

## Music.

Raoul Koczalski, the 13 year old boy pianist, has, according to report, been engaged by a very enterprising, but one would think almost reckless impresario, for a series of one hundred concerts in America next year, the stipend being \$250,000. Such a sum is entirely ridiculous, being on an average of two thousand five hundred dollars for each recital. Three years ago this coming July, the boy, then ten years of age, played a recital in Ischl, the fashionable and beautiful watering place among the mountains in Lower Austria, where I was then staying, and performed among other things a Bach Fugue, a movement from a Beethoven Sonata, a Chopin Valse, and a nocturne; and a little piece of his own composition. These were played with extraordinary facility when one remembers his years, but after all, there was no depth of sentiment or distinct intellectuality. How could there be? These come only with maturity, although I confess there are some who exhibit remarkable repose and feeling even in their early teens. But one needs experience, wide acquaintance with the world, and profound, serious study to arrive at that degree of absolute mastery over technic, and over ones own emotions, as to produce effects which will live in the minds of those who hear them. There cannot be anything about the playing of a mere lad so remarkable, unless it be purely external (technic), which would appeal with such irresistible force to the public, as to warrant the payment of such an exaggerated sum for a series of one hundred concerts. Sensation, speculation, novelty, and a craze for something out of the ordinary, as formerly practiced by Barnum, are the only suggestions which offer themselves as reasons for such lavish expenditure, which in the end is extracted from the great innocent public who are attracted to the concerts by skilful, persistent and flattering advertising.

A professional orchestra, under the direction of so good a musician and conductor as Sig. F. d'Auria, as has been announced, will, if it materializes, be a gigantic stride in the way of musical development in the city. I understand—and it has been freely discussed among musicians during the past ten days—that several gentlemen of wealth have signified their willingness to become guarantors for the scheme, and are desirous of equipping a permanent orchestra with such material that the best orchestral compositions can be given in a style worthy of their artistic value. I believe if the programmes are carefully made up, and are comprehensive, success will follow from the very start. Much depends on the character of the programmes. A cursory glance over the catalogues of orchestral literature reveals mines of magnificent creations, of varied character, which makes ones nerves vibrate at the very thought of their latent harmonies. Toronto has made extraordinary advances in the way of musical development during the past eight or nine years, as I have before stated in these columns, and possessing an orchestra of the calibre spoken of above, with good programmes and Sig. d'Auria for its director, we may naturally expect an era of further artistic and musical prosperity.

The sacred cantata "Ruth," by A. R. Gaul, was produced with considerable success by the excellent choir of Beverly St. Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, the 22nd inst. The choruses were sung with but one or two exceptions in splendid style, evincing the conscientious care which must have been observed in their preparation by the conductor and choir director, Mr. W. J. McNally. The soloists were Miss Maggie Huston, Miss Bridgeland, Miss Henderson and Mr. Fred W. Lee.

A very excellent concert was given in the College of Music one evening last week, by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, and Mr. Tesseman. The programme embraced many classical numbers which were admirably performed by Miss Birnie, Miss Carter, Miss Boulthbee, Miss Martin, pianists, and Miss Lund, Miss May Taylor, Mr. Carnahan and Mr. Sherlock, vocalists. A large and delighted audience was present.

W. O. FORSYTH.

One of the best vocal recitals of the past season was given by the pupils of Mr. J. Trew Gray, assisted by his talented wife and the Glionna Orchestra, in St. George's Hall, on the 21st inst. Amongst the pupils who were decidedly worthy of mention are Miss Iolantha Wie, Miss Allan, Mr. Donald Macdonald, and Mr. Greaterex, all of whom show careful training in their singing. Mrs. Trew Gray sang an old Scotch ballad with charming grace and taste. The pupils may congratulate themselves on being under such a competent master as Mr. Trew Gray, who is to be congratulated on his first attempt at a pupils' recital.

## Art Notes.

"What becomes of them all?" is a question frequently asked by the onlooker who watches the stream of students who go through the mill in Paris. This query often arose in my mind when I was one of them: it is not satisfactorily answered yet. The weak, as I have before suggested, are annihilated. They may survive London; they may exist after Rome; but Paris kills them. Why? Because they learn, finally, that they are weak. Conceit may have inflated them, but the bladder is pricked in Paris; hope may have sustained them, but in a metropolis of cleverness that prop is ruthlessly knocked away. An atelier is a sieve where a rough process of "shaking up" reveals a small minority of retainable talent, and buries in oblivion the useless and impotent particles. Without any benevolent intention, therefore, the atelier accomplishes a great purpose much to be applauded of mankind. The feeble painter is saved from a life of despair in the realms of art, and probably accomplishes great things in a field more peculiarly his own—which may be the making of boots, or the selling of pork—and humanity is saved from the contemplation of pictorial efforts which add materially to the sum of earthly woe. But the process by which the tyro is gradually convinced of his incapacity to draw or paint is one of unmitigated pain. The *Quartier Latin* is the theatre of innumerable tragedies. The would-be Leonardo comes from his little American Vinci meagrely financed by his admiring parents. His departure is chronicled, with the usual shrieking headlines, by *The Vinci Sun*; the townsfolk present him with a purse. His first week in Paris introduces him to the wonders of the new life—the life of which he had dreamed when he was idly roaming "around" in his own ugly back settlement. He enters Beaux Arts, pays his *punch*, does his first drawing. Then comes Gerome. After Gerome has passed to the next student our young Leonardo is conscious of a "buzzing" in the head, has a vague sensation that the world is rocking up and down, wonders if he is awake, tries to recollect if he has committed a murder or whether the present condition of things has been brought about entirely by his drawing. He leaves the school, and in a neighboring café he unconsciously drinks coffee with cognac, and smokes a cigarette. In an hour his native courage begins to return, but considerably abated in force. He wanders through the galleries of the Louvre and Luxemburg. He meets a friend who rallies him on his melancholy. He returns to work the next day. For a week, a month, a year, he combats the fiend of bad drawing; and on two occasions Gerome says "*pas mal*." He gets drunk on each of these days. But a year decides his fate. Not conceit, not parental affection, nor *The Vinci Sun* can save him from the realization of the fact that he has mistaken his vocation. If he has the courage he returns to his native place and successfully follows a trade; but, alas! how many of his kind have fallen victims to despair and dissipation. The moral to be drawn from the study of student life in Paris is not, of course, that it

is better to keep the budding genius at home, but rather that he should go there and try his 'prentice hand. If he be really talented the training will be of inestimable value to him, and, surrounded as he will be by students of equal or greater power, he will modify that inflated opinion of himself which is begotten by the fond but foolish admiration of his lay friends. His artistic friends are not likely to spoil him by flattery, certainly not in Paris: the men who are a grade or so above him will give him condescending criticisms the general tenor of which is to the effect that if he gets up early in the morning and works till late at night and keeps this up for about ten years he may eventually be able to paint a little.

E. WYLY GRIER.

## Personal.

Mr. J. G. Ward, the Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, left London for Canada yesterday to discuss with the Dominion Government a commercial treaty.

Amongst the Canadians who have recently left for England to spend the summer are: Sir Oliver Mowat, M.P.P., of Toronto; Mr. H. Corby, M.P., of Belleville; and Rev. G. Osborne Troop and Rev. Canon Mills, of Montreal.

Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, arrived in Toronto from Ottawa, on Monday morning last, and are occupying Derwent Lodge, the residence of Lady Thompson. The Vice-Regal party includes Lady Caron, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Mr. Erskine, and Captain Urquhart, A.D.C.

Mr. A. R. Milne, on whom the decoration of C.M.G. has lately been conferred by Her Majesty, is the collector of Customs at Victoria. Ever since the Behring Sea trouble and subsequent negotiations have come before the public, Mr. Milne has taken a prominent part in that connection. He has rendered the State no small service through his perfect knowledge of the situation and his recommendations have been received with a great deal of consideration.

Sir Walter Besant, the recently knighted author, was born in 1838 at Portsmouth. He is president of the Society of English Authors, and was educated at Cambridge. He was intended for the Church, but abandoned this career. His first work, in 1868, was "Studies in early French Poetry" and since then he has steadily contributed his charming novels and works of graver affairs. Among the first may be noted "The Captain's Room," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Armored of Lyonesse," "The Holy Rose," and of the latter "Readings from Rabelais," a "History of Jerusalem," "The Survey of Western Palestine." He is a writer of plays, and has also written biographies.

Dr. John C. Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, has been knighted. It is interesting to note that the father of the new Knight came from Norway. Sir John was educated at Kingston and Toronto, and evinced a special taste for botanical pursuits. He graduated as an M.D. in 1861 and settled in Rupert's Land, afterwards taking an active part in promoting Confederation. During the first Riel rebellion in the North-West he was arrested by the officers of the Provisional Government, but eventually escaped. In 1870 he returned to Manitoba which had just entered Confederation. Since then he has been intimately connected with the Government of the Prairie Province, of which he was appointed Lieut. Governor on the first of July, 1889.

The "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" of the Province of Quebec, Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, and Dr. W. H. Hingston, of Montreal, are now Knights of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The honour is well deserved. Sir Henri has been one of the leading men of his Province for many years. He springs from one of the best of the old French families, and though a Protestant he has enjoyed the greatest confidence of a Roman Catholic community. He has in-

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