

concerning the numerous small concerts for the benefit of churches and other institutions, that have been so well patronized during the last two or three months. Particularizing is unnecessary and would be difficult, but it may be remarked that, on the whole, the selections and performances, whether of amateurs or professionals, have been characterized by correct and even classical taste, and pleasing execution. The formation of an Operatic Company in our midst has been talked of for some time, and we understand that the efforts of a few well-known citizens in this direction have so far resulted favourably, that scores of the various operas proposed for practice have been sent for.

We have now a Philharmonic Society most ably and nicely conducted, and an Operatic Company, which, no doubt, will soon earn an equally creditable name for itself. Will not some enterprising musician or musicians organize a Glee Club for the proper rendition of part music amongst us, or will a third organization somewhat interfere with the excellent ones we now possess?

Perhaps it is wiser to rest content with these, seeing, indeed, that not too much interest and patronage has been afforded our existing Musical Institutions.

It is with cordial pleasure we notice the publication of a really good song, a Canadian production entitled "Those Cherished Ones at Home," words by Miss J. O'Doud, music by R. J. Thomas. The poetry is worthy of the name, and the music is even better than the poetry, and quite as good as the average songs published in the States, which would appear to sell as well here. Let us patronize our own productions decidedly, when they will allow us; in the present case the result can only be pleasure. The song is published in excellent form by Messrs. Suckling, Toronto.

With regard to the enthusiasm which Madame Essipoff seems to have inspired in the United States, there is something to be said, and that something the *Atlantic* for February has seized upon. The impression she has made is therein characterized as a questionable one, and of this we can have no doubt, if we believe, as we are asked to believe in the same article, that she has substituted a marked *forte* for *pianissimo* in a Beethoven Sonata, an instance of the bad musical influence the writer says she has been under. If this be true, two, and only two, excuses could possibly be made for what may be called a breach of musical faith. Madame Essipoff, if possessed of great and rare spontaneity and originality of genius, must sometimes break through what restraint her respect for the composer forces her to keep on herself, and under these circumstances she may almost create a Sonata, retaining, indeed, the notes and passages, but making the spirit of it all her own. Again, it is well known that, with regard to a number of Beethoven's Sonatas, their metronomising, and their peculiar marks of expression, are the subject of much discussion amongst musicians, the original marks given by the composer having been lost or mixed up hopelessly with others. However this may be, it is evident that Madame Essipoff is not the thorough artist we have supposed her to be, although, in genius and feeling she must surely far surpass Madame Goddard, with whose faultless, but cold performances we were disappointed last season.