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The Arion,

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THE NORCROSS OPERA COMPANY.

We have had for Toronto an unprecedented season of opera. Three entire weeks, besides Wednesday and Saturday matinees, to good houses, is an event heretofore unknown in the history of the city. During this time the cast has undergone several changes and four operas have been performed. Opening on 11th July, at Horticultural Gardens, the company played "Olivette," an opera of the French comique school, composed by Audran, and which has met with considerable success in the United States. There seems, however, little to recommend it beyond some light but pretty music and a funny plot. Not so with the "Mascot," an opera by the same author, which was performed during the entire second week. The plot of this opera may be briefly told as follows: Rocco, a farmer (Mr. Crompton) complains of his ill-luck, and after several vain appeals to his wealthy brother he at length sends him Bettina, his keeper of turkeys (Mrs. Carter). Rocco complains that his brother but laughs at him and sends him one more mouth to feed. Rocco's shepherd, Pippo (Mr. Laurent), however, is glad, because he and Bettina are lovers. Rocco catches them kissing and dismisses Bettina, who, before going, asks if there is any reply to the letter. Rocco then reads the letter and learns that Bettina is a Mascot; he is at a loss to know what a Mascot is, but the letter explains that it is one upon whom the blessings of heaven rest, and who will bring good fortune and happiness to those with whom she lives. Having made this discovery, he tells Bettina to stay and not to think of going away. Fortune already begins to smile upon him, when Prince Lorenzo (Mr. Sidney Smith) while hunting, rests at the farm. The Prince is attended by his daughter Princess Fiametta (Miss Carlton) and her lover, Frederic, Prince of Pisa (Mr. Wilkie). While at the farm Prince Lorenzo discovers that Rocco possesses a Mascot, and determines to take her to court; Rocco pleads his ill-luck and begs to be allowed to retain her, but the Prince tells him that his petty ill-luck is nothing compared to his royal ill-luck. A bargain is made by which the Prince is to take Bettina (whom he then and there creates a Countess) to Court, and by way of compensation makes Rocco Grand Chamberlain. Bettina begs that her shepherd lover may be allowed to accompany them, but in vain, and poor Pippo is left behind. Now, the tradition is that should the Mascot marry other than a Mascot, all good influences cease, much merriment is caused by conflicting interests. Prince Lorenzo and Rocco having the strongest interest in preventing a

marriage. Bettina pining for her freedom, and her shepherd lover watching an opportunity to carry her off, Pippo at length obtains admission to the palace disguised as an acrobat, makes himself known to Bettina and arranges with her to escape; he is discovered and sentenced to be summarily hanged. The Princess Fiametta, (who much to the disgust of her *fiancée*, Frederic, had fallen in love with Pippo when meeting him at the farm,) discovering him a prisoner, dismisses his guards, declares her love for him, summons her father and insists on his permitting them to be married. The old Prince says it is a terrible *mesalliance*, but reasons that if Pippo were married to Fiametta, Bettina won't want him, so he creates him a Duke and gives his consent. The marriage ceremony is about to take place (both Bettina and Pippo having been made to believe each other false) when their eyes meet and instantly they perceive their mistake, a few words and they understand each other. The Prince perceiving this orders Pippo's arrest, when to avert such a catastrophe, the lovers spring into the river which flows by the palace windows, and escape. The third and last act discovers the Prince Lorenzo and his daughter, fugitive, and disguised as itinerant musicians, having been beaten and dethroned by Frederic (all his ill-luck having returned when the Mascot escaped). Pippo and Bettina, (the latter disguised as a soldier), have been winning distinction in the army of Prince Frederic. Frederic is asked to permit the ceremony of the marriage between Pippo and Bettina upon the battle field, he consents, and hasty preparations are made and they are forthwith married. At this moment, Rocco discovering what is going on, and finding that he has nothing more to hope from Lorenzo, informs Frederic that Bettina is a Mascot, and that although married, she will not lose good influence until she has given up the orange blossoms and received the first bridal kiss. Upon hearing this, Frederic becomes as anxious to preserve the Mascot to himself as he had previously been to marry her to his once rival Pippo; to secure this end he orders a guard to be placed at the door of Bettina's chamber, whither she has entered to change her bridal robes, at the same time Rocco informs Pippo that she is a Mascot, and that at the first bridal kiss all his distinction, position and wealth will vanish and he become again a poor shepherd. Bettina calls him and he is permitted to see her; Rocco warns him that he will be watched, and should he show any weakness, he will play the legend of the Mascot. Old Prince Lorenzo finding that he cannot keep the Mascot, is determined, if possible, to prevent Frederic from possessing

her ; awaiting an opportunity, he presents himself as the "guardian angel" of Pippo, and gives him a "back up" the window. The good influence of the Mascot is lost. Frederic discovers Lorenzo and is about to order him to prison, when Fiametta pleads for her father, who is forgiven on her account. Fiametta and Frederic renew their vows and all ends happily.

The characters of Bettina and Pippo are those of simple nature, and full justice was done to both by Mrs. Carter and Mr. Laurent. In the first act the Princess Fiametta, not knowing that Pippo was Bettina's lover, asks her some questions about him, Bettina, thinking to disgust the Princess, tells her that Pippo is quarrelsome and is a glutton; this, however, has the opposite effect on Fiametta. After her departure Bettina pettishly charges Pippo with looking too hard at the Princess, and declines his caresses. He assures her that he loves her only, and that the idea of being jealous of a Princess is ridiculous. Suddenly turning with all the *naivete* and *abandon* of untrained nature, she throws herself into his arms with the cry, "and I have loved you, Pippo, ever since I first saw you." Mrs. Carter succeeds in throwing into the character of Bettina a feeling of natural simplicity and refinement which quite lifts it above a vulgar rustic love scene, into which with less skilful acting, it might easily descend. Speaking generally of Mrs. Carter's acting this may be said, that it is sprightly, natural and never coarse; indeed a close observer would readily perceive that the coarser characters such as Serpolette in the first act of the Chimes of Normandy, really requires more acting on her part than that of Mabel, in the Pirates of Penzance. Over and above her acting Mrs. Carter possesses a really fine soprano voice perfectly developed and of large compass and pure quality; she seems to regard shakes and cadenzas as mere *bagatelles*, while in the Pirates of Penzance and the Chimes of Normandy she gave the high E flat with great ease and clearness. Mrs. Carter has had the good fortune to be well supported. Mr. Alfred Wilkie as Frederic in the "Mascot" and the apprentice in the "Pirates." Mr. Laurent (the original Jack Rackstraw, from the Standard, N. Y.) as Pippo in the "Mascot" and Jean Grenicheux in the "Chimes of Normandy." Mr. Sidney Smith, though not an artistic singer still an excellent comedian, as the comical Prince Lorenzo, and Mr. Crompton, of whom the same may be said, as Rocco in the "Mascot" and Gaspard in the "Chimes," and Mr. Charles Olsen as the Marquis in the "Chimes" and Samuel in the "Pirates." In their parts respectively all of these gentlemen were eminently satisfactory. The chorus was strong and well balanced, prompt in attack and cleverly modulated. The orchestra (what there was of it) was thoroughly good, skilfully led by Mr. Von Olker and very ably conducted by the talented and pains-taking pianist, Mr. Will Taylor. Nor should we omit to mention the costumes which were extremely rich and handsome. Taking it all in all, it is perhaps not too much to say that these four operas were the best repre-

sentation of Opera Bouffe heretofore attempted in Toronto.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie, who was with the company during the first two weeks' engagement, has a pleasing tenor voice of good compass and power. As Frederic in the "Pirates" he was very successful and divided the laurels with Mr. Laurent, as Prince of Pisa in the "Mascot."

The "Chimes of Normandy" was not in the *repertoire* of the company, and was played on the last night but one after a very short rehearsal. As was expected, it did not go quite as smoothly as it ought, but it was fully made up for on the following and last night at the Gardens, on which occasion Mrs. Carter received a perfect ovation *en forme d'une pluie de Bouquets*, Miss May Carlton as Germaine also coming in for a large share, while Mr. Laurent as Geuicheux in the Barcarole fairly took the house, receiving a double encore. Mr. Charles Olsen, as the Marquis, won golden opinions and a well deserved encore. Individually and collectively the company surpassed every previous effort on this, their last night at the Gardens. There is some talk of their return here during Fair week. It is to be hoped that sufficient inducement may be held out to them to do so, and that a cordial recognition may be extended to them in the shape of good houses. It should be mentioned that Mr. Dennison of this city played, one evening, the part of Frederic in the "Pirates" at short notice, and sustained the part with considerable ability and with much credit to himself. The same may be said of Mr. Lalor as far as the acting and business is concerned, but unfortunately, Mr. Lalor has scarcely a vestige of a voice, which, after all, is a somewhat important factor in an operatic performance. Mrs. Carter had a complimentary benefit at the Grand Opera House on the 1st of August, when in addition to the Mascot, a scene from the last act of Fatinitza was given too late for notice.

ROSSINI.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

HENCEFORWARD the career of the greatest of the Italian composers, the genius who shares with Mozart the honor of having impressed himself more than any other on the style and methods of his successors, was to be associated with French music, though never departing from his characteristic quality as an original and creative mind. He modified French music, and left great disciples on whom his influence was radical, though perhaps we may detect certain reflex influences in his last and greatest opera, "William Tell." But of this more hereafter.

Before finally settling in the French capital, Rossini visited London, where he was received with great honors. "When Rossini entered," says a writer in a London paper of that date, "he was received with loud plaudits all the persons in the pit standing on the seats to get a better view of him. He continued for a minute or two to bow respectfully to the audience, and then gave the

signal for the overture to begin. He appeared stout and somewhat below the middle height, with rather a heavy air, and a countenance which, though intelligent, betrayed none of the vivacity which distinguishes his music; and it was remarked that he had more of the appearance of a sturdy, beef-eating Englishman, than a fiery and sensitive native of the south."

The king, George IV., treated Rossini with peculiar consideration. On more than one occasion he walked with him arm-in-arm through a crowded concert-hall to the conductor's stand. Yet the composer, who seems not to have admired his English Majesty, treated the monarch with much independence, not to say brusqueness, on one occasion, as if to signify his disdain of even royal patronage. At a grand concert at St. James' Palace, the king said, at the close of the programme, "Now, Rossini, we will have one piece more, and that shall be the *finale*." The other replied, "I think, sir, we have had music enough for one night," and made his bow.

He was an honored guest at the most fashionable houses, where his talents as a singer and player were displayed with much effect in an unconventional, social way. Auber, the French composer, was present on one of these occasions, and indicates how great Rossini could have been in executive music had he not been a king in the higher sphere. "I shall never forget the effect," writes Auber, "produced by his lightning-like execution. When he had finished I looked mechanically at the ivory keys. I fancied I could see them smoking." Rossini was richer by seven thousand pounds by this visit to the English metropolis. Though he had been under engagement to produce a new opera as well as to conduct those which had already made him famous, he failed to keep this part of his contract. Passages in his letters at this time would seem to indicate that Rossini was much piqued because the London public received his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, with coldness. Notwithstanding the beauty of her face and figure, and the greatness of her style both as actress and singer, she was pronounced *passee* alike in person and voice, with a species of brutal frankness not uncommon in English criticism.

When Rossini arrived in Paris he was almost immediately appointed director of the Italian Opera by the Duc de Lauriston. With this and the Academie he remained connected till the revolution of 1830. "Le Siege de Corinthe," adapted from his old work, "Maometto II.," was the first opera presented to the Parisian public, and, though admired, did not become a favorite. The French *amour propre* was a little stung when it was made known that Rossini had simply modified and reshaped one of his early and immature productions as his first attempt at composition in French opera. His other works for the French stage were "Il Viaggio a Rheims," "Le Comte Ory," and Guillaume Tell."

The last-named opera, which will ever be Rossini's crown of glory as a composer, was written with his usual rapidity while visiting the chateau of M. Aguado, a

country-seat some distance from Paris. This work, one of the half-dozen greatest ever written, was first produced at the Academie Royale on August 3, 1829. In its early form of libretto it had a run of fifty-six representations, and was then withdrawn from the stage; and the work of remodeling from five to three acts, and other improvements in the dramatic framework, was thoroughly carried out. In its new form the opera blazed into an unprecedented popularity, for of the greatness of the music there had never been but one judgment. Fetis, the eminent critic, writing of it immediately on its production, said, "The work displays a new man in an old one, and proves that it is in vain to measure the action of genius," and follows with, "This production opens a new career to Rossini," a prophecy unfortunately not to be realized, for Rossini was soon to retire from the field in which he had made such a remarkable career, while yet in the very prime of his powers.

"Guillaume Tell" is full of melody, alike in the solos and the massive choral and ballet music. It runs in rich streams through every part of the composition. The overture is better known to the general public than the opera itself, and is one of the great works of musical art. The opening *andante* in triple time for the five violoncelli and double basses at once carries the hearer to the regions of the upper Alps, where amid the eternal snows Nature sleeps in a peaceful dream. We perceive the coming of the sunlight, and the hazy atmosphere clearing away before the new-born day. In the next movement the solitude is all dispelled. The raindrops fall thick and heavy, and a thunderstorm bursts. But the fury is soon spent, and the clouds clear away. The shepherds are astir, and from the mountain-sides come the peculiar notes of the "Ranz des Vaches" from their pipes. Suddenly all is changed again. Trumpets call to arms, and with the mustering battalions the music marks the quickstep, as the shepherd patriots march to meet the Austrian chivalry. A brilliant use of the violins and reeds depicts the exultation of the victors of their return, and closes one of the grandest sound-paintings in music.

The original cast of "Guillaume Tell" included the great singers then in Paris, and these were so delighted with the music, that the morning after the first production they assembled on the terrace before his house and performed selections from it in his honor.

With this last great effort Rossini, at the age of thirty-seven, may be said to have retired from the field of music, though his life was prolonged for forty years. True, he composed the "Stabat Mater" and the Messe Solennelle," but neither of these added to the reputation won in his previous career. The "Stabat Mater," publicly performed for the first time in 1842, has been recognized, it is true, as a masterpiece; but its entire lack of devotional solemnity, its brilliant and showy texture, preclude its giving Rossini any rank as a religious composer.

He spent the forty years of his retirement partly at

Bologna, partly at Passy, near Paris, the city of his adoption. His hospitality welcomed the brilliant men from all parts of Europe who loved to visit him, and his relations with other great musicians were of the most kindly and cordial character. His sunny and genial nature never knew envy, and he was quick to recognize the merits of schools opposed to his own. He died after intense suffering, on November 13, 1868. He had been some time ill, and four of the greatest physicians in Europe were his almost constant attendants. The funeral of "The Swan of Pesaro," as he was called by his compatriots, was attended by an immense concourse, and his remains rest in Pere-Lachaise.

ART NOTES.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

This year the Annual Meeting of our National Art Association was held at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and, certainly a more attractive place at this season of the year for artists, it would be difficult to find in the Dominion. Grandly picturesque in site, delightfully cool in climate, truly imperial in its associations and the naval and military aspect which it bears.

The old city of Halifax possesses many qualifications to fit it for a desirable point at which to assemble all possible art strength available in Canada. It is true its situation at the extreme eastern end of our vast territory constituted one physical difficulty, but that fact in itself is a strong argument in favor of the peripatetic plan adopted by the Academy, which enables the inhabitants of all Canada to participate, if not annually, at least bi-ennially, in the assembly of art force, which if persisted in, must prove of very material benefit ere many seasons pass over us.

Some of our daily contemporaries have without, as we fear, giving the subject a due consideration, and certainly not being fully aware of its material, as well as sentimental importance, passed over the event with slighting comment, and in some instances have stamped the meeting a failure when the facts are far from warranting such a statement. In the first place the collection of works may be called large, for it nearly reached the number of four hundred. They were too, as a rule, larger and more important in character than those of the Ottawa display. This then, must be considered in itself a success when the distance is remembered.

The government of Nova Scotia placed their State Building in the hands of the Academy, and it proved a very fairly convenient one for the purpose. The Imperial authorities, as represented by His Excellency the Governor General, the Admiral of the Fleet and the General of the forces, lent their support and encouragement. Offers of works by eminent artists, on loan, came in from numerous residents, in fact the embarrassment of the

committee was principally in being compelled to reject so many, as the wall space was all occupied.

The public attendance was very fair, being greatly in excess of any previous art exhibition in Canada.

The one point in which failure must be, at least in a degree, coupled, is in the quantity of sales. But for the purchases made by Lord Lorne, the list of these would have been small indeed. Space does not permit us here to notice more than a few of the most remarkable works and the lack of it compels us to omit the great majority of well known names. Perhaps of all the Exhibitors the most successful was Mr. Homer Watson with his very Canadian subjects, painted by a hand entirely self-taught, and native to the manor born. Much interest was manifested in his works, they dividing the honors with the pictures painted by the President by Her Majesty's command. Of course many of the pictures exhibited are familiar to our readers as they have already been seen in Toronto, but there were also many fine works from Montreal and the Maritime Provinces. From the former city came Edson, Raphael, Weston and Duncan, while the only piece of sculpture came from the studio of Mr. Herbert of Montreal, and was a fine medallion portrait group. Mr. Raphael was represented entirely by landscape, a "Morning View on the St Lawrence" being perhaps his best. Mr. Edson sent a pretty little oil landscape with cows, while Mr. Weston made by far the most ambitious display he has yet done by two figure subjects: one was "Habits killing time on a frosty night;" the other "A Midnight Alarm." In the first we recognize the familiar figure of the French-Canadian, very characteristically rendered, and the result of the artist's treatment of the subject was so successful as to cause regret that this line of *genre* subject had not been more extensively followed by members of our Canadian Academy. The other picture by Mr. Weston, "A Midnight Alarm," was very meritorious, the two young ladies in *dishabille* having hastily left their beds at the cry of fire have approached the window through which the lurid light falls upon them lighting up two beautiful faces and forms suggestive of loveliness but carefully kept within such bounds of modesty as should satisfy the most prudish mind. It is pleasing to note that both Mr. Weston's pictures are sold. A Puritan Head, "Miles Standish," by R. Harris, is a splendid study and was much admired. The competition for Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co.'s prizes for original designs for Christmas cards was well contested and resulted in adding a very pleasing and attractive feature to the exhibition. Mr. Bell Smith obtained the gold medal, Mr. John T. Willing the silver medal, and Mr. James Weston the third prize. The water color exhibit was very good though perhaps too exclusively confined to landscape. Several very fine pictures by Messrs. Fowler, Way, Millard, etc. were centres of attraction in the fine room occupied by this department of art.

It is much to be regretted that the daily press of Ontario should have overlooked the exhibition as it has

done. Many an insignificant face, fair or prize fight would have been minutely chronicled by them while an event pregnant with much which pertains not only to the art future only but the general future of our country, has been allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

Another feature of the visit of the Academy to the sea will probably be the production next year of many scenes in the neighborhood of Halifax the last stronghold of Imperial Britain upon America's Atlantic shore.

WHERE OUR ARTISTS ARE GONE.

Mr. O'Brien is in and about the Trent River sketching for "Picturesque Canada."

Mr. T. Martin and Mr. Forshan Day are in the Island of Cape Breton. Mr. H. Watson has just returned from the same region which abounds in fine landscape and quaint peasant life.

Mr. Bell Smith, who has painted many sketches in the neighborhood of Halifax, is still somewhere in the east busily laying in stores of good things.

Mr. Raphael is in the valley of the Metapaedia.

Mr. Verner is still in England.

Mr. Perrie haunts like a ghost at evening the glades of the Don, the Queen's Park and other likely places for crows.

Next month will probably develop the new arrangements for the winter terms of the School of Art, and will bring on the fall exhibitions, apropos to which we note that a step in the right direction has been taken by the "Toronto Industrial" in abolishing money prizes to artists. Let us hope that it will result in a largely improved exhibition.

FREDERICK ARCHER.

"ENGLAND'S MOST DISTINGUISHED ORGANIST."

This eminent musician, whose recent visit to our city we have cause to remember with so much satisfaction and delight, was born in the old college city of Oxford, June 16, 1838. Although his father was a practical musician, the child Archer instead of being attracted by music, seemed to show a decided distaste for it until about his eighth year, when he not only began to like music, but to show remarkable talent in that direction. It is said that Mr. Archer never received a single lesson in his life on the organ, nor any instruction in any other branch of the art, beyond the one year's elementary instruction given by his father in his early youth. In six months from the time his father took him in hand, he could play any composition at first sight that came within the scope of his childish hand. His voice, at this early day, was one of unusual merit, and secured for him a position as chorister at Margaret chapel, London. His literary education was obtained at Oxford. In his 14th year, a vacancy occurred in St. Clements church, and he was one of the candidates—among whom was his godfather, a man of no mean attainments—and proved himself an easy victor. He was also appointed organist at Merton college, holding the two appointments simultaneously. Since that time his services have been in constant

demand in all quarters. His most important appointment was organist of the Alexandra Palace, near London, where he "found a field exactly suited to his artistic instincts, and an organ unequalled in Europe either for size or perfection of tone or mechanism." This edifice was soon afterward destroyed by fire, and, as a mark of sympathy and esteem on the part of his brother artists a complimentary concert was tendered him, which was participated in by all the musical notables then in London. It was for this occasion that M. Gounod wrote his now-celebrated "Funeral March of a Marionette," which he at this time conducted in person.

After the rebuilding of the palace, Mr. Archer resumed his position with better facilities and a larger organ at his command. A detailed description of the new organ can be found in the "Art Journal" for March, from which this sketch is partly collated. Mr. Archer has given over 2,000 recitals on this organ, and never repeated a programme. His sight reading is something marvelous. An anecdote is related by a well-known English composer in reference to this special gift. On one occasion he took to Archer a long and difficult organ fugue in rough draft manuscript; he played it during his evening recital without even looking it through, and not only did he go through the entire composition without one mistake, but where the composer had overlooked a wrong note or two here and there, he intuitively played the right ones. His readiness, resource, and tact, are indeed remarkable. He rarely looks at an organ before undertaking a recital thereon, and any one who has had an opportunity of noting the ingenuity with which he will conceal a "cipher" or other similar accident that may befall a new instrument when undergoing its first public trial, will bear witness to his unique skill.

He is especially successful in performing orchestral compositions. Some of the effects he succeeds in producing are such as no other organist has ever accomplished, for the simple reason that he has been gifted by nature with fingers of unusual length. Availing himself to the utmost of this advantage, he frequently plays on two and occasionally three manuals, sometimes with the same hand, having educated one to do the work of both when required. His executive facility both with hands and feet is marvelous; passages of the most enormous difficulty and rapid tempo, are played by him without the slightest apparent effect.

Mr. Archer is also well known as a composer. His "Organ Method" is the one universally adopted by the profession in England. A copy is now before us as we write, and we can see at a glance that a man of consummate skill and genius was the maker of it. He is also an eloquent lecturer on musical topics, especially on organ subjects; a superior orchestra leader; in short, a complete and accomplished musician in every sense of the word. Mr. Archer is at present the organist at Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Archer informs us of his plans for remodeling the organ of Plymouth church; we believe the work is now going on. He is soon to make a short visit to his native land, during the summer vacation, after which we hope to welcome him again to America. We understand that Mr. Nichols, the president of the College of Music, has already secured his services for another series of recitals in Cincinnati some time this coming fall. We can assure the distinguished musician a most hearty welcome—*Musical Visitor*.

COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND AND THE PUBLIC SINGING OF SONGS.

A peculiar feature of the copyright law in England, which is entirely unknown in America, is the liability of singers and players to a heavy penalty for the performance of certain published songs, unless they have previously purchased the right of performance from holders of the copyright. The London *Music Trades Review*, gives this statement concerning the matter:

"There are two properties or rights in musical compositions; one is the "copyright" which is simply the right of printing or otherwise multiplying copies, and the other is the right of 'representation or performance.'

"These separate rights are in many cases vested in different persons, who are frequently unknown to each other, and some years ago certain publishers were not aware of these two rights, and in purchasing compositions they only bought the copyright, consequently many authors or their executors, finding or being apprized that they still possessed the second right, sold or assigned it, or are doing so now, to the 'Copyright and Performing Right Protection Office,' 8 Colebrooke Row, Islington, London, N., of which Mr. H. Wall is the secretary. There is no printed list or catalogue of the compositions of which this 'Protection Office' now holds the right of performance, and a copy could not be procured without a great amount of labor and considerable cost, and it is constantly undergoing changes; but any person by paying an annual subscription of 10*l.* 10*s.* to this 'Protection Office,' thereby acquires the personal privilege of performing, free of fine or fee, any composition of which it holds the right of performance. The fine for infringing this right is 2*l.* for each performer, and 2*l.* for allowing it to be performed; thus, if a chorus is performed, with an orchestral accompaniment, every member of the chorus and also of the band, is individually liable to a fine of 2*l.*, also the proprietors of the room, for allowing it to be performed.

"As the plea that the performer 'was ignorant that he was offending' or that 'there was no notice whatever on the printed copy which he had purchased, and from which he had performed,' is inadmissible in Court, we think it our duty to caution the public generally against singing songs such as 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' the songs from 'Lily of Killarney,' from 'Maritana,' &c., unless they have first paid the performance fee."

An editorial in another part of the paper continues as follows:

"The 'Protection Office' which Mr. H. Wall directs, is now by no means unknown in various country districts. The performing rights in such old songs as 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' and 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' have long been in obedience, and as until recently the holders of the publishing right were only too glad to allow vocalists to sing their songs; no publisher took the trouble to secure the performing right. Mr. H. Wall was astute enough to perceive this; he studied the law, secured certain performing rights, and now makes a plentiful harvest. Amateur and other vocalists, ignorant of the fact that the law will not allow them to sing these songs without 'permission in writing' sing them, as they have done for years past, at penny read-

ings, charitable concerts, and elsewhere, and they are naturally astonished and indignant to receive a lawyer's letter, demanding the penalty of 2*l.*, not only from the vocalists, but from the accompanist and concert-giver. It is the law and they have to pay.

"The worst point of the case is, however, that no official lists exists of the works thus placed under ban. Mr. Wall, of course, will not furnish such a list, for it would clearly warn the public and diminish the number of his penalties. If the public have a doubt about any songs, they may on payment of a shilling, inspect the register at Stationers' Hall, but the Stationers' Company will give no other information. Large concert givers, directors of institutions, and others, pay Mr. Wall 10*l.* 10*s.* a year, for which sum he agrees not to ask for penalties; but the ordinary amateur or vocalist can, of course, not afford to do so. Mr. Wall, too, for the modest sum of half-a-crown, will inspect a programme, and say whether any of the songs are prohibited; but the charge is a heavy one."

The *Review* is doing the public a service by looking up the matter, and printing lists of the songs thus prohibited.

ORGAN PLAYING—A Sketch.

The organ, long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region round about, or of distant celebrity, have had the grand organ exhibition; and this magnificent instrument has been put through all its paces in a manner which has surprised everyone, and, if it had a conscious existence, must have surprised the organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, brayed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the flutes languished and coqueted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer a thunder-storm should play above our heads, "Come, haste the wedding," or "Money-musk." Then comes marches, gallops, and hornpipes. An organ playing hornpipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

At length a fugue is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear; and after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and runs up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush, and waiting for a spring, and as the theme comes incautiously near, the savage cat of a tenor, pitches at it, misses its hold, and then takes after it with terrible earnestness. But the tenor has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from running back into its hole again, and so they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, eluding, whipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, but unluckily slipped and rolled down stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part and dandled for a moment, when, with

a snatch, another part took it and ran of exultant, until un-awares the same trick was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly exercised in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full tilt together, until everything in the organ loses patience, and all the "stops" are drawn, and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do—who flew about and bobbed up and down, feet, hand, head and all—the tune broke up into a real row, and every part was clubbing each other one, until, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great organ back to silence.

Then came congratulations. The organist shook hands with the builder, and the builder shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee; and the young men who thought it their duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies looked wise too, and the minister looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ—no, never. And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated; for he was very anxious to have a good organ in *that* church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head, now, of all times, to burn up; and he gave the key an extra twist in the lock, lest some thief should run off with the organ.

And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small, and her fear great. She touches the great organ as if she were a trembling worshipper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the meek stops are used, but none of the terrible ones, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each stanza the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have strength for the mechanical power. It ought not to be so. Women ought to have better health, more muscle, more power, and, one of these days, doubtless, will have.

Next, an amateur player is procured, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

Next came an organist, who believed that all this small playing, this pretty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long pent-up force and accordingly took for his first theme the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form, wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning, with all the promiscuous stops, which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy, full drawn, to signify universal misery and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He flooded the house.

The voices of the choir were like birds chirping in a thunder-storm. He had heard that the singing of the congregation should be borne upon the music of the organ, and, as it were, floated, and he seemed to be aiming, for the most part, to provide a full Atlantic ocean for the slender choir to make its stormy voyages upon.

A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was excessive. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song (suitably converted for the purpose)—anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please if he could not suit them. He opened his organ as a peddler opens his tin boxes, and, displaying all his wares, says, "Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost everything!"

He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a "Christian man," and the organ was not to him a "Christian instrument," but simply a grand gothic instrument, to be studied, just as a protestant would study a cathedral, in the mere spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious significances or uses. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies. But not till a most ludicrous event befell him. On a Christmas day a great performance was to be given. The church was full. All were musically expectant. It had been given out that something might be expected. And surely something was and a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder had helped her. Down she plunged into the choir, took the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, whence she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, where a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down toward the street door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his piece, snatched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him, rigid as marble!

But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been in the main, a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath-day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation in the case was, that the general ignorance of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation from feeling what an outrage they had suffered.—*Visitor*.

NEW MUSIC FOR REVIEW.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. NORDHEIMER.

"*Birds are Dreaming*,"—by R. S. Ambrose. The melody of this pretty slumber song is smooth and pleasing, and the accompaniment, though not difficult, is so constructed in parts as to form a sort of duet between voice and piano.

"*Whether or No*." This song by the same author, though less artificially constructed, has a very taking melody, and should become popular at home and in the concert room. Both songs are correctly written and show the author to be a musician.

"*Canadian Camping Song*,"—by G. H. Howard. We can only say of this song that it is all it professes to be, a camping song, and therefore, the better known the melody, the more easily sung. Any one acquainted with Janet's choice, "Boy's and Girl's Come out to Play," and "Five o'clock in the Morning," will have no difficulty in readily learning this song. The words are pretty, although a little irregular. "Camp-fire blaze" would read more smoothly, than "Camp-fire's blaze." The drawing on the title page seems sadly out of perspective and we should rather be excused from using that fishing rod. The accompaniment, however, is correctly written.

HOW IT HAPPENED.—Some years ago Suppe, the composer, spent his summer holiday with some old friends at Gratz. Every evening, says the *London Musical World*, a party met to play skittles in the garden. When ready to begin, they would holla for the old woman next door to send the "lad" to set up the skittles. The "lad" was a sprightly black-eyed girl named "Maly" Materna. One day Suppe happened to hear her sing, and, struck by her voice, called the attention of Capellmeister Zaitz, also stopping at Gratz, to it. Shortly afterward, "Maly" was a member of the chorus at the Landes Theatre. By Suppe's advice, Treumann engaged her for Vienna. Her voice had meanwhile become developed, and thus it was that the celebrated Frau Amalie Materna made her first appearance on the stage.

A very useful and interesting practice prevails among the Episcopal church choirs of the Diocese of Massachusetts, which is the annual gathering of all choirs in one of the larger churches of the Diocese, for the purpose of noting the musical progress made during the year, for further practice and drill, and a public performance of choice music. At the last annual gathering, held during the past month, 25 church choirs were present and took part in the Festival. The meeting was held in Trinity Church, Boston, under the musical direction of Prof. S. B. Whitney, with John C. Warren, Organist. The music performed was the best the Church affords, Henry Smart, Rev. J. B. Dikes, Sir John Goss, John Stainer, and others being well represented.

BREVES AND SEMIBREVES.

Up to the present time Boito's "Mefistofele" has been performed at thirty-nine theatres.

The committee of the Paris Conservatoire concerts have presented Miss Emma Thursby with a medal of honor.

So successful has he been on his Northern tour just finished that Josef Wieniawski is already engaged for twenty concerts in Sweden next season.

Moritz Strakosch is forming an Italian operatic company, headed by Mdlle. Rolandt, of Wiesbaden, for a tour in France, Italy, Spain, and England.

De Ferrari and Monleone are forming a joint stock company in Genoa, with a capital of half a million francs in shares of 20,000 francs each, to carry on the Carlo Felice, Paganini, Doria and Politeama.

A new operetta, "Noah's Ark," by M. Jules Coste, has just been brought out in Paris. Among many attractive features is mentioned a chorus of animals of the period, "in which the public are invited to take part."

Gevaert has been created Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold; Pierre Benoit and Franz Liszt, commanders; Auguste Dupont, Burbure, and Ed. Lassen, officers; and a number of other gentlemen connected with music as knights.

Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert expect to come to America in October, when "Patience" will be produced at the New York Standard Theatre, and will be followed by the new operetta now being written, which, it is reported, will be called "The Princess."

At Covent Garden, London, the operas have been hackneyed "Rigoletto," with Madame Albani as *Gilda*, and "Faust," with Madame Patti as *Marguerite*. M. Rubinstein was to superintend the final rehearsals, and conduct the first performances of the Italian version of his opera, "The Demon," which was to have been produced towards the end of June, with Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, MM. Marini, Lassalle, and De Reszke, in the chief part.

Mlle. Minnie Hauk, as the English papers call her, recently appeared at Her Majesty's theatre in London, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from an immense audience. According to English judgment, and in this case no one is willing to dispute it, Miss Hauk is the one vocalist upon the operatic stage that can impersonate Bizet's *Carmen* to perfection. All other efforts are contrasted with hers and suffer, at least, in the estimation of London opera patrons.

From the account given of a conversation between the Prince of Wales and Madame Patti, it seems that the prima donna is still in the same mind about going to America. Madame Patti told the Prince: "It is settled. I shall go to America, and on my return with my earnings, my little castle in South Wales and the rest, I shall make my last bow to the public." It is expected, however, that the next season at Covent Garden will be Patti's farewell, and as Mr. Sims Reeves will in the course of 1882 also take his farewell of opera at Covent Garden, two matters of interest at least are already settled.