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The Arion,

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ART, DEVOTED TO MUSIC, ART, LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

VOL. I., No. 2.

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OURSELVES.

We have already several times been asked the question "Do you intend to publish any music in THE ARION." On our replying that such was not the intention with which we started out, we have been told that the "*people*" would not support a Musical Journal unless it contained music, and that they would not read or understand the articles, essays, criticisms, etc., or, in short, take any interest in the literature of Music and Fine Arts. We have launched our journal, the broad sea lies before us; her Port of Destination is the advancement of Art. Winds may blow fair or foul, we may have to beat to windward, tack, or scud before the gale, take in canvas, or spread all sail, but blow winds fair or blow winds foul, we shall endeavour to weather all, and by using such tact as we may possess in trimming our sails, we hope to arrive at our Port of Destination safe at last. Our journal has not been started as a commercial enterprise: We do not hold out as a bait to subscribers a little cheap music, a large quantity of advertisements, and a few funny clippings and reprints. We are not subsidised by, or published in the interest of any large Pianoforte maker or Music publisher. Returning to metaphor, our little barque flies at the peak, the flag of no party, class or interest, but the colours, only, of mutual improvement and advancement in the arts we represent. The tastes and the requirements of the people to whom our bark is cleared will vary very much; our vessel is small, and our cargo consequently limited. It therefore behoves us to use great care in assorting the articles with which we shall freight it.

A young merchant whom we knew, his father having just started him in business, improved that opportunity, by sending a cargo of skates to the West Indies. We can only hope that our efforts may not prove so disastrous and ill chosen, and that our little barque may, each month, bear to its patrons some useful, new, or half-forgotten truth, and return to her port of Entry (our Editor's chair), laden with the approbation and appreciation of those for whom our efforts are put forth.

MUSICAL IMPROVEMENT IN TORONTO.

The position which Toronto, as a city, has taken, and the progress she has made, during the past ten or twelve years, must be a matter of surprise to any one who has given the subject the least intelligent consideration; and this is as true in reference to music as other things. Ten years ago Toronto possessed no permanent musical organization (due credit being allowed for Mr. Henry Martin's Glee Choir, Mr. Carter's and Mr. Kerrison's Choral Societies). Ten years is a short period in the

life of a city, and the growth of art is necessarily slow in new communities. Nevertheless, Toronto, to-day possesses two musical societies which seem to rest upon firm foundations. The Philharmonic and the Toronto Choral Societies—the former in the full vigor of sturdy youth, the latter yet in its infancy, but healthy and promising. We welcome the birth of this younger society, first, because we think there is room enough for two, and secondly, because a *friendly* rivalry between it and its older brother (with reference to the matter and manner of their public performances) will result in a gain to the public and the cause of music generally.

While speaking of the Philharmonic Society, we cannot help expressing a regret that the title "Philharmonic" was chosen to distinguish it. It is true from the etymology of the word, no exception can be taken to its use, but a Philharmonic Society is generally understood to mean an orchestral organization. Harmonic or Sacred Harmonic Society, such as in New York, would have answered the purpose just as well, and left no doubt in the minds of strangers as to whether our society was a choral or instrumental one. We have been so accustomed to hear of the various Philharmonic Societies of Europe and the older cities of the United States, in connection with Symphony, and other Orchestral works, that it sounds strangely when we hear of the Philharmonic Society as performing an oratorio. Nevertheless the society under discussion may do just as good work, and make its elevating influence felt in the community as well under one name as another.

Not only in the satisfactory condition of the two societies above referred to, has Toronto shown marked improvement, but equally so in the general improvement which has taken place in the musical appointments and services of her churches. Small "meeting houses," melodions and amateur organists, have given place to stately edifices, large church organs, and in some cases to trained and efficient organists, though reform in this latter particular, seems the slowest in its accomplishment. With respect to the employment of trained and experienced organists we will venture to say a few words. Frequently some ambitious amateur, dazzled with the small glimmer of light which he possesses, supported by a few personal friends, who for the time have the power, and who know still less than himself, occupies the position of organist. It also frequently happens that some member of the choir, though not possessing a technical command of the instrument, is a far better musician than the organist. Here we find the elements of a first-class ruption. The organist, by virtue of his office, is impatient of suggestions or dictation from a member of the choir; the member of the choir has no respect for the

musical ability of the organist ; a party is formed, some side with the organist, some with the opposition, and one of two things invariably result ; Either the choir breaks up and the best members leave, or an armed neutrality exists during the organist's term of office, either of which consequences is deplorable as an obstruction to the advancement of musical cultivation and the service of the church. Even where such a state of things as we have depicted does not exist—and the exceptions are rare—zeal, so often pleaded, on the part of inefficiency, will not supply the place of ability. The material of our choirs, though rough, is often good, and wants but the master hand to direct and shape it. And we feel safe in asserting that no business man would entrust the financeering of his affairs to his porter or office boy, accepting zeal in lieu of ability and experience. We trust our readers will pardon this degeneration from our subject and accept it *en passant*. We may return to it again in a future article, when we will treat of choirs and their ailments from a pathological point of view, and suggest some remedies for their peculiar (dis)tempers culled from the practice of old and tried *doctors* and *practitioners* of music. Returning to the progress of music in Toronto, we must not forget to mention the military bands. These have had a varied existence, progressing or retrogressing under their successive leaders. Though far from that standard of perfection which is frequently reached by military bands in many other places, still on the whole the progress has been decided, while their repertoires are more extensive and of a better character generally.

MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

Speaking of Music and Musicians one day, not long since, a *learned* gentleman expressed himself as follows : "The reason," said he, "why the same respect is not accorded to the Profession of Music as to the learned professions, is because Music is a thing that may be *picked up*, as it were." No opportunity was allowed at the time to refute this error, which was as dogmatically stated as though it were incontrovertible. Conscious of the years of patient, thoughtful study, which must be spent ere the grammar, i. e., the laws of the science of Music, to say nothing of the executive art, can be mastered, we felt the injustice of the unthinking remark and remembered it, and answer it to-day by the following extract, from an interesting little work entitled, "The Elements of the Beautiful in Music," by Ernst Power :

"Music has become so popular, it has obtained such undisputed supremacy as a means of education and rejoicing, that we often forget to consider whence comes its surprising effect, its irresistible strength. Thousands of people rush to concerts, and to operas ; are delighted with the sweet sounds, the rich harmonies, the enchanting melodies which salute their ears ; yet not one in each thousand will take the trouble to analyze the source of his enjoyment ; and many, even if they endeavored to do so, would be unable to account for it. In musical art nothing is left to mere chance. The composer has not only to learn all the hundreds of rules which regulate the prosaic part of his work, but he has to study nature ; he must dive into the psychological mysteries of the human heart ; must identify himself with the feeling which his

subject demands ; in short, the composer has to pass many an anxious hour, before he can lay his pen down with the consciousness that he has faithfully served his art, that he has made good use of the talent which a Divine Power intrusted to his care."

That a very large number of persons, totally unqualified, taking advantage of the free trade, as it were, in Music, rush into the profession, to its discredit, professionally and socially, is true enough, and the same thing would be true of the other professions, were it not for the protection they receive. If the learned gentleman had reference to these, the expression, "picked up," is indeed about the right one after all. But such persons are not "Musicians," nor are they properly members of the profession. They are Hucksters, and have no claim to the rank of membership of a fine art other than the often self-assumed title, "*Professor*." The country swarms with "Professors" of every sort, but there are very few Masters.

THE truth of the following passage from a paper by Mr. Salaman (the eminent English pianist and composer), read at a meeting of the Musical Association 1879-80, will, we feel sure, be fully endorsed by our readers :

"Philanthropy has always been a characteristic feature of the profession of music. No other, with perhaps the exception of the Medical and Actor's profession, has done so much to alleviate distress and bestow substantial comfort upon the unfortunate. Individually and collectively, musicians, in every department of the profession, have been always ready, upon every summons, to exercise their talents gratuitously in furtherance of charitable objects. Music and charity have so often been thus intimately united that they may almost be claimed as synonymous expressions."

SAD MEMORIES.

The weary world is wrapt in sleep,
The quiet stars blink in the sky ;
By casement ope I sadly weep,
And think of happy days gone by.

Before my eyes their silent forms —
Pale shadows moving to and fro !—
The friends who loved and were beloved
Like phantom figures, come and go.

And when their well known forms I'd stay,
And cry aloud in my despair
Lo, silently they melt away,
And vanish into empty air.

O stars that shine in summer night !
O night winds wandering sadly by !
O lonely cricket on yonder hill :—
Singing when all the night is still—
Have ye no pity, that ye bring
Sad memories of that happy spring,
When all the earth seemed strewn with flowers,
And days flew by as dreaming hours !

Dumb things ! ye cannot know the pain
That wells and surges in my breast ;
Nor how, with longing deep, I fain
Would be for ever laid at rest !—*Oportidia*.

"THE ARION" is the name of Mr. Davenport Kerison's new musical monthly, the first number of which has been published. It is a handsome, well-printed sheet of eight pages, containing some suggestive articles on topics embraced in music and art. It should supply a want long experienced in this city.—*Toronto Mail*.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE first two movements of Beethoven's celebrated Ninth Symphony, arranged for two pianos by Liszt, will be given at the first Soiree Musicale of the season, of the Toronto College of Music, to take place on Wednesday evening, 29th December.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOG brings away from Vienna a souvenir of the pleasant impression she made upon the audiences of the Grand Opera. An unknown admirer sent to her hotel, anonymously, a bird of beautiful plumage in a cage of gold.

THE TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY is constantly growing stronger, every weekly practice bringing in new accessions to its list of members. The orchestra connected with the society, has also commenced its season's work, and promises to be better, both in quality and in quantity, than last year. Among the orchestral numbers to be studied are Weber's Overture to *Der Freischutz*.

DURING the past month Toronto has had a feast of good things in the way of Music and the Drama. Two Joseffy and Remenyi concerts at Shaftsbury Hall, an evening and a matinee concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club at the Horticultural Gardens, Mrs. Scott-Siddons and her company at the Royal, with Barrett and Dramatic Company at the Grand Opera House.

AT the funeral of Offenbach the Church of the Madeleine was filled to overflowing, and crowds thronged the neighboring streets. Selections from his last work "*Contes d'Hoffman*," which he did not live to see produced, were sung. M. Victorien Joncieres closed his address at the grave in Mont-Parnasse Cemetery with the words: "Adieu, Jacques Offenbach! Adieu indefatigable worker! You taste to-day your first and your last repose."

MR. FRANZ RUMMEL, the celebrated piano virtuoso, played Creig's "Concerto" in A minor at a concert lately at Steinway Hall, New York. The *Herald* says:—"Since his last appearance in New York, Herr Rummel has wonderfully improved in technique and execution, and unmistakably shows the result of hard study. Without losing any of his brilliancy of style, he has acquired a delicacy and certainty of touch that lends new expression to the thought he seeks to interpret, and develops to the full, the noblest qualities of the instrument."

A VERY pleasant entertainment was given on Monday evening, Oct. 4th, by the young ladies of Mrs. Hayward's school, Jarvis street, Toronto. The programme included some excellent music and choice recitations. Notable among the latter were "Prince Arthur to Hubert," charmingly recited by Miss Helen Macdonald, and the "Dead Doll," which was very prettily rendered by Miss Bella Rose:—herself scarcely more than a doll. The former young lady, in her recitation, exhibited none of

the "school girl" style, so common in performances of the kind, but spoke her lines with due regard to elocution. Her action was graceful and appropriate, and regarded as a whole, evinced both careful training and an intelligent appreciation of the sentiment of the piece. "Curfew shall not ring to-night," was pleasingly rendered by Miss Minnie Macdonald, though it is injudicious for any but the most experienced readers to attempt assimilated action, such as the ringing of the bell calls forth. After the performance was ended, the invited guests resolved themselves into a social gathering, and altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent.

MRS. GRIMES says that when she first saw her name printed in THE ARION, she had a great notion to bring an action against that journal for defaming her good name and character, by placing her before the world in the odious light of an abandoned punster. She says that she has always lived a quiet, retired life; that since the publication alluded to, many of her friends have left her, and that now, reports are being circulated that she is the widow of "old Grimes," or at least his daughter. With a view to re-establishing her status in society, her remaining friends tell her she ought to explain and apologize. Acting on this advice, she sent a few days since the following communication to THE ARION:—Dear Mr. Editor,—Last week, at a little "five o'clock tea," the conversation turning upon music, I inadvertently said that a *quasi* orchestral leader and his band had been guilty of murdering the poor "Poet and Peasant," so well known to us all. And I believe I also said something about "Tancredi," but I did not make a pun. I never could make a pun. Indeed I couldn't, and that's *why* I wouldn't. What I really did say was this: "That it was cruel *task* a person of musical sensibility to remain an approving spectator of such an *outrageous execution*. And that to ably conduct an orchestra was a *task* a man, who had not had a proper training, should never attempt, for that the chances were ninety-nine out of a hundred that he would fail. I did say this, Mr. Editor, it's true, and I am sorry for it. MRS. GRIMES. N.B.—No relation of old Grimes.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of The Arion.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to express my thanks for the pleasure derived from perusing the first number of THE ARION.

Its elegant, artistic appearance is to be especially commended, but above all I like the general *tone* of its articles.

There is certainly a real need in Canada for an Art Journal independent of any *Trade* influence; which seriously undertakes as one of its missions the exposure of all professional frauds and tricks; and which devotes itself untiringly to the elevation of public taste in all matters pertaining to Music and Art. Such a journal I believe yours to be, and trusting it will meet with the success which it so richly deserves, I remain,

Very truly yours;

EDWARD FISHER.

THE YOUNG ARION AND MRS. GRIMES.

Again, gentle readers, are my hopeful pages upon the world, quoth THE ARION, and I am, on the whole, vastly gratified at the evidently heartfelt praise which my kind supporters and friends have been pleased to bestow so lavishly upon me. But, doubtless, I shall soon have plenty of enemies, if indeed I have not several now. For I do not purpose to creep mildly and meekly along a "cool sequestered vale of life," but on the contrary am already whetting the sharp sword of fearless truth to enter presently into a long and much-needed struggle against the impostures and falsehoods, which are, perhaps, more abundant and barefaced in my sphere of civilization than in any other. But enough of this, for there is yet one personage connected with the machinery of my paper, who is probably not known to the majority of you, and of whom it is only fit that you should have some idea. As I was strolling meditatively, not many evenings ago, along one of those rickety, breakleg, wooden sidewalks, which are the wonder and admiration of all foreigners who have ever had the good fortune to visit our little city, on a sudden my abstraction was rather agreeably interrupted by the appearance before me of the bland countenance of the notorious Mrs. Grimes, whose name, as you know, has already found its way into my columns. If the reader has never had the pleasure of an introduction to this estimable lady, a brief description of some of her peculiarities may perhaps serve in some degree to satisfy his curiosity. The said Mrs. Grimes is, as you may have pictured to yourselves, a decidedly diminutive person in the matter of height, but quite the contrary as regards width and weight. Her face is one of the fat, jolly, round and ruddy description, adorned with rosy cheeks, a double chin and a chuffy little nose, that rises like a sunset tinted mountain peak of rather irregular shape, from the banks of those two little dancing blue orbs that lie on either side of it, serated by fine curved forests of eyebrows, which seem to sparkle always in sunshine without and within. Everything connected with Mrs. Grimes, relating to deportment, manner, dress or speech, bears the impression of one main principle, viz.: eccentricity and originality. Her manner is free, jovial and unabashed, and her never failing good humor displays itself on all occasions, and to all people in the ceaseless stream of humorous comment, allusion, or gentle banter which her ever babbling tongue is never for one moment at a loss to supply. But this worthy lady's most distinguished position in society is that of amateur musical critic, and she never fails to put in an appearance at every concert or entertainment which she can possibly attend. We, of the musical persuasion, hasten on all such occasions when our reputation is at stake, to show a due deference to the influence of her opinions. We watch her with breathless anxiety, as armed with an opera glass, an immense quantity of papers and music rolls, she comes trotting in among the audience with her bonnet, that thing of in-

describable workmanship, a little over on one side, and an air of inquisitive sternness hanging upon her huge brow. The pianist when he catches a glimpse of her countenance lowering down at him trembles, slinks from the stage with his teeth chattering and his knees knocking together, and runs to brace himself up with a glass of wine. The comic singer dances a hornpipe in an ecstasy behind the scenes, when he perceives that rotund face quiver gently, then gradually go off in a series of convulsive shakes from side to side, and hears in the direction of her box, a measured rippling laughter, which rolls on long into the next piece, when something else is going on, and everybody but she is silent. After the performance is over, Mrs. Grimes gathers together her opera glass, papers, friends, attendants and camp followers, enters her carriage and proceeds homeward to engage in the agreeable diversion of eating a very generous supper, and giving utterance to those humorous observations on the night's amusement, which are the delight of all her friends, and of which some few cannot but reach my all searching and retentive ear, thus in due time finding their way into print. Well, to return, I had intended a moment ago, gentle reader, to favor you with a few observations which fell from the lips of Mrs. Grimes on this occasion, when, as I have said, I met her on the street, but now finding that I shall not have room, I am obliged to let the matter lie till some future date, when I shall be before you again. So once more I say farewell to you, with a hope that you will pardon me for the long and burdensome description which I have inflicted upon you.

BREVES AND SEMI-BREVES.

PERSONS with a strong "turn" for music.—Organ-grinders.

AUNT Jemima says she never did care about the *rheumatic* scales, but the direr the tonic was, the better she played it.

It is suggested that some of the "Ralphs" in Pinafore should be called "Singbad the Sailor."

A DISTINGUISHED violinist went the other day into a hair-dresser's to have his hair cut. "You really, sir, ought to allow me to take a little more off, if you do not wish to be taken for a fiddler," said the operator.

AN apology is due Mr. Torrington, we having, in his professional card of last issue, nearly made it appear that he conducted a *philharmaniac* society. We make the apology, and beg him and our readers to excuse our proof reader for the *many acts* other than this, of which he has been guilty.

FOR R. A. SUFFERERS.—One of Gavarni's drawings represents a picture dealer and a poor artist haggling over a work of art. The dealer offering five francs for it, the artist meekly replies that the canvas itself had cost him more than that sum. "That is quite possible," says the dealer; "but then you had not spoiled the canvas by painting upon it."

CHORAL HUMOR.—Some ludicrous effects are sometimes produced in singing. One of the choruses of the oratorio *Naaman* is known as "the policeman's chorus," owing to the fact that the words "Haste, to Samaria let us go" sound, when sung, very much like "Haste to some area let us go." A Dutchman was once in a choir which was practising Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and, not being able to pronounce English quite correctly, sang, instead of "Oh for the wings," "Oh forty winks."

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach, Germany, on the 21st of March, 1685. For more than a hundred years previous, the family, of which he was the most illustrious member, had been celebrated for their wonderful musical talent. So universally, indeed, had the name of Bach and the idea of sweet harmonies become connected, that the majority of the organists and choir masters in several provinces of Germany had long been selected from this family. Once a year the scattered relatives all met at an appointed place, and spent a day in musical converse, which must have been sweet indeed, not to themselves only, but to others fortunate enough to be present at these reunions. The little genius was, therefore, born and bred in the very atmosphere of music, and all the encouragement was given him in his early aspirations which the most ardent devotee could desire. But this was not for long. He was left an orphan at ten years of age; and while an elder brother assumed the care of the little fellow, and the guidance of his musical studies, he would not allow him to attempt such works as his soul longed for. And when the child surreptitiously borrowed the difficult scores of some celebrated composers of the day, and copied the music by moonlight while all in the house were asleep, and then began cautiously to practise it on the harpsichord, it was the cause of a severe punishment, when, as was soon the case, he was found out. But this little incident shows the strong, natural love for music which the boy inherited, and the invincible will and daring which led to his great achievements later in life. In a few months, after, however, his brother died, and Sebastian regained possession of his treasures. But he was now alone in the world, and dependent upon himself at the early age of twelve or thirteen years. He had a sweet soprano voice, and this, with his fine knowledge of music, gained him a place as a chorister in the "Michaelis" school in Lüneburg, by which he maintained himself, and prosecuted with ardor, his musical studies. At the age of eighteen, his fine voice failed him, but through the influence of relations, he secured an appointment as second violinist in the court band at Weimar. His favorite instrument, however, was the organ, and when he gained a position as organist, which he did a year later at Armstadt, his happiness was for a time complete. A valuable musical library was open to him here, by which he prosecuted his studies further, and a wearisome foot journey of two hundred and fifty miles to a distant city, enabled him to hear some of the most famous organists of the day, though his means did not allow of his studying with them. From this time his fortunes began to mend, and indefatigable study and energy brought their reward. When twenty-two years old, he married a cousin, and removed again to Weimar, where he became organist and conductor of the Court church. Composition of music for the church occupied much of his time, and his works were received with great delight. He was soon considered to be the first musician in Germany, for Handel, who alone could rival him, had gone to live in England. His fame was completely established by a musical contest with a very celebrated French pianist and organist, Jean Louis Marchand, in which Bach was so emphatically the winner that Marchand fairly ran away from a second tournament which the king had appointed, and left the young genius entire master of the field. The company being all gathered, Bach gave an entertainment in which he surpassed all his former efforts, and excited the wonder of all. Soon afterwards he accepted the post of leader of the orchestra at the court of the Duke of Cothen, where he remained till the death of his wife, after which, in 1722, he removed to Leipsic, where he was appointed musical director and choir master of St. Thomas school, a post of great honor and emolument, which was soon followed by the title of "Capellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels," and a little later by that of "Chief d'Orchestre to the King of Poland and Elector of Saxony." About this time he married his second wife, the daughter of one of the musicians of the Duke's court.

Demands for private tuition poured in upon him, and among the few pupils whom he could take were some who were celebrated in later life. After services on Sunday it was his habit to call these pupils together in the organ loft, and each was expected to play a composition of his own. His best pupils were his own sons, of whom he had eleven. The first born, Friedemann, though his favorite child, thoroughly educated and very talented in all matters, lacked the character to make a noble man, and brought much sorrow upon himself and his father. The second son, Emanuel, was also very successful in music, and was appointed, at an early age, private accompanist to the King of Prussia, Friederic II. This was in 1740, and the king, who was extravagantly fond of music, soon became extremely anxious to see and hear Sebastian Bach himself. This desire was especially augmented after hearing a performance of the wonderful "Passion Music," and at last his presence was demanded so peremptorily that, although grown old and reluctant to leave home, he finally obeyed the summons. By special order of the king, Bach was brought directly to the presence in his travelling clothes, much to the old man's mortification. A concert was even then in progress, or, rather its opening was postponed till the great *maestro* should arrive. The king owned no less than seven pianos, of Silbermann's renowned make, and nothing would satisfy his majesty but an immediate adjournment of the whole company from the concert hall, and the tour was made of the several rooms wherein were the instruments, on each of which, in turn, Bach had to play and improvise. The crowning feat of all was when, on return to the concert room, he asked the king to favor him with a theme for a fuge, which he improvised on the spot. The next day the king took his guest in the royal coach, and they drove in turn to every church in the city that Bach might try all the organs.

Not long after his return home the health of the great master began to decline, and from long study and overwork, his sight rapidly failed him, and he became almost totally blind. Two severe operations were made upon his eyes by renowned oculists, but so entirely in vain that the last gleam of light expired. For several years he lived on, but in ever increasing pain and weakness, until, on the 28th of July, 1750, at the age of 65 years, he breathed his last. A few days before his death he suddenly awoke from sleep, exclaiming, "I can see!" which was so true that he once more beheld his loving family, and even bore the light of the sun without pain. His death was quiet, calm and painless. His most distinguished sons were Emanuel, John Christopher and John Christian, all of whom became celebrated musicians and composers. But, beyond his own children, the mantle of genius did not descend, and the name of Bach was never again connected with music, except as a thing of the past. One of his children, who died at the age of twelve years, was an idiot, whose whole faculty was the hereditary gift. For hours the poor little fellow would improvise on the harpsichord fantastic and original, though somewhat confused strains of music, to which the father, in his years of blindness, would sit and listen. Sebastian Bach's works were chiefly sacred music. Among those which are known are three hundred cantatas, a great number of masses, and five works of passion music, of which latter, however, only three are extant. Only one fourth of his works were published during his life time. After his death, his manuscripts were distributed among his sons, and thus scattered widely. The work of their recovery has been ardently pursued, and many of them have only been brought to light during the past ten years. The "St. Matthew Passion Music" was buried in oblivion for one hundred years, and was at last revived by Mendelssohn. All his music was deeply imbued with his own piety, and produced, as it was, in the time of the great political and religious revolution which shook the world, much was lost entirely, and it is only in these later days that the great master is truly appreciated.—*Musical Herald.*

CRITICISMS.

The Joseffy and Remenyi Concerts, which took place on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 25 and 26, in Shaftsbury Hall, were performances not soon to be forgotten. These *Virtuosi* were, on each occasion, greeted by large and appreciative audiences, and their respective efforts drew forth positive enthusiasm. Joseffy's excellence seems to lie in his exquisite shading, rather than in massiveness of playing, although one is impressed with the idea of power held in reserve. His execution is faultless, and the perfection of his technic was exhibited in the marvelously difficult Tarantelle from "Venezia e Napoli," and "Campanella," by Liszt, both of which drew forth enthusiastic encores. His splendid rendering of the "Kreutzer" Sonata for Violin and Piano, and the Sonata Appassionata for Piano alone, proved him a no less worthy exponent of that great Master. Remenyi rather more than shared the enthusiasm of the audience. His style, though broad and masterly, is not of the severe classical school, such as that of which Joachim is master. Nevertheless, he is undoubtedly a violinist of a high order. After the A Minor Sonata for Piano and Violin, perhaps his best efforts (though not the most popular) were a "Chaconne" for Violin alone, by Bach, and Schubert's "Serenade," the latter given in response to a double encore. In his playing, the tones of the lower strings were sometimes coarse to the verge of being disagreeable. We should have attributed this to the over forcing, in the endeavor to produce a balance of tone to the piano, were it not that the same thing was noticeable when playing unaccompanied solos. Towards the close of the concert, Remenyi was presented with a handsome Album and Portrait of himself, the gifts of his numerous admirers in Canada. Mayor Beaty, who acted as representative, accompanied the presentation with an appropriate speech, adding that he believed the admirers of Joseffy intended a similar recognition of his talent at some future time.

AN Organ recital was given on Friday, 15th October, by Mr. Clark, (organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church), in connection with the opening of the new organ, lately built by Messrs. Warren & Son, for St. Michael's Cathedral. Although the programme was by no means the "ambitious one," and contained none of the "high class" music as described by some of our dailies, it was, still, a good one, and very well rendered. Mr. Clark's management and combination of the various stops is effective and pleasing, and his style, though lacking in breadth and classical form, is neat, and marked by feeling and expression. It is to be regretted that the programme did not contain at least one of the severer classical works written for the organ. The edifice was well filled, and the efforts of the organist were thoroughly appreciated, while the tone and power of the instrument was the subject of favourable comment, alike, by professionals and amateurs. The vocal part of the programme comprised the Duet "Qui est Homo" (Stabat Mater Rossini), by Mrs. Bradley and Miss Hillary; "Rest in the Lord," from Elijah, by Mrs. Petley; and "Les Rameaux" by Mr. Murray Scott, the excellent rendering of these added much to the pleasure of the evening.

THE VOICE, ITS PHYSIOLOGY AND CULTIVATION.

IN FORM OF A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

(By J. Davenport Kerrison.)

Before describing the physiological construction of that part of the human anatomy whereby voice is produced, it may be well to refer to the different modes of creating sounds as used in musical instruments of human construction; these are seven in number, as follows; Strings, Rods, Plates, Bells, Membranes, Organpipes and Reeds. It will, for our present purpose, be necessary to describe only three; 1st, the Reed family, in which the tone is produced by the vibration of reeds or tongues fastened at one end. 2nd, the String family, in which the tone is produced by the vibration of cords fastened at both ends. 3rd, the Flute family, in which the tone is produced by the column of air in a fixed tube. Carpenter, in his celebrated work on human physiology, considers the human voice a *reed* instrument, and indeed generally considered, though possessing some of the characteristics of the other classes, it must be regarded as belonging to that family. Although it is usual to speak of the *voice* as a human instrument, let us agree to refer to that part of the human anatomy—more immediately active in the creation of voice sound—as the *Vocal Organ*, and regard the *voice* itself as the sound produced by the action of that organ. By this means we shall be able to trace the close resemblance between the vocal organ and an organ of human construction.

Let us take for example the well known Parlor Organ.

1st. Corresponding to the case of the instrument, is the human body; even here the analogy is complete; some are small, some large, some handsome, others plain, and it not infrequently happens that a handsome case encloses but a poor instrument. At the lower part of the parlor organ lie the bellows; these have their counterpart in the lungs, which lie lowest in the vocal organ, and in both cases serve the purpose of supplying air to the reeds above.

In the parlor organ, the air is forced from the bellows by the pressure of the feet of the performer upon the pedals. In the vocal organ, the same end is accomplished by the action of the respiratory muscles.

Above the bellows, in the parlor organ, lie the reeds, similarly above the lungs; in the vocal organ, lie the vocal cords.

In the parlor organ, the opening of a valve admits a pressure of air from the bellows below to the reed which thereby being thrown into vibration, produces a musical sound.

In the vocal organ, the opening of a valve, (the glottis), admits a pressure of air from the lungs below to the vocal cords, which thereby being thrown into vibration, produce a musical sound.

SCHOLAR.—The analogy is very complete, but I would suggest that all sounds produced by the vocal organ are not musical, while some are very much out of tune.

MASTER.—So far, I have spoken only of the production of sound, and not the quality or pitch, but the parallel may be carried very much further, even in these respects, as I will endeavor to show you. 1st. Any imperfection in the tongue of the reed, such as a flaw or inequality of thickness, will produce an unmusical sound. So any abnormality in the vocal cords, or frame work upon which they are fixed, will have its effect upon the sound produced.

SCHOLAR.—Did you not say that by the opening of a valve in the parlor organ, the compressed air was admitted to the reeds above?

MASTER.—I did; and this is accomplished by the fingers of the performer, which, pressing upon the keys, open the valves in question.

SCHOLAR.—But there are no keys in the vocal organ, how then are the valves opened?

MASTER.—It is true, there are no keys, properly speaking, but there are muscles which expand or contract at will, and these correspond with the keys of the instrument by opening or closing the valve, i.e., glottis.

SCHOLAR.—In the parlor organ I see many reeds, in fact one for every different sound produced, that is to say, in two octaves of the organ there are twenty-five reeds, while in the vocal organ there is but one reed.

MASTER.—The superiority of the vocal organ over all instruments of human construction, excepting in compass and power, arises chiefly from this peculiarity, as I will endeavor to show you. The science of music has divided the great range of sounds into a scale of twelve different degrees, which you will recognize as the *chromatic scale*, or scale of semitones; but between any one of these degrees and the next, there are many shades of tone, as may be proved by placing the finger upon (say) C, 2nd string of the violin. The slightest movement, upward or downward, will produce a sound somewhat sharper or flatter than the actual C, yet be neither the semitone above nor below.

In the parlor organ, as in all keyed instruments, these intermediate shades of tone cannot be produced, the sounds can proceed only from one definite tone to another, and cannot glide or blend into one another.

A moment's reflection upon what I have said will show you that the parlor organ, being an inanimate body, is incapable of changing itself, necessitating, as you have seen, a separate reed for every separate tone it produces, the larger and heavier, vibrating slowly, produce the lower tones; the smaller and lighter, vibrating more rapidly, produce the higher tones of the instrument.

The vocal organ, on the other hand, being, as it were, an animate and sentient body, though passing but one reed, (vocal cords), is yet capable of changing that one reed from a large to a small, or *vice versa*, instantly at will, and thereby produce, not only a definite number of fixed semitones, but the whole range of intermediate sounds besides, and it is due to this power that the tones of the voice in singing may be made to glide from one to another, such as is produced upon instruments of the violin family, by gliding the finger along a string while the sound is being produced by the bow. The gliding from one sound to another, by producing all the intermediate shades of sound, (in singing called *Portamento*) is really produced by the changing of the vocal cords from a larger and more relaxed state to a smaller and more tense state, or the reverse; meanwhile the glottis or valve being open and admitting the air from the lungs, thus keeping the reed in a state of vibration.

SCHOLAR.—Will you explain the appearance and position of the vocal cords?

MASTER.—A learned dissertation upon the anatomy of the organs of voice would be of little value to vocal students, nevertheless, an intelligent understanding is most desirable. To make my subject as comprehensible as possible, I will confine myself to those parts of the organ only, which have immediate relation to the tone.

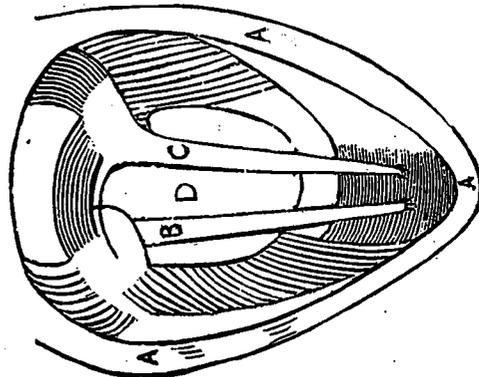
The *Larynx*, or "Adam's Apple" consists of five parts, or muscles, with long compound Greek and Latin names

immaterial to our purpose, suffice it to say that these muscles are free to play into one another, and that through their centre is a space called the vocal tubes, that these tubes terminate in a triangular opening called the *glottis*, the lips of which are formed by the *true vocal cords*, so called from their being concerned in the production of sound. These cords are two strong, fibrous bands covered externally by a thin layer of mucous membrane; they are extended across the throat from front to back, are nearly joined in front, somewhat more separated at the back. They do not extend up and down the throat like piano strings, as some suppose. The vocal cords are approximated and made more tense, or parted and relaxed by the action of those muscles which, in themselves, constitute the *Larynx*, the air necessary to the action of respiration passing through at all times.

SCHOLAR.—If air is passing through at all times in the act of respiration, why are sounds not produced continually?

MASTER.—Because, in the act of respiration, the vocal cords are not sufficiently tightened to produce vibrations, but are in a relaxed state; you will perceive that the smallest degree of tension, which will produce a sound, will be the lowest tone in each individual voice, and that the greatest degree of tension, and approximation of the edges of the vocal cords will give the highest. To prove this, place three fingers lightly upon the throat, sound a low note, then slowly ascend the scale until you have reached the highest note you can produce; you will feel, as the notes of the scale ascend, the "Adam's Apple" and adjacent parts ascend also; if having reached your highest note, you suddenly drop to the lowest, you will perceive that the parts of the throat descend to their original position. What I desire to strongly impress upon you is that for every shade of tone produced a definite position of the *Larynx* is necessary; the best method of securing these positions belongs rather to the cultivation of the voice, which we will consider in our next lesson. Before dismissing you, I would say that, although the sound is produced at the *Larynx*, there are agencies which modify it, e'er it leaves the mouth of the singer. These are, notably, the hollow spaces in the frontal bones, between and over the eyes, in the cheek bones, which are in connection with the back part of the throat, (*the Pharynx*); these act as sounding boards, and give increased resonance, while the Pharynx by its contraction or expansion modifies the quality. Lastly the mouth may also modify the tone produced at the *Larynx* for good or bad. In the mere production of sound, the cheeks, when distended, seem to assist in giving resonance to the voice, by performing a similar office to that of the bell of a Trombone, or other brass instruments.

The cut I here exhibit, divested of all unnecessary details, may assist you to form an idea of the vocal cords and their position.



A—Cross section of the Trachea.
B—Left vocal cord.
C—Right vocal cord.
D—The glottis.

BUSINESS CORNER.

TORONTO, ONT., NOV., 1880.

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STUDIO GOSSIP.

THE Autumn season for out-door sketching has been remarkably fine, both as regards tint and temperature. In fact, October this year, has not been at all of that "chill" character so usually described by poets, but, on the whole, was more balmy and bright than September. The artists have remained out unusually late, and some are still studying the Autumn tints, for which Canada is so famous.

THE public will, before long, be presented with the first number of a fine serial work, magnificently illustrated by Canadian Artists, and entitled "Picturesque Canada." It is being published by the Art Publishing Company, of Toronto, and the illustration portion of the work is under the direct supervision of Mr. O'Brien, the President of the New Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. No expense is being spared to make this a truly national work, and as many years have now elapsed since any attempt has been made to pictorially describe British America, we may look for a rich treat both with respect to novelty and beauty.

THE Toronto Industrial Exhibition was less successful in the Fine Arts display than in any other department, but we understand that efforts are being made to place the arrangements for another year upon a more satisfactory footing, by putting the control of the department more into professional hands and effecting a radical change in the plan by doing away with money prizes, so far as the professional list is concerned, thereby relieving the exhibitors from the anxiety as to the uncertain decisions arrived at by the judges, (generally incompetent) thus bringing the work of the artist, at least all such work as will pass the ordeal of selection by a professional committee, directly, fairly and uncompromised before the general public. The artists have presented a memorial to the management having this end in view, and we have good reason to hope that that body will show a sufficient intelligent grasp of the situation to act upon it. Should they take this wise course, there is no doubt that an exhibition can be made which will serve a higher purpose than to form a laughing stock for visitors who have

any pretensions to art culture. This unfortunately, has been the main result of the Autumn Exhibition of Fine Arts in the Crystal Palace so far.

THE Art Union of Canada is just now entering on its active campaign for the winter, this being its ninth year of existence, during which time it has accomplished much which has served to educate both our artists and their patrons, thus becoming a useful, as well as delightful source of refined enjoyment. This must ever prove a great boon to the people of Canada; cut of as they are for so many months from out-door life and amusements, a state of things which naturally must enhance the value to them of this precious means, not only of pleasurable and intellectually employing the dreary season of house life, but also of vividly recalling the bright summer hours so doubly valued, if but for their briefness. There seems to be excellent reasons why our friends should do all in their power to foster and encourage an institution so bound up with the well-being and happiness of this community. The usual plan of this society has been continued this year, which gives an original sketch by one of the artist members to every subscriber of five dollars, this being instead of an engraving or chromo, is a plan which must forcibly commend itself to such as prefer to possess something unique, in preference to a reproduction, however fine, which by its frequent repetition can hardly avoid a certain amount of monotony. When, too, as for instance in Toronto, some hundreds of subscribers reside in the same city, it deteriorates from the value each one places on his treasure to find the charming little bit, exquisite, though it be, hanging over every friends' mantle-piece. The sketch plan avoids this, but another idea, which works well, is to bring out a finely illustrated book of national interest, to which a number of our artists might contribute in various styles and by different methods of reproduction in back and white. This would not be open to the same objections.

MR. THOMAS MARTIN is back from his somewhat protracted summer sketching tour, and at work carrying out in detail, in water color and oil, some of the many charming subjects which he has stolen from the rocky glens and reedy lakes of picturesque Muskoka. His portfolio is plethoric with sketches, numbering some thirty principal subjects, besides a host of lesser gems. Hidden within its folds, (to vulgar eyes denied,) lie many a glorious burst of sunlight lighting up the brilliant foliage of some lone isle, on placid lake reclining, and many a cool green shade by purling brook. Wantonly these lovely "gleams" of nature, danced and laughed through summer days and summer eves; boldly they issued forth, secure in their vernal retreat, nor dreamed they of the artist's watchful eye, and cunning hand that should seize and bear them captive away.

MUSIC TRADE REVIEW.

THE firm of Suckling & Sons, importers of Sheet and Book Music, and Musical Instruments, are busy filling orders to all parts of Canada, with an occasional order for the United States. This speaks well for the increasing interest in music in Canada as well as the enterprise of the firm in being equal to the demand.

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