

praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Walter H. Robinson, who trained the chorus; Mr. Shaw, who so cleverly and artistically taught the dances and dramatic action, and Mr. Torrington, who conducted the several performances. When one takes into consideration the amount of laborious work necessary to commit the Greek text to memory, as many of the principal characters in the cast were required to do, the entire series of superb representations seem the more praiseworthy, and we again repeat, the students did nobly and well and are to be sincerely congratulated.

As intimated last week, Hans Guido Von Bulow, one of the most celebrated pianists who has yet appeared in the history of piano playing, died suddenly in Cairo, Egypt, whither he went for his health a few weeks ago. Probably a more finished pianist never lived than Bulow, although latterly—owing to his advancing years, and the fact that he employed so much of his time in conducting orchestral performances—his technic was a little slovenly, and not so dazzlingly clean and brilliant as formerly. He was a truly objective player, and gave to the public interpretations based entirely on the intellectual character and contents of the music he was performing. In consequence of his almost pedantic truthfulness, his renderings were oftentimes dry, and somewhat cold, and his nervous irritability occasionally caused him to spoil the crisp, clear execution and somewhat mar the general expression. But for all that, his performances were to educated musicians wonderfully satisfying, although lacking in the spontaneous individuality which characterizes the performances of Rubinstein and Paderewski. Bulow was born in Dresden in 1830, and was consequently in the 65th year of his age. He attached himself early in life to Wagner's theories, and was a warm friend of both Wagner and Liszt. In 1858 he was appointed pianist to the Prince Royal of Prussia, but at the invitation of Wagner he went to Munich in 1864, and there shortly after became Director of the Royal School of Music and pianist to the court. In 1867 he married Cosima, the daughter of Franz Liszt, but two or three years after she left him, and procuring a divorce, married Wagner. After this unpleasant experience Bulow spent several years in Italy, when returning he made several extensive concert tours throughout Europe, visiting America for the first time in 1875, where his playing caused the greatest enthusiasm. He was a man of wide learning, and of the highest intelligence, and was the great advocate of both Liszt and Wagner—did a vast amount of musical editing, and wrote a good deal in the way of criticism and theory for various musical magazines. Bulow wrote songs, concert pieces, transcriptions, and several orchestral pieces, but his fame will rest largely on his wonderful piano playing and his superb editions of musical works.

The second Browne-Kleiser recital will be given in Bond St. Congregational church on Monday evening, the 26th inst., by Mr. J. Lewis Browne, organist, and Grenville P. Kleiser, elocutionist. Those two artists will have the assistance of Mrs. H. W. Parker, and promise a short programme of unusual merit and attractiveness. Mr. Kleiser is about to make his third annual tour to the Pacific coast, leaving Toronto on 26th March and appearing at a large number of places by the way, at which he gives entertainments similar to those which have made him so acceptable as a reader and elocutionist to Toronto audiences.

We exceedingly regret that what was erroneously represented to us, on apparently good authority, to have been a bitter and uncalled for reflection by Mr. F. H. Torrington on the young musicians of Toronto, should have called forth the strong condemnation which appeared in our last issue. Since then we have learned that an entirely mistaken interpretation had been given of the matter. We are glad indeed that this is the case. It was painful to have to write as we did about Mr. Torrington. It is with much pleasure that we now make him all the amends in our power. We reprehend, no less strongly than himself, the vilification of the anonymous

scribbler. Anonymity too often is, alas, the shield of the coward and the libeller. The letter, we are informed, was written privately—not at all for publication—by Mr. Torrington to Mr. Wheeler, of Winnipeg, to show Mr. Torrington's appreciation of that gentleman's defence of Mr. Torrington's friend Mr. Henneberg from an anonymous assailant. The expressions which we understood to be aimed at the young musicians of Toronto were intended, we are assured, to be solely applied to such anonymous writers as the one referred to in Mr. Torrington's letter. Though we may differ widely from Mr. Torrington on matters musical, we freely admit that no ordinary zeal, industry and energy could have won for him the position he to day occupies in Canada. We again express our regret at having written so warmly about him under what we now learn to have been a misapprehension of the scope and intent of the letter referred to and which in justice to him we now republish as it originally appeared in the *Winnipeg Tribune*:

DEAR MR. WHEELER,—I was very much pleased to read your outspoken and manly defence of Mr. Henneberg and your unmeasured condemnation of the dastardly custom, now so prevalent, of trying to ruin a professional man's reputation by means of anonymous letters; with you I am surprised that a medium should have been found to convey the spleen of the anonymous writer with a view to injure the reputation of any man in the eyes of the public.

Yet this may be seen in other places outside of Winnipeg.

It does not matter how many years a musician may have devoted himself to the cause of music, or what sacrifices he may have made, all goes for nothing if the variety of self-interest of a certain class of people is concerned; then the effects show themselves in moral assassinations of the worst type, the hidden attack over the *nom de plume* signature. \* \*

We have one or two specimens of this kind of slimy creature in Toronto, but their motives have become so transparent that our public are beginning to find them out, and it is only a question of time for them to stand at the bar of public opinion, unmasked, in all the glory of their natural deformity. \* \*

The Canadian press, as a rule, have done noble work in helping to foster a love for art, but I think a legitimate good can be effected by it if self-interested persons are kept out of the musical editor's chair. And that, whilst criticising in a fair and encouraging spirit those who work in the advance ranks in preparing our young country for musical development, should set its face against the mode adopted by some young aspirants to eminence in the profession, who, in their own eagerness to obtain fame at any cost, trample upon every consideration of honor, casting aside as useless the results of legitimate labor, the prints of long experience, and by despicable methods seek to further their own ends.

Yours faithfully,  
F. H. TORRINGTON.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

PRIMER OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1893. \$1.00.

The author explains that by Primer he means a presentation of the subject in the plainest and most lucid form in which he could put it. We think he has largely succeeded in this endeavor, and that he rightly claims to have avoided, as far as possible, technical language, so that the book is well adapted for the general reader. In the introduction he describes the various principles upon which a philosophical system may be built up, then points out that experience is the sole basis of philosophy, describes the methods of philosophy derived from experience and the problems of experience solvable by the methods of philosophy. The last two sections are on psychology and religion. On several points of detail we should disagree with the writer. We cannot allow that Aristotle's own meaning is not given in the exposition of the four causes.

Final cause may be an awkward phrase, but its meaning is perfectly plain, it is a useful formula and it is well established. The author's "religion" is of a highly abstract character and hardly fitted for the daily wear of ordinary people. The book, as a whole, has great value for those beginning the study of philosophy.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL: A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. \$2.00.

The popular authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has with no little diffidence and—may we be pardoned for the word—prolixity devoted some three hundred and twenty-five pages to the suggestive story of her early life. At all events, we take it upon ourselves to pronounce it, from strong presumptive evidence, to be the story of her early life. To the ordinary and impatient reader the book will appear too long, but to that special class to whom reminiscences of the early life of an authoress of note are acceptable, it will be all too short. It is without doubt a pleasant, confidential, chatty volume, devoid of affectation, and its cheery sixteen chapters of pleasant retrospection are simply and straightforwardly written. Here we have the tiny, plump, auburn-haired and rosy English lassie, in the comfortable English bedroom, trying in vain to persuade the nurse to let her hold the new baby herself, of the first chapter, and the little girl of the last chapter who has just received thirty-five dollars from an editor for her two short stories. Not to mention all that is recorded in the chapters between: An old world story with a new world setting.

THE CIVILIZATION OF CHRISTENDOM, AND OTHER STUDIES. By Bernard Bosanquet, LL.D. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1893. \$1.50.

These essays and addresses are bright and interesting; in a certain way also they are conciliatory and persuasive. Are we to give up all our old beliefs or not? Yes and no. We are not going to call ourselves Christians any more than Strauss did; but we are not going to deny that we belong to Christendom. It has made us and we have made it, and we may make it something better, and so let us not be in too great a hurry to break with the past. We have marked a good many passages on which we should like to comment, for example, one on p. 81, which sounds rather impertinent. Here is another at p. 103. "Can God make a wrong right? If no, there must be a law above Him; if yes, right and wrong seem destroyed;" and so on. Surely Dr. Bosanquet knows perfectly well the difference between an external necessity and an internal. There is a sense in which there is no obligation laid upon God, and there is another sense in which He might be said to be under obligation. But the obligation is purely internal. It is not imposed upon Him by any outward person or power, but simply by the Divine Reason itself. To say that there is contradiction in being unable to destroy the law of one's own existence is to make thought impossible.

MARION DARCHE: A STORY WITHOUT COMMENT. By Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1893. \$1.00.

There can be but little doubt in the minds of those who have traced Mr. Crawford's literary career though the medium of his brilliant novels that his success in subject and treatment lies rather abroad than at home. Whether it is that old historic scenes and associations and a society that has been the slow growth of the centuries stir his imagination and lend vigor to his pen we wot not, but of one thing we are sure, that his best work is not found in the present volume. This is a story of New York. The heroine, after whom the book is named, makes the great mistake of life—not a day passes in this sad world but