

close Sir Hubert Parry, the Director of the Royal College of Music, came on the platform and complimented me on my playing, and then told me that I was to have another year at the College. It was a kindly act—generously expressed, and I appreciated

it very much. But then Sir Hubert was always kind and helpful. At the termination of his four years of study Mr. Treharne was made an Associate of the College, the highest degree of the institution. After leaving the Royal College he obtained the appointment of organist to the New Jewin Church, the largest Welsh place of worship in London, and at the same time became a teacher of the pianoforte at the University College, Aberystwith. These appointments he held until he left for South Australia. Mr. Treharne has given special organ recitals at the Crystal Palace, and Queen's Hall, London, and also pianoforte recitals at various London concert halls. He has heard all the famous pianists of late years including Paderewski, Rosenthal, Sauer, and D'Albert, and like the majority of the concert-going public, places the brilliant Polish virtuoso an easy first. Speaking of Mr. Mark Hambourg, whom he heard on several occasions, Mr. Treharne said: "I think that he is marvellously gifted and that with more experience will take front rank."

For the position at the Elder Conservatorium were 27 candidates. The examiners, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, Frederick Cliffe, pianoforte teacher of the Royal College of Music, and Sir John Cockburn, Agent-General for South Australia, after reading through the testimonials of these applicants, reduced their number to seven. Notice was given these seven pianists to perform a Beethoven Sonata, and Chopin and Brahms' selections. One was chosen for performance by the examiners, and in addition, the candidates were allowed to perform any number of their own selection. Mr. Treharne's Beethoven piece was the familiar Moonlight Sonata. The result of this test was that the applicants were reduced to two, who again competed a few days later, playing at sight and undergoing various tests as to their suitability for the post, and Mr. Treharne was duly selected. The new pianoforte master brings any amount of enthusiasm and energy to his work, and will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the teaching staff of the Conservatorium. His first recital, at which he is to present a well selected and representative programme, is to take place at the Chamber Concert Room of the Elder Conservatorium on Wednesday afternoon, April 11.

Mr. Treharne has made a close study of the best known works for the piano of the great writers, both ancient and modern. Like most musicians he has his favourite writers, who are Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, truly a worthy trio of giants. As far as teaching is concerned he is a believer in the solid old methods rather than new-fangled ideas, which are fallaciously supposed to enable the student to take a short cut to technical perfection. He will, however, form a class for hand gymnastics, which when judiciously employed, have proved very helpful.

An appreciative and select audience gathered at the Elder Conservatorium on April 11 to hear Mr Bryceson Treharne, the latest addition to the Conservatorium staff. Mr Treharne has been an organist in London and elsewhere, and there is consequently a want of light and shade in his touch, in other words his tone requires just a little more modulation. His technique is all that one can desire, wonderful in fact; and if he is content to believe that his self-education is only half done, he may achieve a very high position in the world of music. His best pieces last Wednesday week were Chopin's well-known 'Ballade,' and the 'Fantasie and Fugue in G Minor' by Bach-Liszt. He evidently understands Bach, and we hope that before long he will again bring this master before the Adelaide public. However, little encouragement is given to the Conservatorium Professors, who are expected only too often to give their services without payment. It remains to be seen what sort of a teacher the new pianist is. He has come here to teach, not to perform in public. Mr Treharne is young and devoted to his profession, and the only fear is that the drudgery of his daily work may wear him a good bit, for he is an artist.

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LETTER FROM DR. R. W. HORNABROOK.

SENSATIONAL EXPERIENCES.

The following interesting letter has been received from Dr. Hornabrook by one of his former teachers at the University and Adelaide Hospital:—

"Volunteer Convalescent Hospital, Lady-smith, March 20, 1900.

"This is a little bit different from dear old Adelaide. We have had a fairly rough time, and in my next war I shall bargain for no more sieges. I received a letter from Professor Watson this morning. He seems to be going strong in Mariburg. Allan Campbell is on board the hospital ship Nubia, at Durban. I hope to see them both soon, that is, as soon as I am allowed out of hospital. Up till towards nearly the end of this delightful picnic I had fairly good luck, and was in everything from the battle of Eland's Laagte to the great attack on January 6, being under fire in seven heavy engagements, but the sixth very nearly finished an interesting career. I was quietly sleeping in my tent when about 3 a.m. I heard the sound of rifle shots. I took no notice at first, but soon I heard bullets hitting the roofs of the houses and the trees near my tent, and it began to dawn on me that perhaps something was really up. However, thinking it was merely an affair of outposts, I turned over and went to sleep. I had been dozing some time when an officer rushed in, very excited and out of breath, and told me that the Boers were in possession of Caesar's Hill. Even then I thought he was drawing the long bow, and I told him to settle down and wait till I was dressed, and when he was calmed to tell me what

was up. He still persisted in the tale, so I sent word round for my orderly to saddle up, to get the field dressings, &c., ready, and to come along.

"By this time it was daylight, and the first thing that met my eyes was one of our own batteries plugging shrapnel on to Caesar's Hill. This was enough. Off we set at a gallop, and, taking a short cut, we plunged into the river—it would have taken us three-quarters of an hour to go round by the bridge. Immediately we found ourselves in a direct line of fire of 'Long Tom,' which was trying to knock out our battery with his 100-lb. shells. We were now quite in the open, and about 200 yards in front of the battery. Drawing rein, we waited for 'Tom's' next shot; it came screaming overhead, landing close by one of the guns. I hesitated a few moments, undecided whether to let another shot go or not. Finally we resolved to move on, and it was well we did so. The Boers had evidently spotted us, and, mistaking us for messengers, gave us the next shot—a puff of smoke in the distance, and then a screaming noise and terrific explosion, the shell landing not ten yards directly in our rear, and covering us with dust. This was enough—spurs, and on we went, not waiting for the second shot, which fell short.

A BATTLE SCENE.

"Under cover of the bush we approached to within 100 yards of Caesar's Hill, and then, dismounting, soon came across wounded Natal Police and Volunteers, who had been holding the flat, the Boers firing on them from above. Having attended to those down below, and seen that the Gordons, Manchester's, and Rifle Brigade were advancing along the top of the hill, the artillery fire having driven the Boers back, I decided to see what could be done up above. We were soon on top of the hill, and wasn't it hot! The Boers were holding one side of the flat-topped hill, and our fellows, who were advancing steadily, were being knocked over to right and left. Here was plenty of work. The orderly and I were the only two of the ambulance party on the hill, and things were very warm.

"The first poor fellow we came across was shot right through the abdomen. We made him as comfortable as possible, and went on on our hands and knees to the next wounded—bullet through head, unconscious,

and just passing away; nothing to be done here. A cry from the right front, "Oh, for a doctor." Advanced some twenty yards, and found poor Lieutenant Harrison, Rifle Brigade, shot through the right lung. Nothing to do but raise him gently and to apply dry antiseptic pad back and front. By this time we were not more than fifty yards from the Boer front, and bullets were humming past as thick as a swarm of bees. We thought every moment would be our last. However, we managed to move Harrison behind a rock to a place of safety, gave him some water, and pushed on a few yards to our right front, and heard voices calling for the doctor—three wounded Highlanders behind one stone. A warm corner this, so decided to leave my orderly behind, and, dragging myself along close to the ground, managed to reach the stone in safety, only to be greeted by one poor fellow saying, "Oh, doctor, why did you come? you are bound to be hit." A Boer lying safely behind a rock some fifty yards off had the range to perfection, and was bowling every one over that approached. I soon had my dressing out, and had just set to work on one man, who was winged through the right thigh, when, ping, smack! the fellow had just missed my head and struck the rock behind—a few moments' pause, then, ping! again. Ah! that was better; clipped my right shoulder. A nod is as good as a wink, so I drew a little closer in, and by this time had nearly finished the dressing. Another short pause, and then, "Heavens, who gave me that kick; the beggars must have got me that time." And so he had. The bullet had struck the top of the hip bone, flattened out, and made a nasty flesh wound. Lucky for me that I drew in, for if not he would have fetched me clean through the abdomen. There were four of us now, and what a warm time we had. Smack! smack! smack! went the bullets on the rock in front of us. Ping! ping! ping! overhead, and then 'Long Tom' chimed in on our left flank. See, there he comes! screech overhead he goes, and each man involuntarily says, "Thank you." Ah! there comes another; this time some fifteen yards short, but no damage done except to the rocks, and so on for the next few hours.

TERRIBLE MOMENTS.

"We are not out of the wood yet. Listen! By heavens, they have turned the 'Pom-pom' on us. Knock! knock! knock! then bang! bang! bang! The beastly little 1-lb. shells come flying all around us, falling in many cases not more than four or five feet off. Oh! how we bless that rock, and hug the ground. But after about half an hour they stop, and we breathe easier, feel happier, and even commence joking and yarning. The hail of bullets, however, still continues. The 'Pom-pom,' as we call the gun, is a Vickers-Maxim, capable of firing about twelve 1-lb. shells straight off. This little gun, of which the Boers possess hundreds, has done more to demoralize the troops than anything. Not because she does so much damage, but simply that she gives you warning. You hear the knock, knock, knock, and then come the shells, bang, bang, bang. If we only didn't get that warning note we wouldn't care. After lying down for three hours I began to feel easier, and by dragging myself along the ground I managed to get beyond the range of fire, and was taken back to town and properly attended to. It is over two months since the above happened, but the wound has only healed up within the past week, the reason being that, after a short rest, I was obliged to go back to work, as we were so short-handed. Major Bruce hardly knew what to do, and I was appointed to look after the officers' wards at Intonab, and what a handful they were—60 sick officers, 12 of them medical men, and who all wanted special attention. No wonder that in six weeks I was bowled over, and for the past month have been in bed with typhoid fever. However, I am going strong once again, and in another six weeks hope to re-join my regiment, so as to be in time to enter the Transvaal and see our flag wave over Pretoria.

"We were at a pretty low ebb before relief came. Eggs were 4s. a dozen, a 3d. packet of cigarettes 2s., whisky 2/6 a bottle, and so on. We had 4 oz. of mangle bread and 1 lb. horseflesh per day. Milk was unobtainable, except in very small quantities for the sick. Just fancy giving your typhoid cases a glass and a half of milk and one glass of cheeril (horse soup) in twenty-four hours; 1 oz. of stimulants in twenty-four hours to the very bad cases only. One Army sasser and two orderlies in daytime for 60 patients, and one night sister for about 120 at nighttime.

"Kindly remember me to all my old friends and teachers. May I be with you all again soon."

* Harrison rejoined his regiment in a fortnight. Nearly all bullet wounds of the lung recover.