

where the poet is not mourning but telling his sorrow as prettily as he can, stamp this poetry as commonplace and trivial.

As Mr. McGaffey is a Canadian by birth it is painful to have to write in this way about his work; but he has to blame his friends, or rather his publishers, for it. His volume is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., and so is *The Bookman*; and to the uninitiated reader it would seem that this review was evidently an attempt on the part of this celebrated firm to push their own wares. And herein lies a danger to American criticism. The publishing houses either publish or control the magazines, and the fulsome praise of the fifth-rate or commonplace that sometimes appear even in such a high-class critical journal as *The Bookman* tends to lower the standard of criticism. We may be unjust to *The Bookman* in this respect, but a magazine that professes to be second to none in critical work should be above suspicion.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Kingston, Ont.

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In a Copy of Miss Wetherald's "House of the Trees."

Little book, thy pages stir
With a poet's brighter life;
In days that gloom with doubt and strife
To many a moody sufferer.

Thou shalt bring a balm for pain,
Felt behind his prison bars,
The spirit of the sun and stars,
The spirit of the wind and rain

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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Music and the Drama.

IT will certainly be a rare delight to hear the celebrated pianist Joseffy, on Tuesday evening next, the 10th inst., in Massey Hall, with the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. My recollections of this distinguished artist's refined and symmetrical performances on the piano date back over a dozen years, when I first heard him in Shaftsbury Hall on Queen Street. He appeared with the famous Wilhelmj, then the most popular violinist since Paganini, and they were a particularly strong team. Joseffy's playing was wonderfully clean and polished, and full of bright poetic fancy. He performed pieces by Chopin, Liszt and Schumann, with two or three of his own compositions. I remember it well, and how charmed I was at the elegance of his style, his beautiful touch, and his rippling, pearly runs. And then such dainty simplicity, such tranquil repose! At that time he and Carreno, the hot blooded, passionate South American who has since attained such fame in older lands, were my ideal performers. Joseffy fascinated; Carreno astonished me with her magnetic brilliance and wild impetuosity. I will not say that Joseffy is or is not my ideal pianist now, for I have not heard him for four or five years, and I would not care to go so far anyhow, but I will say that as a finished, brilliant and imaginative pianist there is none greater in the world. Others may perhaps play certain things with more cyclonic grandeur, or with greater intensity and emotion; but Joseffy always delights because of his superb execution and the remarkable symmetry existing between pure sentiment and intellectuality. I do not enjoy these calculating, psychological players who show their scholastic minds in every measure, nor do I care for the over sentimental performer who would have one believe that Bach was relating a tender love tale in each of his fugues, or that Beethoven always appealed to the emotional faculties. These latter play Chopin as if he were a sickly, broken-hearted woman, who lashed herself into a spasmodic passion at times, but quickly fell into the same morbid state again. A happy harmonious adaptation of the intellectual and emotional, the former guiding and controlling the feelings and aesthetic element, is what makes a really great musical performer, and such an equipped artist is Joseffy.

The theme of Paderewski's opera is Hungarian, and the scene is laid in the Carpathian mountains.

Arthur Friedheim is concertizing in Egypt and Greece.

I am glad that Albani has been engaged for the Messiah, and it certainly reflects to the credit of the Philharmonic people to make such an important engagement. Her reputation as an oratorio singer is an exalted one, and it will be a pleasure to hear her in this capacity.

It is rumored that Sara Bernhardt and Paderewski are to be here early in April. The former for two nights, and the latter one. And, furthermore, rumor has it that these wonderful artists will be heard the same evening.

Mr. Walter H. Coles has been appointed organist of Carlton Street Methodist Church and the choice ought to be a good one, as he has both talent and ambition, two important requisites.

Other items have been crowded out this issue.

W. O. FORSYTH.

English musicians are still disturbed by the lack of uniformity in regard to the musical pitch used by the various organisations in that country. Some time ago the Philharmonic Society, of London,—a decidedly conservative body—adopted what we speak of in Canada as the "low" or "international" pitch ($A=435$); and following this example a number of other societies, which had formerly hesitated to make the change, have now fallen in line. One of the greatest obstacles to the adoption of the low pitch in England has always been the attitude of the military authorities, who have objected, on account of the expense that would be involved, to making any change in the pitch used by the bands. Now, however, owing to the action of the Philharmonic Society, the army authorities are following the unusual course of disobeying their own rules (as pointed out in the *Musical Times*), for there is a regulation stating that "in order to ensure uniformity throughout the regimental bands of the service, the instruments are to be of the same pitch as that adopted by the Philharmonic Society." It is therefore being urged that the British Government should take action in the matter. There is no doubt that the low pitch has come to stay, and that the longer it is opposed the more expensive its adoption will become. Where is Canada on this question? We are about in the same position as England, trying to assure ourselves that we are perfectly comfortable while sitting on the fence. We show no narrow prejudices. We use both high and low pitch, not together (at least, not as a rule), but alternately—very little to the delight of our piano dealers. It really looks as if Canada would bring up the rear in this march of progress. In Toronto the Philharmonic Society is, perhaps, the most important organisation which is holding back. If it would take the matter up the struggle would probably soon be over. Of course there are difficulties in the way, because the players of the wood-wind section of the orchestra (and possibly others) would have to buy new instruments, but surely that could be managed. Let the conductor and other officers consider the advisability of announcing that the low pitch will be used next season, and then make contracts with such players as will be put to expense by the change, engaging them for all the concerts the Society may give during the next two seasons. Some such plan could surely be adopted. The use of the low pitch would certainly enable the chorus to do finer work than is possible at present.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

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Why I Love Muskoka.

WE do not always obtain our clearest views of a subject by looking directly at it. Nor does the value of a thing wholly depend upon what we can say affirmatively in its favour, for this would have unanswered the important question, what would we do without it?

Instead, therefore, of introducing the reader at once to the mute mysteries of the Shadow River, or the boisterous grandeur of Bala Falls, let us approach Muskoka indirectly, and consider it, so to speak, by reflected light. To the pen of Pierre Loti we are indebted for the following pretty sidelight:—

"The end of April is the season of change when the Judas trees all along the shores of the Bosphorus are in flower. Nowhere else in the world does one find so many Judas trees as here, where the two extremities of Asia and of Europe are face to face. There are violet-hued tufts and