

MUSIC.



MASCAGNI'S operas still maintain their hold upon the public ear in London. *Amico Fritz*, which was but a few months ago put upon the boards at Covent Garden, though scarcely as attractive as his *Il Cavalliera Rusticana*, nevertheless abounds in new ideas and turns of musical thought. The violin solo in the first Act, with its suggestion of gipsy melodies, has put amateurs in raptures, and is quite as catching as the popular "Intermezzo," known to amateur vocalists as "Sweet be thy Rest." The merits of *Amico Fritz* appeal, more to the musician, but the libretto, unlike that of its predecessor, is almost wholly lacking in incident. The work is better sustained in musical interest, and on the whole is ranked by the critics as an advance upon *Cavalliera Rusticana*. This news the music-loving public will receive with thankfulness in these days of operatic sterility. The singing of Madame Calve, who created the part of Suzel on the first appearance of the opera in Rome last winter, is highly praised. The art she displayed, says a writer in one of the London papers, in gradually ending a passage in the second Act, with a *diminuendo* on a high C sharp, and in the third Act, in descending two octaves with a sudden pianissimo from a *crescendo* leading up to a high C natural, showed her as a finished vocalist; and her acting is no less highly praised. Some people are anxious to know whether we are to have Mascagni's operas in Montreal next season.

BLIND TOM, the pianist, gave one of his concerts here last week to a rather thin house.

AN Amateur writes us about a violin which he bought at a great bargain some time ago, and which from the label "Antonius Straduarius, Cremonensis, 1704," he fondly hopes is a valuable instrument. The violin may be valuable, but labels are now manufactured by the thousand with all the old dusty, greasy appearance of the genuine "Strad," and are affixed to the inside of the backs of fiddles made at Mirecourt in France and Mittenwald in the Tyrol. These can be bought retail at from \$10 to \$20 each, or less. The instrument can be tested only by an experienced violinist.

THE meritorious light compositions for the piano, introduced by F. Boscovitz before his recent visit to Montreal, have failed to attract many buyers, notwithstanding the handsome manner in which they were dressed by the Nordheimer's. Montreal has grown vastly more critical in the interval since the clever pianist's sojourn among us some twenty years ago.

WE have received an album transcription from Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* for violin and piano. Mrs. Christine Thompson has written a funeral march for the last rites of

Cardinal Manning, which is not too highly praised in being termed a "noble composition." One of the movements, though quite original, reminds one of Chopin's magnificent "Marche Funèbre" in the Sonata, opus 35, in being illustrative of hope in a future life of bliss.

WE understand that Signor Rubini, the well-known teacher of singing and voice culture has decided to resume the practice of his profession in Montreal.

ALFRED DESEVE, of Boston, the well-known violinist, for many years residing in Montreal, is on a visit to the city.

THE EDITOR'S FILE.

AS was to be expected, in spite of Shakspeare's saying to the contrary there is a good deal in a name and the amount of curiosity and interest manifested in the ANTIDOTE clearly proves we made a happy hit. "What does the title mean?" "Is it a medical journal?" "Do please tell me, Mr. Editor why you fixed upon such a name?" are among the numerous queries the Editor has found upon his file during the past week and to which no replies have been sent, since for five cents every questioner can find his answer should he have never seen the prospectus. Some have said to us, "Why did you not choose a more appropriate title—such as Observer for instance?"

Upon mature consideration the Editor maintains that the craving after something new is not peculiar to the men of Athens in the days of St. Paul and while there have been many "Observers" there never has, to his knowledge, been hitherto an ANTIDOTE, and he also thinks the name far less absurd than many others. Could anything be more confusing to one unlearned in the English language than a "Fortnightly" which is only published monthly? Then again the "Nineteenth Century" will in a few years have to change its name unless it means to be behind the age, whereas the ANTIDOTE is suitable for all times.

But the name is not the only nor the chief trouble of the Editor, for he has a bunch of letters on his file all couched more or less in fiery language, and threatening all sorts of penalties unless we apologize abjectly for having held up the writers to public scorn and indignation as "Our Montreal Costigan." One correspondent more warlike than the rest tells the Editor, that unless the apology is forthcoming in the present number he (the correspondent) will take an early opportunity of chastising the Editor wherever and whenever he may meet him. Therefore the Editor goes about in fear and trembling and his knees bump together when he spies any whiskey-soaked man coming round a corner with a thick stick.

Still there is the comic side to these threats, for since the sketch was published, there have been at least fifty laying claim to the portrait and though some are stout and others thin, some tall and others short, each individual one of them takes the picture to himself. Is not this the triumph of art, being able to draw so many at once? Ah, friends, it is but the cap which the Editor makes for these it will fit.