

## MUSIC.

## HAMILTON.

THE third popular concert of this season was given in Centenary Church on Tuesday evening last, and as usual a large number attended. At each concert a lady vocalist new to the city has been introduced. On Tuesday evening Miss Clara Stevenson, soprano, of Guelph, made her debut here. She is pleasing in manner, has a good stage presence, a voice of good volume and extended range, but is lacking in purity and evenness of tone. Her style as a singer is faulty. She treats some vowel sounds as though they were sweet morsels to be rolled under the tongue. Her selections were an Ave Maria, by Millard, and Concones' "Judith." Into this last-mentioned number she threw considerable dramatic force, and showed herself possessed of intelligence and emotional gifts. Her sister, Miss Carrie Stevenson, assisted her in a duet, "Morning Land," which was atrociously sung, the singers persisting in an endeavour to persuade the accompanist to change the key. The playing of a string quartette, by Spohr—allegro moderato, adagio, scherzo, and presto—and Haydn's No. 5—Andante, minuet, and presto,—by Messrs D. B. MacDuff, violin; L. Harris, second violin; J. Chittenden, viola; and L. H. Parker, 'cello, was the principal feature of the concert, especially as this was the first public appearance of the Hamilton string quartette. These gentlemen are above the average both in knowledge and executive ability, and while the *ensemble* was not often good, and there were frequent slips in time and tune, still there was truthfulness in conception, and artistic passages here and there which shadow great possibilities. The general effect upon the ordinary auditor was a pleasing one, though the people here are not quite prepared to listen to all the movements of string quartette, unless done to perfection. Mr. Harris, who is quite a good performer on the clarinet, played a solo; Mr. G. Hutton played a cornet solo, Mr. Douglas Alexander, a young basso, sang "Flee, as a Bird," and "Life," with good tone and considerable expression. Mr. Harrington, of Bradford, Pa., a basso with a phenomenally powerful bass voice that he seems unable to control, went through an air by Mozart; and Mr. Parker played a couple of organ solos.—*C. Major.*

## BRANTFORD.

BRANTFORD has been a little behind the other cities of Ontario in her musical achievements. This has been caused not by a lack of local talent, but by a want of a Society which would unite all musicians of the city. The Mendelssohn Society, lately organized, promises to supply this want, and under the able tuition of Professor Garratt, who will wield the baton of the society, should have a prosperous career. Work will be commenced at once, and a summer concert will be given. The officers are John H. Stratford, Esq., Honorary President; Rev. R. Ashton, President; Dr. A. J. Henwood, 1st Vice-President; S. F. Passmore, Esq., 2nd Vice-President; C. Burnham, Esq., Librarian; Dr. Hart, Treasurer; and T. R. Billett, Secretary.

## MONTREAL.

It is certainly not often in Canada that one has such a rich musical treat as was offered by Mrs. Page Thrower's splendid concerts on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, 19th and 20th inst., in the Queen's Hall, Montreal. Some critics have gone so far as to say they are the finest concerts that have taken place in Canada. The deepest thanks are due to Mrs. Page Thrower for arranging such a musical feast. We hope, if only as a matter of cultivation of musical taste and for the intense pleasure it has given to lovers of the divine art, she considers it a success, and feels repaid for her indefatigable exertions and trouble in connection with it. The concert on Friday night opened with Young Werner's and Margaretha's songs from Scheffel's "Trompeter von Sakkingen," given with great feeling and dramatic force by Mrs. Page Thrower and Herr Max Heinrich. These beautiful songs are sung alternately by the young lovers to each other when apart, and are full of refined and delicate tenderness. The allusion in one of Margaretha's to the forgetfulness of the small calls of everyday life, caused by the "Bitter and Sweet" possession by Love, is very quaint and pretty. Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, of Ottawa, accompanied them with great delicacy. The artists performed, as one may say, as near perfection as possible. The strings were played by the Buffalo Philharmonic Club. Herr Danreuther's (first violin) playing is very finished, and he, and, indeed, all the quartette, played with great sympathy, and made the souls of their instruments speak. At moments it seemed as if the shade of the composer must be over them, exciting, controlling, inspiring them with the expression he himself wished given. Unlike most vocalists, Herr Max Heinrich accompanies himself, and it is entrancing. He is a very clever artist, and with great power and passion enthralled his audience with delight. Of Mme. Hopekirk it is difficult to speak, there seems so much to say. A native of Scotland (not a musically fruitful soil), and a stranger in name even to many here, she had to make her own appeal. She has taken all musical hearts by storm. Added to the complete conquest of all difficulties of technique, her playing is exquisite, full of intense feeling, and most poetical.—*J. F. C. C.*

AN American-born friend of *The Current* dropped in the other day, and lugubriously brought to the attention of the editors the idea that the only office he, a resident of a large city, could hope to attain was President of the United States. For any other place, from Alderman to Senator, he declared that the applicant, to be eligible, must be foreign-born. He went out asseverating that one chance in sixty millions was a poor opportunity for an ambitious man.—*The Current.*

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The History of a Week begins with preparations for a ball by two ordinary young ladies, assisted by an extraordinary one, their cousin and the heroine of the story. The two have a bedridden brother, a physical and moral abortion, who has a strong appetite for brandy; and the week taken up by the story is spent chiefly by him in attempts to get the liquor, which he manages to do through servants, and in persecuting Madeleine, the heroine, for thwarting him, in obedience to his father's orders. The catastrophe of the week comes when one of the servants, who has been discharged, sets fire to the castle where the scene is laid. All are absent except Madeleine, who, by order of the invalid, has been locked by the discharged servant in an upper room; but she escapes, and, meeting her lover, returns with him, preceded by the father, who has just returned—to find his son dying from the effects of injuries received in the fire. The sole character of any attraction in the story is the heroine; but she, it must be owned, is a very admirable one. Here is the closing scene in the life of the brother:—

Still there was no response, no sign. The death-damp stood upon the brow of that once loathed and dreaded face. The lips that had last been opened before her in cruel mockings and vile taunts fell slowly apart—she rose and kissed them; she held the head upon her bosom; her tears streamed over the livid cheeks.

"Madeleine!"

At last he had awakened; at last he understood.

"It is her angel," he murmured. "She is come—to forgive." There was a shadow of a smile, a faint sob, and all was over.

UPLAND AND MEADOW: A Poetquissings Chronicle. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The very name of this book is pleasantly suggestive of lush grass and crackling leaves beneath the feet. It is a book for every lover of nature to read. In it Dr. Abbott tells us of the habits of beasts, birds, fish, and insects, as observed during a year in the Delaware Valley, where a creek bears the unpronounceable Indian name in the title. The story is a most delightful one, told in a pleasant and entertaining manner, with a keen sympathy for the natural and animal life described. The jewels were at the author's feet in his rambles, as they are all around us, and he has taught us how to gather them. The book has a copious index, from which a surprising idea of the vast number of subjects treated of may be gathered—the bee, the bear, the wolf, the Adirondacks, the wren, the finch, Iroquois Indians, frogs, owls, sunfish and sunshine—all find in Dr. Abbott a delightful observer. This sort of literature is the very best intellectual refreshment a jaded denizen of a city could take; and when told in the fresh, pleasant style of this book, the more one takes the better. We take leave to administer one short extract:—

October 30.—A steady rain and dense fog were the prominent features of the day. How quickly the weather changes from one extreme to the other! With a gum-cloth cape over my shoulders, I sauntered to the meadows, but all the world had gone wrong; every tree and bush was sobbing. The only birds seen were nuthatches, and these were upside-down. Why do they not get wet? The rain falls against the grain of their feathers. At all events, they appear to keep dry, and kept up, also, their usual high spirits, "quank quanking" at every fourth hop, with mathematical precision. . . . I tried to outstare a chipmunk, on my way home, but it was not to be done. The little fellow never winked and I believe I did. As I stared, I approached. This motion on my part the chipmunk saw, and he measured my movements without winking. When I was within five short steps there came a flash, like brown lightning, and the tip of a tail sinking in a hole in the ground is all that I can recall. I found that the little fellow had been sitting at the opening of his underground retreat, and so could afford to be brave. All day long the rain continued falling, soaking every nook and corner of the fields and woods. It grew distasteful to the birds, and most took shelter in the cedars and other available spots. One restless song-sparrow tried to sing, but big round raindrops burst upon his open beak so often he gave it up in disgust.

We have received also the following publications:—

THE FORUM. April. New York: The Forum Publishing Company.  
ART INTERCHANGE. March 27. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.  
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. April. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. April. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.  
CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. April. Toronto: William Briggs.  
WIDE AWAKE. April. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.  
ST. NICHOLAS. April. New York: Century Company.  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. April. New York: E. R. Pelton.  
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. March 27. Boston: Littell and Company.