

Hofman, upon his reappearance. This phenomenal child played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with all the aplomb and breadth of style of a pianist of three times his age and proved himself to be quite equal to the occasion.

At the Promenade Concert at Covent Garden the remarkable singing of a South American lady, Miss Gomey by name, has been the distinctive attraction. The possessor of a lovely voice of great purity, with just the tremor of true emotion and none of that affected abomination known as the vibrato. She was the cause of the following anecdote:—Meeting a friend of ours one evening, a most unemotional individual, by the way, we asked him where he had been; looking at us most shame-facedly, he replied, "I have been crying at Covent Garden. I loitered into the Promenade, and heard a girl sing 'Home sweet Home' as I had never heard it before, I was awfully ashamed of myself, but it actually made me cry. I felt better though on looking round the audience as I found I was not the only fool."

Twenty-five concerts are advertised to take place in London during the month, the one likely to arouse the greatest amount of interest being Bottesini's *Garden of Olivet* by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Mr. Bonawitz has commenced another cycle of six historic recitals of music for organ, harpischord, and piano; an organ has been lent by Messrs. Bishop & Sons. By giving the music composed for each instrument, Mr. Bonawitz hopes to enable his audiences to realize the enormous changes that have taken place within the last 500 years, not only in musical composition, but also in key board instruments.

On Monday Nov. 7th, young Josef Hofmann made his last appearance at St. James' Hall before his departure for America. It is said the enterprising *entrepreneur* who has undertaken the American tour will pay young Hofmann £1000 per month and all travelling expenses.

Infant prodigies are still coming to the front, for at Brussels, a boy violinist of twelve, known as "Le petit Bachmann" has recently appeared; while at Antwerp Mlle. Pain Paré, a young lady of eight, has won great admiration by her performance of Mozart's Concerto in G minor.

The death of the well-known impresario, Maurice Strakosch, took place at Paris on October 9th, at the age of sixty-four; he had but recently published the memoirs of his own career under the title of "Souvenirs d'un Impresario."

To conclude with an amusing anecdote that appeared lately in the *London Figaro*: A man rushes into a capitalist's office. "Look here, splendid new invention; thousands of pounds in it. A musical box. Place it in every hotel in the kingdom. You drop a penny in and—" "Well," said the capitalist, "I suppose it then begins to play." "No, sir; it leaves off."

#### OUR GERMAN LETTER.

LEIPZIG, Oct. 25th, 1887.

The concert season is, so to speak, in working order. Every night there is something good either at the Theatre or at the numerous Concert Halls. If I were to attempt a description of the really good musical entertainments since Oct. 1st you would have to issue an extra paper to contain it. We have had the whole of the *Nibelungen Ring* (Wagner) performed; *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Faust* (Gounod), *North Star* (Meyerbeer), and last night *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini), the latter with Sembrich as prima donna. The Germans, especially the men, neither sing nor act well; their singing is too guttural, and their acting too much of the gymnastic exercise performance; but these operas are so beautifully put on the stage and the orchestra is so fine that one feels their time and money well and profitably spent in attending them. A Liszt concert, given in honour of the great maestro's birthday, was a great event in the city. All the performers (piano) Silote, Dyat, and Friedheim (capelmeister at Weimer) were pupils of Liszt, and played only Liszt compositions. The singing, as usual, was poor. We have had D'Albert at the Gewandhaus, whose performance was simply wonderful. But perhaps the most interesting concerts for me to write about, for the benefit of those who intend coming here to study, are the Conservatory Evenings, which take place once a week. Here the pupils of the various teachers of the various instruments taught have an opportunity given them of displaying their proficiency, and,

I must say to their credit, *not often their faults*. I really may say that I have heard beautiful playing by several of these pupils, especially on the piano and violin. At the last evening, a young man, an Englishman, played the G major concerto (Beethoven) without his music, the orchestra accompaniment being played altogether by the pupils of the Conservatory. It was, it seemed to me, played throughout almost faultlessly.

I will say to students who wish further advantages than can be had in Canada, that the musical education given here at a much less cost than anywhere on our side of the Atlantic, is so nearly perfect that it leaves little to be desired; and added to the actual advantage of the masters' instruction, is the almost as great advantage of seeing and hearing what it seems to me, we shall not in a hundred years see and hear in Canada; viz., the proficiency of piano and violin players, and the grand orchestra. There are, however, many difficulties to be met with in coming here to study, altogether outside of the mere matter of a musical education. Of these I will treat in my next letter.—G. L.

LEIPZIG, November 23rd.

In my last letter I spoke of the advantages of coming to Germany to study music, and I feel I did not speak strongly enough of these advantages, or that I can in the brief space allotted to a correspondent. I also promised to try and give those intending to come here, an idea of some of the disadvantages, or perhaps a more suitable word would be "difficulties."

There is an impression in Canada and the States that going to Germany to study means a great saving of money. This the student, especially the lady student, soon finds, when she arrives here, is a great mistake. It is quite true that any one taking a small room on the fourth or fifth flat of a building on some small street, and arranging with the Frau, who generally has a great number of boarders, to be supplied with a cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast, a sort of "pot a feu," made of onions, cabbage, carrots, fat, flour and a flavoring of meat for dinner, a repetition of one cup of coffee and one roll for tea, may live here for very little money indeed, but the effect of this kind of diet is too plainly seen in some of the American and Canadian students residing here. Meat, butter, white bread, eggs and milk are expensive, much more so than in Canada; consequently to board in a house where these things are supplied is quite as expensive as at home. The next difficulty to meet is the fact that altho' the nominal charge at the Conservatory is low, only about \$90 per year, yet it is absolutely necessary to have extra lessons if the student wishes to get a thoroughly good education in less than seven or eight years. Again another difficulty—it is very hard to get lodgings where practice will be allowed. The city authorities are even threatening to lay a tax on every piano in use over certain limitations of time. Good concerts are not to be attended, as is represented in Canada, for twenty-five cents. To go to the Prabe (the morning performance at the Gewandhaus) costs fifty cents, in the evening one dollar for standing room, one fifty and two dollars for seats. The tickets for the Liszt-Verein Concerts are a dollar, seventy-five and fifty cents. At the old Gewandhaus the same. For good seats at the New Theatre, about the same. These are the principal places, and every student will find it a necessary part of his or her education to attend the concerts and operas once or twice a week. Still I can safely say that \$500 per year will cover the expense of a good musical education, but not less. This, of course, not including travelling expenses. Before leaving this subject I will give a word of advice to young ladies intending to come. Do not come haphazard, with the idea you are old enough and strong enough to take care of yourselves. There is great danger in coming to Leipzig alone, and great danger in living in Leipzig alone. When I say alone, I mean without a father, a brother, a mother or a lady chaperone.

We have had a continual feast of good things in the way of music since I last wrote. As I gave some account of the Conservatory Abends in my last I will now try to give your readers some idea of the new Gewandhaus concerts, which I suppose may be counted the best in Germany. On Wednesday of each week this treat is given us, and as only the best artists are invited to appear, it is indeed a treat. The orchestra, the best in the world, is, it seems to me, perfection. Last week they played Mozart's Symphonie in G