

and characterized these thirty-seven policies, one by one.

It would appear that the Bow speech was the last decisive blow. Five days later, on the occasion of a discussion on the beer laws, on a motion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the great Gladstone Ministry collapsed, with a minority of twelve. Even before the result was proclaimed, at the moment the tellers handed in the precious paper that showed the result of the division, Lord Randolph sprang upon his bench, and waved his hat wildly in the air, with many a triumphant hurrah, to which all young Toryism, electrified, responded to the echo. It was his last boyish exploit; a few days later he was a Cabinet Minister.

PRINCESS ROYAL: A CANADIAN IDYL.

BORN not amid the splendours of a throne
But yet of lineage high and Royal birth;
Peeress of all the mighty ones of earth
By nature's right divine she rules alone.

Oradled within a Royal mother's arms
From nature's font she draws rich nourishment;
Soothed by her lullaby, in sweet content
She peaceful dreams, secure from rude alarms.

She shares her dark-skinned foster-brother's play,
And roams with him through nature's wide domain,
Whose fastnesses re-echo back again
The joyous laugh of childhood's halcyon-day.

She learns the secrets of the streams and woods,
Those furred and finny dwellers own her sway;
She fears no living thing, by love alway
She bends her vassals to her changing moods.

The blustering Ice-King from the frozen north
In wanton sport imprints his icy kiss
On cheek and lip. What fairy magic this!
He sees but blushing roses springing forth;

And meekly bows his head beneath the yoke
That binds him to her sled, whereon she rides
In queenly state propelled by giant strides
O'er snowy vasts, where airy spirits convolve.

Her childhood's happy, guileless days have flown,
Till now a maiden grown, and wondrous fair,
She needs an arm whose all-protecting care
Shall stoutly guard, till strong she rules alone.

Her noble kinsman from across the sea
With pious zeal the dubious task essays,
To guide her feet in wisdom's holy ways
And save her soul—her dowry take for fee!

A Royal brother, from his seagirt tower,
With envy views his rival's dark intent.
No pious scruples stir his calm content:
"He takes who will and keeps who has the power!"

Then, arming his retainers, sails away
To dispossess the spoiler of the weak!
A charge! a fight!—the end not far to seek—
The vanquished yields, the stronger gains the day.

His gentle ward he soothes with honeyed word,
Bids her take heart and rest her soul in peace;
Trust him for aye, her troubles soon shall cease,
Her fame, with his, shall through the world be heard!

She learns to love this grim old foster-sive;
His rough-cast plans of state her thoughts engage;
But, growing weary of strict tutelage,
Her freedom craves, and gains her heart's desire

For fuller, broader life, and wider field
Wherein her will shall have free scope to act,
In great affairs she moves with skilful tact—
Bright augury of power she yet shall wield.

'Mid loud acclaims she takes her rightful place
Among the honoured and the great of earth,
An uncrowned queen, by right of inborn worth,
A nation's hope, to bless the coming race.

As bride adorned she stands beyond compare—
A wreath of opalescent maple leaves
Among her shining hair she deftly weaves,
Arrayed in royal robes, and jewels rare.

Where mate for one with gifts so well endowed?
Where find a consort who shall share her fame?
To unborn sons transmit the glorious name
Of Canada, revered, illustrious, proud!

Behold! yon high-souled, brave, true-hearted knight,
Whose pulses beat with passion's ardent fire—
His country's love his holy, sole desire,
The Patriot kneels! her love she yields of right.

Mayhap from nations yet unborn shall rise
A benison on such a union meet,
And poets sing in flowing stanzas sweet
What time she enters on her high emprise—
'Mong federated nations takes her seat
In peaceful bonds, that all the world comprise.
Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLISS.

MUSIC.

THE MESSIAH.

THE large audience which attended the Philharmonic Society's performance of the "Messiah" on the 27th was in itself a strong evidence of the popularity in Toronto of both the Society and the great oratorio. And they were well rewarded for attending the concert, as there never was a better performance of the Oratorio in Toronto, as far as chorus and orchestra are concerned, and Mr. Torrington may well feel pleased with his concert. The chorus sang with an irresistible dash and sonority. Where I sat, I could hear no false start and no false note, though I followed every chorus faithfully from the score. I have rarely heard such absolute certainty in the tone and attack of an oratorio-singing chorus. The difficult runs were given with remarkable clearness and accuracy, in spite of the occasionally high speed at which they were taken. Then in the matter of intonation, also, there was no fault to find. The tenors, those much abused men, who generally come in for the fault-finding in this respect, behaved most splendidly, and carried their work through without a single instance of wavering. The balance between the parts was very fair, the altos, contrary to usual experience, being a little weak in tone. Notable instances of fine choral work were the "Glory to God," "For Unto Us," "Behold the Lamb," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah" choruses. I was glad to see that the good old custom instituted by King George II. of standing during the "Hallelujah" chorus was asked for by President Earls, and unanimously responded to. If the Philharmonic chorus does as well with "Samson" as it did with the "Messiah" it will only add another leaf to its already rich wreath of laurel.

The orchestra, largely composed of Mr. Torrington's Amateur Orchestra, played exceedingly well, and gave a clearness of tone, especially in the strings, that I hardly looked for from such comparatively inexperienced players. The string tone, indeed, might have been improved if the players at the back desks had allowed themselves a little more largeness in their bowing. Many of them contented themselves with using only an inch or two of their bows, but I suppose that time and experience will give them greater courage; meantime they are doing an excellent work for themselves and for their art. The wind parts were uniformly good, and I question whether we have ever had a better performance of the Pastoral Symphony in Toronto. Mr. H. L. Clarke did, it is true, treat us to an occasional wrong note in his obligato to "The Trumpet shall Sound," but that can easily be overlooked. Mr. Torrington succeeded, more than ever before, in quieting down his players in the solo accompaniments, to the great relief and comfort of his soloists. In the full chorus accompaniments, however, the orchestra played with splendid sonority and precision.

In the matter of soloists, the society as has so often been the case, showed itself superior to the visitors. Mr. Jamieson, who sang the tenor parts, has a fine tenor voice, robust though not brilliant, and sang much better than he did in the *Naaman* concert five years ago. Still the promise he held out in his excellent rendering of "Comfort Ye," and "Every Valley," which were really beautifully sung, was hardly redeemed when he sang "Thou shalt Dash Them." In this solo, which demands the most virile rendering, he was unequal to its demands, the high A especially seeming to distress him. I was very much pleased with the quality of Miss Lizzie Webb Cary's voice. It was pure and resonant, and free from the obnoxious *vibrato* which now assails us on every side. She gave careful and conscientious renderings of all her solos, without however, in any degree approaching any so-called "magnetic success." Our young townswoman, Miss Katie Ryan, sang the alto solos in pleasing style and with evident fidelity, though they are not suited either to the range or quality of her voice. Mr. Schuch gave a splendid rendering of "Thus Saith the Lord," giving the runs with delightful ease, clearness, and fulness of tone. In the succeeding aria "But Who may Abide," he sang the *cantabile* portion with feeling and with artistic phrasing, but the rougher work of "He is Like," was not quite so well carried out, inequalities of tone being apparent here and there. Mr. Blight's light and agile voice enabled him to give a fine rendition of "Why do the Nations?" every note being distinct and clear as a bell, though occasionally his intonation suffered a little. "The People that Walked," is a trifle heavy for a voice as light as Mr. Blight's, but he sang it most acceptably. Mr. Warrington was not up to his usual form, and made one or two bad "breaks," but he quickly recovered himself, and went on with his exacting solo.

If we except the Service of Praise at St. Andrew's Church, the musical efforts which brightened the Convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians were hardly of the excellence to be looked for when a representative body of music-makers meets in solemn conclave. The reception and the occasional recitals were simply respectable from a musical sense, no performance of special merit breaking the reiteration of mediocrity. At one recital, it is true, I heard a new voice that was charming in its sweetness and purity of tone, as well as in the unaffected artistic elegance of the singer's rendition. The voice is Miss Maggie Campbell's. This young lady sang two songs, one of which, "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower," was rendered in a manner that drew forth the warmest plaudits of an audience of critics, and that would have won instant recognition anywhere. I hope to hear more of Miss Campbell. At the Service of Praise the classical organists held high car-

nival, relieved by some milder playing by Messrs. Phillips and Dorey, and by some pleasing singing by Miss Robinson, Mdle. Adele Strauss and Mr. Schuch. Mdle. Strauss I heard for the first time in English, and I was pleased with the purity of her enunciation, as well as with her fine voice and style.

MR. WESLEY OCTAVIUS FORSYTH has returned to Toronto after a lengthened sojourn in Leipsic, where he studied his profession under the best masters with great success and credit to himself. Mr. Forsyth has joined the staff of the Toronto College of Music, where he will have charge of the higher forms of musical culture, such as orchestrations, fugue, and analysis.

ANOTHER late arrival is Mr. Arthur Dorey who came to Toronto to assume the post of organist and choirmaster of St. Peter's Church, and who since his arrival has been offered a similar position at St. Luke's which he has accepted, as it promises to afford him greater scope for his abilities and energy. Mr. Dorey assumes his new duties at once, and is a strong acquisition to the ranks of organists in Toronto, as those who heard his fine playing at St. Andrew's Church on Friday evening last will bear willing witness.

AND now that Campanini has been wrecked on wild Western shores, and has skipped back to New York with a broken up company, he intends to sing in English opera, so he says. This is too bad! Tradition and memory certainly helped to make his Italian singing somewhat endurable, but if he cannot sing in his mother tongue, he will simply make a mess of it in English. Leave it alone, Campy!

FREDERIC ARCHER turned a pretty penny on the 26th ult., when he conducted the Arion Club's "Messiah" at Milwaukee. He gave an excellent performance and pocketed a nice fee, rumour placing it at \$250.

MR. CALIXA LAVALLEE, formerly of Quebec, has been appointed musical director of the Cathedral at Boston.

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER has again changed his habitation, and is now a resident of Kansas City where he is seeking pupils, while he gives lectures and recitals on Wagner, Liszt, etc.

MRS. AGNES THOMSON has returned to town after a sojourn of several months in New York, where she has been perfecting herself in her profession. She will sing at the Rosenthal concert on Friday next.

MME. ALBANI who, it is perhaps superfluous to remind our readers, is a Canadian born, will give a concert in Toronto probably in February.

ANOTHER of those pleasing musical Services of Praise will be held on Wednesday evening next at the Church of the Redeemer, when Mr. Schuch's excellent choir will render a fine programme of sacred music. Mr. Arthur Dorey, the newly appointed organist of St. Luke's Church and Mdle. Adele Strauss, our popular mezzo-soprano, will assist.

THE Dresden *Journal* has coined a new word, "Konzert-inüde," concert-tired, to express the indifference of audiences to the frequently really good concerts that are offered but not appreciated to the extent of being liberally patronized. I am afraid that our Toronto audiences are also becoming somewhat "Konzert-inüde," as witness the late Orchestral concert and the Campanini and Valda Concerts.

KELLOGG has been in bad luck. There are rumours of unpaid salaries and of disbandment, owing to unpropitious business, and now comes the report that Perugini, our own handsome Johnny Chatterton, has left the company, and sued Strakosch, Clara Louise's young husband, for his salary.

APROPOS of Mrs. Langtry's declared intention to dress the theatre ushers in kilts when she plays *Lady Macbeth*, the *American Musician* suggests that the local colour would be heightened if hot Scotch were served between the acts.

THE *Yeomen of the Guard* will be withdrawn from the Casino stage, in New York, on January 12, and *Nadja* will then be replaced.

THE cornetist, Levy, has been astonishing the Montrealers by playing "God Save the Queen" in four different octaves.

ON Friday evening next we shall hear Moriz Rosenthal, the young pianist who has created such a *furor* in the United States wherever he has played. He is indeed a phenomenon, with the finest technique and the most thoughtful interpretation that has been witnessed in America during this generation. With him is young Fritz Kreisler, a lad of fifteen, who is a wonderful violinist, and Miss Agnes Thomson, who is too well liked here to need any further commendation.

THE Cologne *Männerangverein*, numbering about seventy members, and admitted to be the finest male choir in the world, is going to make an Italian tour, and will show the Italians how men should sing.

JEROME HOPKINS, an American composer, has been endeavouring to bring out his oratorio, "Samuel," in London, but failed to do so. He endeavoured to get the patronage of the various diplomatic corps, but did not succeed owing to Mr. Phelps' refusal to honour his compatriot. In fact, curious to say, the only ambassador who put his name down as a patron of down-trodden genius was the Chinese representative. Perhaps the distinguished Celestial heard the music and recognized some airs of his childhood.