute of strength and energy, my daily occupation was severe toil, and I had on several occasions to take complete rest from business on account of sheer weakness. Eventually I commenced to take CLEMENT'S TONIC, and with the first bottle I commenced to regain strength, and you will readily understand that I continued its use, and now have taken six large bottles. My strength is completely restored! I give all the credit to CLEMENT'S TONIC, and having obtained so much benefit from its use I think the least I can do is to induce others to use it. W. J. L. Kyle, Esq., Postmaster, Manilla, N.S.W. writes, July 23rd, 1889. Dear Sir,—At the beginning of the present winter I suffered for several weeks from very severe attacks of neuralgia and toothache. After trying several remedies (?) without any relief, I heard of a friend who had derived great benefit from CLEMENT'S TONIC, and believing that my system wanted bracing up, I sent for a bottle, and before I had finished it the neuralgia had quite left me. At first I was sceptical as to the merits of CLEMENT'S TONIC but am now fully convinced that it does all you claim for it, and you can send me another bottle, as a stand-by against future attacks.

Those who are acquainted with the Grande Chartreuse will learn with interest and regret of the death of Dom Jean Louis, better known as General Nicolai, conqueror and Governor of the Russian Caucasus. He met his death by an accident—falling over a precipice and lying helpless at the bottom for two days before he was discovered and taken to the monastery to die. General Nicolai, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, became a Carthusian so far back as 1860. He was usually entrusted with the task of receiving visitors at the monastery, and his courtesy in that capacity was appreciated by all who found their way to the lonely retreat in the Dauphiné Mountains. It is worth mentioning that General Nicolai's cell has been given to his nephew, Dom Charles, who also bears a famous name, that of De Broglie. The members of the Paris Jockey Club have just learned for the first time that the M. de Broglie whom they imagined to have been lost in Africa is in reality a monk of the Grande Chartreuse; to such an extent is a Christian monk dead to the world.

The ungraciously premature intrigue and gossip as to the future Conclave continues in both Press and Cabinet. The Vatican has been "approached" as to the possibility of a not-Italian Pope, by "a power not greatly in favour at the Holy See," and several Cardinals are reported to have replied that the tradition of an Italian Pope would, in all probability, be continued. The power in question is Austria, and our readers will not be slow in guessing what French Cardinal's name has alarmed it. But that the Cardinals at the Vatican have replied upon a matter so hidden in the counsels of Providence may be frankly disbelieved. The Holy See has merely called the attention of the several Governments, by a note, to the unpleasant activity of the Italian Press.—*Weekly Register*.

The last ten years have been fruitful of evidence going to prove both that the East was not so wonderfully wise ascertain anti-Christians had said, and that the West had been much wiser had it not chosen for a century or two to doubt all ancient travellers and the testimony of the Holy Scriptures. Recent researches, showing that Herodotus and Jeremiah were faithful to a foot in their measurements, now lead scholars to expect that traditions will be confirmed and that conjectures will be confuted, and the papers read before the Oriental Congress lately held in London were almost without exception to that general effect.—*Pilot*

Pere Hyacinthe has found his place at last in the ranks of the followers of the late most bestial Madam Blavatsky, the high priestess of the school of Theosophy whose spirit is now possessed by some one else, according to her theory. The celebrated Pere Hyacinthe has arrived in London immersed in Theosophy and the mysteries of the mahatmas. He intends shortly to address an audience on the subject of esoteric Buddhism and the inner spiritual sight. Pere Hyacinthe, like Annie Besant, has lately become a convert to this ancient and yet new cult. Parabrahm to him has become manifest, and he expects before long to be able to work, he believes, those miracles promised in the Scriptures as well as in the Vedas to men of faith.—*New York Freeman*.