

Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor when we entered, will you favour us with the remainder? Seating herself at the instrument, she dashed off the same eight bars or so. You mean this, she said, turning to us with a "lovely" smile, we assented. O, she replied, I do not play the whole of it, my teacher made me take it through, but that's the only part that has any "tune to it," the rest is all like exercises. We were entirely disenchanted, all our reverence vanished, and while we candidly admitted that she was a "lovely" player we were forced to the conclusion that the mistake was all our own, in mentally applying the adjective to the playing instead of the player. For such results as we have instanced, arising from ignorance or want of principle, or both, the *teacher* must be held responsible, and it is impossible that there can be any raising of the standard of taste in musical art under the influence of such teachers. But it sometimes happens that the pupil is eventually placed with a superior teacher, who, instead of finding a good foundation upon which to erect a superstructure, he has to undertake the difficult and delicate task of taking down that monstrosity which already exists. The same thing occurs with Painting as with Music, the pupil takes a *course* of painting at school, and frequently before having learnt to make a straight line, or to distinguish between a vertical or oblique line, is set to work at a landscape in oil three feet by four; after spending three to six months with the aid of a teacher, (who atom by atom has painted *out* all the worse, and painted *in* all the better part) the work of art is handsomely framed and carried in triumph home. Arrived there, it is hung over the mantle-piece in the best parlour, and the proud parents point to it as an evidence of their daughter's talent in being able to produce such a fine picture in so short a space of time. Should such a pupil at some future time enter the Ontario School of Art, or commence a course of serious study with a competent teacher, how reluctantly will she commence perspective, free hand drawing, and drawing from models. Nor are the teachers in the former case always at fault, for it frequently happens that the ignorance, carelessness or inattention of the principal of the school is to blame, in not procuring the necessary means in the way of a few casts and models. We have known of large institutions claiming to be first-class in all their appointments, teaching Painting and Music, and failing to provide either models or casts for the former or blackboard for the latter, though repeatedly urged to do so by the teachers in those departments. The most successful art teachers are those, who, having a cultivated sense of art themselves, will strive to develop the same in the minds of the pupils, and will not stultify all that is true and good in art, for a mere temporary pecuniary benefit to themselves. Although such teachers are not in the majority, they are by no means rare, and it is thro' their quiet unobtrusive work and influence that any progress is given to art at all, or that it is able to make headway, even slowly, against the mass of ignorance and jugglery with which it has to contend.

A CERTAIN "director" not being satisfied with part of a recent criticism which appeared in this journal, undertook to abuse us personally in a public store, in the presence of people who were standing by, charging us in the most violent and offensive manner with "lying." As far as we are personally concerned we can pass over the affair, but our editorial pride is at stake and this demands that we say a word or two in our own defence. If we are denied the right of *free* criticism, the usefulness and object of our journal is at an end. We desire that our criticism shall, at least, be *truthful* and to the best of our ability correct. We, however, do not claim to be infallible, and if through any inadvertency, an error should occur, when pointed out in a courteous manner, we shall be only too ready to make the necessary correction. On the other hand we may as well distinctly state that we shall not allow ourselves to be bullied out of any position we have taken, or opinion we have fairly expressed.

TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE FIRST concert this season, by the Toronto Choral Society, took place in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of the 15th February. This young Society has been steadily advancing since its incipency, two seasons ago, since which time it has made rapid strides, both with regard to its numerical strength, and the matter and manner of its work. The principal feature presented on this occasion was a cantata for Chorus, Orchestra, and Solo Soprano, entitled a Song of Victory, composed by Ferdinand Hiller; the remainder of the programme consisted of miscellaneous selections. The soloists were Miss Hillary, Miss Maddison, Miss Lay, Mr. Murray Scott and Mr. Beddow. First on the programme was the overture "La Gazza Ladra" (*Rossini*.) This overture does not rank among the great works for Orchestra, nor does it make any special demands upon the players individually; while lacking the coloring of modern instrumentation and the bolder and more subtle form of a severer school, it compensates by a redundancy of melody and graceful forms. Its rendering by the Orchestra was very creditable, the attack being vigorous and the lights and shades carefully observed. The next number on the programme, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening, was the "Song of Victory." Though not approaching to the profundity and sublimity of a great oratorio, it is yet a work that commands the respect of the best musicians. The form and orchestration of this composition are of the German school, and the direct opposite to that of *Rossini*. To a musician the immediate contrast must have been striking and interesting; of course the subjects are antithetical, but that does not alter the fact, and it is doubtful whether there would have been very far different results had the composers exchanged subjects. *Rossini*, as representative of the Italian school, wrote from the abundance of his heart, knew little and cared less about contrapuntal and fugal form. *Hiller* (though not a representative, yet a disciple of the German school, which carries music out of the bounds of mere taste and feeling, into the regions of the intellectual) wrote from his heart and head com-