

He, therefore, without distinctly saying that he would be very glad of such a home and opportunities for composition, certainly accepted the unique invitation of Andrew Peebles, for he remained under the roof of the speckless and proper Scotch house for ten years. During this time Mr. Peebles, who went on in his business just in the same fashion as of old, saw Saarkow daily in the study of instrumentation, scoring and composition generally. It never occurred to him to ask whether his works were making any stir in the world. He saw packages of MS. depart and he saw similar packages return; he mailed letters to publishers and music dealers all over England and Germany, and piles of letters with foreign postmarks were constantly received by Saarkow, who, however, never said a word about fame. He was not quite prepared for the revelation which finally burst on him. Saarkow called him into his room one night and said, "It was good of you. Yes. You never ask if these men—those Breitkopf and Härtel, those Augener, take my things. How do you know? You believe in me, yes? But I cannot believe in myself. See!"

Saarkow unlocked a drawer. It was large, and crammed with letters. He turned them out; some of them bore postmarks of eight, nine, ten years ago. Publishers' letters and all rejecting the MSS., which for so long the composer had been sending to Leipsic, Paris, London and Vienna. "Now," said he, "you see those—you will read with me—so. They say I am old—what you call fashioned, *nicht wahr*? I am not of the new, the modern, I cannot write, they say. I have no variety, changefulness; it is the old harmonies I give, too much always of Mozart and Haydn. Now it is other, different; there is Richard Wagner and there are Brahms and Raff, who, say they, make old things new, so new that you do not care again for the old things. I tell you, I must go to London and hear him, hear this Wagner. There is to be the great Festival there, and I will sit and listen and see what the world has done in ten years, and then perhaps I will write. If I do not, I can kill myself, and you know that is not so bad as bad music."

"I do remember Richard Wagner now, but he was not so great when I was in Germany years ago."

In a few days there were registered at one of the smaller London hotels the Chevalier and his friends, Mr. Andrew Peebles and his daughter Judith. She was prettier than most Scotch girls, and absorbed always in the contemplation of Saarkow, who was, notwithstanding the disparity of twenty years in their ages, a kind of god to her. The Trilogy Festival with its wonderful music, spectacular effects, water-gods and air-goddesses, German cast and orchestra, and hero-prince conductor, was quite the most startling event of the season. All England seemed on the *qui vive*. The Chevalier and his friends were fortunately there for the opening night. They went early and curiously watched the incoming crowd. If it was strange to Judith and her father, was it not far stranger to Saarkow? The London of ten years ago was not the London of to-day. That he had been a part, though a very small part, of; he had played once or twice in St. James' Hall, he had strolled into Chappell's or taken his hat off in Bond Street to a *prima donna* of the day, but who would remember him now? No one. And much better that they shouldn't.

"*Miles tonnerres!* It is a miracle? Saarkow, the *enfant perdu* himself! *ciel*, why it is ten, no twelve years, since we met." The speaker was a Frenchman with the *air noble* and plenty of moustache. "But you were dead, *mon ami*. Oh clearly it is that you were dead, or I should have heard of you."

"I was dead, if you like," muttered Saarkow.

"Well, you are alive now," said the lively Frenchman, "I will see you again. I am in the suite of the Princess Theodora Zilinsky. She is a Russian now, but once was a Parisienne. *Je suis Romaine, hélas, puisque Horace est Romain*. She is gay, and if I introduce you to her, you must smile and laugh and not look grim, *triste*, as you do now. *Au revoir*."

Saarkow shook off the interruption and settled himself to listen. At first he could make nothing of the music, then, it began to clear itself. He listened in rapt astonishment. He hardly felt delight yet, that would come; if he had the score now! He *must* get one. He fidgeted nervously for some time, quite alarming good Mr. Peebles who wished him to be calmer. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Now, I hear," he said, "but I must also *see*. I will get a score." He was naturally remarked, being almost the only person in the vast crowd that dared to move while the music was in progress. He got into the corridor and felt quite giddy from the heat and excitement. He would have some fresh air for a moment before going after his score. He used to frequent a long terrace which led out of the refreshment-room in another part of the theatre, he might go there for a few moments. *Ach Gott*, what music it was! In the refreshment room were three people, two gentlemen and a lady. Saarkow never noticed them. The lady, however, gathering up her costly skirts of black lace over amber, followed him noiselessly on to the terrace. What a "Carmen" she looked in the half-light! Amber shone and gleamed, soft and waxen, or bright and glinting, all over her priceless dress, in her ears, round her shapely head. Saarkow caught the rustle and gleam. He turned and cried, "Elise!"

"Be quiet," she said imperiously, "you were always clumsy. I thought you were dead. I am not Elise, I am the Princess Zilinsky. Give me your word not to trouble me."

"Elise!" once more cried Saarkow, but the amber dazzled him. What did it mean? "Elise, for ten years—"

"Bah," said the lady, "I know. For ten years *you* have suffered, and so have I. So have I, but I will not suffer any more. I wouldn't trust you. I *hate* you and always did, and that is why I left you." A moment's search in the lace fold of the "amber-dropping" dress, the next Saarkow lay stabbed to the heart. Ten minutes after, the Princess Theodora, whose attire was as much the talk of the house as the music, sauntered back to her box. "This Wagner is heavy, he is tiresome," yawned the Prince, her husband, with true French Toryism, for like so many Russians he disliked the modern German school. His estates were in Russia, his name was Polish, and he lived in Paris when he had met the fascinating brunette Elise *alias* Theodora. "I wonder what my friend Saarkow thinks of him," laughed the moustached Frenchman leaning familiarly over the Princess' chair. "You do not know him, my Saarkow. I will introduce him to you. It is ten years that I have not seen him; he used to play well, but ever so quiet—quiet. He will amuse you, Madame; he is funny, this Saarkow!"

Next morning the London press noticed in its various reports of the opening night of the festival, the sad fate which had befallen an estimable though not widely-known musician. According to the statement of his friends, he left his seat during the performance in order to obtain a score without which he seemed to think he could not properly hear and appreciate Herr Wagner's marvellous music. His manner was noticed by many present, who thought him very eccentric and possibly over-excited. The attendants in the corridor noticed him and also testified to his peculiar appearance. He remained for a short time in the lobby and then was seen to pass out on the terrace where he was found a few hours later, dead, stabbed with a dagger, which too clearly proves the manner of his death to have been suicide, for it bears his own initials. This fatal aberration must have been troubling the unfortunate gentleman for some time, as his friends testify. "The musical temperament is, indeed, a curious study," said the *Morning Post*, "and it may be questioned whether the effect of such music as Herr Wagner's is more calculated to soothe and delight than to mystify and pain certain susceptible, imperfectly-educated and emotional natures." "Would it not be well," said the *Telegraph*, "for our theatre system to be more efficient? Such an occurrence as that of last night could not happen if a proper surveillance of persons leaving the theatre were ensured."

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A CORRESPONDENT having inquired as to the present distribution of organs and organists in Toronto, a hasty search and inquiry results in the following table, which is not, of course, thoroughly representative, but includes the most prominent church organs and those who occupy them at present: Sig. D'Auria, St. James' Square Presbyterian; Mrs. H. Guest Collins, Northern Congregational; Mr. H. Guest Collins, St. Philip's; Mr. G. Dinelli, Church of the Redeemer; Mr. Bowles, St. James Cathedral; Mr. Blakely, Sherbourne Street Methodist; Mr. Fairclough, All Saints; Mr. Doward, Ascension; Mr. Birch, St. Luke's; Mr. Arlidge, Carlton Street Methodist; Mrs. Blight, Elm Street Methodist; Mr. Phillips, St. George's; Mrs. Dallas, Central Presbyterian; Mr. Vogt, Jarvis Street Baptist; Mr. Blackburn, Holy Trinity; Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, St. Simon's; Mr. E. Fisher, St. Andrew's; Mr. F. H. Torrington, Metropolitan.

A RECENT number of the *New York Critic* in reviewing, or rather noticing, the Grove "Dictionary of Music," takes offence at the space allotted to *English composerlings*. Some injury is also expressed and implied at the fact that American *composerlings* have not had justice done them. It would be a mistake to regard the *Critic's* statements in any international light, it is too broad and sound a journal for that species of advertising retort which finds now-a-days few to stomach it. But the notice has perhaps been handed in by someone incompetent to deal with the subject of English music. To call Arthur Sullivan, John Francis Barnett, Sterndale Bennett, A. C. Mackenzie and Frederic Cowen *composerlings* is manifestly unfair, and to wonder that the earlier and still more original school of English music under Arne and Purcell is inferior in influence to such isolated work as a Boito has given us, for instance, is simply absurd. To accuse Sir George Grove of favouritism because he has seen fit, further, to chronicle every London performance of an artist or every appearance before a crowned head is equally out of place. Is not London the natural resort for all great artists, who sooner or later find themselves there? Who are more anxious to appear there and have it cabled all over the country than the American artists themselves? An appearance in London is usually the trial-test appearance of the performer. Sir George Grove, we imagine, in chronicling such events simply did so among others of greater or less importance as the case might be. Who are the American composers, or *composerlings*, if the *Critic* prefers the word, who have been left out in the cold of uncongenial English criticism by Sir George Grove? What American works are there worthy to be gravely analyzed, discussed, labelled and catalogued? Mr. Dudley Buck has done some charming work, but it will not compare with Arthur Sullivan, with Corder, Cowen, Barnett, Barnby, Mackenzie, King. The *Critic's* critic voices only his individual opinion, for in the musical circles of Boston

and New York appreciation of both modern and ancient English schools of music is to be found in enthusiastic admiration untouched by jealousy or belittling of the common heritage.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE. Thomas Hughes. New York: John B. Alden.

This Thomas Hughes is the "Tom Brown" of earlier years, and it would be safe to say, without reading a page, that a biography of so great and good a man furnished by one so thoroughly in touch with all that is manly and much that is Christian, is certain to be best among books of its class. It is a book for boys, for those young and ardent spirits to whom exploration, travel and adventure ever present new and ever-alluring forms—the mirage of youth that does sometimes fulfil its wonderful promise. It is a book for older readers, for all missionaries or those nursing the missionary spirit, for lovers of all that is intrepid, honest and of good report. There are few more moving episodes in biographical literature than the death of David Livingstone at four in the morning of May 1st, when he was found kneeling by his rude bed with his face in his pillow. Beaten—he probably told himself. "One of the World's Martyrs" says that world, looking back upon the constant sufferer, struggling with disease so many miles from friends and home.

Two or three points of interest will occur to the reader on laying the work down. The natives described by Livingstone differ very widely from preconceived notions of African tribes. They are handsome, gentle, easily moved, cry aloud that "their heart is bad," are affectionate, even trustworthy, remember kindness done them, are tender-hearted, occasionally even truthful. Viewed in this light the efforts of missionaries to reform and convert seem almost superfluous. But a genius for exploration and a Christian's love for his fellowman pushed Livingstone on into the very heart of the great Dark Continent, that he might win to the true faith those whose hearts might indeed be "bad" but who nevertheless were far from being totally depraved. The son of a Scotch peasant, David Livingstone never forgot his origin, and we must hope that he never carried his virtuous remembrance of it too far, so as to emulate that subtle form of conceit which is perhaps, in fiction, best demonstrated in the character of "Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown." The great explorer, however, was candid as well as humble, the soul of truth and honour.

DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST. Edna Lyall. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

The novels of this minor English writer have met, and are continuing to meet, with great favour. It is easily seen why. They attack modern phases, show up modern life and express the thoughts in modern ways, and all in just sufficiently superficial degree to impress a great many readers who like to have some kind of theoretical or sociological interest connected with their novels, while not proving at all too heavy for that other class which prefers, under the head of *novel*, a love tale pure and simple. But nothing can disguise the feminine workmanship, not even the pleasant frank personality of the narrator, Derrick Vaughan's friend. The career of the young novelist is sympathetically treated, and the episode of the destruction of his manuscript and his re-writing thereof fairly probable. The tale is prettily written, and testifies, as all her works do, to much genuine culture and not a little bookishness on the part of the writer.

ROLAND OLIVER. Justin McCarthy, M.P. Toronto: W. Bryce.

This story of four characters is much slighter in construction than others from the same versatile and busy pen, but it has a certain strength of its own about it for all that. There is a certain novelty in the situation, and the ingratitude and blindness of an invalid husband who is waited upon by a self-sacrificing friend and a gentle wife are depicted with a clever insistence. The *dénouement* seems sudden, but is followed by a speedy and perfectly natural sequence of events. The book is worth reading.

THE COLONIST AT HOME AGAIN. Emigration not Expatriation. A sequel to a "Year in Manitoba." Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

The most ardent lover of Canada can find no fault with the tone and the conclusions of this little work. It contains ample information for all those intending to make their homes in our grand Dominion, while it includes some very interesting notes "by the way" of a trip to England—the Old Country—the home still of many a contented and prosperous English settler. The book reveals a fine old-fashioned, loyal, chivalrous, active and able spirit, and should be read by both ardent Canadians and satisfied Englishmen. The North-West has never been painted in more glowing, nor in more sensible, well-weighted terms.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for September is not exactly heavy. It is worse, for it is dull. The paper, "Flowers and Folks," might have emanated from a Ladies' College. An article, "La Nouvelle France," is little more than a compilation. The poetry is ordinary, and a story called "The Gold Heart" is only so far successful in that it suggests the material and local colour of Bret Harte, without the power or pathos of that master of short stories. A