

# The MUSICAL JOURNAL

Published Monthly, in the interest of the Art Universal in Canada.

No. 7.

TORONTO, JULY 15TH, 1887.

\$1.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies 10 cents.

THE hot weather has stopped all but outdoor concerts.

\*\*

THE Citizens' Band is rapidly winning its way to public favour. Toronto is large enough now to support one band to which the musician may listen with satisfaction.

\*\*

NEARLY two hundred teachers have been admitted to the Summer School of Music. The course of study has been considerably extended since the first announcement, and the cause of music in the schools will be materially advanced by this move. The school will be opened on Monday August 1st at 2 p.m. by the Minister of Education.

\*\*

WE have received the prospectus of the Philharmonic Society for the season of 1887-8. A new feature is the limitation of the honorary membership to three hundred, and the increase of the subscription to ten dollars. How this change will work remains to be seen. The works to be given during the season are: First Concert, *The Golden Legend*, by Sir Arthur Sullivan; *The Jubilee Ode*, by Dr. A. C. MacKenzie. Second Concert, *The Bride of Dun-kerron*, by Henry Smart, and Miscellaneous Selections.

\*\*

THE *American Art Journal* says:—Miss Ellie Long, a young contralto, and a native of Toronto, has been studying in this city [New York] during the past year with Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff, with the design of perfecting herself in the singing method of that eminent vocalist, in order to give instruction in her native city. Miss Long is well known as an excellent vocalist in Toronto and its adjacent cities, and is also highly respected for her musical attainments, she having studied harmony and instrumental music as well as singing. Her voice is flexible for a contralto, she being enabled to vocalize the florid music of Rossini with ease. The compass of her voice is also well extended, while her magnificent physique signals her out as one by nature endowed. Miss Long will attend the M. T. N. A. at Indianapolis next month, and will then return to her native city, where she will undoubtedly be warmly welcomed.

THE Boston *Folio* has some hard but very true remarks in regard to the opposition displayed by American critics toward the efforts of native (or adopted) American composers, it says:—

“Were the compositions of certain of our best musicians placed on a programme and credited to Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Beethoven, they would be heard and applauded. And were the compositions of these same “foreigners” billed under native titles, the Lord have mercy upon them, for our critics would not. To come down to hard pan prose, there are not in the United States to-day half-a-dozen musical critics worthy the name,—men fitted by education and taste to sit in judgment upon the productions of even the least of our composers.”

The fact is there are unfortunately many concert goers of the present day who positively never give their *true* feelings or impressions in regard to a composition or a performer. This is the age of shams,—but where can one find a more disgusting exhibition of poor human frailty than in the individual who in the attempt to be thought cultivated and of classic taste, decries a composition which he really admires, because it happens to be by his friend (!) Smith or Jones, but falls into rhapsodies over some exhibition of mediocrity on the part of one of the “old masters.” All composers have their “off days,” and nothing is more unwise than to judge by the name, rather than the production. If the public only knew more, there would be less old trash and more new *music* heard at our concerts.

\*\*

APROPÓS of the above, we quote the following from Brainard's *Musical World*:—

“There is more music and better music yet to be written than ever has been written. There are more musical phrases unthought of, a billion times over, than exist on paper now. Every day the world hears new sounds, and the science of music has a field before it as inexhaustible as the science of language. What fine subjects for the grandest symphonies do you find in the familiar sounds of daily life, and what does music amount to if it does not teach the mind to pick out the harmonies of nature? A steam whistle, a street car bell, a cricket on the hearth, the clock ticking, set some souls upon a train of musical sentiment, and some they irritate and constantly annoy. What suggested to Beethoven his “Pastoral Symphony?”