

latest successes, and has been running in New York for some months under the title of 'The Royal Middy.' It is altogether different from what one might expect from a German comic opera, being bright, sparkling music, as full of tricky peculiarities as Offenbach's or Lecocq's best efforts. There is not an uninteresting bar in the opera. It is free, melodious music, yet very rich in harmonies. As a dramatic conception, while constructed on a comparatively flimsy plot, it is full of comical situations, of which the company made the most. Miss Florence Ellis, who sang *Fanchette*, the merry mariner, has a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and an airy grace of action and delivery which captivates both eye and ear. A perfectly natural actress, with a pretty face and figure, her performance was one of the most delightful ever witnessed in Toronto. Mr. Herbert Archer, as the Brazilian, 'the most foolish of five foolish brothers,' was very successful, both in appearance and singing. The barcarole which he sings in the first act was an excellent conception of the soft, sensuous music which is popularly supposed to be peculiar to Central and South America. The other parts were all well sustained, notably that of *Lamberto*, by Mr. Eugene Clarke, who made a great hit in the stirring sword song in the first act. The choruses were well sung, while the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Operti, was excellent. The accompaniments were peculiarly rich in their scoring, and the orchestration was brilliant and strong. Altogether, 'The Very Merry Mariner' left a very favourable impression in Toronto, although, in this case, there was the same ignoring of a worthy performance that we regret to record in that of *Fatinitza*.

On the 19th, Rafael Joseffy gave a concert at the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. A large audience assembled, over twelve hundred people being present. Joseffy is a pianist of whom great things are said, and of whom consequently great things were expected. Continental critics have all spoken highly of him, as have the leading cities in United States. On this occasion he played a severely classical programme, and displayed wonderful study and technique. He plays with almost feminine delicacy, and has cultivated to the highest extent the *classische Ruhe*

which German artists strive for. His shading and expression were wonderfully fine and exquisitely graduated, his *pianissimos* being clear and distinct, while seeming only whispers. With all these fine powers, which must belong to every true artist, though not necessarily, perhaps, to the same extent, one gets the idea either of coldness or self-repression. Of these one is not artistic, in the sense that artistic means warmth and feeling, as well as absolute finger correctness and relative strength; while the other is conscientiousness as to the interpretation of his conception of the composer's idea. That Joseffy is not cold was shown by the splendour of his rendering of Chopin, and by the brightness and fire exhibited in two transcriptions of his own which he played. The inference is natural that his reserve in the rendering of the severer work was the result of his desire to show us the compositions as it appears to him that their authors would have them played. In this lies his great artistic power, and that it is great is undeniable. Yet Joseffy lacks that magnetism and power over his audience exercised by such performers as Liszt and Rubinstein, with whom some of his admirers would fain class him. We admire his delicacy and his exquisite treatment of the works as Beethoven and Bach probably played them, but we cannot help thinking that had the masters had such pianos as we have to-day, they would have played them differently.

The principal dramatic event of the month was the appearance, for three performances, of Miss Mary Anderson. The plays selected were 'Evadne,' 'Ingomar,' and 'Love.' The first-named drama was largely borrowed by its author, Sheil, from the 'Traitor' of James Shirley, a writer of the seventeenth century, and, like most of Sheil's plays, was written with a view to the acting of Miss O'Neil. It was first produced in 1819. 'Ingomar' is a translation by Mrs. Lovell from the German of Bellinghausen; and 'Love' is a specimen, and not a particularly favourable one, of the dramatic powers of Sheridan Knowles. We had occasion to remark last month, that in Miss Anderson there are the materials for a great actress. After seeing her again, we feel constrained to say that whether or not these materials will be turned to proper account will depend upon the lady herself.