

of composition and of the resources of the orchestra in this rhapsody. Taking for the theme of No. 1, the well-known air "Scots, wha hae"—for the Andante "She's fair and fause"; and for the Vivace, a Hornpipe—he has succeeded in producing an interesting work. The only thing which from a purely musical standpoint is apt to militate against its perfect success is the familiarity of the airs; these, though rendered never so perfectly, will savour of the common—although from the popular view this may be altogether in its favour. Madame Bcema followed with recitative and Aria, "Non Mi Dir," Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, meeting with an enthusiastic recognition from the audience who, as on the previous occasion, twice recalled her, to which however she, properly, did not respond other than by a bowed acknowledgement of the compliment. The Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was charmingly rendered, and, indeed, left nothing to be desired. The concert concluded with the symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," by the great master Liszt. Full of bold themes and tender, idyllic dreamings, it is indeed a poem, the only part which produces regret in the minds of the hearers being *L'envoi*. Of Mr. Thomas as a conductor it is generally acknowledged by those who have played under his baton, that he is a thorough leader, always collected and cool, never allowing himself to be carried away by ill-timed enthusiasm. He takes his *tempos* sufficiently quick to sustain the necessary brilliancy and character without confusion. And to the mind of the listener, at least, confusion is the invariable consequence, when music of a complicated polyphonic character is played too fast—an error into which modern *virtuosity* is too prone to fall. There will, however, always be discontented people whom nothing will satisfy, and the critics,—save the mark!—"those who have failed in art," must say something adverse, or how could they sustain their reputation for superior musical knowledge? And so some amateur critic who perhaps cannot harmonize the common scale, must undertake to pick flaws in the method and manner of a conductor who has had vast experience for more than a quarter of a century, and whose ability has been recognized over a broad continent.

It is to be hoped for the sake of the advancement of musical art and literature that some provision for a collection of works on the Art of Music in the Toronto library has been considered when making purchase of books.

I HEARD a quaint little story of a dear boy of eighteen who has been much with Miss Terry and to whom she has often chattered no doubt as she did to one of her own sons, one nine and the other eleven, but who is desperately in fancy with her. The other day he sent a most aggrieved note to her, because before his face she called him a young gentleman—but in speaking of him to a friend she called him a boy! And this same aggrieved "young gentleman" is he whose father gave him money for a new pair of gloves in the morning and at night asked him if he had purchased them. "Sir, I—no, sir!" "Why not——?" calling him pleasantly by name, for he is not only a dear boy, but a dear good boy. "Because I wanted to get some flowers for Miss Terry and I thought you wouldn't notice the gloves!"

WE take the following from the Boston letter of the *American Queen*:—That Irving, while he is socially much liked, could have professional enemies or rather "disapprovers," is easily comprehended, but that Miss Terry could be disliked for a moment in any way passes my understanding. Seeing her at a time when the most remarkable woman must be at her greatest disadvantage—early in the morning, suffering intensely from neuralgia, and anxious for her reception, one moment placed me, as hundreds of others have been placed, at her feet. Before she had risen from her chair she impressed me, and before she had crossed the room to greet me she had fascinated me, and I knew then the truth of her own just saying that she has "not an acquaintance in London." Every one who knows her is her friend, and though I am not at all given to gush, I can say no less than that I think her the most weakly, womanly, strongly sympathetic—magnetic if you will—and intensely exquisite woman I ever saw. I am not fond of æsthetics, and I not partial to actresses, but I do love Miss Terry—and there's the end of it!

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE following report of an interview with Whittier, which we find in the *New York Sun*, goes far to explain some of the deficiencies in the Quaker Poet's work: "Whittier said that Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and himself had always been friends. There were no jealousies, and each took a pride in the work and successes of the others. They

would exchange notes upon their productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut out and sent to him. Hawthorne was by the others regarded as the greatest master of the English language. Whittier describes himself as unlike any of the rest, for he never had any method. When he felt like it he wrote, and neither had the health nor the patience to revise his work afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but frequently re-word the whole on the proof-sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He would lay his work by and then revise it. He would often consult with his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. 'I was not so fortunate,' says the Quaker poet. 'I have lived mostly a secluded life, with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gathered any literary reputation from my productions.' Of Walt Whitman he remarks: 'As I only read books to get the good out of them, I am not a critic, and I have lived too long to quarrel with a man over his idiosyncrasies. I found some very strong things in Mr. Whitman's book.'

LORD LYTTON in the just-published life of his father says that "Falkland" is the only one of Bulwer's works which was composed without recourse to tobacco; "and for this reason," continues the author's son, "its composition was slow and laborious."

"THE Bread-Winners" has been copyrighted and published in England in due form by Frederick Warne & Co. Consequently, no edition of this novel can be published in Canada without the consent of the legal proprietors of the English copyright, who have taken steps to protect the interests of the author in the Dominion.

MR. OSCAR WILDE has nearly ready a new volume of poems. From the rich promise of his first volume, we may expect in this new work a great and genuine addition to English verse. Mr. Wilde is said to have paid more attention to the "conventionalities of English morality" in this than in his previous volume.

A PART of the "Mystery" of Dickens's uncompleted novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," will be revealed in the February *Century* by Mrs. Alice Meynell, in describing "How Edwin Drood Was Illustrated." Several of the unpublished studies made by Fields, the artist, for the story will accompany the paper.

At the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Professor Ramsay Wright delivered a paper on "The Nervous System of the Catfish."

THE TRUE METHOD OF REASONING IN SCIENCE.

THE late Maurizio Bufalini, a distinguished Italian physiologist, recorded in his will this result of the busy and thoughtful career of a man of science:

"The constant experience of my long life has fully convinced me of three great truths viz.: (1) That all principles of reasoning called *a priori* are entirely false, or at any rate do not lead to the discovery of other knowledge, and that the philosophy called speculative or dogmatic should therefore be regarded as impossible. (2) That only the philosophy called experimental is true, and should alone be adopted. The same is true of the method which is called by the same name. (3) That nevertheless, before my efforts in that direction, this method had not been generalized into a complete system or body of doctrine which would enable it to be more correctly understood, and which would also serve to explain complex causes and the method of reasoning about them.

"Being thus persuaded I was compelled to conclude that the sciences had not yet acknowledged the true method, had not yet invariably followed the true mode of reasoning, and had always left the way open to well known and obnoxious ancient errors. From this it appears that the use of the experimental method has always met with serious difficulty, and this I discovered was due to the habit of reasoning with words whose meaning is not sufficiently determinate, as in learning language many words still have to be used which do not stand for sensible and concrete objects; all which has favoured the birth and establishment of a mode of reasoning closely resembling the dogmatic."

Dr. Bufalini has accordingly founded a prize of the value of 5,000 francs, to be awarded at an interval of each succeeding twenty years to the person presenting the best exposition of the experimental method in science, as a solution of the following problem:

"The necessity of the experimental method in arriving at the truth and the relation of all the sciences being assumed, it is required to demonstrate in a first part how far the said method is to be used in every scientific argument, and in a second part to what extent each of the sciences has availed itself thereof during the time that has elapsed since the last competition for a prize, and how they may be brought to a more faithful and complete observance of the method itself."

It may interest some of our Canadian men of science to know that the Royal Institute of Higher Studies at Florence invites a general competition for this prize; only conditioning that the essay shall be written either in Italian or Latin.