

scarcely more difficult to a beginner. But who ever heard a strathspey well played without feeling a tingling in his toes—the desire to get on his feet and dance?

"Norma" in June would be a surprise, but the "Bohemian Girl" is an opera that a large proportion of our music loving citizens will flock to hear at any season. This, probably the most popular of all Balfe's works, owes its hold on the public ear to the string of beautiful catching melodies of which it chiefly consists, and which in persons of second or third rate musical sense, marks the limit of musical appreciation. The singing in the principal roles was barely tolerable, and the part of the Count, though leaving little to be desired in "The Heart bow'd down," went to show how far a popular (among-his-own-friends) performer falls behind when placed beside an indifferent professional player or singer. The laborious "practice that makes perfect" is wanting.

The custom of successful teachers in giving public exhibitions of their pupils' skill is worthy of wider imitation. Those who were present at the entertainment of this character given by Max Bohrer in the new Association Hall last week will bear us out in these remarks. Eleven numbers in the programme, chosen from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Rubenstein, Henselt, Field, Wagner, Moszkowski, Schumann and other masters, were with scarcely an exception creditably rendered throughout. The Chopin half-number was omitted owing to indisposition of Miss McLaren. Miss Collins' playing of Beethoven's Sonata in D Minor, which occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour, and all without her notes—was a veritable *tour de force* for one of her years. Her playing of Liszt's beautiful setting of Wagner's, "O du mein holder Abendstern" from the *Tannhauser*, in her second number, was to many the "sweetest morsel of the night." In response to an encore of this number she gave the "Meditation" by Raff. The playing of Misses Howard, Jordan, Chatwin, Rose, Harriss, Monsarrat and Coyle was all more or less applauded. We need not apologize for devoting the space given to these amateur entertainments. Apart from the treat to the listeners, they tend to remove that timidity which even in their own homes so often prevents young players doing justice to themselves and those who have been so lavish in procuring for them the benefits of a thorough musical training. One of Mr. Bohrer's pupils would seem to have a more than amateur career before her, should she so desire.

Among the number of Montreal young ladies who have chosen the Violin as their favorite, is Miss McLaren, (niece of the late Alderman McLaren,) who has but recently returned from a three years' sojourn in Leipsic where she went to devote herself to the study and practice of this king of instruments. Those who have heard her rendition of one of Spohr's concertos, all agree that she has fulfilled the promise of a few years ago.

Goulet, the young Belgian violinist, whose rendering of some of Sarasate's recent compositions delighted a number

of family circles during the past winter, has gone on a visit to his native town of Liege.

We have been shown the manuscript of a suite, if we may so term it, for violin and piano, by Jules Hone of this city. The themes are on "If thou wilt be mine," "O had we some bright little Isle of our own," and "When he who adores thee." from the Irish Melodies, and are beautifully and appropriately harmonized. Mr. Hone's fantasia on "The Campbells are coming," his "Souvenir de Arthabaska" and his agreeable settings of popular airs for these instruments are well known to amateurs.

Let us have more music, and the people will not rush to the drinking saloon—the poor man's club—for relaxation, for some respite from their daily toil. Look at the windows and doors of our shops and residences when even a minstrel troupe marches by with a cornet, bassoon, cymbals and big drum; look at the rush to Sunday parks; look at the crowds that flock from all sides to obtain a closer hearing of the sounds made by a Salvation Army band, and the effect even of a false-toned hurdy-gurdy upon children and nurses,—and we will be convinced of the craving for music which characterizes the masses of the people. Money spent in providing open air music in the public squares during the summer would not be the least useful and rational item of our city expenditure.

—♦— Took the Crow Out of Them. —♦—

THEY are yet living, and in the prime of life, people who remember the time when some of the old buildings along St. James Street were occupied as residences by some of our principal citizens. Two of the most centrally located of these had yards or gardens in the rear in one of which an adjoining resident kept for some time a number of cocks and hens. The male birds had as cruel and hoarse "caws" as those of which the Ettrick Shepherd complained in the "Noctes Ambrosianae." The former, a physician of note, was often obliged to be up at intervals during the night. When he did begin to court sleep, the fowls in the area below, between the houses and Craig Street—set up their ear'y clarion, and usually succeeded in banishing sleep all round. The owner, an early riser himself, was proof against remonstrance. The doctor could not stand it any longer. He bethought him of a large quantity of old time cathartic pills—long since become unpopular. These pills, resembling peas, he flung out of his window into the garden, and it is needless to say that they were eagerly swallowed by the fowl. The sight that met the owner when he returned to his dinner may well be imagined. They were the sorriest looking lot of fowl ever seen. They were more dead than alive,—some gasping, others staggering about with heads and feathers all drooping and awry. The owner concluded they had some distemper and lost no time in taking them down to the market and selling them for what he could get. "The pills took the crow out of 'em," confidentially whispered the doctor to a sympathizing neighbor.

—♦— LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN, Lady Mountstephen, and their attendants arrived in Montreal a fortnight ago. Canada owes much to Lord Mountstephen, and although deserved honors have come thick and fast upon him, he is still the same unassuming and courteous gentleman as when simply George Stephen of Montreal. Lord and Lady Mountstephen have no occasion for what is implied by "*Noblesse oblige*." His Lordship is having a good time with the salmon on his river down the St. Lawrence.