

## The Musical Journal.

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Correspondence, works for review, and musical literary matter will be addressed to the editor, at the office of publication, Oxford Press, 23 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

AGENTS wanted in every town. Liberal commission allowed.

TORONTO, Nov.-Dec. 15th, 1887.

### THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.

OWING to the great pressure of Christmas work we were reluctantly compelled to abandon the issue of our November number, but we trust our subscribers will admit that we have more than made up for that forced omission by the magnificent Double-Number which we have now the honor to lay before them.

Looking back over the past twelve months the publishers of the MUSICAL JOURNAL, while they recognize many faults, both of omission and commission, feel that on the whole the venture has been musically a success, and that they have a fair right to claim the patronage of both the professional and amateur musicians of the Dominion, in their endeavor to establish and build up a first-class musical monthly which shall be purely Canadian in its every department, and which, while keeping its readers fully informed of the musical happenings of the world at large, shall ever uphold as its first and great motto, the grand old rallying cry "Canada First!"

We are glad to be able to announce that we enter upon the coming year with increased facilities. For the benefit of our advertising patrons, travellers will be at once put upon the road, and a thorough canvass of the whole Dominion actively pushed. Greater attention is to be paid to the literary departments, and music for the piano and cabinet-organ is to be a prominent feature. In short, it is the fixed determination of the publishers to make the MUSICAL JOURNAL a credit to Canada and Canadians; indeed, it has already earned (we think) the deserved reputation of being the best-printed and neatest musical monthly published on the Continent, and we may honestly claim that it contains more *new music* than any other periodical of its class.

In closing we would again say that we have every confidence that our efforts to provide a live musical

journal, which shall meet the musical wants of our readers of every class, will be properly appreciated, and that both professional and amateur musicians will do what they can to aid us in our worthy undertaking.

### COMPOSITION.

"WHAT should be the first and greatest object of a Composer?" With this searching question, a musician of many years' experience (himself a writer of no mean ability), startled us, the other day. No less startling was the answer he gave to the question he had propounded. "Beauty of sound," he said, "should be the composer's first and greatest aim; if, to that attained end, he can add the contrapuntal subtleties and masterly harmonic progressions which interest and delight the theorist, so much the better, but he should never lose sight of the fact that true music must sound beautiful."

Our friend had been condemning the use of imitation and double-counterpoint "for their own sakes," and concluded his remarks with the statement quoted above. On looking closely into his answer, however, we are forced to the conclusion that it is merely a repetition of the question in a more subtle and intangible form; for, what is "Beauty of Sound?" The forest in later Springtime, with its newly-budded leaves its bright patches of sunlight; its life and joy, reaching out after better things, and stretching out its hands, as it were, to grasp the sooner at coming Summer. Is it not beautiful? Aye, indeed! and with such beauty before the mind of Haydn, the genius of Haydn produced "With Verdure clad." But change the scene. Here have we the same forest in December, the wind howls through the sombre pines, that in the darkening distance toss aloft their arms like giants in agony. How the snowflakes swirl and eddy, how the straining timbers groan, while, amid the crash of the falling branches and uprooted trees, the storm-fiend urges his relentless way! Above, the moon, unmoved, in contemptuous calm, surveys, through the rifts in the flying clouds, the uproar below! Nature is in her fiercest moods; and all is strife and unrest. Still is she beautiful in her anger; and such beauty, also—the hand of genius, the hand of a Beethoven, a Wagner, has often faithfully portrayed; not, it is true, by senseless *realistic* imitation (we do not use the word in its technical sense) but by catching, as it were, the *spirit* of the storm, and binding it in fetters of sound. And so, did space admit, might it be shown that the beauty of nature is infinite in its variety and character, that the *pleasing* (in the sense of the soothing, quieting or calmly enjoyable), is not by any means the limit of the *beautiful*. What is true of nature is also true of art, for does not art, as has been aptly said, hold up the mirror to nature? Thus, then, we are forced to conclude that