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The Arion,

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DOCTORS AND PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.

We have expressed ourselves pretty plainly with regard to "professors" of music. We stated in our second number that the title was in most cases self-assumed by men who had little else than the title to recommend them. We further stated that such men, in the truer sense of the word, were not musicians but merely dealers, who having bought at the cheapest possible market a slight knowledge of a little trashy music, peddle it out for any price they can obtain; rarely giving an equivalent for the money they receive. So far this would be only a matter between buyer and seller, were it not that the self assumed title is too often accepted as an assurance of ability, and thus it is that under such teaching, all that is true and good in the art is subordinated to selfish and temporary benefits, to the stultifying of public taste, and injury to those who have spent time and means, and who have faithfully labored to fit themselves for the profession. The following extract from the *Musical Critic*, N. Y., will show that we are not alone in this opinion:—

"In London they make a fight on the title "Professor," as applied to musicians. They cannot have anything else to do. Here we are much more peaceable. Teachers of standing in America will not allow any one to call them by the title, and the Vaillants and Prochazkas are only too glad that the title came into existence, for it is their only pride and all they have to boast of. We consider every "professor" a nincompoop beforehand, and so do many others. "Professors" have played out in the large cities in America."

So much for Professors, and now a word about "Mus. Docs.," *i. e.* Doctors of Music. The right to use this or any other title, when legitimately obtained, we do not question. It carries with it a proof that the wearer has successfully passed an examination before a competent and authorized examiner, and received the distinction from a university, or other institution empowered to grant such. But it is when the title is usurped, or at best obtained from some unauthorized institution whereby the public is deceived and the credit of the profession injured, that we feel it our duty to raise our voice in protest against the imposition, and all such impositions whenever and wherever we may meet them. That "doctors will disagree," is a true saying, nevertheless we feel quite safe in stating that doctors cannot show ignorance of the fundamental principles of their art, and retain the respect of those competent to judge them. In connection with this subject we ask the question: Why can we not have a Chair of Music at the University? Even if not endowed, it might be filled as an honorary position. This would afford an opportunity

for students in music to obtain a degree or other mark of merit, and while the possibility of obtaining such a distinction would act as a stimulus to our native talent, the possession of the same would be a guarantee to the public as to the ability of the possessor.

THE CHORAL AND ITS ORIGIN.

The Choral itself must rank as a strictly Protestant musical form. The Choral is essentially a psalm-tune. Its origin may be traced as far back as the time of Gregory 1st, but the modern Choral which we derive from Martin Luther, is quite distinct from those tunes used in the Roman Catholic Church. It was the endeavour of the great Reformer to incite the people to a more active participation in the religious service; therefore he chose the most popular national melodies, to which he wrote sacred words, mostly paraphrases of the Psalms. As it had been customary with earlier Italian composers to construct their fugues, canons and other choruses on the foundation of the Ambrosian or Gregorian chant, so it became a habit with Sebastian Bach and his followers to build the most complicated works upon the foundation of a Choral. Some of the most interesting specimens of this form of sacred song are to be found in Bach's St. Matthew Passion, in his Christmas Oratorio and in his numerous motets and cantatas.

It may be asserted that the Choral owes its existence to the obstacles which the Roman Catholic clergy placed in the way of the Germans, whom they tried to prevent from singing their religious hymns in their native language. From time immemorial, the Germans were used to sing their war songs and ballads in their own language. The Roman Church, always an enemy to nationality, forbade with all its authority the use of the German language, and vainly tried to prevent the excellent monks Olfred from Weissenburg (in Alsace), Rutupert of St. Gallen, and Wather Labeo, another Swiss, from introducing German hymns into the Roman Catholic Liturgy. The tyranny of the Church of Rome went so far as to shut out the congregation from all active participation in the service, save from responding with a "Kyrie Eleison" and "Christie Eleison" whilst the singing of the Psalms were confided solely to the officiating clergy. This strange prohibition was maintained in such a ridiculous degree that during one single service the congregation had to repeat about three hundred times the "Kyrie Eleison." Such exaggeration could not result in anything but mere senseless noise; and at last permission was given for the translation of hymns with Latin words, into German, on condition however, that each verse of these songs was to finish with the "Kyrie Eleison." From this

refrain originates the term "Leisen," given to hymns of this kind. It was not till the twelfth century, when the Crusades gave a stimulus to religious enthusiasm, that poets wrote sacred songs in Germany and adapted them to the tunes of the before mentioned "Leisen." Thus the earliest popular sacred music had its origin among the Germans, and the people forbidden to take part in the the church service in their native language, could not be prevented from singing their simple national hymns on solemn and festive occasions like the annual pilgrimages to Rome, the Feast of Corpus Christi, during the annual memorial Feasts of Saints, or in time of general supplications for rain, for fine weather, &c. These national songs received great encouragement through the minstrels (minnesanger), in as far as the songs of these poets, although generally secular, were received with universal favor, and obtained more than a transitory influence. Thus we find flourishing at that time "Marienlieder," or songs in honor of the Holy Virgin, the songs of the *palmer*s or *pilgrims*, the songs of the *boatmen*, and the religious *war songs*. Among the latter we may mention the song sung by the German troops during the war of their Emperor, Rodolph of Hapsburg, and Ottakar of Bohemia, in 1273, it begins thus :

Holy Mary, mother and maid,
All our grief to thee be said.

Another well known hymn was that sung during the festival of Whitsuntide :

And now to the Holy Ghost we pray
To give us the right belief alway ;
That, as to our life's end guard may be,
And from all our woe may be set free.—*Kyrie Eleison.*

This hymn was adapted by Luther, under the name "And now we pray to the Holy Ghost." Apart from the above named instances of the use of religious songs in the "vulgar tongue" of the various worshippers, the *Waldenses* in France, and the *Heretics* of Germany, established the institution of secular Psalm singing, as a speciality of their creed. That a similar movement occurred at a later period in England, is shown by the epithet "psalm singers," contemptuously applied by the cavaliers in Charles 1st time, to their jealous though fanatical foes.

The members of another religious sect, that of the *Glagellants*, which had declared itself independent of the Roman hierarchy, sang German religious songs and contributed largely to popularize this custom. But it was not till the fifteenth century that regular German church songs were written, and generally accepted, and this most important fact we owe to Johann Huss, the Wickcliffe of Bohemia. Although the Council of Gonstanz forbade in 1415 the use of these songs, they had already taken too firm a hold in the people's hearts to be effectually prohibited, and after the time of Huss, the community of the *Bohemian* or *Moravian* brothers did everything in their power to improve these hymns and establish their use. Four hundred were collected by Bishop Lucas, and published in 1504. This is in reality the first book containing melodies set to native words. We come now to

the question, from what materials were these songs collected. We find that they may be classed in four categories :—

- 1st. German translations of Latin church hymns.
- 2nd. Half German and half Latin, or so called *mixed* songs, a strange assortment, written almost as a pastime by the monks, and whimsically made up of dog-Latin and modern languages.
- 3rd. Original German songs for religious festivals, &c.
- 4th. Paraphrases of German national and love songs.

Of this last class it may not be uninteresting to cite a few examples. Their boldness and their outspoken language would produce an almost repulsive impression of profanity, weighed by a modern standard ; but in matters of history we must be tolerant and bear in mind that in those days many things were uttered in mere simplicity of heart, while in later times the humble and low origin of these songs was forgotten. In one case the secular song runs thus :—

The dearest lover whom I have,
Lies in the host his cellar.

Of this very outspoken sentiment appeared the following astounding contra-factum or paraphrase :—

The dearest master that I have,
Is bound by love to me.

Another song runs thus :—

There was a man had lost his wife.

Contra-factum in a sacred style :—

There was a man had lost God's grace.

In the same manner is the well-known secular Journeyman's Song :—

Inns-bruck I must forsake thee,
And on my way betake me ;
Into the distant land.
O, world I must forsake thee
And on my way betake me,
To the eternal land.

Out of these vulgar, seemingly insignificant elements, the Protestant Choral arose. That such songs could not satisfy public feeling for any length of time, is evident, and we shall find that Luther's translation of the Bible did not only furnish the foundation for the High German Language, but also presented a model for the excellent church hymns, of which the Protestant Church of Germany can boast so great a number, and of which many have become popular in an English garb, Luther writes to his friend George Spalatin : "It is my intention to write German Psalms for the people, after the example of the Prophets and the old Fathers of the church.

.. Therefore we are seeking poets everywhere. I would pray, however, that the new words be kept away from the court, that they may all be according to the capacity of the common people, *quite simple and vulgar, and yet come out in a clean and telling way, and that the meaning be given full, plainly and according to the spirit of the psalm.*" The suggestion of Luther met with almost universal approval, and his ideas soon received an artistic development. "The people sang themselves into enthusiasm for the new religion, and many who were hostile to the name of Luther were converted to his tenets by the irresistible charm of the simple and touching Protestant Church psalmody.

NICCOLO PICCINI.

Niccolo Piccini, who was not less than fifty years of age when he left Naples for the purpose of outrivalling Gluck, was born at Bari, in the Kingdom of Naples, in 1728. His father, also a musician, had destined him for holy orders, but nature made him an artist. His great delight, even as a little child, was playing on the harpsichord, which he quickly learned. One day the bishop of Bari heard him playing, and was amazed at the power of the little *virtuoso*. "By all means send him to a conservatory of music," he said to the elder Piccini. "If the vocation of the priesthood brings trials and sacrifices, a musical career is not less beset with obstacles. Music demands great perseverance and incessant labor. It exposes one to many chagrins and toils."

By the advice of the shrewd prelate, the precocious boy was placed at the school of St. Onofrio at the age of fourteen. At first confided to the care of an inferior professor, he revolted from the arid teachings of a mere human machine. Obeying the dictates of his daring fancy, though hardly acquainted with the rudiments of composition, he determined to compose a mass. The news got abroad that the little Niccolo was working on a grand mass, and the great Leo, the chief of the conservatory, sent for the trembling culprit.

"You have written a mass?" he commenced.

"Excuse me, sir, I could not help it," said the timid boy.

"Let me see it!"

Niccolo brought him the score and all the orchestral parts, and Leo immediately went to the concert room, assembled the orchestra, and gave them the parts. The boy was ordered to take his place in front and conduct the performance, which he went through with great agitation.

"I pardon you this time," said the grave maestro at the end, "but if you do such a thing again, I will punish you in such a manner that you will remember it as long as you live. Instead of studying the principles of your art, you give yourself up to all the wildness of your imagination, and when you have tutored your ill-regulated ideas into something like a shape, you produce what you call a mass, and no doubt think you have produced a masterpiece."

When the boy burst into tears at this rebuke Leo clasped him in his arms, told him he had great talent, and after that took him under his special instruction. Leo was succeeded by Durante, who also loved Piccini, and looked forward to a future greatness for him. He was wont to say the others were his pupils, but Piccini was his son. After twelve years spent in the conservatory Piccini commenced an opera. The director of the principal Neapolitan theatre said to Prince Vintimille, who introduced the young musician, that his work was sure to be a failure.

"How much can you lose by his opera?" the Prince replied, "supposing it to be a perfect *fiasco*?"

The manager named the sum.

"There is the money, then," replied Piccini's generous patron, handing him a purse. "If the 'Dorme Despetose' (the name of the opera) should fail, you may keep the money, but otherwise, return it to me."

The friends of Lagroseino, the famous composer of the day, were enraged when they heard the next new work was to be from an obscure youth, and they determined to hiss the performance. So great, however, was the delight of the public with the freshness and beauty of Piccini's music, that even those who came to condemn remained to applaud. The reputation of the composer went on increasing until the foremost name of musical Italy, for his fertility of production was remarkable; and he gave the theatres a brilliant succession of comic and serious works. In 1758 he produced at Rome his "Alessandro nell' Indie," whose success surpassed all that had preceded it, and two years later a still finer masterpiece, "La Buona Figliuola," written to a text furnished by the poet Goldoni and founded on the story of Richardson's "Pamela." This opera was produced at every playhouse on the Italian peninsula in the course of a few years. A pleasant *mot* by the Duke of Brunswick is worth preserving in this connection. Piccini had married a beautiful singer named Vicenza Sibilla, and his home was very happy. One day the German prince visited Piccini and found him rocking the cradle of his youngest child, while the eldest was tugging at his paternal coat tails. The mother being *en deshabille* ran away at the sight of a stranger. The duke excused himself for his want of ceremony, and added, "I am delighted to see so great a man living in such simplicity, and that the author of "La Bonne Tille" is such a good father." Piccini's placid and pleasant life was destined, however, to pass into stormy waters. His sway over the stage and the popular preference continued until 1773, when a clique of envious rivals at Rome brought about his first disaster. The composer was greatly disheartened, and took to his bed, for he was ill alike in mind and body. The turning point in his career had come, and he was to enter into an arena which taxed his powers in a contest such as he had not yet dreamed of. His operas having been heard and admired in France, their great reputation inspired the royal favorite, Mme. du Barry, with the hope of finding a successful competitor to the great German composer, patronized by Marie Antoinette. Accordingly, Piccini was offered an indemnity of six thousand francs and a residence in the hotel of the Neapolitan ambassador. When the Italian arrived in Paris, Gluck was in full sway the idol of the court and public, and about to produce his "Armide."

Piccini was immediately commissioned to write a new opera, and he applied to the brilliant Marmontel for a libretto. The poet re-arranged one of Quinault's tragedies, "Roland," and Piccini undertook the difficult task of composing music to words in a language as yet unknown to him. Marmontel was his unwearied tutor, and

he writes in his "Memoirs" of his pleasant yet arduous task: "Line by line, word by word, I had everything to explain; and when he had laid hold of the meaning of a passage, I recited it to him, marking the accent, the prosody and the cadence of the verses. He listened eagerly, and I had the satisfaction to know that what he heard was carefully noted. His delicate ear seized so readily the accent of the language and the measure of the poetry, that in his music he never mistook them. It was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see him practice before my eyes an art of which before I had no idea. His harmony was in his mind. He wrote his airs with the utmost rapidity, and when he had traced its designs, he filled up all the parts of the score, distributing the traits of harmony and melody, just as a skilful painter would distribute on his canvas the colors, lights and shadows of his picture. When all this was done, he opened his harpsichord, which he had been using as his writing table; and then I heard an air, a duet, a chorus, complete in all its parts, with a truth of expression, an intelligence, a unity of design, a magic in the harmony, which delighted both my ear and my feelings."

Piccini's arrival in Paris had been kept a close secret while he was working on the new opera, but Abbe du Rollet ferreted it out, and acquainted Gluck, which piece of news the great German took with philosophical disdain. Indeed he attended the rehearsal of "Roland," and when his rival, in despair over his ignorance of French and the stupidity of the orchestra, threw down the baton in despair, Gluck took it up, and by his magnetic authority brought order out of chaos and restored tranquility, a help as much, probably, the fruit of condescension and contempt as of generosity.

Still Gluck was not easy in mind over this intrigue of his enemies, and wrote a bitter letter, which was made public, and aggravated the war of public feeling. Epigrams and accusations flew back and forth like hailstones.

"Do you know that the Chevalier (Gluck's title) has an Armidex and Orlando in his portfolio?" said Abbe Arnaud to a Piccinist.

"But Piccini is also at work on an Orlando," was the retort.

"So much the better," returned the Abbe, "for then we shall have an Orlando and also an Orlandino," was the keen answer.

The public attention was stimulated by the war of pamphlets, lampoons and newspaper articles. Many of the great *litterati* were Piccinists, among them Marmon- tel, La Harpe, D'Alembert, &c. Luard du Rollet and Jean Jacques Rousseau fought in the opposite ranks. Although the nation was trembling on the verge of revolution, and the French had just lost their hold on the East Indies; though Mirabeau was thundering in the tribune, and Jacobin clubs were commencing their baleful work, soon to drench Paris in blood, all factions and discords were forgotten. The question was no longer

"Is he a Jansenist, a Molinist, an Encyclopædist, a philosopher, a freethinker?" One question only was thought of. Is he a Gluckist or Piccinist? And on the answer often depended the peace of families and the cement of long established friendships.

Piccini's opera was a brilliant success with fickle Parisians, though the Gluckists sneered at it as a petty concert music. The retort was that Gluck had no gift of melody, though they admitted he had the advantage over his rival of making more noise. The poor Italian was so much distressed by the fierce contest that he and his family were in despair on the night of the first representation. He could only say to his weeping wife and son: "Come, my children, this is unreasonable. Remember that we are not among savages; we are living with the politest and kindest nation in Europe. If they don't like me as a musician, they will at all events respect me as a man and a stranger." To do justice to Piccini, a mild and timid man, he never took part in the controversy, and always spoke of his opponent with respect and admiration.

It has become a too frequent occurrence for managers or others interested in getting up concerts and musical entertainments in Toronto, to announce that the *best* talent in the city has been secured. Now, when as it often does occur, that the programme is carried out by amateurs of very mediocre ability, it is not only a fraud upon that portion of the public, if any, who are induced to believe it, but a piece of gratuitous impertinence to those able musicians who do not happen to be engaged. It would be more fair and honest to announce the names of the parties to take part in the concert, and let the public judge for itself as to whether they are the best or not, or at least, in the event of this being inconvenient, to avoid the use of a superlative term, which by reflection casts an imputation upon others, whose names do not appear.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The first concert of the above society this season took place in the pavillion of the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of the 25th of January. The floor and galleries of the spacious hall were well filled. For the accommodation of Chorus and Orchestra (which, united, numbered about two hundred and fifty persons) an addition had been made to the stage.

The chief work presented and which filled the first part of the programme was the Dramatic Cantata, composed by Henry Smart, entitled "The Bride of Dunkerron." This charming work is full of grace and power, and abounds with rhythmical melodies, bold and effective choruses and elaborate instrumentation. The argument is as follows:—

The Lord of Dunkerron, enamoured of a sea-maiden, seeks her for his bride. She has not the power to quit

her element, and he follows her to her spirit home. The sea-maiden leaves him that she may obtain the sea-king's sanction to the union, but he with the storm-spirits, has already doomed her to death for loving one of mortal birth, and she re-appears to her lover only to announce her fate. He, for his temerity, is driven from the spirit land, and cast back by the tempest to the shores of the upper world. The sea-spirits lament the maiden, the serfs, the death of their master. The work opens with an introduction, or short overture for the Orchestra, descriptive of the weird sounds of the sea when the winds are hushed and the waves are calm. The strings begin pianissimo, gently increasing; the wood instruments are added, and lastly the brass. The vocal score begins with a chorus of male voices, melodic in conception and bold in construction. It stands out in strong relief against a background of contra-puntal figures and harmonic progressions by the Orchestra. This chorus was very effectively rendered, both Orchestra and voices performing their parts conscientiously and with precision. The next number, a recitation and aria, "The Full Moon is Beaming," was sung by Mr. Jenkin, of Hamilton. With reference to this gentleman we are compelled to assert that a second hearing has fully confirmed the opinion we expressed in a previous number. Undoubtedly Mr. Jenkin has a good tenor-robusto voice, and we allow that he has musical feeling and a fair share of musical knowledge, and it is this alone that serves him from utter failure. By his method, which is really an absence of all method, scarcely two notes following each other, are of the of the same quality of tone, and while it is true that *a* (broad) may be employed as a vocal exercise, it is simply nonsense to change the sound of other vowels, as for instance in the duet, "Here may we Dwell." The word "dwell" is used in the coda of the duet, several notes being written against it; the vowel *e* has, as nearly as letters can express it, the sound of *er*, but Mr. Jenkin sang it dw-er-er-a-a-a-erl, thus converting the simple word "dwell" into dweraerl. The question suggests itself, "where are all our native tenors?" Leaving this to the philosophers we proceed. Especially deserving of notice, both with regard to the composition and its rendering, was the chorus of Storm-Spirits, "Down through the Deep." The orchestral score is here replete with tone, imagery corresponding to the sentiment of the words, "Mid the Eddying Sweep," "Down! down! where the cold waters creep." The play of the violins here represent the eddying of rushing waters. The word "Down!" occurring at periodic intervals by chorus in unison and descending step by step.

"Down to the darkness at last
By the mountain that stood
Bald ere the flood:—
Down where the sea blossoms wave,
Down!
By the mariner's grave:—

The music reaches its climax at the line "Bald ere the

flood," and the following is calm and soothing until the lines

"Through the wide ocean, desert and strand,
They have passed to the bright spirit land!"

Here the melodic form becomes more definite, the harmonic progression simpler; the struggle is over, the goal is won, and a sense of satisfaction and rest is conveyed as the chorus closes in the major key. In our opinion this is one of the most dramatic choruses written, and it is due to the members of the Philharmonic Society, Chorus and Orchestra, to say that the very excellent manner in which they rendered it is deserving of great praise. Mr. Warrington as "Sea King" was in good voice, and the next number, a recitation and aria, "The Sea Rules All," was by him very happily sung. Miss Hillary, as "Sea Maiden," sang a recitation and aria, "Our Home Shall Be." This lady, so well known to the Toronto public, sang her numbers conscientiously and well. Her voice is clear, sufficiently powerful and well developed, and her method correct, but an absence of passion in the tone of the voice makes itself felt; it is lacking in color and warmth. Thus, in the rendering of oratorio and other sacred music, where all human passion is forbidden, Miss Hillary's style and voice will appear to better advantage than in works of a dramatic nature which require dramatic force and coloring. By this we do not mean any fault, if fault it be, of a positive character, but merely negative, for in every other respect her numbers were charmingly rendered. "Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee! Child of the Earth." This chorus in triple time is bright and sparkling, and makes a charming contrast to the more solid form of the previous numbers. The Cantata closes with chorus by *Serfs* who seek their master in the following words:—

"The dark storm is past, but the day cometh late,
All night has the watch dog howl'd at the gate;
Where is the Lord of Dunkerron?—Oh! where?
In the hall?—No, not there! In the chamber?—Not there!"

This is replied to by the sea maidens, who from the dark waters bewail the loss of the sea maiden, closing with the words:—

"Oh! ne'er will the sea maiden come—nevermore!
All lost to our rite on the song haunted shore;
Lost to the bright spirit land evermore!"

The second part of the programme, which was of a miscellaneous character, opened with the Overture to Oberon (Weber). This overture as an orchestral work is not difficult, but at the same time it requires careful playing to render it effectively. The orchestra was not all that could be desired in reference to its strength and completeness, but it must be borne in mind that this is the fault of circumstances over which the conductor has no control. The pianissimo opening by violins was neat and clean, the attack vigorous, and the light and shade carefully preserved throughout. A scena and aria, "Softly Sighs," from (*Der Frieschutz, Weber*), was sung by Miss McManus. This young lady has a clear soprano voice of good compass, equal scale and musical quality, and we should judge is possessed of much musical enthusiasm. As yet her voice is only partly cultivated and

quite unequal to the demands of such a number. Affectation in speech should be carefully avoided in singing. Such errors as the following will have a depreciating effect upon a song in other respects ever so well sung, viz., "Behold Him!" Here the long note is sustained upon the vowel *o* which should have the long sound as in *bow*, and not be pronounced from the lips and front of mouth as *our* (beheured him). Again, "Darkly brooding seems to *lour*." *Lour* here rhymes with *power*, but the vowel *o* was vocalized as *e*, making *leur* of the word, *onxious* for *anxious*, &c. These in themselves are errors easy of correction, and we point them out in a spirit of friendly criticism. "Love Sounds the Alarm," (*Acis and Galatea*, Handel), is utterly beyond Mr. Jenkin's powers as a vocalist, and was rendered, rather than sung, by sheer force of muscle. Mr. Jenkin's evident musical taste and naturally good voice, deserves better treatment at his own hands. The concert closed with the Quintette and chorus, "Ah, 'Mid Shades of Error," (*Trovatore*) Verdi, by Chorus and Orchestra. This dramatic and rather lengthy number was spiritedly rendered and received an *encore*. Toward the latter part of the evening Mr. Nordheimer, the president of the society, addressed the house, and in a few well turned sentences on behalf of the society, thanked the audience for the generous manner in which they had assembled, and told them he was pleased to be able to state that the Philharmonic Society was now on a substantial basis. Taking the concert as a whole, we congratulate the society upon its success, and shall look forward with pleasant anticipation to the next one, to take place toward the latter part of the season, when "Judah Maccabeus" will be presented.

THE RATIONAL SINGING-BIRDS.

In days of yore, it happened that the inhabitants of a certain beautiful island took much pleasure in the varied songs of the birds with which the land abounded. So delighted were they with the melody which many of them poured forth that they would sit for hours to listen to them, and bribe them to sing by every means in their power. The birds, thus pampered, became somewhat idle; and finding that the admiring crowds beneath were easily satisfied, they hopped about from tree to tree, enjoying their freedom, and contended both with the applause and with the more solid remuneration which their exertions produced.

Now, when matters had gone on in this manner for some time, it came to pass that the listeners under the trees grew by degrees thinner and thinner. The birds sang as well as ever; but the auditors were restless, and began to mutter amongst themselves. Many, who had previously been the foremost in their applause, now turned away and smiled; and one day when a pretty little bird began her well-known song, which had always been favourably received, a person was distinctly heard to say that it was "nothing to what he'd heard the foreigners do."

The truth was now too evident to be doubted. A number of birds from the main land had evidently come over to this peaceable island to take the seed out of the mouths of the natives. A general consternation ensued; and it was agreed that they should proceed, in a body, to the place where their enemies were assembled, and convince themselves of their misery.

Scarcely had they flown more than half a mile, when the most delicious notes burst upon their ear, and they shortly arrived at a beautiful amphitheatre, where crowds of persons were assembled. The stranger birds, perched upon the surrounding trees, were singing in the most enchanting manner, and the audience were tempting them to remain by throwing the things they most delighted in before them. Ever and anon a favourite bird would descend from a tree, and picking up two or three of these articles, fly with them to his companions, amidst the applause of the spectators; and then they would sing more beautifully than before, and the air around was filled with melody.

The native birds could not help acknowledging to themselves the superiority of the song of these foreigners to their own; yet a feeling of envy took possession of them, which they did not care to question the justice of. They imagined that the public ought to listen to them in preference, because they were all *born* and *reared* upon the island; and they accordingly came to the resolution of henceforth considering themselves very ill-used birds.

As they could not meet their opponents in an open trial of skill, it was agreed that they should peck at them whenever they could get an opportunity; and this was consequently forthwith acted upon. Stimulating themselves by the cry of "native talent!" they endeavoured to prove that no bird had a right to sing, save in his own country; and, by an analogous chain of reasoning, that no patriotic person ought to desire him to do so. During this petty war, many wise birds would continually represent to their weaker companions the folly and irrationality of their conduct; but it was of little avail; and the good old counsellor was usually told, more emphatically than delicately, to "shut his beak."

But what rendered this encroachment upon their privileges the more galling was that the foreign warblers only stayed a few months, and then flew away in a body, carrying with them large stores of what, by right, belonged to the natives. At first it was thought that, as soon as they had taken their departure, the old state of things might be brought back. Even this hope, however, was deceptive; for although the original vocalists filled the trees and warbled as before, the country was deserted, and the few passers-by were not of a class to be attracted by their voices. They waited in patience. But when the warm weather returned, and the country around resumed its green attire, one by one, the trees were filled with the birds from over the sea, and audiences admired and applauded as before.

For many years matters went on thus. At length the native birds, tired of continually pecking at their rivals, began seriously to consider how it was that their song was so much admired, and whether this admiration was really traceable to the mere fact of their coming from a foreign country. This rational mode of viewing the case gradually spread; and many even who had hitherto pecked most unmercifully at the foreigners, began to see that it would be much better to meet them in a spirit of friendship. Accordingly it was agreed that they should all be invited to discuss the matter fairly and openly, and an early day was fixed upon for the purpose. A beautiful part of the country was selected, and every accommodation that could be thought of was made for the guests. A soft mossy bank, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding landscape, was fixed upon for their use. The peculiar seed, and other food, to which they were accustomed in their own country, was plentifully strewed within their reach, and small vessels of the purest water were placed to each bird, so that he could dip his beak into it without moving from his warm place in the moss.

The morning was charming; and the gay chirping of the birds, as they arrived at the appointed spot, from various parts of the island, shewed that the invitation had been numerous accepted. As soon as a sufficient number had assembled, one of the native birds rose and opened the business of the meeting. He began by stating that they had all come to the resolution of throwing aside any lurking feeling

of jealousy, and he trusted that, in future, they would always meet upon amicable terms. He hoped that any intemperate attacks which had been made upon their guests since their first visit to the island, would now be forgotten and forgiven.

A beautiful foreign warbler rose and said that he spoke the sentiments of his feathered friends, when he declared that they had never entertained the least feeling of jealousy towards them. They had merely flown over from the mainland to try what effect their song would have upon the inhabitants; and, as they had been warmly received, they should, of course, continue to visit them during a certain season of the year. As for the attacks made upon them, he believed that they had in every instance, recoiled upon the attackers. The only legitimate mode of proceeding for the natives was to prove themselves their equals. If this could not be done, they would only more fully establish their inferiority by pecking at them whenever they could get a chance.

An intemperate little native bird here rose in great anger, but was instantly pulled down by the tail.

The original speaker then resumed; and, after complimenting his foreign friend upon the liberal feeling which he had just expressed, begged, in the name of his companions, to put a question to him, which, in fact, he said, was the chief object of the meeting. He wished to know why it was that their song was so much more perfect—so much clearer, and so thoroughly satisfactory to the ear—and whether in their own country, they were really as much esteemed as they were here.

The same bird who had before spoken answered in a firm and temperate tone. He was delighted, he said, to find that the question had been put to him, as he really felt much pleasure in replying to it. The fact was that there was no secret about the matter at all. When they first flew over to this island, they listened to the song of the native birds, as they warbled in the trees, and found it so crude and unpractised that they were quite astonished that the auditors could derive any gratification from it; and from that moment they resolved to try whether their voices so perfectly formed as their own would not at once secure the attention of those who could really judge of the matter. The experiment had succeeded beyond their utmost wishes; and the inhabitants of the island now looked forward to the period of their annual arrival with the liveliest feelings of pleasure.

"But," said the first speaker, "we are anxious to learn by what magic art you contrive to make your song so perfect that we can scarcely dare to approach it."

The benevolent bird pecked up a few seeds, took a few drops of water, and proceeded. "The means," said he, "which we use to cultivate our voices have not only no relation to magic, but they are the most natural and rational that could be devised. The fact is that, in our country, we consider the power of uttering notes to be a mere trifle. The voice is only a foundation upon which to erect a structure. When, therefore, one of our young birds betrays a decided inclination to sing better than his neighbours, we do not allow him to perch upon the trees, and show the immaturity of his style by singing to all the passers by, but we carefully prevent him from being heard until his voice has been properly formed and perfected. To effect this, we select the most solitary places. For years we dwell in caves, and hide in the hollow rocks, where we practise incessantly; and when the elder and experienced birds pronounce us fit to be heard, we emerge from our hiding-places and sing at once in the most public promenades. By these means, no birds are heard say, those who have practised sufficiently to give pleasure; and thus we are not only highly esteemed in our own country, but we are, as you see, enabled to fly away to distant places and fairly to supplant the natives themselves. Now, with you, the mode of proceeding is entirely different. As soon as one of your young ones shows that he has a clear voice, away he goes to the most frequented spots, and begins to sing. The listeners, having now frequent opportunities of contrasting his song with that of the many birds from other countries

who are continually arriving, naturally enough, leave the natives, and go to the foreigners, simply because they are singers before they come, and the others learn to sing in public."

The good little bird here broke off, and folding his wings, which he had begun to flay in the excitement of his speech, resumed his seat in the moss. The native birds looked at each other significantly, as if they had heard a great truth for the first time. A vote of thanks was passed to the bird on the perch (who presided), and the meeting, silently, and with subdued feelings of pleasure, separated.

And the lesson was not lost. From that day the native birds retired in bodies to large caves and unfrequented places, where they practised for years. When they came forth, but for their plumage, many of the inhabitants would have taken them for the foreigners—so perfect was their song, and so improved was their style. Not only do they now delight the natives of the island, but they often cross over to the mainland; and thus a mutual good-will is established between the continent and the island. Instead of pecking at each other they continually fly in company, and are often found singing together so delightfully in the same trees that the audiences care no longer to inquire which are the natives and which are the foreigners.—A. C. Lunn.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

MR. BRISTOW'S new work *The Great Republic* is in rehearsal, Mr. Gilmore being the leader.

LAST month Franz Liszt and Sophie Menter gave a concert at the Palazzo Caffarelli in Rome.

MR. MAURICE GRAU with his company, after a successful season in Havana, has started for Mexico.

THIS month Von Bulow will give a concert in Pesth at which he will play compositions by Liszt only.

MR. JOSEFFY will soon announce another series of concerts, at which many new and brilliant works will be given.

BERLIOZ'S *Faust* was given at St. James's Hall under the leadership of Mr. Charles Halle on the 8th of January.

The Flying Dutchman, by Wagner, has met with unexpected success at Ghent. The stage setting is declared to be marvellous.

RUBINSTEIN'S opera *Feramos* is said to have been rather a failure in Mannheim, though the composer himself conducted.

LAST month Miss Minnie Hauk sang *Carmen* in Berlin at the Emperor's request. The Emperor, the Empress and the Imperial court attended the performance.

MR. SIMS REEVES, now nearly sixty years old, announces that he will retire from the stage next year, and offers to take then a position as teacher in the Royal London College of Music.

A CONCERT was given at Northampton, Mass., last week; and by means of the telephone, people in Hartford, Conn., some forty miles off, listened to a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

THE New York College of Music has decided to add a Chamber Music Concert Hall to its thriving establishment in 70th Street. The pupils now number some four hundred, under the tuition of thirty professors.

MME. CRUVELLI, who has lived for many years in Nice, and given concerts in aid of the charities of the Department, on Christmas Day handed a cheque of the amount of 200,000 francs to the superintendent for distribution among the poor.

THERE have already being subscribed in Chicago fifty thousand dollars towards the expenses of the Musical Festival to be held there in June. Signor Candidus from Frankfort and Mr. Remmertz of New York are already engaged and negotiations are said to be pending with Mme. Gerster and Miss Cary.

BREVES AND SEMIBREVES.

SYMPHONY.—Anton Rubinstein has written a new symphony, entitled "Russia."

Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is to be given in London next season, under Hans Richter's baton.

The London Sacred Harmonie Society has a force of 200 in the chorus. It is not a great number, but they are all picked singers.

H. R. H.—London *Truth* says that Princess Louise recently published a galop composed by herself, and that she describes herself on the front page as "Louise Campbell."

T. H. Turpin, president of the College of Organists, London, has been appointed editor of the *Musical Standard*, of that city. The ability of this gentleman is so well known that the most satisfactory results may be anticipated.

They decided to produce the "Meistersinger" at the Stadt Theatre, Magdeburg, and held no less than 1,790 rehearsals, namely, 790 for the principals, 800 for the chorus, 40 general, 80 for the carpenters, and 170 for the band.

Richter, the German conductor, made a great impression in London last season by his conducting of Wagner's operas. But the *Fremdenblatt* says that he is "totally devoid of musical temper and cleverness." Hence, much agitation in German musical circles.

The notable musical people who died during the past year were Jules Offenbach, the Parisian opera bouffe composer; Sir John Goss, the English director and composer; Henri Wieniawski, the Polish violinist, and Ole Bull; Isabella McCulloch, the American soprano, and John Curwen, the originator of the Tonic Sol-Fa system.

STUDIO NOTES.

In the midst of a Canadian winter which so long removes us from the pleasant brookside days, it is not a particularly simple matter to find material for an art article in Toronto. If, therefore, this month the readers of THE ARION find us dull we must plead the severity of the season, and promise to do better in the Spring. Though, however, this may be said to be the silent season in Toronto art circles, it is by no means an idle one; perhaps the less so for its silence. The most thorough workers are usually silent, and so let us hope that the coming months will show that our artists are neither dead nor sleeping. From what is now to be seen on the easels of Messrs. O'Brien, Harris, Fraser, Martin, Perri and others of our Royal Academy, it will be safe to say that the exhibit next May will not be the worst which the Spring season has brought round to us. The Ontario School of Art is busy and prosperous, well attended, having over two hundred students on its roll, and the work they are doing is more thorough than ever; its results will also be more apparent this year than previously, as it requires three or four seasons to develop any power in the art of design in young and previously untrained students. We are glad to note that local enterprise is not dormant in the art publishing line, and that Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., of Toronto, have offered three prizes for original designs for Christmas Cards, to be brought out next winter. They wisely limit the subjects to such as shall be purely Canadian, or symbolical of the birth of Christ; this is a heedful proviso when we remember the many incongruous subjects palmed off on the public last year, about as *apropos* to Christmas as to mid-summer, in many cases less so.

It is sincerely to be hoped that with the revival in business which is now becoming so general that the artistic profession will this year begin to feel its influence, and that some cheering encouragement may fall upon a long waiting, hard working, and in Canada, somewhat neglected profession.

The Montreal Art Association holds an Exhibition of works in black and white, opening on the fifteenth of this month. This is a new move in that city, and must perforce prove interesting if not profitable. This will afford an opportunity for some of our younger artists, and be a pleasant fore-runner of the regular exhibition of paintings which is to open there in April, and at which, it is hoped, several of our Tor-

onto studios will be represented. Last spring the Montreal public patronized the Canadian work more than it has done for some time past, or in fact ever before. This in itself must be regarded as a very healthy sign, not only for the prospect it gives of the improvement of the position of Canadian artists, but also of the greater independence and discernment of their patrons. On the whole, the year 1881 should prove the best art year ever enjoyed in the Dominion, when we look forward to so many exhibitions of a purely fine art aim which are projected for it. The great solicitude displayed for the encouragement of Art by His Excellency the Governor General and his Royal wife can hardly fail to have its good effect. It seems to be just the one thing needful for those in position so exalted, to extend a fostering hand and bright example in the patronage of art to give it the impetus it so sadly needs. The sacred fire burns among us, let it not languish for want of the stimulus which substantial aid and patronage by wealth alone can give.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

NEW MUSIC PUBLISHED BY I. SUCKLING & SONS.

"North-west Mounted Police Waltzes," composed by St. George B. Crozier, "Mus. Doc."

These waltzes, like most compositions of their kind, answer well enough the purpose for which they are intended, viz., to be danced to; further than this as a musical composition, they are below criticism. Consecutive octaves and fifths, without object or excuse, literally run riot, from first to last. In waltz No. 2, bars fourteen and fifteen, the harmony which, during the two previous bars has been 6-4 on E, suddenly jumps to the chord of 7 on C, bringing the melody in octaves with it. This is neither correct nor effective. In the first bar on page eleven, we find full chord of 6-4 in right hand, against full chord of 5-3 in left hand. Metric errors and errors in notation occur. The waltzes finish with consecutive octaves and fifths in final chords. All these are errors which we would not have expected and cannot excuse in one signing himself Mus. Doc.

MUSIC TRADE REVIEW.

The firm of A. & S. Nordheimer, which may be considered as the pioneer piano music house of Canada, are still to the fore as importers of first-class American pianos. Messrs. Nordheimer are the sole agents in Canada for the celebrated Steinway and Chickering pianos, beside which they have in stock always a large assortment of pianos of other makers notably Haines, Vose, and Gabler. They report business flourishing; their sales during Christmas and New Year's season having been unprecedentedly large. The Messrs. Nordheimer have several branch houses throughout the Dominion, and their name has become, in connection with musical matters, as a household word from Montreal to Manitoba, at which latter place we believe they have lately established an agency.