

The Rockwood Review.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST PAGE.)

teacher who tells the story arrived after the concert had commenced. He found the manager taking tickets at the door. "Well, Jim," he asked, "how's it going?" The manager looked up with an air of deep dejection. He said nothing, but plucking his friend's sleeve he led him silently to the door of the hall and opened it and looked in. On the stage stood Wilhelmj with all the classic repose of a statue. He was playing a soulful adagio. As he drew his bow slowly across the strings he drew forth tones which seemed almost like melodious sobs in their sweet pathos. His great lemon-colored Stradivarius violin, "The Messiah," seemed to sing almost like a thing of life. The few people who were there sat entranced and breathless drinking in the matchless tones. "Well, you see for yourself, 'Prof,'" said the manager to the music teacher. "I'm paying that chap \$300 for this concert, and lookee how slow he's a playin'."

Columbine went to hear Sieveking, the great pianist, and gives the following critical account of the great Dutch player;—

Sieveking appeared in the Kingston Opera House before a large audience, who were immediately impressed by the absence of affectation in the artist. He seemed to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to do my best, and will play the piano as I think it should be played, and expect nothing more than your honest judgment on my merits; one thing only I demand, and that is silence." This voiceless command secured a stillness like the calm of an early morn, and this

feeling of perfect rest was not disturbed, as the doors of the House were closed during the performance of each piece. Now were heard the first sympathetic notes of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, a sustained adagio, gradually growing richer and more brilliant as he proceeded through a series of accelerated movements into the hidden treasures of the choicest symphonies, for this he receives unbounded applause. His most effective morceaux were studies from Chopin, Nos. 3 and 5, Op. 10, and Moszowski's G flat, Op. 24, also Mendelssohn's songs without words. All of his playing, however, received the greatest appreciation, showing that Kingston is not deaf to the best music. A few years ago only the large cities of Europe could command audiences content to listen for a whole evening to one man playing the piano.

Sieveking graciously responded to the encores given. This Artist, it seems, has not followed the beaten track, but like all virtuosi, has evolved a method of his own, and as a result of deep and persistent study in the hidden mine of music, has achieved undying fame. He has devoted much care to the development of the muscles of his arms and hand, and can it is said, hold any one set of finger muscles rigid, while he can move the others in any way he wishes. He can twist his hands into many remarkable shapes, and his finger joints are very flexible. In that flexibility rests a great part of his mechanical ability.

He played one of his own compositions—an Angelus, and a little gem entitled Waldklaugen, (sounds of the woods). These were very beautiful.

The consensus of opinion after the performance was, that his playing was a revelation, and Sieveking has without doubt a place among the great artists of the age.