

## MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE Toronto Choral Society will perform Haydn's Oratorio "The Creation," with Mrs. Osgood as *prima donna* at their first concert, which may be expected to take place about Christmas.

The Orchestra formed last spring by Mr. Bailey is re-organizing for winter work, and we may expect it to give an account of itself in the form of a public concert before the season is over.

The Toronto College of Music opened its fifth year with a *Soiree Musicale* on the evening of Thursday, 8th Sept., which was well attended.

Mr. Davenport Kerrison has spent his vacation re-writing and developing his comic opera "The Maid of the Mill," with a view of producing it next winter, with Mrs. Helen Carter, the favorite *prima donna* of the Norcross Opera Company, as the "Maid of the Mill" supported by several of Toronto's favorite amateurs and a full chorus and orchestra.

### MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOG IN THE ROLE OF A CRITIC.

The "interviewing" season is at hand, and the Yankee *prima donna*, Kellog, fresh from her professional and tour of observation abroad leads off. The interview is a distinctly American invention, and has been brought to a state of perfection that is truly amazing. For the time being the critic lays aside his acumen, tenders his quill to the fair warbler, who is happy in relieving the monotony of reading the criticisms of others upon her own work and finds ineffable consolation in relieving her mind, so to speak. The following interview is one of the best we have seen in many a day, and is well worthy the perusal of our readers, as it gives evidence of the possession of a matured and analytical mind by its author, such as we have a few examples of among stage celebrities:

PATTI.

"Patti has retained, wonderfully well, her popularity, her youth, her lovely voice during her extended operatic career, and when I heard her lately she charmed me more than I can tell you. Not having seen or heard her in a long time I was anxious to avail myself of the first opportunity, and I was early in my box that I might not lose a moment of the the occasion to which I had been looking forward. The opera was the 'Barber of Seville,' and I watched anxiously for her coming. Would she look the Patti of old? Would she have altered greatly? Would she seem still more the woman and less the girl of the old days? There she was at last, and I was agreeably disappointed. The same pretty figure, a trifle larger, perhaps, but still very, very pretty, and, to my mind, just right in its proportions, the same interesting face, with hardly a touch of time upon it—a little touch about the mouth, perhaps; just a little line drawn at each side, but still the face bright in a girlish sweetness I always found in Adelina Patti's features. Her manner was exactly the same as ever, as bright and lively and engaging as when she was with us in America, and her acting better and

more finished by ripened experience and practice. I was delighted with her and settled myself back in my box in thorough contentment."

"And her voice; had there been any change there?"

"After hearing her in several operas this was my opinion: She sang more dramatically than I ever heard her, and in the medium register her voice was fuller, rounder, broader, but its agility was not quite as perfect—mind you, not lacking in absolutely fine execution, but not as astonishingly perfect as before. It was not that she failed to make as brilliant effects, as graceful and clear-cut fioritures, but simply that she varied them with a view to aiding their perfection. For instance, some different fioritures, which were a difficult ascending progression, she now took in the more easy descending progression. But still she was, in my mind, the greatest living singer, whom no one in Europe or America can successfully rival to-day. There is no one like her in the evenness, precision, clear brilliancy of her vocal execution, and she has still about her voice that bird-like sweetness that is one of its most charming characteristics."

"And her phrasing?"

"Italian critics of celebrity in speaking to me of Patti complained that she sacrificed precision to warmth, that she was a sweet musical box, and that while her phrasing was faultless they thought her accurately cold rather than full of warm emotion; that she studies accuracy too much, and that were she less anxious to be so precise in every tone she would be more emotional in her singing; that she is distracted from full appreciation of the value of deep sentiment by her too close observance of the technical vocal execution of her notes. Then, again, they complain that she has not done her share of operatic creation; that while she has sung many new parts she has not left a lasting impression as the creator of a successful *role*. I mean that we think of Nilsson's "Hamlet," Galli-Marie's "Mignon" and so forth; but when we speak of Patti we recall her in *roles* which were old and familiar ones before her time. But whatever they say I may add that her audiences everywhere seem as fond of her as ever, and have no small way of showing it. She has kept her voice, and consequently her place even the newer arrivals on the operatic stage, by observing most carefully a regular routine of exercise and vocal work in her daily life. She allows nothing to interfere with that life. If her carriage is to call at eleven to take her to ride, at eleven it comes and at eleven she starts, no matter who is there desirous of interrupting her plans for the day for pleasures or business. Then, again, she does not sing very often in the year, perhaps twenty-four times in London and the same in Paris, which two engagements make up the serious work of a year operatically speaking. During her American engagement she will not sing over forty times from autumn until spring."

"Did you hear Albani?"

"No, Albani was not singing, I am sorry to say, when I was in London, nor did I chance to be in the same city with her elsewhere when she was before the public."

NILSSON.

"And Nilsson?"

"Ah! yes; I heard Nilsson in the 'Huguenots,' 'Faust