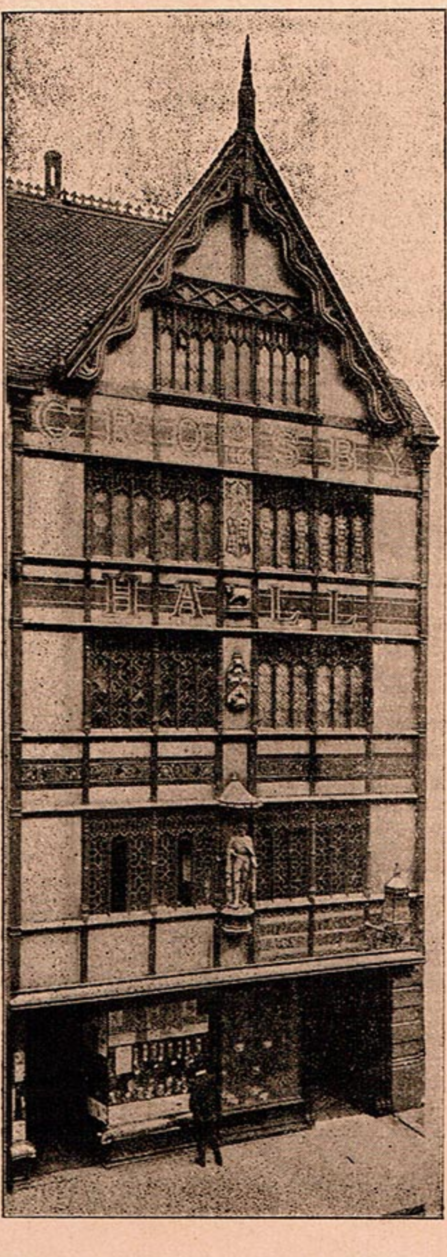
JOHN ALVEY TURNER'S
MUSICAL MONTHLY

KEYNOTES

With which is incorporated the "BANJO MONTHLY" and "MANDOLINE LIBRARY.")

"Take you your Instrument, play you the whiles."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Vol. I. No. 4 SEPTEMBER, 1907 PRICE FOURPENCE



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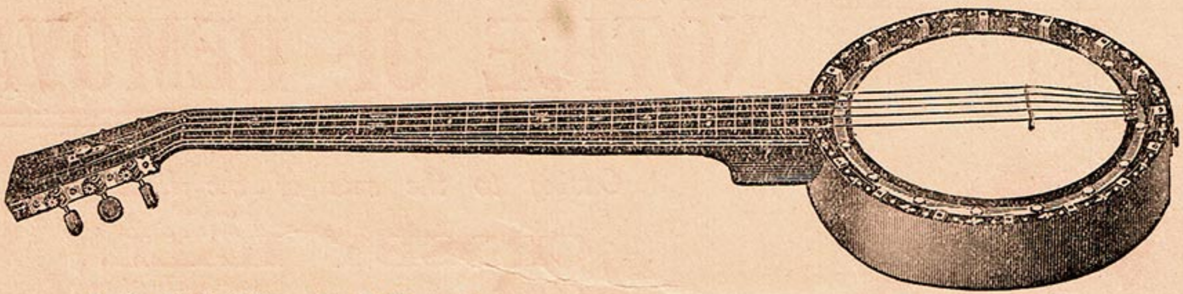

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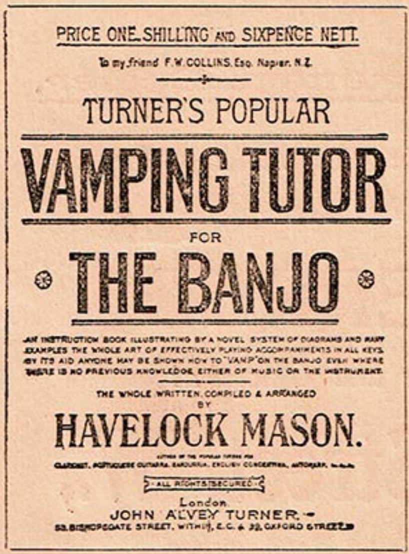

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHORUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the editorial "overture" with which "KEYNOTES" was introduced, three months have passed, and it would ill befit us to allow our fourth issue to appear without some acknowledgment of the many kind expressions that have been so freely bestowed by friendly writers from all directions. To the "Banjo World" and the "Troubadour" our thanks are due for the hearty manner in which they welcomed us to the special sphere of journalism in which they have so long held a distinguished position, and other papers of a less limited scope—notably the "Tribune"—have encouraged us by their kindly comments. From all quarters we have been in daily receipt of letters from players voicing their appreciation of our ambition to still further the cause of the instruments we have more particularly at heart, and in these words of thanks we feel that the course before us is clear. We must continue to *merit* their approval, and in this direction we can confidently say that we intend sparing no endeavour.

OUR HOME IN THE WEST.

THE announcement displayed on the front page of the cover of this month's "KEYNOTES" will not come as a surprise to the many who have been following the correspondence and reports of meetings which have been held with the object of saving Crosby Hall from the fate which so nearly threatened it, a fate which will in all probability be averted, since H.M. the King himself has expressed his wish that the historic building may be spared.

But, to whatever use it may be ultimately decided to place the structure, it has been obvious that sooner or later it would be necessary to remove the business headquarters of the firm of JOHN ALVEY TURNER. The purchasers of the property have deemed it necessary to curtail the lease held, and consequently, since our last issue, the whole of the very extensive stock and fittings have been transferred to what has previously been our West End Branch at 39, Oxford Street, W. Fortunately, there was little difficulty in making arrangements for the necessary provision for Counting House, Editorial and additional Stock Rooms, etc., and, although there must naturally be some pangs of regret at leaving the City after a record extending back well over a century, yet there is considerable satisfaction in moving into the heart of the music publishing world. The tide has long flowed in this direction, and it is felt that we shall be more in touch with the various interests of our business, and will have increased facilities for further extending our publishing work, which, thanks to our many friends in all quarters of the globe, has assumed such large proportions.

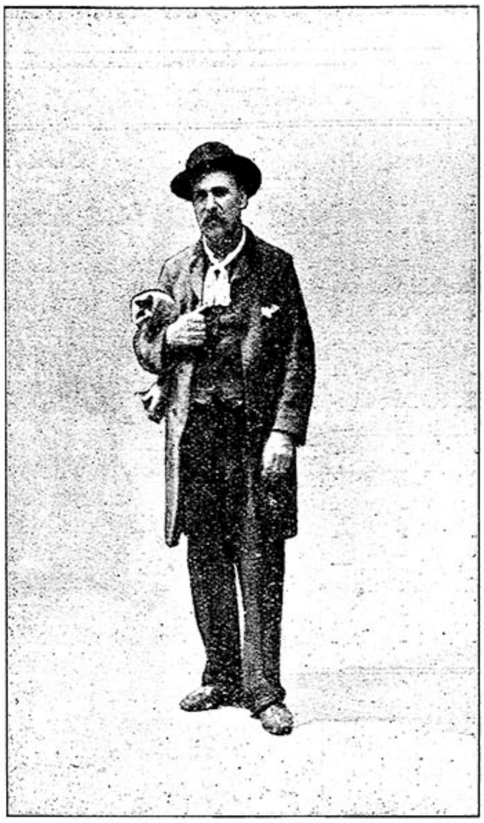
Will all our readers kindly note therefore, that our address is now—

39, OXFORD STREET, W.,

that we are only a few doors west of the Central London (Tottenham Court Road) Tube Station, that we shall be glad to see them at any time they can favor us with a call, and that their correspondence will here receive the careful and prompt attention we have always endeavoured to devote to this important feature of our daily routine.

A LOST "CHARACTER."

HOW often it is we hear the remark "Ah, if Dickens had only been alive now he could have made a study of that man, he *was* a character." And of those I can recall who could be singled out for such distinction, the individual who has just "passed out into the unknown" would take a prominent place. Picture to yourself an elderly man of middle height in an old cut-a-way coat, generally fastened with a piece of string where the top button should be, a ragged waistcoat, a pair of trousers much torn and hanging in strips over odd boots, slashed and tied up so as hardly to hide the feet beneath, a battered bowler hat with the brim parting company from the crown, completed the visible attire of "Old Nobby." He was rarely seen in the street without an old sack, either empty and rolled up under his arm, or bulging out with mysterious long parcels wrapped up in newspapers, sometimes (in winter) a handkerchief might be loosely tied round his neck, but otherwise he was always the same whatever the weather might be. On the very rare occasions on which his hat was removed he showed a particularly high forehead, but a pair of piercing dark eyes under shaggy brows, and a heavy unshaven chin and altogether unkempt appearance were his principal characteristics. And yet that man was one of the cleverest workmen that writers of the early history of the Banjo in this country could name. In the days before the boom of over twenty years ago, there was very little in common with the productions that we now see, and then it was that big prices were paid for what a present day musical instrument dealer would hardly give room for. But they were the beginnings that led up to success, and for the part played by "poor Old Nobby," as he always called himself (Sanders was his proper name), he deserves such small tribute as we can give his memory.



From a Photo by E. G. BUTLER, Esq., *taken in 1900.*

Of those who knew him in the early days, but few remain to recount his eccentricities. To all he was somewhat of a mystery, for the opportunities that he had for improving his appearance and position were invariably refused. More than once he had been taken in hand by well-meaning friends and completely fitted out with new clothes, but sure enough, in a couple of days be appeared again in the old style with the explanation that "the people about where he lived laughed, and he couldn't stand it." Of late years his principal work was the making of Japanese fiddles, and the rate at which he could turn these out was little short of marvellous. Just let him know one evening that you "could do with half-a-dozen cigar boxes" and he would promptly disappear into the nearest tobacconists and a minute or two afterwards you would see him running along the street, all amongst the traffic, dodging carts and cabs—you rarely saw him walk for all his three-score and odd years—with his sack swaying over his shoulder. Next day, perhaps in the morning, there he would be in the shop with his sack again, from which he would this time produce probably a couple of the newspaper-wrapped parcels and when the wire which tied them up—it generally *was* wire—was undone, there would be a part of your order made from boxes secured the previous evening. Next day there would perhaps be another—then two—then a lapse of several days without one at all, which interval was always most graphically accounted for, but to believe in its entirety, required more than an ordinarily charitable mind. When it got to about nine or ten that had been paid for, it might possibly be hinted that the original number had been exceeded, and then came Nobby's chance. If you were not convinced in a very few minutes that you had ordered *two dozen* for an export order and told him you must get them shipped by a certain date, or some such tale, well, there must be something the matter, for a more gifted genius at this line of argument I never met. Everything seemed to fit in so beautifully with the "facts" (?), that it required an effort to refrain from apologising for your mistake. As he used to say, "you couldn't be cross, now could you?"

And the best of it all was that the work itself, although of course not of the finest finish, was correct. It was as strong as it could possibly be—it was fitted together well, you could generally rely on the fretting being true, and, best of all, had a good powerful tone. Nearly twenty years ago I bought from him a "Cigar Jap." Fiddle, that I was assured had been made specially for the great "white eyed" performer—it *must* have been true, because when the maker was reminded of the "wheeze" only some few weeks ago, he instantly called up a long chain of circumstantial evidence which proved the story beyond all doubt. Poor Old Nobby! He affected to be quite offended at a compliment to his imaginative powers. But the Fiddle itself is as good now as on the day it was made, with, of course, a better tone, and the varnish as hard as could be wished. There are hundreds of similar ones about—all over the world, dozens in Australia alone, let us hope that some of their owners at least will have cause to be thankful for the craft of poor "Old Nobby."

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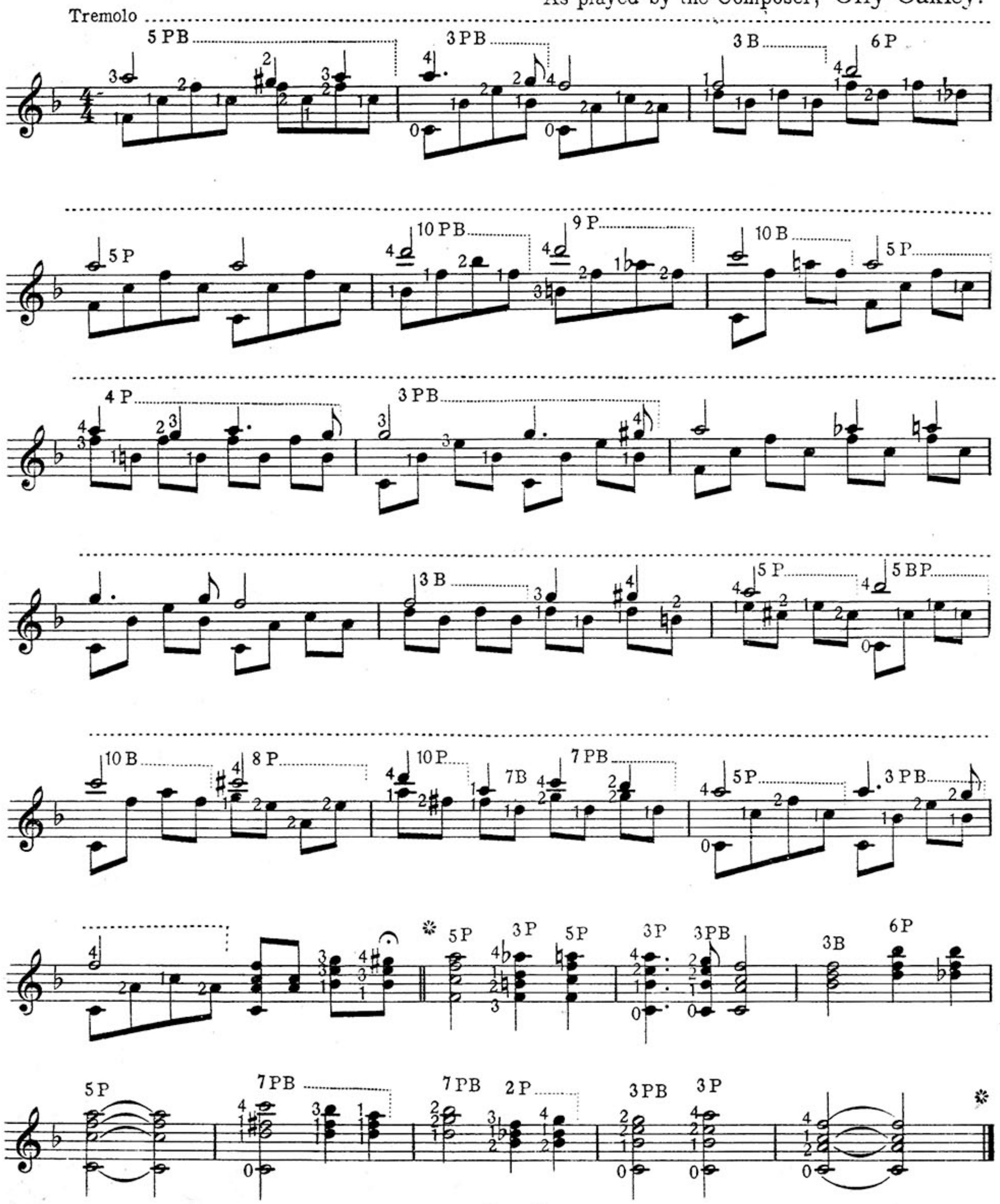
(TREMOLO SOLO)

Specially written out for and dedicated to the readers of Keynotes.

As played by the Composer, Olly Oakley.


Tremolo
5 PB
3 PB
3 B
6 P
5 P
10 PB
9 P
10 B
5 P
4 P
3 PB
3 B
5 P
5 BP
10 B
8 P
10 P
7 B
7 PB
5 P
3 PB
✲
5 P
3 P
5 P
3 P
3 PB
3 B
6 P
5 P
7 PB
7 PB
2 P
3 PB
3 P
✲

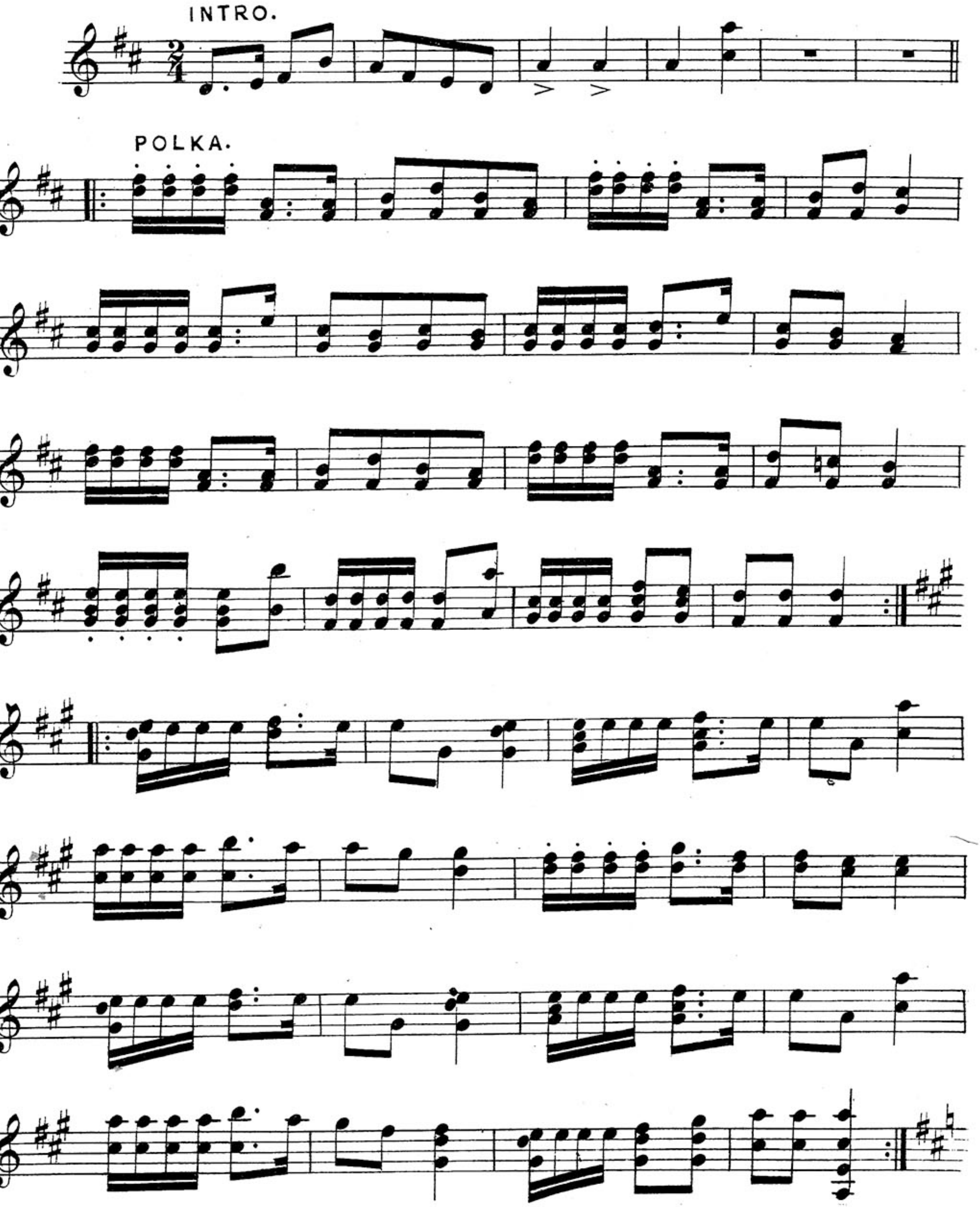
From ✲ to ✲ should be played by stroking the ball of the "first" finger lightly across the strings.

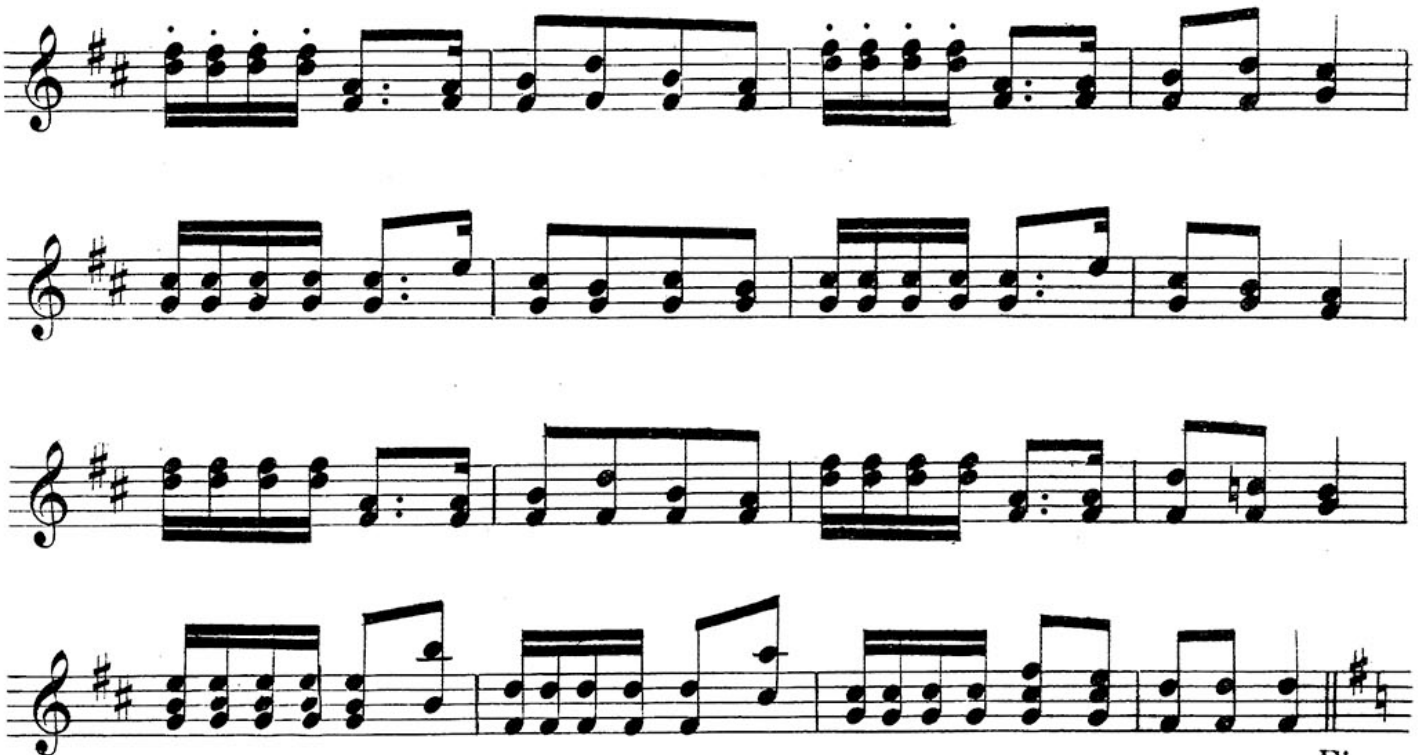
Merry Madcap,

Polka.

MANDOLINE.

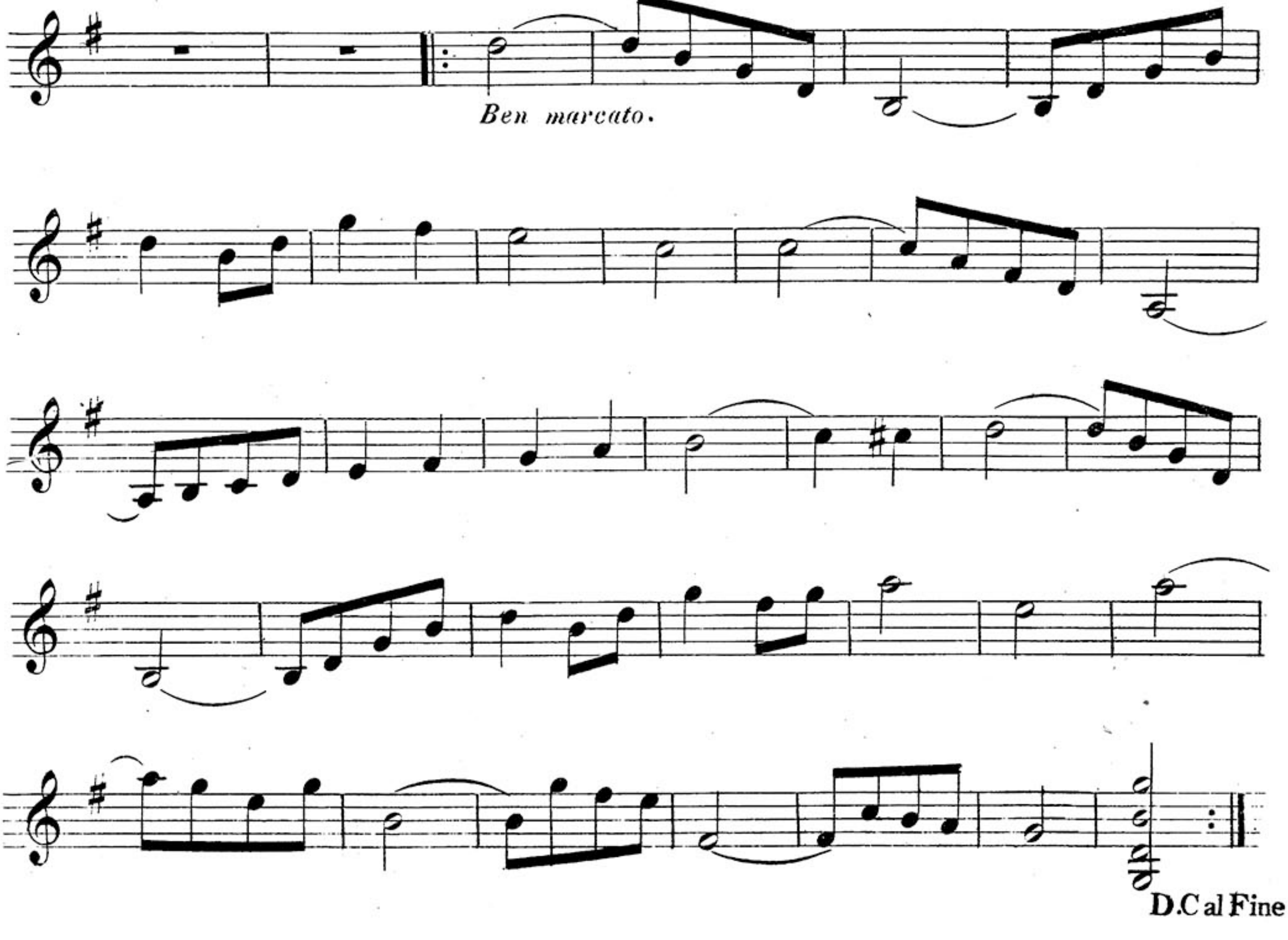
H.R. SHEVILL.


INTRO.
POLKA.



Fine.

TRIO.

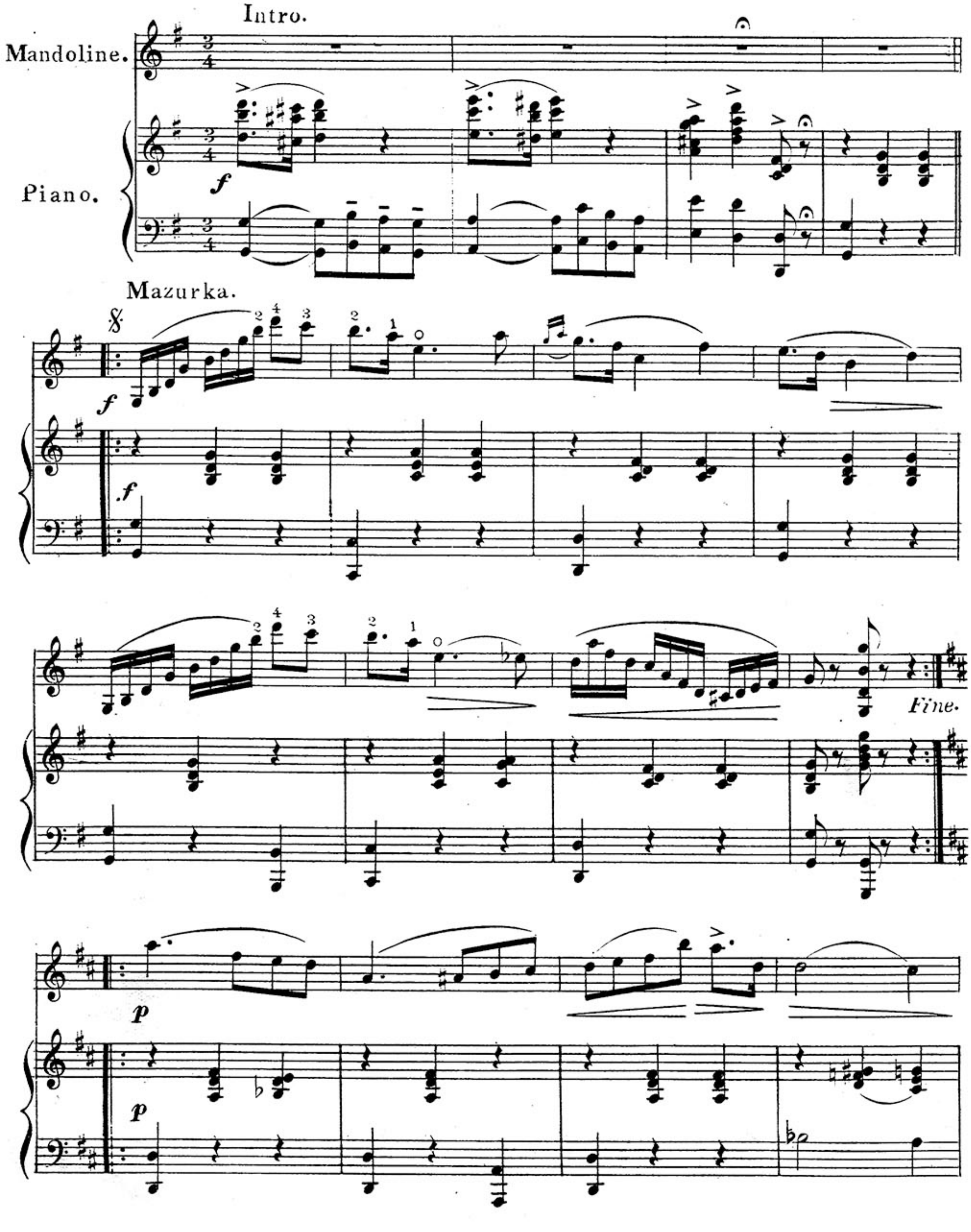

Ben marcato.

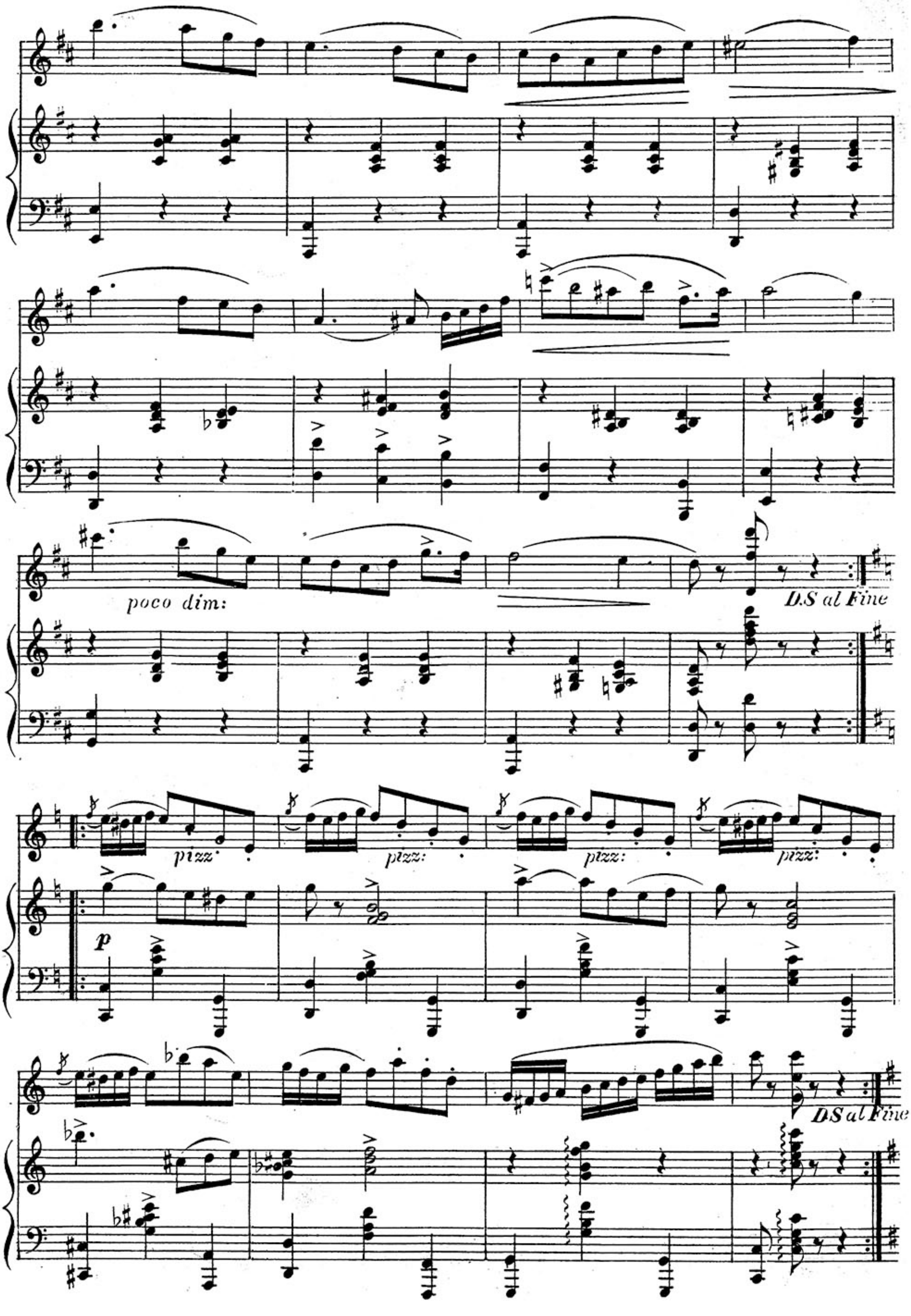
D.C al Fine

LA CAPRICCIOSA.

MAZURKA.

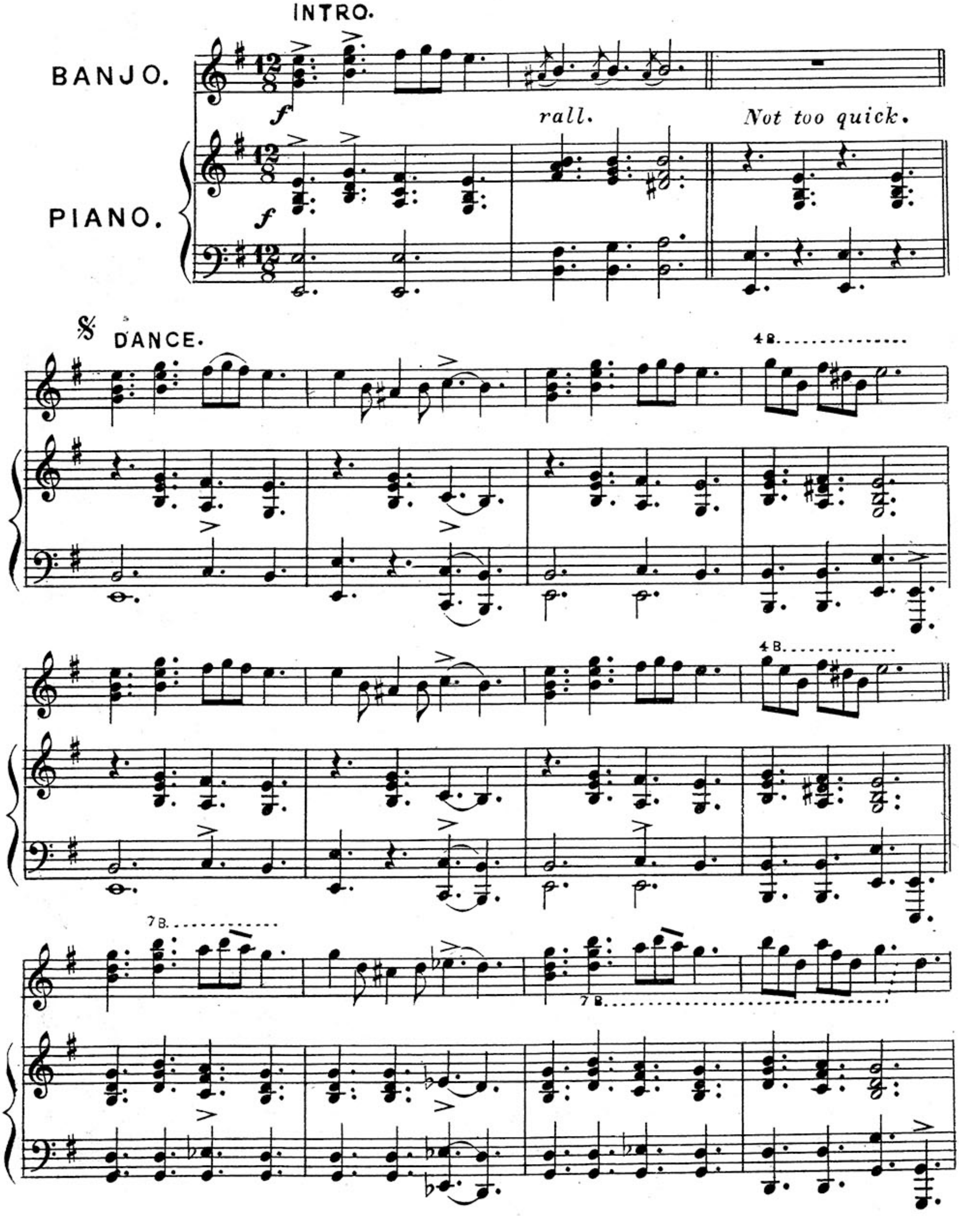
S. M. Ciociano.

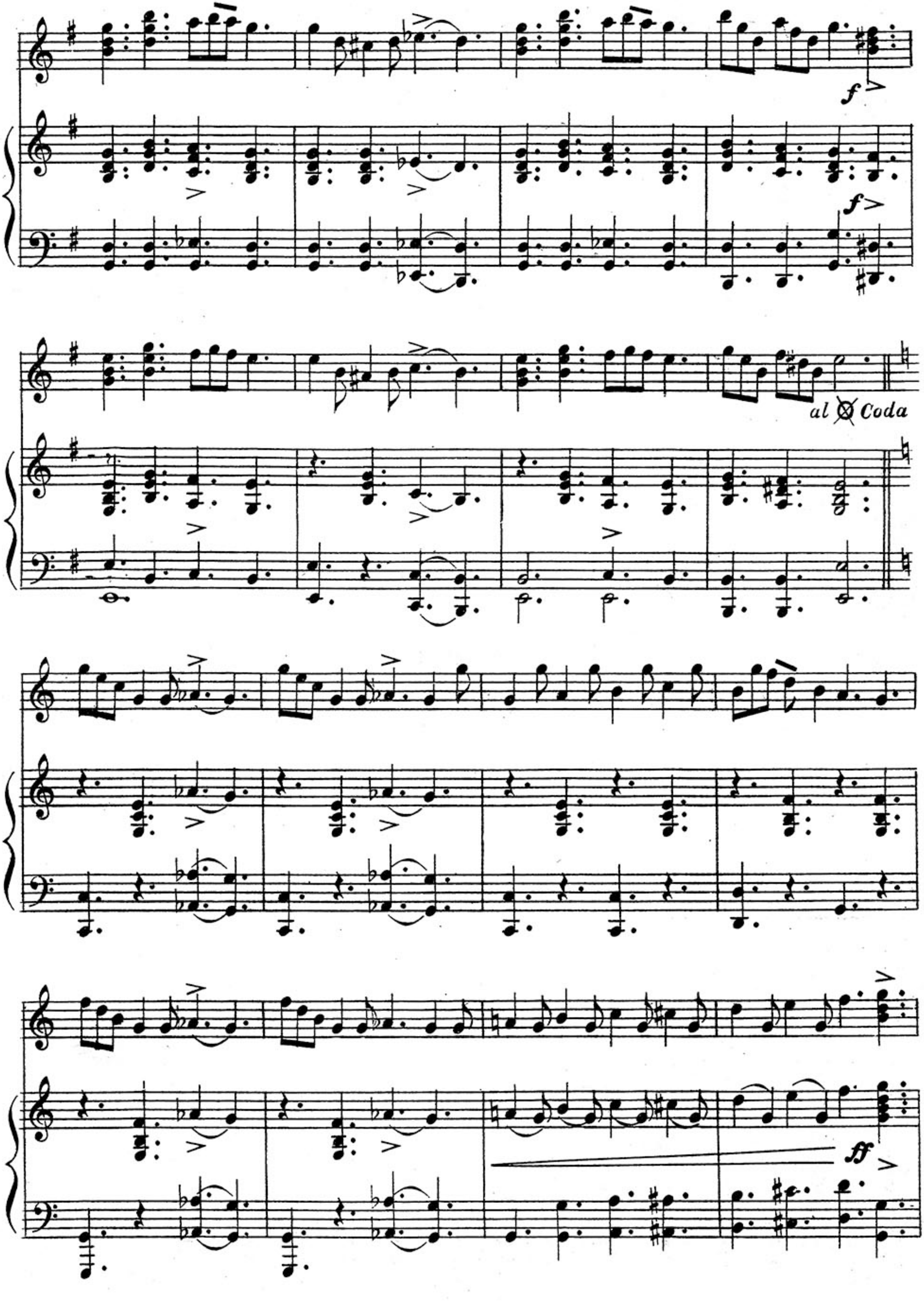

Intro.
Mandoline.
Piano.
f
Mazurka.
f
f
Fine.
p
p

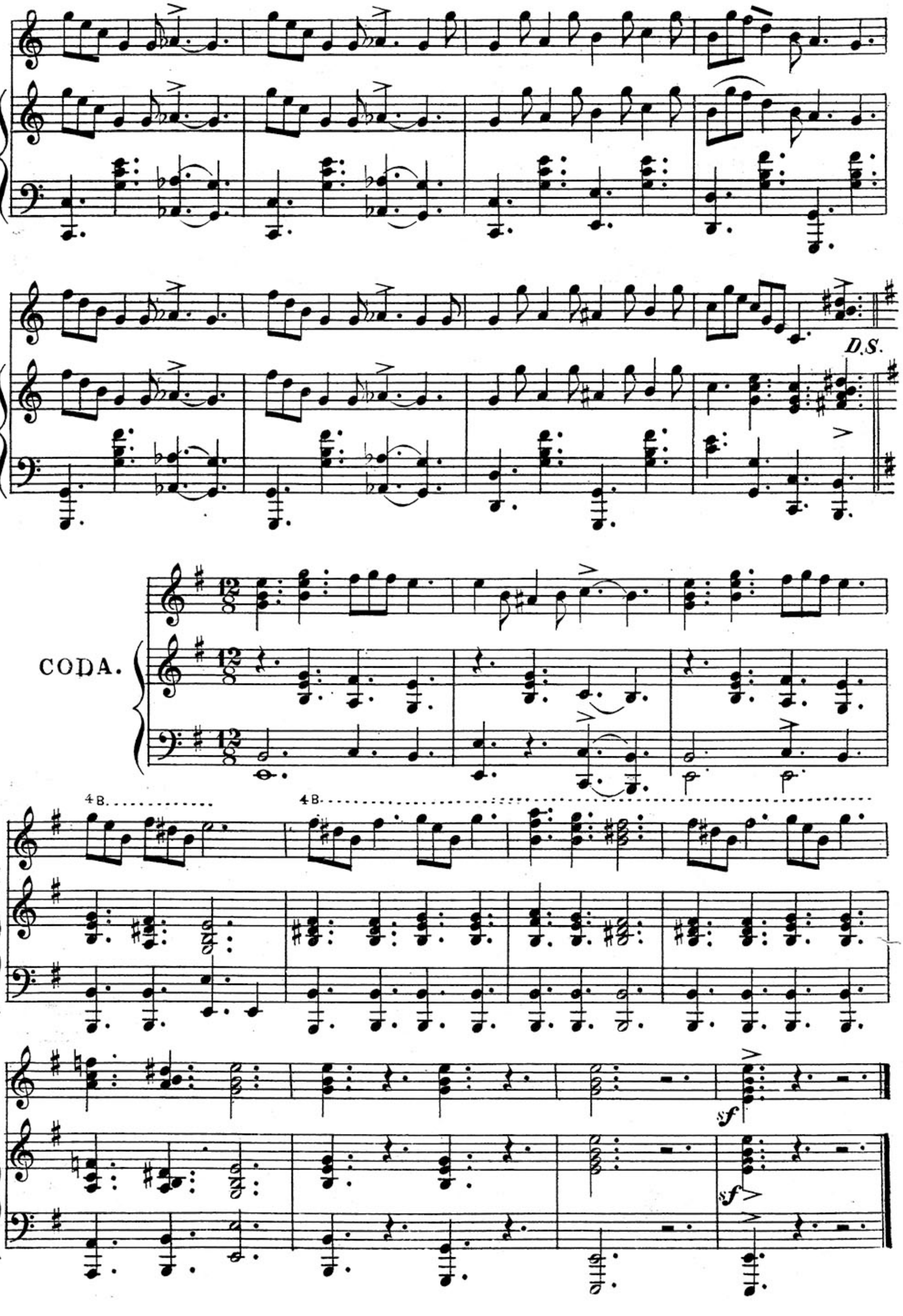

poco dim:
D.S al Fine
pizz
pizz:
pizz:
pizz:
p
D.S al Fine

DANSE ECCENTRIQUE.

H. J. ELLIS


INTRO.
BANJO.
PIANO.
f
rall.
Not too quick.
DANCE.
4 B.
4 B.
7 B.
7 B.

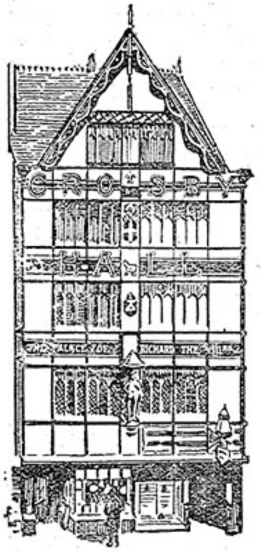

f
f
al ⊗ Coda
ff


D.S.
CODA.
12/8
4 B.
4 B.
sf
sf

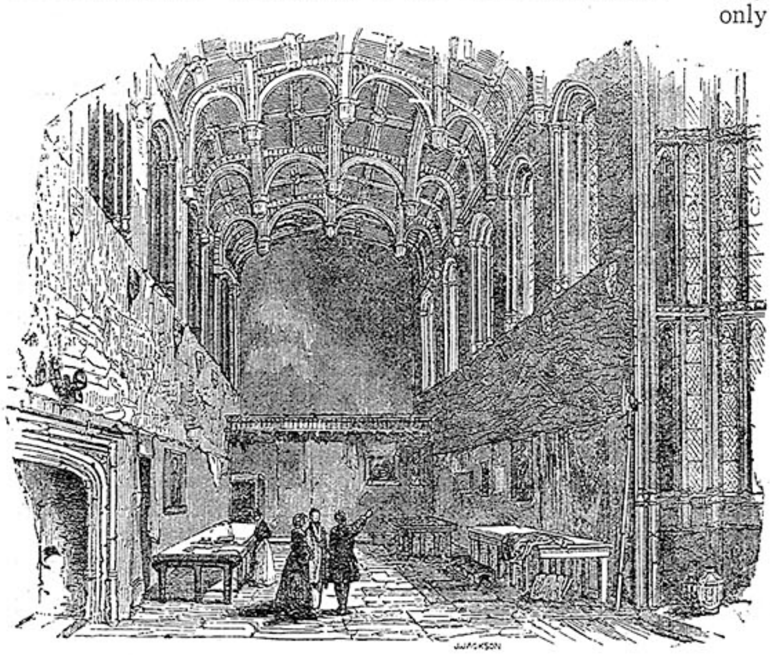
Some Chronicles of Old Crosby.

II.

By Havelock Mason.



The photograph reproduced on page 20 shows the frontage in Bishopsgate Street that has been so well known to visitors to London for a great number of years, and is, in fact, considered an excellent example of old half-timbered work. Very many tourists have contented themselves with gazing at this picturesque portion, and some thousands of snap-shots are doubtless treasured in distant climes as reminders of this relic of the past. But the more truly historical parts that have been immortalized by writers of the middle ages were to be found on passing through the entrance shown in the picture referred to, and known at the present time as the Council Chamber (with the Throne Room above it), and the extensive Banqueting Hall—leading out of the Council Chamber.



[The Great Hall.]

Originally known as Crosby "Place" and Crosby "House" (Shakespeare gives both) the name was derived from Sir John Crosby, who was its reputed builder, he being a London Alderman during the reign of Edward IV., and representing the City in Parliament in 1461. The lease of the site was granted to Sir John by the Prioress of the Convent of St. Helens—the church now adjoining—and a tenement then standing was pulled down to give place to the larger building of 1466. As within the past few years we have found human remains only a few inches below the ground level in the cellar, there is good reason for presuming that part of the old burial ground of the church was included in the site. In 1475 Sir John Crosby died, and, in the following year, the building was purchased from his widow by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and it was within its walls that the intrigues were plotted that eventually placed him on the throne as Richard III., not before a series of crimes were committed that will ever blot his name with the stain of infamy.

After his coronation, the building he had used as his City Palace was the recognised residence of successive Lord Mayors of London, who chiefly appeared—from the existing records—to have distinguished themselves by the prodigality of their receptions, entertainments and banquets.

From one of these (Sir John Rest), it was purchased by Sir Thomas More, the historian who so graphically described the stirring events of the period above mentioned, and who was the author of the famous "Utopia." He was Lord High Chancellor of England, and frequently received King Henry VIII. during his occupancy of Crosby Hall. Other names of lesser note are mentioned as succeeding tenants, but the climax of lavish display seems to have been reached by Sir John Spencer, who came into possession in 1594. He was known as the "Rich Spencer," and, during the time of his mayoralty, Queen Elizabeth was a guest on several occasions. He was probably the wealthiest citizen of his day, and at his decease, his daughter and sole heiress became possessed of nearly a million sterling. To get a better estimate of what this sum must have meant in those days, we need only compare the fact that the *freehold* of Crosby Hall, only a few years previously to this date, was sold for a trifle over two hundred pounds.

An extract from a history reads "His daughter * * * married William, the second Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, who was so transported at the value of his inheritance that he lost his wits, and remained for some years in that state. If he had weighed a little more closely the capabilities of his wife to spend the enormous wealth she brought him, it would perhaps have somewhat moderated his transports. Her fortune was large certainly, but we may see from the letter written to her husband soon after her marriage, that her ideas of her wants were fully 'equal to any fortune.'"

There follows a list of the lady's requirements addressed to "my sweet life," the perusal of which should have gone a long way towards curtailing his earthly career.

It was during the period of Sir John Spencer's occupancy of Crosby Hall that the immortal William Shakespeare was a near neighbour, the records of St. Helens showing that he resided in the parish at the time he was part proprietor of a theatre at Bankside, and there is every reason to believe that he was not only a frequent visitor, but that he availed himself of the opportunities that were thus presented for the preparation of his great play Richard III.

Another phase of history with which the building was connected, was during the time of Sir John Langham, when the Great Hall was used as a Royalist prison after the defeat of Charles I. From this time the glory of Crosby Hall may be said to have begun to wane. It narrowly escaped destruction during the Great Fire of London—the residential portion adjoining the Great Hall being considerably damaged.

In 1672 this spacious chamber was divided into two by a floor being built at the level of the Minstrel's Gallery.

(To be continued)

MY IN-EXPERIENCES.

By an Amateur.

III.

YOU see it happened in this way. We were having our usual Wednesday evening choir practice in the school-room, when who should come in but the Vicar. Now, to tell you the truth—not that I'm in the habit of telling you anything else—I simply use the phrase colloquially—to tell you the truth our Vicar is a man worth knowing. He is, really. He isn't much of a vocalist himself, far from it. His intonation of the—but really I won't go any further. Let it be sufficient for me to say that I have heard—really and positively heard that blind organist of ours grinding his teeth—yes, actually grinding his teeth, when the Vicar has been on the intoning war-path, so to speak.

Not that our Vicar hasn't any idea of music. Oh, no. He has a wonderful ear—two, as a matter of fact—and sometimes when one of our hymnal melodies is going off colour a bit, he'll throw his eyes over his shoulder choirwards, and the look in those eyes of his is as reproachful as —— well, I hardly know how to explain it, but I've seen the same sort of look in my old fox terrier's eyes when I've been scolding him. Eyes that seem to speak to you as it were, and say "cut it short, old chap, cut it short; don't you know you're wearying me."

Dear me, how garrulous I'm growing. Well, as I was saying, the Vicar came into the school room just as we were singing the final bars of a new collection quartette, composed by that beautiful blind organist of ours for the forthcoming Harvest Festival.

"Dear me, dear me," said the Vicar, when we had waded through the harmony, "that is beautiful, beautiful. The harmonising concord of that last *da capo* movement is splendid, splendid. Seems to carry me back to visions of Hadyn, and Mozart, and, ah, Parke Hunter, and the rest of the old masters. And who is the composer, pray?"

There are some people in our village who are under the impression that our beautiful blind organist is of a modest and retiring disposition. Well, all I can say is, that if those people could have seen the excited way in which that blind organist jumped up and upset three music stands, two choir boys, and a music stool, in his eagerness to claim the composership of that collection quartette, they would have quickly altered their opinion of him, I'm quite certain. But the Vicar seemed pleased, positively pleased, and took that excitable blind organist home with him to the Vicarage to supper.

It was only about a week or so after the Harvest Festival that we heard the news. The Vicar had actually written an opera, the blind organist had been guilty of putting the music to it, and we, the members of the choir, were to perform in it. At first I took a decided stand against the whole arrangement. As I told the Vicar, if that beautiful blind organist had not been responsible for the music, and such a composer as, say, Gounod or Wagner could have been persuaded to do the musically needful, I wouldn't have objected to take one of the principal parts, but with that blind organist as composer, I ——. However, the Vicar managed to talk me over, and I kindly consented to appear as one of the chorus.

Do you know, I had a feeling from the commencement that the affair wasn't going to be a success. In the first place, the performance was to be given in aid of the Mothers' Monthly Mid-day Gossip Society, which wasn't a very popular institution with the male inhabitants of the village. Then again, the Vicar had been somewhat unfortunate in his title, and had christened the piece "Merry Robin Hood, and Bold Friar Tuck," or "Bold Robin Hood, and Merry Friar Tuck," I'm not quite certain which, and this somewhat upset the equilibrium of an important member of the congregation, who was in the fried fish line of business, and whose name happened to be Tucker. He took it as a personal affront, in fact, and positively declined, even when I called upon him myself, either to take three sixpenny tickets, or put a bill in his shop window.

I don't know how many rehearsals we had of that abominable opera. The cast of characters too seemed to get quite mixed up as we went along. Sam Locker on one rehearsal night would be singing, or trying to sing, Friar Tuck's music, and the next night he'd be boldly declaiming as Robin Hood. Then one of the choir boys, who was playing Maid Marian (the Vicar would not allow any ladies to take part in the opera), would some nights be singing the notes put down for that very affectionate young lady, while on other evenings he seemed to get altogether mixed up with the parts of Littlejohn and the Sheriff. It was very trying to the nerves, very trying indeed. In fact, I often said to myself and to the other members of the chorus, that if it had not been for my respect for the Vicar, I would throw up my part in the piece, and let them get on as best they could without me. The blind organist too was so dreadfully particular about his music, if it really *was* his music, but of that I have my doubts. Still we did our best to sing it, and if we didn't succeed, that was the supposed composer's fault, and not ours.

I shall never in the whole course of my life forget that first, and only, night of our performance. Only two hours before the school-room doors were opened, or ought to have been opened, everything was in a state of chaos. The Vicar had hired some scenery, and what I think are called fittings, from the Assembly Rooms in a neighbouring town, and when they arrived we found we couldn't get them either through the windows or the doorways, so we had to unslate a portion of the roof, and let them down through the ceiling. Then, when this was done, and we thought we had got everything fixed up all right, the whole arrangement collapsed, and one of the "uprights" in its fall bored a hole in the back of the piano, and quite settled that instrument for the evening. However, that didn't matter so much as we had still got an American organ, and our amateur orchestra to rely upon. After a deal, a very great deal of hard work, we got the scenery and the stage together again, and told the sexton to open the doors, which he did, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" there were actually more than a dozen people in the room. Oh, it *was* a rush.

Well, as soon as the members of the orchestra had arrived, and the blind organist had settled himself down at the American instrument, off they started with the overture. I don't want to say anything nasty or spiteful, but of all the overtures I ever heard, this was positively the very worst. You, no doubt, have heard a midnight cat chorus on the tiles. You should have heard our overture. A cat chorus would have been music compared with it. It seems, so we found out afterwards, that the friend of our beautiful blind organist, who had arranged the band parts for him, forgot all about, or didn't know anything of the transposing instruments—hence the unmusical and chaotic result. The members of the orchestra put the fiasco down to the fact that they hadn't seen the music before, and hadn't had a rehearsal, but I have my doubts about this. Well, we had just got over this *contretemps* (excuse my French), and were just about to commence the opera, when who should appear behind the scenes but the village constable, with a written notice to the Vicar that information had been laid that he was about to perform a stage play without a license, and advising him of the pains and penalties consequent upon such a breach of the law. I was very sorry for the Vicar. I was. He seemed quite upset, and when he told the sexton to return the audience their money (it nearly amounted to half-a-sovereign) I saw a tear drop down the side of his face. I did indeed.

It was rumoured in the village afterwards that that fish fryer Tucker was the man who laid the information—I quite believe it.

J.R.M.

NOTIONAL NOTES.

"There's music in all things, if men had ears."—*Byron.*

To paraphrase the words of the late-lamented, and never-to-be-forgotten Mr. William Shakespeare, "Oh, what a sliding down was theirs, my countrymen!" Just fancy! In the middle of a song—was it "In Cellar Cool," I wonder?—to be suddenly lowered from the Hotel Assembly Room upstairs into the bar below, whether your inclinations turned in that direction, or not. Seriously, one is very glad to know that the falling in, or the sliding in of the floor of the concert room in the Erith hostelry had no worse results than have been chronicled in the papers.

* * *

According to a writer in one of the "dailies," the music we are being treated to in the parks this summer (with an accent on the "summer"), isn't what it should be. It isn't intellectual enough—doesn't *teach* the people in fact; and he urges band-masters to earnestly aim at a higher standard, rather than appeal to the "many-headed," (his double-barrelled word, not mine), by meretricious music.

* * *

This advice is all very nice and all very proper from this particular writer's point of view, but it has set me wondering. And this is what I am wondering about. How would the "many-headed" act, supposing the Music Hall Managers of the Metropolis were to unanimously decide to drop their present style of programme and go in for intellectualising the people—if I may so express myself—by giving them Oratorios instead? It's a billion to a banana—and those are rather longish odds—that the "many-headed" and the Music Halls wouldn't be on visiting terms while the Oratorios were about.

* * *

Why don't some of our London Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Orchestras arrange to give performances in the parks. It would prove a very popular feature I'm certain, judging from what I have seen in provincial towns.

* * *

Gaily the Troubadour was playing the light Guitar, and gaily were the people waltzing around and singing to its musical accompaniment. Sounds like medieval Spain, and an *al fresco* dance by the villagers without the castle walls, doesn't it? But the scene was Lisson Grove, the time was 1.30 on a week-day morning, and the fact was that the vocalists, dancers, and the instrumentalist were disturbing the slumbers of the somniferous ones in the neighbourhood. Hence the appearance of the Guitarist at Marylebone Police Court, and Mr. Plowden's declaration that English folk are to be pitied for their want of artistic taste. But, what about their want of sleep? Surely one is entitled to a little quiet time at two o'clock in the morning.

* * *

The "juggling Banjoist," Mr. Franco Piper, has scored a success at the Alhambra. One of the *Daily Telegraph* young men has seen the show, and marvels about it thusly:—"Banjoists, it is true, are numerous enough, but we have not seen one before who is able to toss instruments in the air . . . . and extract the while a melody from all of them. Mr. Piper does this, and other things equally surprising, and so turns a usually depressing instrument to a novel and exhilarating account."

* * *

Dear me, who would have thought it. *I* wouldn't, really. Here's a depressing instrument giving an exhilarating musical account of itself, by what? By being tossed in the air with other instruments of its kind and twanged as it is descending.

* * *

However, we all know that Mr. Franco Piper is an exceptionally clever Banjoist, and that his solos upon the instrument quite deserve the unstinted applause which he receives from his audiences. But I think he will agree with me that the D.T. young man is quite off the line when he writes that a usually depressing instrument can be turned to exhilarating effect by juggling with it. Most instruments have a very depressing effect upon the unfortunate listeners to the harmony (!) when those instruments are being twanged, tootled, or strummed by a beginner. Let us be charitable, and suppose that one of the D.T. oracle's family is a banjoist in *embryo.*

* * *

There is tootling an the cornet,
There is twanging on a lyre,
And the neighbours all have borne it
With a lot of suppressed ire.
"'Tis but the children playing
With their pretty birthday toys":
That's what the folks are saying,
As accounting for the noise.

* * *

And yet, after all, it is only Professor von Duarsviski teaching his very young pupils how to do something in the instrumental line of business.

* * *

The old gentleman was rather deaf, and his wife was also a little hard of hearing, as she termed it, and they were both present at an amateur concert in the local schoolroom. "Maria," said the old man reproachfully to his aged spouse, "You didn't lock the cat in after all." "I'm sure I did," replied the old lady testily. "Seems to me as I can hear her voice, anyhow," remarked the old gentleman. "So it seems to me, now I come to hear it," replied the weary old wife thoughtfully, "gracious me, what a trouble that cat is to be sure"!

* * *

The poor old folks were mistaken. It was only their young son Bill trying to scrape a solo out of a second-hand 'cello.

* * *

"When found make a note on—the bearing of these remarks lies in the application thereof."—*vide* Cap'n Bunsby.

Strings.

THE LATE Dr. JOACHIM.

THE death of Dr. Joachim was perhaps not unexpected, his advanced age, and the intimation several months past of his ill-health, had prepared his friends for their irreparable loss. A summary of his remarkable career will doubtless interest. Joseph Joachim, of Hungarian Hebrew parentage, was born in Kjtse, near Presburg, Hungary, on July 15th, 1831. When a mere child he developed extraordinary musical talent. He was entered in the Vienna Conservatoire, and became a pupil of Joseph Böhm, an eminent professor of the Violin. At the early age of twelve years he made his appearance as a soloist at the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. He played Ernst's Fantasie on "Otello" so masterfully that the critics predicted a future successful career. For once the critics were right. At Leipzig, the young performer continued his studies under Ferdinand David, and from Moritz Hauptmann he received lessons in composition. At this period Mendelssohn was reigning, and he, convinced of Joachim's talent, brought him to London. This was in 1844, and the violinist made his debût at the fifth Philharmonic concert. He gave a masterly rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. He further proved his versatility as a quartet player and as an interpreter of Bach. In these categories he was never approached. In this same year, 1844, he produced an Adagio and Rondo for Violin and orchestra, with decided success. In 1850, Franz Liszt induced him to become their concert director at Weimar. He afterwards visited Paris. Later, in 1854, we find him the director of music at the Court of Hanover, which office he retained until the year 1866. He has conducted various musical festivals and societies. The degree of Doctor of Music, of Cambridge, was conferred on him in 1877.

In our country and in Germany various diplomas were bestowed on Joachim. We will agree that the recipient in taking, conferred honours equal to those given.

As a composer for the violin, he will rank high. Among the greatest of violin players we must unreservedly place Joachim. He was, however, never the virtuoso, too profound in his interpretation of the great classical works, too deeply versed in musical art, too consummate an artiste to have acted the Charlatan. He was a virtuoso artist in the truest sense—he gave a pure rendering, the beautiful in music, with that hidden science which charmed without surprising. His tone was broad, of ample power, and yet remarkably delicate; as an intellectual artist he was, perhaps, unsurpassed.

It is needless to speak of Joachim as a quartette player. As first violin he has, probably, had no equal. In any sphere of life he would have been great,—his mental attributes were of a high order. As a man he was greatly esteemed, and won friends in all circles. In England he reigned a universal favourite. During the many Popular Concert seasons no artist had a better reception; the name of Joachim filled the house. Of his visits to this country, he is stated to have said to an interviewer, "As a child, the kind reception accorded to me here encouraged and inspired me with a feeling of sincere pride in my work. That encouragement, to which I attribute the majority of my successes, has not abated, I am happy to say, for I have always returned to England with a glad heart, and look upon it as though it almost were my home." Some twenty years ago the admirers of Dr. Joachim presented him with a fine Straduarius violin. In March, 1894, a committee of the most influential in music and art, and many other distinguished persons, presented Dr. Joachim and his confrére, Sig. Piatti with testimonials on completing their jubilees in England—we believe of the once famous quartette, changed save Joachim as the years rolled on—that there is now only Lady Hallé living. We do not speak of the younger performers who assisted during the last decade. Full of years and honours, the great musician has entered into rest. His reputation and his influence, through his pupils, will live while music in its noblest aspirations shall receive due exaltations from the true in art. Joachim died in Berlin—of the Royal Academy he was Director-in-Chief. Beside his wife, once a famous songstress, he was interred. It is hoped that scholarships will be founded at our principal musical institutions to perpetuate the illustrious name of Joachim.

RICHARD HARRISON.

Bournemouth, 20th August, 1907.

To the Editor of "KEYNOTES."

I should esteem it a favour if you would let me know if you have any music published for the Banjo and Mandoline combined, or whether these two instruments are not considered to blend well together. Thanking you in anticipation of a reply,

I am, yours faithfully—W. J.

Reply. In the Catalogue of Mandoline Music (which has been despatched) you will find details of three Albums of Duets which have been specially arranged for the two instruments. A fourth Album has been recently added, consisting of a number of Duets with an additional pianoforte accompaniment (also 1/6 net complete). The fact of these books being published is in itself a reply to your question, and we need only add that Mandoline and Banjo together make a very effective combination.

⁂

Owing to pressure on our space, a number of replies have been held over.

BIRMINGHAM.

We are pleased to announce that the 12th season of Mr. John Pidoux' Banjo-Mandoline-Guitar Orchestra opens the first week in September. An invitation is extended to the players of Birmingham and district to become members; enjoyment and instruction is promised to all. Mr. Pidoux argues that players cannot associate week after week in mutual enjoyment without an added zest being given to the practice of their chosen instrument, and a unique experience acquired which would take years otherwise to attain. Mr. Pidoux' conviction that a *good* orchestra composed of the B.M.G. and their kindred is an important factor in promoting the popularity of these instruments is distinctly emphasized by the above-stated fact that this *is* the twelfth consecutive season of the famous organisation founded by him in the autumn of 1896. Amateur players should certainly avail themselves of these advantages, and make an early and wholehearted start in the practice thus afforded. Particulars will be gladly furnished at interview or by post on application to Mr. John Pidoux, Banjo-Mandolin-Guitar Rooms, County Chambers, A, Martineau Street, Birmingham.

GLASGOW.

We notice that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merton are inaugurating a Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar orchestra in Glasgow, the rehearsals of which will be held, under Mr. Frank Merton's conductorship, at their studios No. 206, Sauchiehall Street. The orchestra, which will be run on the latest lines, will, it is expected, be composed of some thirty players, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton have issued a cordial invitation to Glasgow amateurs, and others interested to give them a call to view their concert room, which is a *bijou* hall, capable of seating an audience of about one hundred and fifty. Mr. Frank Merton's ability as a conductor may be gauged by the great success of the Derby Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar orchestra, which he conducted for some years. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Merton every success in their enterprise.

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