

tower, and the white drapery of the angels in which there is so much colour. Perhaps if such an ideal subject had been treated less realistically it might have been better, but for free, bold brushwork it leaves nothing to be desired. A charming little thing, which is scarcely a picture, however, is a figure by Leslie Cauldwell, which stands with its back towards you bathed in sunshine.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the well-known and distinguished singing master of New York, is spending the summer months in Toronto, teaching a large class of professional singers their repertoire for next season.

This is the time of year when musicians, as a rule, enjoy a well-earned rest, and take themselves to the sea-side, the country, across the sea to older lands, or among our beautiful Northern Lakes, there to idle away the languid summer hours in utter restfulness, or in pursuit of fresh energy with which to begin their next season's duties. Some of our musicians are already gone, others will be off in a few days. Mr. Dinelli, has gone to England; Mr. Edward Fisher sails on the 15th July, also for England; Mr. d'Aurila will go to the Thousand Islands, as will also Mr. Harrison; Mr. Field will visit Chicago, where he will probably play the latter part of the month; Mr. Morgan, the 'cello player, will go to New York, where he intends residing next year; Mr. Vogt and Mr. Hunt will probably remain in the city, or take short trips by steamer to the many delightful places adjacent to the city; Mr. Schuch will remain in town, giving lessons; Mr. Tripp has gone to Rice Lake, there to fish, practice, and otherwise enjoy himself; Mr. W. O. Forsyth will go to Niagara Falls; Messrs. Torrington, Jeffers, Arthur Fisher, Shaw, Faircloth, and Webster, we have not heard where they will spend their holidays, nor have we learned where Mrs. Adamson, the Misses Norah Hilliary, Denzil, Labatt, Dallas, and the many others of our charming lady artists, intend spending the few hot weeks which are already upon us. We, however, desire to express our best wishes to all for a happy and refreshing vacation.

An article appears in the musical column of last week's "Toronto Times," entitled "Students from Germany," which contains statements so utterly ridiculous in their appalling ignorance, that we deem it advisable to make a few comments regarding them. Among other things, the writer (who learnedly signs himself "Analysis"), says that glaring faults exist in musical instruction and performances in Germany, that no system of study prevails there, and that the same errors exist in orchestral performances by great orchestras in that land of music and musicians, as in local orchestras in this country. He also goes on to say in his delightfully polished English, that, happily, very few English students attend the Leipzig Conservatory, because it has so degenerated since Mendelssohn's death, and then the wonderfully clever statement is made, that it is only necessary for one to visit Germany, and remain a few months, to be received as a musical authority on his return. Why! we have known a would-be critic and authority on all matters musical, to be there only four or five days, in mid-summer, and know all about music, the style of music performed, and musical activity in general. We also recollect that this same authority visited Bayreuth and, hearing "Tannhauser" for the first time, given under the direction of one of the great Wagnerian conductors in the world, and with the greatest artists attainable, his criticism was, that the performance was a very bad one indeed. As regards the number of English students attending the Leipzig Conservatory, we are to say, that they average about half of the English-speaking students, and

many of the most celebrated musicians in England to-day were trained in this same Conservatory, and that too, long years after the death of Mendelssohn. The writer of this absurd and idiotic drivel also says, that the best musicians are those who have learned music by years of experience, and who make practical application of that knowledge so acquired, in their profession. We will only supplement this remark by saying that the musical charlatans, and humbugs are usually from among that class of persons, which remark applies also to other professions. Experience gained without proper education to develop and mature it, is an experience which always works mischief in art, and usually results in the most pernicious and brazen charlatanism. We are glad to know that, with the yearly increasing number of earnest, conscientious, and well-trained musicians (whether they have studied in Germany, France, England, United States or Canada), that those so-called musicians, who have had no particular artistic cultivation, and what little knowledge they possess has been gathered by experience in an unmusical community, are obliged to retire into that oblivion which they deserve, as a long-suffering public begins to stamp them at their true value.

During the week ending May 18th, London had fifty-seven concerts. Among them was one by the prodigy Koczalski and one by Clotilde Kleeberg.

Mr. E. Pauer is engaged on a biographical dictionary of pianists and composers of music for the piano. The work will be published by Messrs. Novello.

Madame Patti has returned to Craig-y-Nos and has put in rehearsal the new opera by Signor Pizzi which she is to produce next winter during her proposed tour in the United States. The libretto of the work which is entitled "Gabrielle," has been written by Mr. Charles A. Byrne, an American journalist. In the first act Mdme. Patti appears as a nun.

Peter Tschalkowsky has recently stated at Brussels his views on Wagner. If you were to ask me whether Wagner is the last word on musical art, I should answer No, though I have a profound admiration for his immense talent. I should not like all future music to be composed according to the recipe of the Tetralogy. The constant preponderance of the orchestra appears to me to be a false principle. I do not deny the great genius of Wagner. His Tetralogy is a mighty fine thing; but when all is said and done, an opera ought to be sung."

An Unpublished Letter of Mozart.—It was written when he was engaged with the composition of his last masterpieces, "The Magic Flute," "Titus" and the "Requiem."

My very Dear and very fond Little Wife, —I must ask you not to be unhappy. I hope you have received the money; as to your foot, it is better for you to be at Baden, because you can go about more easily there. I hope to be able to embrace you on Saturday, perhaps even sooner. When my task is finished I shall be near you, for I am looking forward to resting in your arms. And I shall have need of that, for the anxieties, the worries, the necessary running about, all that is enough to overwhelm a man.

I received your last letter all right and I thank you for it. I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that you no longer take the baths. In short, there is only one thing I want—to be with you. I have a feeling that I cannot wait much longer. I might, it is true, get you to come back here when my business is done, but that I want to spend a few happy days with you at Baden.

N. N. is here just now. He says I must do this for you. (Here follows a caricature of Constance Mozart, with a long neck and a little hat on her head, and on each side there are two hands at the end of two long arms held out to embrace her.)

He has a fancy for you and quite thinks that you ought to begin to see it.

What is my other goose doing? What a misfortune it is to have to make choice between two geese! Yesterday evening, when I went to la Couronne, I found the English lord there lying down exhausted with fatigue, because he always waits on Smal. To-day, when I had gone to Wetlar's, I saw a couple of oxen yoked to a cart, and when they began to pull, the animals nodded their heads just as N. N. Smal does.

If you have need of anything, my little treasure, write to me candidly, and I will be sure to find the means, and that with a real pleasure, of satisfying in everything my Stanzi Moedi.

For ever your Mozart.

Vienne, 5th July, 1791.

The person spoken of as N. N. and Smal was Sussmayer.

LIBRARY TABLE.

VENUS VICTRIX. By Helen Mathers. Price 25 cents. New York: Tait. 1893.

That a novel by the author of "Coming thro' the Rye" should be sensational was an a priori probability, but also that it should be powerful; and the present story is both. A grave suspicion is cast upon the heroine. The reader guesses very early in what direction the solution of the mystery lies; but he will probably not guess it all. It is a very good story and nicely printed on good paper.

FATAL MISUNDERSTANDING AND OTHER STORIES. By W. Helmburg. Price 75 cents. New York: Worthington and Co. 1893.

This volume belongs to the very pretty International Library of Messrs. Worthington and Co., often commended by us. Nothing could be nicer than paper, type, and illustrations. The stories are excellent, and thoroughly German in character—romantic, mythical, religious. The one which gives its name to the volume, is a capital story. "United in Death," is very sad, but well told, and the same may be said of the "Romance of an Old House." Altogether it is a very good collection.

THE PEN POEMS. By various Authors. New York: The Esterbrook Company.

This little pamphlet is a sign of the times. It contains forty-eight prize poems, by writers who were invited to celebrate the praises of Esterbrook's Pens. This present writer is bound to confess that, although he may at times have used these pens, he has no clear consciousness of it; and this is a fault which must be amended. For each of the first two poems a hundred dollars have been paid; for each of the next four, fifty; for each of the next twelve, twenty-five; for the remaining thirty, ten. The first prize, we are gratified to announce, is taken by one of our own contributors, Mrs. E. P. Seabury, and we quite believe her piece deserves this place of pre-eminence.

SOCIAL STRUGGLES. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Professor Boyesen's story, which appeared as a serial in the Cosmopolitan, is here published as a separate volume. To those who have not read the story in serial form, we may say that it describes the vigorous efforts of Peleg Bulkley, his indomitable wife, and their three daughters, Maud, Peggy, and Sally, to reach the social haven where they would be in New York city. The story is, no doubt, typical of the determined, and often unsuccessful, efforts of some families who though of humble origin, have yet become wealthy by means of a trade, or business, by no means aristocratic in its tendencies; and whose main object in life,