

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)  
MOSCHELES.

Who that ever visited the pleasant old city of Leipzig, between the years 1860 and 1870, did not hear of the venerable Moscheles, master spirit of the Gewandhaus concerts, or seen the broad-faced, white-haired, amiable man sauntering from his historical residence at Gerhard's Garden to the halls of the Conservatoire. Among the notables of the ancient Saxon city he was perhaps the most popular, not only on account of his own surpassing abilities, but because of his connection with the musical master-minds of the present and past age. There are, of course, still many persons in Germany who knew or saw the great Beethoven, but it was the glory of Moscheles that he had been intimate with the immortal author of the Ninth Symphony, and had contributed to soothing his death-bed by procuring for him a munificent donation from London.

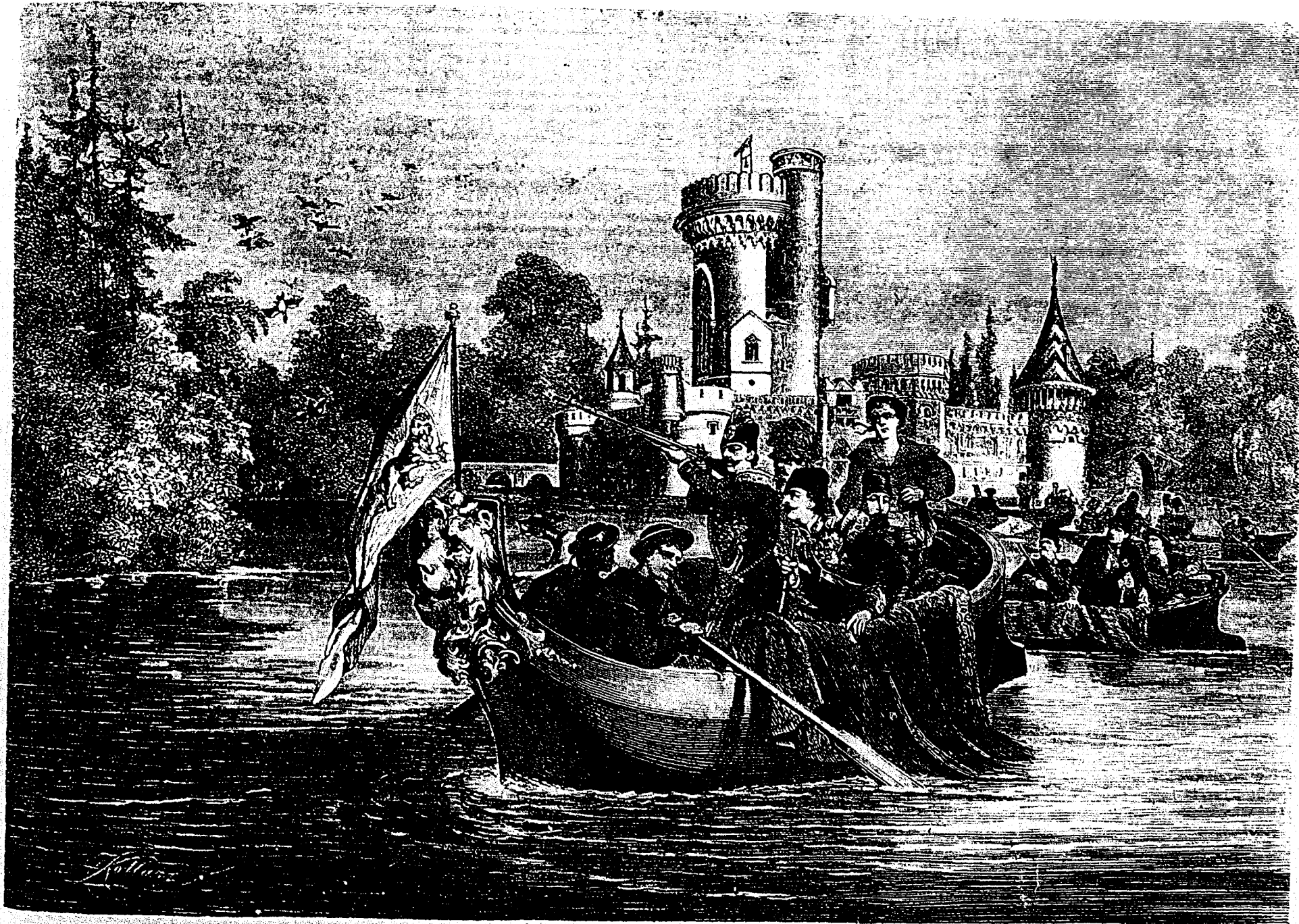
Ignaz Moscheles was one of the most famous pianists of the century. Born in Prague, he studied in Vienna, and after several years of the usual uncertainty and vicissitude which beset artists in those days, he went to London and settled there as a professor of the piano. During a residence of a quarter of a century in England his name became a household word. His pupils belonged to the best classes and he succeeded in making accomplished musicians of several. His periodical concerts were likewise always regarded as among the artistic events of each year. His bravura style has always been spoken of as extraordinary, and notwithstanding the rivalries of the new school, represented by Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, and others, he maintained to the end the proud title of Piano King. In 1848, he removed from London to Leipzig to undertake the management of the far-famed Conservatoire. There he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1870, at the advanced age of 76. His wife, herself a distinguished musician and the partner of all his labours and triumphs, wrote his life, mainly from his letters and diaries, and that work has been translated into English by a son of Sir John Coleridge. These volumes, for the pleasure of reading which we are indebted to a literary friend, a grandson of the distinguished musician, have afforded us the utmost de-



MONSIEUR DE BOURBON.  
SOI-DISANT GRANDSON OF LOUIS XVI.

light and instruction. In them Moscheles introduces us to nearly all the musical celebrities of his time and to many eminent literary men, as well, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. Thus we have anecdotes of Beethoven, Hummel, Haydn, Spohr, De Beriot, Neukomm, Chopin, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Wagner, and others. His relations with Mendelssohn extended over a term of years and terminated only with the latter's death. The volumes are full of most interesting insights into Mendelssohn's amiable character. They contain also an affecting account of Carl Maria Von Weber's untimely death in London. Moscheles befriended the unfortunate author of "Der Freischütz" to the end. We heartily recommend the "Life of Moscheles" to all lovers of music. For pianists, more especially, there are lessons of incalculable value. We must not forget to mention that Moscheles was a composer of rare merit and the works he has left amount to about two hundred.

On one occasion, says a correspondent, we were entering the tunnel of a railway. The lamps were not trimmed and burning, and when in the tunnel we were as much in the dark as an ignorant newsboy attempting to read a page of Sanscrit. In front of me was a young couple, and by their devoted attention to each other I concluded they were not married, or if married, were wedded to somebody else than themselves. The gentleman was reading a newspaper; the lady was busy with a novel, and giving an occasional glance out of the window. As soon as the train entered the tunnel it was so dark that you could not see anything. I heard a struggle. There seemed to be a dislocation of hair, accompanied by a shower of hair-pins. The gentleman's hat fell to the floor, and I heard his paper crush. You would have imagined that a whole flock of school girls had met another flock of school girls from whom they had been separated at least six months. By-and-by the train came out of the tunnel. The gentleman was reading his newspaper, the lady was reading her book; all was tranquillity. Will anybody explain this extraordinary phenomenon? I am inclined to think it was connected with spiritualism and the dark séance business.



AUSTRIA.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA SHOOTING WILD GEESE ON THE ORNAMENTAL WATER AT LAXENBURG, NEAR VIENNA.