

The other fault we would notice is perhaps the rarest, and is difficult to define, unless we coin an expression and call it "Musical Generalization." The class of players to whom we now allude, are usually possessed of talent, nay genius ; they have generally worked hard for some years at the piano, and do not at all despise the necessary mechanical drudgery, on the contrary, they have often great natural facilities for the performing of passages, they are also good readers, and apparently have every requisite for a fine player and thorough artist. But, unfortunately this very facility is fatal to them. They read, execute, and understand a piece so well at first sight that it rapidly loses interest for them ; having a fair idea of it they discontinue practising it, and take up a new piece which soon shares the same fate. By this means these pianists become acquainted with a large number of works, all of which they play just well enough to make one wish they played them a little better, and made full use of their unusual talents. They begin to study singing, and, if blessed with a good voice, soon sing as well as they play. They always like part music, but here their generalizing tendency again shows itself, and they develop a faculty for taking any part, soprano, alto, bass or tenor, with equal ease, irrespective of sex. This, of course, damages the voice, but gains for them the character of "a useful person in a choir," of which, sooner or later, they are sure to be in the enviable position of director. Here they probably turn their attention to the Organ, which they "pick up" as readily as anything else, and so it goes on. Instead of being *either* a good pianist, singer, or organist, they are merely an unfinished monument of the uselessness of great talent without perseverance in any one thing. Such a one will say that they prefer an extended musical knowledge to the narrowing of their scope, merely to perfect a few songs and pieces for the gratification of others less gifted than themselves. This feeling is artistic, but not in the highest sense ; the man or woman who has thoroughly studied, thought out, and practised one of Beethoven's Sonatas, has a more "extended musical knowledge" than the one who has skimmed over half a dozen. Besides, they are, then, enabled to become a teacher and refiner of others who have appreciation and not talent, and who would never know all that Sonata contained, but by the rendering of it by one who has added to genius, patient study and labour. True art is not selfish, and he who has the rare gift of interpreting the masterpieces of musical art, has the duty laid on him to use it for the good of others, as well as his own pleasure and satisfaction.

Some of us may probably remember the slight difference of opinion which occurred between us and the residents of the United States, on the subject of the birthplace of Mdle. Emma Albani. It is gratifying to know that an English paper, chronicling her triumphs in Paris, speaks of her as "the charming *Canadian* songstress." Her most successful rôles appear to have been Lucia, Gilda in "Rigoletto," and the "Sonnambula." Mdle. Albani is, after all, the only first-class *prima donna* our country has produced. A certain Miss Swift, of Massachusetts, created some excitement in Italy, a month or two ago, and Miss Forsyth, of Fort Erie, is similarly engaged at the present time, but it is more than likely that they will disappear from public notice, just as Miss Tucker, of Virginia, appears to have done.