

### "FORGIVE, FORGET."

AFTER long waiting—after unwept agony—  
After the onward march of weary years—  
Once more we stood together, a glad silence fell  
Upon us both more eloquent than words or even tears,  
Our very silence seemed in truth to span  
Across the gulf of years we neither dared to scan.

What parted us? Ah me! a careless word  
Too lightly spoken, all too soon believed,  
Piercing each heart as with a two-edged sword,  
Rending two lives apart. Yet both have grieved  
Most bitterly—yes, we alone can tell  
All the deep agony of our long farewell.

We waited long. Once more the shrouding mists have lifted,  
All doubts are vanished, wholly—not in part—  
Back to the old familiar places we have drifted,  
Once more the joy of speaking heart to heart,  
For hands have clasped again, and lips have met  
To breathe the magic words "Forgive, Forget."  
*The Rocks.* M. E. MICHAEL.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE July number of *Outing* is a thoroughly excellent number. The various sports and pastimes are treated in a masterly way, by writers who know whereof they speak. The opening article by Dwight Benton, is entitled "The Ciociari and their Mountains," and is very richly illustrated. This is followed by "A Cruise of a Pilot Boat," for which F. S. Cozzens has furnished spirited sketches; "Lawn Tennis as a Game for Women," by the champion player, H. W. Slocum, Jr., and "A Race Meeting," by T. S. Blackwell; "How Cycling Road Records are Made," by the well-known "Faed"; "The Pleasures of Pair-oared Rowing" and "Horseback Riding in Relation to Physical Health," by D. N. Patterson, M. D.; "Picnicking in the Adirondacks," suggests to ladies a delightful way to spend a short vacation cheaply. "Scudding Along" and "A Note to Rose" are poems of much merit. The Editorial Departments reflect the latest thought in the world of sports, and the records give a faithful resumé of the doings of athletes.

THE *Magazine of American History* opens its July number—the beginning of its twenty-second volume—with a spirited "Story of the Washington Centennial," illustrated in the most unique and picturesque fashion from photographs by amateurs and other artists, executed during the progress of the celebration. "The Discovery of the Mississippi" is the second paper in this beautiful number, a scholarly and instructive study of Henry Lee Reynolds. "Washing and William the Silent—a Parallel," is an ably written and readable article, by M. M. Baldwin. Judge Dykman contributes the second part of his interesting and informing account of "The Last Twelve Days of Major André." General Alfred E. Lee writes a vigorous and entertaining paper, entitled "Some Glimpses of Holland." There is a clever sketch of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, by Daniel Godwin; and a short paper on Colonel William S. Smith, the son-in-law of John Adams, by M. D. Raymond. There are other short articles, and the notes furnish fresh and curious data. The editorial and all the departments maintain their high character. Price \$5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A VOLUME of essays on English literature, by W. S. McCormick, is one of the impending London issues.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE announce a new edition of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards' "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile."

MRS. E. P. ROE has placed a granite monument over the grave of her husband in the Cornwall village cemetery.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK will tell in *Harper's Bazar* for June 28th what to have at lawn parties and how to make it.

CHAPMAN & HALL have nearly ready an important work in two volumes, by David Nichol, called "The Political Life of our Time."

MR. JOHN MORLEY's monograph on Walpole, which he is writing for the "English Statesmen" series, will be ready very soon.

A NEW story by Jules Verne, called in English, "A Family Without a Name," is soon to be printed simultaneously in London and Paris.

"OUR ENGLISH VILLAGES; their Story and Antiquities," by P. H. Litchfield, M.A., is in the London press. Such a work, if well done, ought to prove especially interesting.

SHORT stories by Col. Higginson, T. A. Janvier and Edward Bellamy will appear in the July *Century*. "The Temperance Question in India" will engage the attention of the Methodist Bishop Hurst.

THE July *Outing* contains an excellent paper entitled "A Memory of the Thousand Islands." In view of the approaching Canoe Meet at the Thousand Islands, the article recommends itself strongly to canoeists.

By a will dated Sept. 17, 1881, the late Minister Rice left fifty-one one-hundredths of the stock of the *North*

*American Review* to Mr. Lloyd S. Bryce. The will was filed for probate on the 13th inst.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co. have just issued "Fifty Years on the Trail: A True Story of Western Life," by John Y. Nelson and Harrington O'Reilly, illustrated with over one hundred sketches by Paul Frenzeny.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of George Meredith's writings, compiled by Mr. J. Lane, will be attached to a volume of essays on "George Meredith, Novelist and Poet," by Mr. Le Gallienne, to be published shortly in London.

A BOSTON despatch to the New York *Tribune* says that Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have been "razzle-dazzled" out of about \$6,000 by two subscription book agents who were selling one of their art publications at the Hub.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's last story, "The Wrong Box," is said to have been commenced last winter in the Adirondacks, when he and his step-son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who is his collaborateur in the work, spent the winter together.

MESSRS. HUBBARD BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, promise to issue a book of stories by F. Blake Crofton next month. It is to be entitled "The Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendaxe," and will be highly illustrated by Arthur Bennett, of New York.

ADMIRERS of Mrs. Oliphant will be glad to have the sequel to one of her most admired and most highly finished novels, "The Ladies Lindores." This tale, "Lady Car," has nearly completed its course in *Longman's Magazine*, and is announced in book form.

THE works of the poet Crabbe, who is linked with Cowper and Burns as beginning a new poetic era, are coming to the front again. There is a vividness and charm about Crabbe's poetry which must strongly impress any one who takes it up for the first time.

THE "Life of Coleridge," upon which the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Coleridge, has long been engaged, now approaches completion. There is a reference to it in Prof. Knight's new life of Wordsworth, and like that work the volume on Coleridge will contain much fresh literary material.

THE tomb of Virgil at Posilippo, just outside Naples, is for sale. The tomb is a small square building with a domed roof, standing on the hillside among vineyards and orchards, which originally composed the poet's farm. Formerly the urn containing Virgil's ashes occupied one of the ten niches.

As a stirring introduction to the explorer Stanley's probable book on the Dark Continent, Messrs. Scribner & Welford have imported J. R. Werner's Congo experiences, "A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard and River Life on the Congo." The work makes a handsome volume with numerous illustrations.

A NEW series of small volumes, announced by the Putnams, is to be called Literary Gems. It will have for its earliest issues Poe's "Gold Bug," John Brown's "Rab and His Friends," Goldsmith's "Goodnatured Man," Drake's "Culprit Fay," G. W. Curtis' "Our Best Society," and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."

ACCORDING to "G. W. S." in the New York *Tribune*, the sale of some of Lord Tennyson's earlier poems in manuscript has provoked a strong, though private and unavailing, protest from the poet. "There are letters, of his, too, one at least of a kind which ought never to have come before the public. All these are understood to have once made a part of the fine collection of Lord Tennyson's former publisher, Mr. Moxon."

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A BRILLIANT event took place in connection with the College of Music on the 20th inst., when some of the more advanced pupils gave a public concert in the Pavilion Music Hall before an audience of about 2,000 people, comprising the élite of the city. The programme was a very fine one, and included Mozart's concerto in E flat, by Misses Tufford and Tait; "Consolation," Liszt, La Fileuse, Raff, by Miss O'Brien, pupils of Mr. H. M. Field; Gavotte op. 37, No. 1, Dupont, Impromptu in E flat, op. 90, Schubert, by Miss Benson, pupil of Mr. Vogt; Prelude in D flat major, Chopin; Spinnenlied, Mendelssohn, Miss Florence Mason, pupil of Mr. Forsyth; Duo Concertante, Gorla, by Misses Taylor and Hunter, pupils of Mr. Torrington, and the G minor concerto of Mendelssohn, played in its entirety by Miss Florence Taylor (of Detroit), pupil of Mr. Torrington, and Mendelssohn's Caprice Brilliant, played by Miss Sullivan, pupil of Mr. Carl Martens. The last two numbers were given with the full orchestral parts. The vocal music was excellent, shewing the high standard aimed at in this department of the College, and sung by pupils of Mr. Haslam and Mr. Torrington. The numbers given were: "Ave Maria," Lange, by Miss Clarke; "Il Balen" (Trovatore), Verdi, Mr. Frank Chambers; "The Last Rose of Summer," Miss McCormack; Ballad, "Madaline," Lee, Mr. Gorrie; sextette and chorus "Chi mi frena" Donizetti, Miss McCormack, Miss Johnson, Mr. Gorrie, Mr. Huestis, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Coates, chorus and orchestra; Scena, "Sad is My Soul" (Lurline), Wallace, Miss Donnelly, pupils of Mr. Haslam; "Miserere" scene (Il Trovatore), solos by Miss Kate Ryan, and Mr. A. E. Dent (pupils of Mr. Torrington), chorus and orchestra, and the finale to the second part of "Il Trovatore," with

Misses Ryan and Tilley, Messrs. Dent, Baguley and Walton, as soloists. The chorus also sang an effective chorus, fugal in style, from an oratorio, by Mr. Clarence Lucas. At this concert Herr Ernst Mahr, of the Royal Academy of Arts, Berlin, made his first appearance in Toronto as a cello soloist, his broad pure tone, technique and refined style, being greatly admired. Mr. S. H. Clark, the Professor of Elocution at the College, read the "Chariot Race" from "Ben Hur," with thrilling effect, and won three tremendous recalls. He is a thorough master of this difficult art. The concert went through smoothly under the direction of Mr. Torrington.

### MUSICAL CRITICISM.

IT is useless to hope for any marked improvement in the musical taste of what we are prone to call "the masses," until there has been a signal change in the style and aim of the average musical criticism of the press. This much-abused instrument of torture may be divided into three classes—the provincial "criticism," the professional, and non-professional. The first is by far the most offensive and injurious to true art. In rare instances only do the papers outside of the metropolitan cities employ a musical writer of positive technical knowledge of the subject. This work usually falls to the lot of a reporter who is far more at home figuring out a baseball score, or informing the world the particulars of yesterday's local scrapping match. But when a travelling concert troupe comes along, the "general utility man" is sent to write up "the show." This he accomplishes by dropping in at the middle of the programme, hearing a couple of numbers, and being "seen" by the manager, who invites him around the corner, plys him with cigars and liquids, and fills his mellow brain with glowing accounts of the merit of his troupe and the unparalleled enthusiasm of the audience. More than likely he furnishes the reporter with a previously written notice, or clipping, all of which saves the pen-pusher mental effort and a half-hour's writing, and goes in as "editorial matter." The public receive the next morning a fulsome description of all concerned, which is duly copied in the next town, and are beguiled into patronizing a performance which may be second or tenth rate. All this, provided the manager's advertising bill has reached respectable dimensions. If the bulk of it went to "the other paper," he will, as spice for his breakfast, learn that the audience was small and the performance "vile."

But it is at concerts given by "home talent" where the critic likes to get in his work. The young and conscientious teacher who gives a recital, or brings out his pupils in a concert, though he may be doing noble work in shaping musical taste, is ignored, especially if he has an aversion to saloons, or is so unfortunate as not to carry a pocketful of cigars, and receives brief notice, or is "damned with faint praise," or comparison, especially if the writer happens to "chum" with a rival teacher. If the subject of the notice is a society belle, the dictionary does not contain adjectives enough to describe the perfection of her performance. She is likened to Patti, or compared with Joseffy; her solo was "divinely sung" or "faultlessly executed;" the thesaurus is ransacked for superlative synonyms, which are distributed *ad nauseam* through a half-column of verbal emetic. The reporter is cuddled and has a bouquet sent him, and a large number of papers are bought and sent to friends. If the performer is a lady whose husband is a business man, with the placing of a liberal amount of advertising patronage, the business office of the paper influences the report with the same general effect.

The net result to art of all this is, a false standard of perfection is raised, both in the mind of the public and the performer. Connoisseurs, musical students, and intelligent, travelled readers laugh in their sleeves at this idiotic twaddle, but the general public, whose oracle is the local paper, and whom sectional pride prompts to magnify the merit of local attractions and institutions, proudly believe it all as law and gospel, and "swear by" the local paper as the grand champion of the town's interests and wonderful local talent. The effect upon the flattered musician is truly pitiable. Natural vanity is fed and innate egotism—that inevitable result of living in a small town where fourth rate merit is "the best" in the place—is swelled to a conceit that is unapproachable in its sublimity. With these victims of newspaper flattery there is nothing more to learn. Art and progress are at a standstill. They have reached perfection, because the local paper says so. The lying stuff is pleasant to believe, and though they know it emanates from the brain of a gushing writer utterly ignorant of the subject he treats, and who doesn't know a fugue from a funnel, they will believe it, even if opposed to the contrary opinion of a dozen experts in musical matters. And so nine out of ten towns go on, each serene in the imaginary possession of its local prima donnas and piano virtuosos, in blissful ignorance of a correct standard of piano, or vocal performance, and fondly believing their place has the finest musical talent in the country because "the local paper says so."

The professional criticism is found usually in the larger cities where prosperous dailies can afford to pay a salary to an educated professional musician to conduct their musical department, which inclines to be as erudite as the first was ignorant. The musical editor's writings are apt to be too technical to be of general interest, too scientific to have educational value with the casual reader, too dry and pedagogy to be generally read. Few musical writers have the faculty of luring the general reader on into bits of