



GASPE BASIN.



TORONTO, 28th August, 1891.



It is pleasant to know that our city can attract so fine a musician and teacher as M. Frederic Boscowitz, who, at the instance of Mr. Torrington, has decided to make Toronto his place of residence. Some years ago M. Boscowitz was here on a professional tour, and it must be that he remembers us with satisfaction.

The hard work Mr. Torrington has bestowed upon building up a status for music in this city for so many years is at last bearing fruit; the city is becoming known as a centre of cultivated musical taste, of unusual musical advantages both as to opportunities of performance and education, and will not be long before it can hold its own in competition with many important musical centres both in this and the old world, as the excellent performance of the newer oratorios every year now goes to prove. Not overlooking the fact that there has always existed a cultivated musical taste in this city, and that we have never been without instructors of very high standing, it is in no wise derogatory from what is ideal, pluck and perseverance we owe—Canada owes—that we can hear the highest class of music excellently performed, and popularly appreciated in Toronto to-day.

The next thing we want is a much larger hall than we at present possess, properly built for musical uses, and placed where it would be of the easiest access from all parts of the city.

I hear with the greatest pleasure of the continued success of our young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas. This gentleman has spent the summer in England and on the continent, where he has had access to the highest musical circles, has met all the great musicians and publishers, and has been honoured by having some of his work

inserted in a book used for examinations in the Royal College of Music, London. A score or more of Mr. Lucas's compositions have been published in London, where his songs and anthems are in demand. His oratorio "The Fall of Man," is now in course of publication, and will probably be produced in Toronto during the winter.

Mrs. Clarence Lucas—professionally known as Madame Asher-Lucas—is a pianiste to the Prince of Wales, and well known in Toronto and New York as a fine performer.

The Utica, N.Y., School of Music has the advantage of Mr. Lucas's services at the present time.

Since it seems a settled thing that St. Paul's Cathedral is to have a statue of Sir John Macdonald, our late premier, it would be but fitting that the sculptor should be a Canadian. We have several sculptors among us; men who to genius ally a European training. Particularly may be mentioned Hamilton McCarthy and Frederic A. Dunbar of this city, and it is to our discredit that we know no more of their ability than we do. Both these men are better known in the older centres of art than here, in the country that is honoured by their presence. It is not fitting that we should any longer shut our eyes to our—or rather their deserts—the deserts of Canada's children, and tamely wait until for want of knowing of their existence among us, artists, not Canadians, are set to do work that is in the highest degree Canadian work. The power of the press is often boastfully upheld; let us show that we know what it can do, and that by informing England and the world that Sir John Alexander Macdonald's statue can most fittingly and very worthily be executed here, and not rest until we carry our point.

Already Mr. Hamilton McCarthy has executed a splendid bust of the late premier,—it will be remembered that Mr. McCarthy took a mask of the dead statesman's face—and the demand for it ought to be very large. It is an excellent piece of art. The pose is natural, the expression of the features gracious and unassuming as they were in life, and they who knew him best will most readily recognise this; the air of refined yet genial courtesy that distinguished Sir John Macdonald are beautifully reproduced in Mr. McCarthy's work, but perhaps the greatest claim to our regard lies in the delicacy with which the artist has reproduced the age of the premier at the time of his death, without in the least degree indicating decay or senility, either of which would have been an untrue idea. The essence of art is truth,

and in his perfect adherence to truth lies the secret of the artist's success in producing, in this instance, a classical work that is at the same time a splendid likeness. Canada is to have her statues of her premier, and certainly nothing better than Mr. McCarthy's work gives promise of could be produced anywhere.

I hear that the Chanteloups of your city are prepared to undertake the casting of classical work in bronze. This also is a splendid showing for Canada as all will admit who are acquainted with the delicacy and difficulty of the process.

The appointment of Miss Louisa L. Ryckman to the professorship of modern languages in our new Collegiate Institute on Harbord street, has several points of congratulation worthy of notice.

Miss Ryckman is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, now of the Dominion Church, Ottawa; she is a graduate of Toronto University, a gold medallist, and her record is one of the highest her Alma Mater has ever been able to boast. Taking the classical course, Miss Ryckman's examinations always resulted in honours, and naturally she and another, the earliest woman graduate of the university, Miss Elizabeth Balmer, are the pride of their years.

For the first time in the management of our—or perhaps any—educational system the salary of the position Miss Ryckman has been appointed to has not been lowered because she is not of the superior sex. The salary attached, namely \$1,500 per annum, goes to the teacher intact.

This is a matter of congratulation not only to Miss Ryckman and her many friends, but also to Canada as an evidence that she is shaking herself free of the trammels of prejudice and false reasoning.

Silk worm culture is receiving some attention in this city. Ladies in the past have tried to make money by raising silk, and others have grown it for pastime. An Italian gentleman, Mr. Michael Basso, 93 Elm street, has on exhibition several clusters of the pale yellow cocoons, and hopes to succeed in establishing silk growing as a Canadian industry.

It is said that no silk equals the mulberry-fed fibre, but as the mulberry tree grows in this province it is certain it may be cultivated for commercial purposes and therefore no difficulty on this head need be feared.

It is possible, too, that our Italian compatriots, of whom Toronto boasts a goodly number, may solve the other two difficulties of skilled labour and low rates.

S. A. CURZON.