

that time, was yet well worth a few moments' stoppage to contemplate its structure and embellishments.

The effect of "Welcome," designed with the tiniest of wooden shovels, was certainly "cute." Personages adorned with carnival medals mingled with the crowd, addressing it *en masse* in most persuasive tones: "Here, now!—carnival souvenirs!—get one for your lady, now!" While further on, a boy was announcing he held papers for sale, telling of "Sir Johnny McDonald's trip to the Ice Palace, where he gets caught in the puzzle." But the public were not to be caught by such chaff, seeming cruelly indifferent to the fate of Sir John A. Macdonald, and the intelligence they could purchase the particulars for a few cents.

THE Ice Castle is really "a thing of beauty," though we know, alas! that it cannot be "a joy forever." The ice blocks are very clear, and the design is the best there has been yet. But standing as it does between the Windsor Hotel and St. Peter's Cathedral, it could not but be dwarfed.

Wednesday evening all Montreal's streets were simply alive with people, all bent on seeing the attack on the Castle. Many sought the mountain, thinking there would be less crowd there, but this was a vain hope. Fortunately, or unfortunately, rather, there was a thick crust on the snow, which tempted one to trust one's weight to it, but which always proved treacherous. The long lines of snowshoers, with their lighted torches, winding up the mountain path, was a lovely sight to witness; but the storming of the Castle is but child's play, and ceases to be interesting before it is over. The cannons' firing frightened some of the horses, and for a moment or two an accident seemed inevitable. One young woman, in an agony of fright, precipitated herself down the bank, and into the arms of a young man standing there, exclaiming as she did so: "Oh! I am so glad to get here!" Whether she meant the young man's arms or the bottom of the bank remains obscured in mystery; but the young man fled, and she sank to the ground. Her name is unknown. We can but think she must have been an American—Canada would not care to claim such weak nerves, and such coldness, for its own.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Carnival was the drive on Thursday afternoon; in fact to many it was the most interesting thing of the whole affair, perhaps owing to the fact that it could be seen with complete comfort. It was a bright, soft day, and people could stand about without getting chilled. And, as the drive went through all of the principal streets of the town, it could be seen without danger of being crushed to death.

THE ball given at the Windsor Hotel on Friday night was of course a fearful crush, and equally of course a great success in every way. Saturday night the grand pyrotechnic display at the Ice Castle drew many in that direction—many who could hardly enjoy it, knowing it was the end of all; while many harboured a sense of satisfaction that this was the end at last, and they had conscientiously "done" the Carnival from beginning to end.

One more blaze of brilliant light, a burst of rockets, then a calm. The moon holds silent sway, and shines down in quiet superiority—Canada's Carnival of '87 is at an end.

FERRARS.

Montreal, February 14, 1887.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE'S DAY—is it?

The day when Cupid reigns:
Cupid, who, blind and thoughtless,
Wields both joys and pains.

Valentine's Day! Before me
Lies my valentine—
One that was sent to me
In the olden time.

"A pledge of love" 'tis written;
A pledge to me 'twas sent;
And he now loves another,
And I—I am content.

FERRARS.

February 14, 1887.

MUSIC.

THE Choral Society's Concert on February 15 presented many attractive features even to the most *blasé* of oratorio-goers. The soloists, were excellent, the chorus precise and true, and there was not the shadow of a doubt as to Mr. Fisher's conscientiousness and knowledge of the work. To say that it was an absolutely perfect performance would be as untrue and as unwise as some of the contrary opinions expressed very decidedly in the columns of the daily press. It is clearly impossible in a provincial city, as after all, Toronto still is, to give any oratorio of the measure of "St. Paul," without some drawback. If the chorus be good, the orchestra is faulty; if the soloists be well chosen, they have not sufficient time to rehearse with the local and limited orchestra; if the orchestra itself be small, people complain because it is "weak;" if it be present in full force, perhaps the same people find it "too loud." And the poor conductor is made to suffer for the sins which often are severally due to the caprices of a *cantatrice*, or a chorus, or a committee. The fact is, that there is a very small public indeed, that really cares in its heart of hearts for oratorio, and it is not too much to say that most oratorio societies are originally started by individuals for individual purposes, and only very slowly gain

the popular ear and the popular favour. Mr. Fisher's labours as those of a conductor must not be lost sight of in criticising the performance of "St. Paul." Six months' hard and unremitting toil with *bâton* and brain found their close in the splendid singing of a well-trained chorus, which exhibited considerable power of "attack," and much purity and volume of tone. It is significant in all these societies that the female voices so outnumber the male, one result of higher education; and the outlook seems to be that we shall, by and by, have to instruct our young ladies in an entirely new art, following the example of some famous Italian signorina who has converted her voice into a perfect tenor, and sings, with great success, such rôles as "Faust," "Lohengrin," and "Edgardo." The two or three bad slips in the performance must be regretted, but in the case of the duet, "Ambassadors of Christ," the conductor was most wise in beginning over again, thus ensuring a more perfect rendering. Miss Louise Elliott, the soprano, was equal to the monotonous and trying recitatives, and infused all the dramatic force into them for which she is remarkable. Miss Martin gave her one solo with marked dignity of style, in a fine, round contralto that is well suited to oratorio work. Mr. Winch made the most of his recitatives, and *declaimed* them magnificently, but his once fine voice is sadly gone off, and he appears to be reduced to singing either in a whisper, which is not singing at all, or to be obliged to force his high notes most obviously and unpleasantly. Signor Rouconi, did not, on the whole, do badly, but there are one or two local basses who would have done as well. Mr. Warrington, of local fame, acquitted himself most creditably. In conclusion, as large and fashionable an audience as almost ever assembled in the Pavilion witnessed the performance.

A FEAST of light opera attracted many lovers of that form of musical entertainment to both Opera Houses last week. "The Maid of Belleville," by Millocker, contains some pretty bits, but the older works, such as "Fra Diavolo," and "Mascote" still hold their own in the affections of the multitude, and testify to the power of genuine melody. "Fra Diavolo" is, in many respects, far superior to any of the other operas produced, but suffers from having an old-fashioned libretto, into which it is very difficult to interpolate even American "gag," without which essential, everything, save Gilbert and Sullivan, is destined to dwindle in these latter days. S.

HAMILTON.

THE most pleasing entertainment given here this season was "Ye Old Folkes Concerte" held in the Grand Opera House early this month. A large committee of ladies worked energetically, and the result was seen in the beautiful appearance of the stage, which was set as an old-fashioned drawing-room, with a "Grandfather's Clock" in one corner, a table, which formerly belonged to Gen. Todleben, of Crimean fame, in the centre, and a real old "spinet," upon which no one cared to attempt to play, in another corner. The costumes were very ancient, and some of them quite brilliant; and the stage picture, as the performers walked about the room, laughing and chatting, displaying their fine attire, was extremely attractive. The musical programme was arranged by Mr. Aldous, organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, and included a glee, "'Twas a May-time Mornynge," by Festa, 1541, and a very beautiful madrigal, "Gentle Falls the Evenynge Shade," by Marenzio, 1570; glees, "Now is ye Monthe of Mayinge," by Morley, 1595, and "Land of our Fathers," by Webbe, 1740. The programme was varied by the singing of two or three "worldlie songs," and catches, the latter being especially well sung. The singing of Bishop's fine old song, "Should He Upbraid," by Miss Carrie Macdonald, is especially worthy of mention for her exhibition of purity of tone, and excellent vocalisation. A small orchestra assisted, playing an overture, and a minuet by Haydn. The principal vocalists were: Messrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Frank Wanzer, Miss Crerar, Mr. Geo. Clark, Mr. F. W. Wodell, and Mr. W. Morton.

MISS ELLA RYCKMAN has resigned her position as solo soprano of Gore Street Methodist Church. Mrs. Goodwin, recently from Birmingham, England, has been engaged as solo soprano of St. James' Reformed Episcopal Church. Miss Mann has been appointed organist, and Mr. F. W. Wodell, choir-master of the First Methodist Church.

MISS LOUISE SAUERMAN, of Paris, Ont., who has recently returned from a long residence at a German conservatory, where she made a special study of singing, appeared recently at a concert here. She has a mezzo-soprano voice, of sweet, pure quality, but her style is exceedingly amateurish. More frequent public appearances will probably result in doing away with a nervousness which now makes her tone unsteady, and her phrasing incorrect.

MR. PARKER, organist of Centenary Church, has a very promising piano pupil in the person of Miss Nellie Pettit, and he brought her before the public for the first time at a concert on the 11th inst., in a programme which included a grand march for piano and organ, and the "Caprice Brillante" and "Caprice de la Reine," all by Raff; the second concerto for piano and organ by Mendelssohn, and the "Sonate Pathétique" of Beethoven. Miss Pettit has developed a very good technique, so far as evenness of fingering, power, and facility of execution are concerned. She has much yet to learn as to the possibility of getting a "singing tone" from her instrument; and her use of the pedals is careless, and consequently ineffective. The young lady is, however, evidently no mere piano player. She exhibited considerable genuine artistic feeling, and gave evidence of an intellectual grasp of her selections not usually found in one so young. She will have to learn how to suffer ere she will be able to play Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique" in such a way as to bring out the peculiar beauties of the slow movement. Those who assisted were Misses Mann and McIlroy, sopranos; L. Kraft, alto; and Mr. A. E. White, tenor.—

C. MAJOR.