

people accordingly ought to enjoy it, and they could do so effectually if the annual rental value of the land was paid into the public till. This would leave the Company merely a fair profit on their services in the mining and delivery of the coal, and that is all they are in justice entitled to.

* * *

THE great Jeffrey trial is over at last, and, as everybody anticipated, the mountain of charges has turned out to be a mole-hill, and a very small and empty one at that. Far more damage has been done to the prosecutors than to the victim, and certain distinguished Christians who are now eatin' humble pie will probably resolve never to engage in a similar business again.



DEAR MR. GRIP,—There has been no dearth of music during the past week, and I have found it sufficiently variegated as to style and quality—and also educating, by reason of its marked contrasts. The large audience which assembled at the McCaul St. Methodist church, on Friday evening of last week, was, doubtless, largely attracted by the announcement that the new organ which was then first publicly played upon, was of American manufacture—and that the builder, Mr. G. H. Ryder, —an organist of *note* (?) (who played from memory what it would be an achievement to put on paper,) was to perform several compositions of his own, and “show off” the instrument. I am willing to concede that Mr. Ryder can superintend the building of an organ and produce good results, but must take exception to his pretensions to play one. At the same time, may I be permitted to gently record my protest against the use of the high-sounding titles which lent dignity to the original efforts of this would-be composer.

* * *



IN the “Grand Triumphal March,” the triumph consisted in the fact that it was not necessary to read the Riot Act to the audience during its performance. I doubt whether the poor “Caliph of Bagdad” in the flesh ever received such a worrying as the unfortunate overture to his memory (played from the piano score), did on this occasion, and O! shades of the immortal Pan, how delightfully excruciating were the elaborate variations to a melody which was supposed to be “God Save the Queen,” and which, we were informed, had “brought down the house” upon the occasion of a former performance in Tremont Temple, Boston, the home of the organist. It affected me to such an extent that I almost prayed the house might *fall* down while it was being reproduced

here. But such is life. Probably we are not yet educated up to Mr. Ryder’s Hubbite standard; still, I dare to believe that he does not represent the better organists of that cultured city. The remainder of the programme contained considerable artistic merit and reflected very creditably upon the performers.

* * *

THE chorus of the Philharmonic Society, under the baton of its veteran conductor, Mr. Torrington, covered itself with glory on Tuesday night of last week, in that most dramatic, and in many respects, most powerful of Handel’s oratorios—*Samson*. In listening to the sublime choruses and beautiful arias of this work, and the simple, yet wonderfully effective harmonies, and melodious counterpoint so characteristic of Handel, we pause to consider whether music has, after all, made such gigantic progress as it is sometimes claimed it has since the days when old father Bach stormed around Leipsic, and drowned his sorrows in *Bairisch Bier*, and Handel’s music was made the subject of stale jokes in London theatres, much after the manner of the frantic appeals to the gods of the fourth galleries by Wagner’s defamers of the present day.

* * *



SIGNOR D'AURIA.

IN Oratorio, Handel’s pre-eminence remains undisputed. How much more effective he would have been had the resources of the modern orchestra been placed at his disposal, is as difficult to imagine as how much less effective Mendelssohn might have been in his *Elijah*, or Brahms in his *German Requiem*, had they been restricted to the orchestra as Handel found it. Considering the available material from which our oratorio conductors are obliged to select their orchestras, the performance of last week must be considered as generally satisfactory. The lack of perfect *ensemble* between the chorus and orchestra must be attributed to the inexperience of many of the members constituting the band. Our Toronto soloists did themselves proud on this occasion, Mr. Warrington once more attesting to his ability in this branch of his art, while Mlle. Strauss’ successful *debut* in oratorio was a genuine and pleasurable surprise to her friends. Mr. Babcock, of Boston, redeemed the honor of his city in his soul-stirring rendition of “Honor and Arms,” and Miss Pierson, in “With Plaintive Notes,” scored a decided success. With the tenor, Mr Rice, of New York, I desire to deal as leniently as his weak interpretation of *Samson* will permit. He might pass muster as a fair oratorio singer, were it not for an evident fondness to heighten the dramatic effect by singing in a key foreign to that of his accompaniment. There may be some satisfaction in being called at two in the morning in order to be on time for an eight o’clock breakfast, but the general effect will hardly be more satisfactory than Mr. Rice’s predilection of gaining ten laps on the orchestra in the space of three of Handel’s ordinary every-day measures. When Mr. Rice has overcome some of the above-mentioned little peculiarities we will then be pleased to hear him in oratorio again—but only then. The tender wail in X Flat, which ended one of his recitatives, will long remain a nightmare in my memory, so that, should I never hear him again, he may rest assured that he will never be forgotten by

STIMMGABEL.