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An Issue Whose Main Business is Music in Canada

Prepared by the Music Editor, with Much Thanks to Many Musicians

Beginning With the Pipe Organ

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IN treating of music in Canada we begin with the biggest of all instruments, the pipe-organ. One might begin with the jews-harp and work up to the "king of instruments." But jews-harps are not made in Canada. The best pipe-organs in America are—made in large numbers, by nearly all-Canadian workmen, supervised and capitalized by Canadian brains, largely from Canadian material and ninety per cent. for the markets of Canada—in the little city of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.

The pipe-organ has been looked up to with more reverence than even the "hoempa-horn" in the village brass band; because a great many boys have fancied they might learn to play the horn, but very few the pipe-organ.

Now, of course, the modern pipe-organ is not really a single instrument except that it is operated by one set of bellows—and played by one man by the use of from five hundred to six or seven thousand pipes, two to five banks of keys, ten to a hundred and ten stops, with all sorts of couplers and swells and pedal combinations and pistons. It is the most complicated set of contraptions ever controlled directly by a single man. It simulates almost as many instruments as are used in a symphony orchestra. It is contained in one case or it may be in several. It may be in one part of a building or in half a dozen, up in the loft, or down in a cellar, or built into the roof. The console—which is the part where the organist sits and does his work—may be at one end of a cathedral or in the middle; half the organ may be above him or behind him, and the rest of it may be at the other end of the church. But it all centralizes at the banks of keys and the pedals where he uses his hands and feet—and as far as possible his brains. Hence it is called an instrument.

Now, the original pipe-organ, one of the oldest because one of the most natural instruments in the world, was a very simple affair. It was made of a simple collection of pipes that might resemble shepherds' pipes or tin whistles; whence the Scotch name for it "kist o' whistles." Tradition says that it was invented from the pipes of Pan long before the Christian era. Other legends assert that St. Cecilia, whose portraiture by Raphael appears on this page, invented the pipe-organ away back about 200 A.D. And because of this tradition many odes on the subject of St. Cecilia have been written; among them one of the most celebrated being that by the poet Dryden.

place for the organ. There are pipe organs in Canadian millionaires' houses and pipe-organs in American hotels. There is an ancient pipe-organ in the Massey Music Hall, Toronto. There is a modern organ in the Convocation Hall at Toronto University, and another in Dawson City. Nowadays almost as soon as the hotel is in running order in a new western town it becomes necessary to let a contract for building a pipe-organ. There are more



Raphael's Fresco of St. Cecilia, who has been credited with the invention of the Pipe Organ.

BUT oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.
—Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

pipe-organs west of Kenora now than there were in the whole of Canada thirty years ago.

And when you would get a real harmonic glimpse of modern Canada in the making—you must take a run down to the lovely French-Canadian little city of St. Hyacinthe, forty miles below Montreal. Because in the factory of Casavant Freres there are now building organs for each of the nine provinces. One of these organs will be the finest in America, and the greatest except one which, built for the St. Louis Exposition, has a few stops more but is less modern than the great organ building for the new St. Paul's Anglican Church in Toronto.

This marvelous organ will have four banks of keys, 107 speaking stops, 7,384 pipes, miles upon miles of electric wires, more possible permutations of mechanism at the keyboard than any electric switch-board in the world, equipped with all the ultra-modern devices known to the great builders of pipe-organs and costing as much as a large church. From bellows-batteries in the basement up to the tiptop of the echo organ hung in the nave and back again to the keys of the four manuals, this organ is being made and built, and one of these days will be set up in a huge erecting shop as high as a church in that lovely little city of St. Hyacinthe, whose grand, sweeping elms and sublime river, Yamaska, seem to have been designed by nature to mark the home of harmony.

OF all factories in Canada this of the Casavant Freres is the most odd. A queer-shaped, many-sided conglomeration of workshops, it stands almost fair into a great classic grove where the workmen voicing the pipes—oboes and clarinet and cellos and trumpets and tubas resounding—can hear the eternal wood-winds of the elms and the maples played by the great god Pan of the winds. From the lumber yard one side to the last finicky twitch at a pipe the size of a man's finger, this organ-shop is manned by French-Canadians who came up from the farms of St. Hyacinthe to have jobs in the factory where the most wonderful pipe-organs in America are made. Casavant Freres have nearly two hundred men and boys, all but perhaps half a dozen of them born in and about St. Hyacinthe. Not one of them has ever belonged to a union, or struck for higher pay or shorter hours; because in building a great organ it is necessary to have harmony everywhere.

Pause on the winding, elm-hung street above the silent Yamaska to listen a moment; you will hear above the common hum of the planers the fantastic voices of many pipes playing chords—almost at every window, it seems. Begin with one of the Casavant Freres to go through the labyrinth of the organ-shops, and you will feel as lost as a mouse scrambling through a pipe-organ. The office is the beginning—somewhere between the shops. The end is one of the huge erecting shops, where all the organs are built up just as they are to stand in the churches; played there and taken down again, ready for shipping on box-cars by thousands upon thousands of pieces along with the blue-print plans, thousands of miles over Canada and the United States.

In the office hangs a group of portraits—Casavant Freres and associates and employees; a picture taken to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the firm's founding. The firm was started in December of 1879. The factory then was a shop, thirty-six feet square. The old shop is now like a little red organ built into a pipe-organ.

But before that shop and the year 1880 the real

THE pipe-organ has been the cause of much discord—especially but not always in the Presbyterian Church. It has been the cause of many a big debt; the ambition of many a congregation, the despair of more, and the one instrument which in a town or village made more noise than even the village band. It has been played by many people who are not musicians and by many that are. One of the most ancient, it is still the most modern of instruments. It has kept pace with modern inventions more than any other instrument known to man. There are pipe-organs in Canada almost as ancient in character as the chest of whistles invented by St. Cecilia. There are others as modern as an ocean liner. There are pipe-organs in churches that never should have had them at all, because the architect who built the church never dreamed of leaving a