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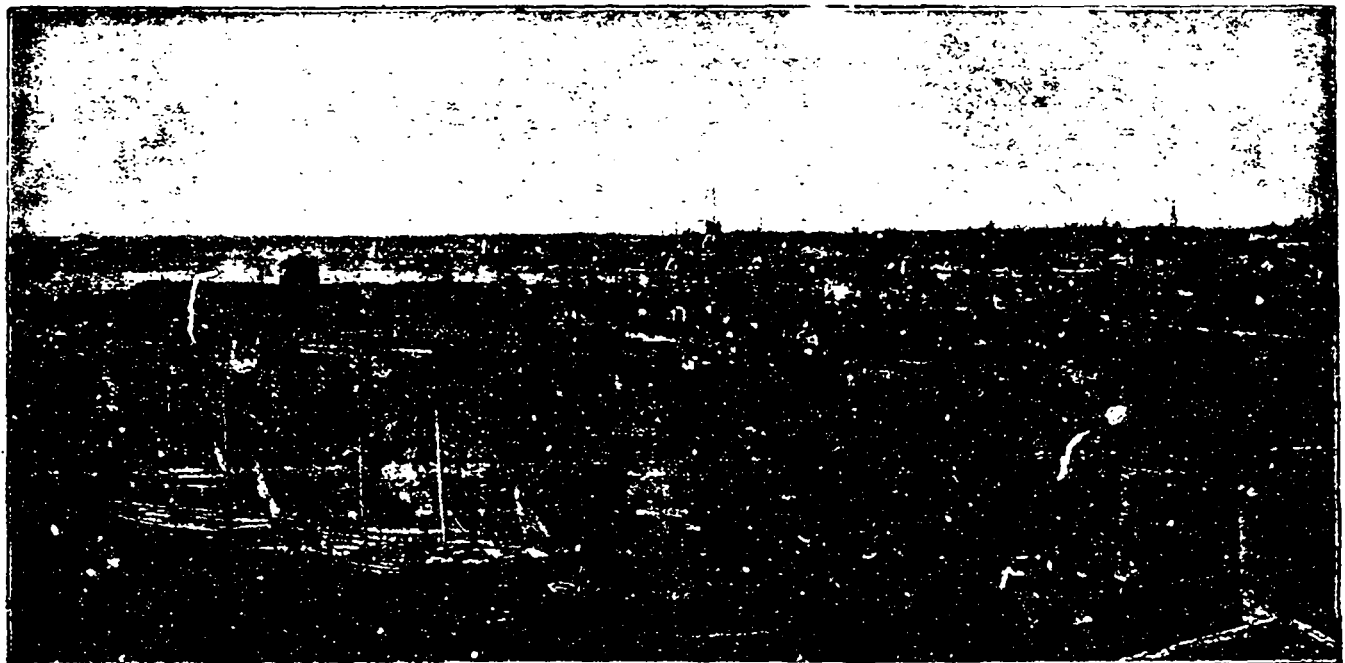
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A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Interests of Local and Universal News.

VOL. I, NO. 1.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1895.

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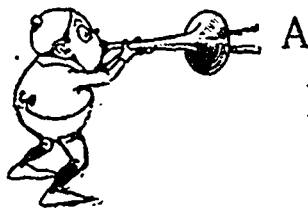
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KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1895.

THE QUESTION OF ENUNCIATION.

The subject of bad enunciation with vocal artists is one which crops up incidentally through the various critiques of a season. Reference is made especially to English speaking singers in the English tongue. The importance of French, German and Italian by vocalists is by no means underestimated, but with native born Americans can hardly be accepted as primary. When an American girl or youth begins to sing we would take it that charity in the matter of languages should rightly begin at home.

The fact also remains uppermost that a distinctly developed enunciation in any one language means a simpler mastery over the syllables of another.

We have concert after concert of English songs given here by professionals during a season. We have also—worse hope—class after class of pupils from first-rate voice teachers brought forward to sing us lyrics in the English tongue, from neither of whom can we extract a syllable of meaning. Absolute care is taken by the teachers in the matter of tone production. The study of the text and the coloring of tone in sympathetic adaptation to it is made a subject of equal care, but the clear and telling delivery of this text, by which alone an audience can comprehend and appreciate its appropriateness or beauty of its vocal setting, is growing more and more an affair of negligence with the teaching world. From out of the thousand vocal classes of our metropolis, those who sing distinctly enough to be understood might almost be numbered on our fingers.

It is of no practical consequence that a pupil has an innate dramatic conception of the meaning of a song, if he cannot make it patent to an audience through his utterance, their tranquil tender phrases may have to do with the

innocent babble of green fields or with those thoughts beneath which a well of tears is prone to lie, their impassioned climaxes may mean equally a rage of atmospheric elements or the tumultuous ardors of a love. How can an audience know if they do not tell them? And because the teachers and pupils know so thoroughly well between them just what the lyric tale is all about, they begin to forget more and more the necessity to tell.

Our episodes of English opera confirm most emphatically this imperfection of enunciation. Except in rare cases or in incoherent fragments can anyone tell what on earth the members of an English opera company are singing about? At the present moment there is being initiated in the courts a suit by a singer against a manager for breach of contract. The singer pleads an engagement for a number of nights to sing leading roles in English opera. The manager admits the contract, but states that it was violated not by him, but by the singer, who sang Italian instead of English at the first performance. Now, the artist in question was not heard on this occasion, but if we are to judge from contemporaneous example, the manager is pretty apt to have it his own way, as it would be hard to pick a jury of twelve good listeners from an audience who might aver with positiveness that they had been listening to any one language in particular. Judging from average experience of the enunciation of home trained English singers it would be quite a coup on the manager's part to decide even on the Italian. Nothing but an air trumpet in the wings off-times would convince us where the half formed stifled syllables we hear have had their birth-place.

We all know the potent effects sometimes gained by a singer of medium voice, who can tell his song-story with a meaning over the singer of more brilliant organ, whose bad enunciation leaves the tale a mystery. A notable success has been scored during this past season by two or three teachers who have paid strict attention to this enunciation. Slender vocal material has been made to do marvelous duty in garbing intelligently a distinct sympathetic tale, where larger voices have had the *raison d'être* of all their brilliancy and warmth and color satisfactorily explained through their clearly delivered text. But these cases were marked exceptions. The general idea within the studio seems to be that so long as the idea is mutually understood there, nobody outside needs to know anything whatever about it.

Teachers should muster forces and turn their active attention to seeing that their pupils enunciate with purity and distinctness. The poorest teacher we have would be ashamed not to give upon question an intelligent definition of a song or ballad—a story, usually in verse, which has been set to music. With ninety-five per cent. of them where goes the story? They let it lie buried at the back of their pupils' palates, converting that musical hope of a vast majority, an English song, into a fraudulent misnomer. There is not any English about it, any more than there is Egyptian or Javanese, and the same pupil who turns English into so ungrateful a verbal mystery will not be likely to improve himself when it comes to the Italian aria or the German Lied.

After the matter of enunciation there is much left desirable in the effect of pronunciation. We cannot escape from the fact that where the articulation is at times good the accent of singers is sadly lacking in euphony and refinement. There have been singers with us within a few months who having quite mastered enunciation, retain a pronunciation thin and hard and disturbingly commonplace in flavor. Some of them sang very well in French and Italian, trol-ling with mellifluous roundness certain consonants which in English were given with the flattest effect. It is a hard matter to reconcile that singers with a true musical ear who turn richly and lusciously the Italian and French letter "R" will sing the same in English after a manner closely resembling the London costermonger. But it is the case, and artists who have lent their tongues flexibly to the musical possibilities of a foreign language are frequently sadly lacking in their own. The facts are simply that they study the foreign language with a musical sympathy as something new, while their ear has through carelessness and abuse become comparatively deadened to the harmonies of their own, in which the slurs and end impoverished syllables which mark their conversational tone loom up through their song without any effort at enrichment or disguise.

But herein lies the province of teachers; and how large a field lies ready to their hand! First, let them teach every syllable to be unmistakably articulate, then let them teach the pupil how to make this clear diction harmonious and refined. At the present stage of matters this sounds like a hasty invitation to a vocal millennium, but it is in reality no more than a suggestion for consistent attention to what should be primary causes in the singer's art. Al-

ready we have a few faithful teachers who take music and speech with pronounced success hand in hand. We want the essential virtue to be generally diffused.

PADEREWSKI ON PIANO PLAYING.

We must congratulate our smart contemporary, the *Sun*, in having obtained an article from the eminent pianist on a subject on which his ideas have such authority, and we must be pardoned if we make a few extracts from it:—

Young girls who have learned to strum a little on the pianoforte, being obliged to do something for their own support, turn their attention to music teaching as the easiest means of gaining a livelihood without any reference whatever to their ability or qualifications. They can tell where the notes come on the staff and also on the keyboard, and they can play a few little waltzes, schottisches, and a few trifling compositions called "pieces" to which the composer has given some fancy name, such as a "nocturne," or a "reverie," or a maiden's prayer, or some similar title, which has no real reference whatever to the nature of the work.

Such teachers begin at the wrong end. Their one idea seems to be to teach their pupils "tunes" or "pieces." They teach them the notes on the staff and on the keyboard, and then set about drumming into them some utterly valueless "piece."

To teach or to learn to play the piano or any other instrument we must commence at the beginning. The pupil must first be taught the rudiments of music. When those have been mastered he must next be taught the technique of his instrument, and if that instrument be the piano, or the violin, or the harp, or the violincello, the muscles and joints of the hands, wrists and fingers must be made supple and strong by playing exercises designed to accomplish that end. At the same time, by means of similar exercises, the pupil must also be taught to read music rapidly and correctly.

When this has been accomplished she should render herself familiar with the works of the masters—not by having them drummed into her by her instructor, but by carefully studying them for herself, by seeking diligently and patiently for her composer's meaning, playing each doubtful passage over and over again in every variety of interpretation, and striving most earnestly to satisfy herself which is the most nearly in harmony with the composer's ideas.

The chief aim of every teacher of the pianoforte should be to impart to his pupils a correct technique and to enable them to play any composition at sight with proficiency and correctness, but how much, or, rather, how little of this kind of teaching is practised by many so-called music teachers? Many really competent music teachers have assured me that of all the pupils who come to them from teachers of lesser reputation to be "finished" there is not one in ten who has ever been taught to play all the major and minor scales in all the various keys.

It may seem strange, but when it happens that a teacher of pianoforte playing does understand that profession thoroughly, and

is most anxious to faithfully and conscientiously discharge his entire duty to his pupils, his patrons, as I have been told by many teachers, entertain such peculiar ideas of the divine art of music in general and of the manner in which pianoforte-playing should be imparted to young ladies in particular, that they present powerful obstacles to his doing so. The majority of parents who employ music, or, more properly speaking, pianoforte teachers, for their daughters are entirely ignorant of music themselves.

M. Paderewski then gives an amusing illustration of the way in which a music-teacher is expected to teach his pupil "pieces." He also touches on the necessity of amateurs learning compositions by heart, and concludes with sound advice as to not tiring the pupil. "If the future pianist is pushed with lessons or practice until she becomes mentally weary she will soon acquire a disgust for her work that will infallibly prevent her from ever achieving greatness. Physical weakness from too much practice is just as bad as mental. To over-fatigue the muscles is to spoil their tone, at least for the time being, and some time must elapse before they can regain their former elasticity and vigour."—*The Musical Standard*.

THE MUSIC-STOOL.

A weary old man with a puzzled face
Went wandering up the market place,
And he muttered, "I won't be made a fool!"
And tightly he grasped a music-stool.

He entered a stately furniture store,
And he sat the music-stool down on the floor;
And he said to the clerk, "You may think you're
funny,
But here's this cheat, and I want my money."

"What's the matter, my friend?" asked the gracious clerk;
"Is anything wrong? Can't you make it work?"
Said the ancient customer, "What did you say?
I did not buy it to work, but to play."

It was ticketed plain—why, any fool
Could have read the ticket, a "music stool."
And I bought it yesterday afternoon,
For we're all of us fond of a right good tune.

I took it home careful, as you may see,
And they were all pleased as they could be,
And I thought there was nothing at all to learn,
So I set it up and gave it a turn.

And I tell you, sir, that, upon my word,
A squeak like a mouse's was all we heard!
The missus, she looked a little vexed,
But she says, quite pleasant, "Let me try next."

Well, to cut it short, we all of us tried—
There's six of the children—and some of them
cried;
We worked all the rest of the afternoon,
And I'm blessed if it gave us the ghost of a tune.

And I tell you it's no more a music-stool
Than the old woman's wash bench. I'm perfectly
cool,
But you needn't talk none of your butter and
honey;
Here it is, I say, and I want my money!"

Said the clerk, with much gravity, "Let me explain."
"No, sir! you'll please give me my money again!
I haven't a doubt you can talk like a book,
But I am not so verdant, my friend, as I look!"

MARGARET VANDERGIFT.

NOTES—MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw is visiting and resting in Paris for three weeks, and incidentally having some pretty dresses made in anticipation of her American tournee, which commences January 1. With her are her sister and Miss Isabelle Bratnobar, of Waterloo, who is studying in England.

The gem of the European trip to the girls was the stay in the small hotel on the mountains at Rodderberg in Germany, opposite the Drachenfels, the most romantic spot on the Rhine, with Siegfried-Dragon legend association for background.

The hotel in which they stopped was built wholly of colored lava, black, brown, red, grey, &c., and the were simply perfection, which no doubt means the perfection of simplicity. The most inspiring view of the Rhine, of the Cologne Cathedral in the distance, and of nestling villages all about made the situation an inspiring one. But the chief value of the place lay in its superior studio qualities.

Miss Yaw, whose slightest word in regard to voice and voice cultivation must be authority, wishes known and realized and understood the great value of vocal practice in the open air. Her first voice production was in the mountains and among the great trees of California. The Swiss mountains are her summer teachers and studios combined. She asserts that there is something about the unique acoustic qualities of mountainous nature that leads to trueness of voice, to justness of vocal pitch. It is a vocal fact that unless tones are perfectly true the air refuses to carry them. There is no carrying power to tones unless they are absolutely just. Old nature is too honest a force to permit the insincerities at which beautiful buildings wink. Especially is this so of pianos and pianissimos. If the least bit "off" they are not heard at all; yet no sound, if true, that may not be distinctly heard at immense distances.

So the girls arranged opera houses in the honest mountains, and tested their tones from peak to peak. They sang their scales and arpeggios, staccatos and obligatos, improvised, imitated birds, and sang sections of operas for the echoes to play with. The experience was highly beneficial. Lungs and limbs and stomachs all increased in strength and their voices were much improved in quantity and quality, naturally.

Miss Yaw's sister, a sweet blond girl, too, it seems has only recently discovered that she has not only voice but a remarkable musical ear. Under her sister's training she has made marked progress in a short time, and who knows what may come of it? She seems to be free from false ambition and sings for song's sake.

We learn that Paderewski has nearly finished his four act opera. The book is built on a modern subject, and the scene is located in the Carpathian Mountains on the border line of Hungary and Galicia. Sir Augustus Harris is to produce the work at Covent Garden. It will be sung in French, but at Budapest it will be given in Hungarian, and at Dresden in German. Abbey & Grau own the American rights.

SALUTATORY.

In presenting the first number of **CANADIAN MUSIC AND DRAMA**, the publishers feel that Kingston has reached that stage in musical strength and development that it can sustain, with force and dignity, a journal devoted to the divine art. The musical societies of the city have made more than a local reputation. Indeed, Watkin-Mills, one of England's two best bass singers, pronounced the Kingston chorus, last year, the best for its size that he had heard on this side of the Atlantic. The Kingston Conservatory of Music and the

HUMOROUS NOTES.

A little Latin and less Greek, 'tis said,
Was all that Shakespeare know of foreign lingo;
But English playwrights now must be well read,
In German and in French—or starve, by jingo.

Man (in theatre to woman in front)—
Madam, I paid \$1.50 for this seat, and your hat —

Woman (calmly)—That hat cost \$40.

She—I think Wagner's music is perfectly beautiful, don't you?

He—Fairish, but he'd better stick to his car building; he can make more money.

LIMITS OF SOUND.

Dr. L. Van Schaick, of Rotterdam, has been making some new experiments on the limits of audible sound. They confirm Helmholtz's opinion that the lowest sound that can be heard by the ordinary human ear is the A of twenty-eight vibrations a second, the F below this A can be detected only in exceptional circumstances, the A an octave lower, of fourteen vibrations a second, cannot be heard by anyone. The



14TH BATTALION BAND, KINGSTON.

Kingston Ladies' College have sustained regular choruses of instruction successfully, and in a few years the city will rank, like Toronto does, as a rallying point for musicians. It was not always so, and it is, therefore, a great satisfaction to feel that the improvement is one likely to be permanent and extensive. If **MUSIC AND DRAMA** can add a humble portion to this efficiency and progress it will be a great pleasure to its publishers and promoters. To those who have given their assistance to this first number, sincere and grateful thanks are tendered, and it is hoped that they will be amply rewarded through its circulation and influence for their generous patronage. The circulation of **MUSIC AND DRAMA** will be chiefly among the musical public and in the best houses, so that its clientele is no mean one.

Landlady—I simply dote on Shakespeare, professor.

Hungry Boarder—Then, madam, why give us Bacon every breakfast?

“Why on earth do you have a melodeon instead of a piano, Manson?”

“Because my daughter was so fond of music I couldn't get her to take any exercise. Now she gets the walk and music all at once.”

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammered. “The hardest job I ever had,” said Hobbs, “was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered.” “How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?” asked Dobbs. “Easily enough,” replied Hobbs; “he had rheumatism in his fingers.”

fork may be seen to vibrate, but the sound produced could not be perceived.

Similar experiments with a pipe of 10 metres in length gave the same results. The subcontra A was audible, but much weaker than the note a semitone higher, the subcontra B flat, while the subcontra F sharp was inaudible.

The upper limit of sound varies considerably; in general the C of 16,896 vibrations a second is the highest that can be distinguished by the human ear. Hence it results that the range of the human ear is about ten octaves.

TRAINING OF THE HUMAN BODY.

BY DR. ANGELO MOSSO.

(Professor of physiology in university of Turin, Italy.)

Many people, even so-called experts, think that a physical exercise, to be of use, must be executed with great energy and velocity. Imbued with a military spirit they ask for exercises which consist of jerky motions, strong and violent grips and leaps. According to military judgment a sudden motion is preferable to a slow one because it is apt to be a decisive action, but the characteristic step of a Prussian soldier and the manner of his handling the gun are not admired by either physiologist or artist, they are entirely unsuitable for women's gymnastics.

Important investigations have been made which prove unquestionably that gymnastics owe their greatest usefulness to the fact that the muscles in their activity knead themselves, and that light motion aids the constant flow of lymph and blood better than strong and sudden motion. Many believe that in order to increase muscular strength great feats are necessary. This is an error. I believe that muscular contractions of short duration, involving less than one-tenth of the body's weight, are far more effective in strengthening and enlarging the muscles. Such movements may be made with dumb-bells (not too heavy).

Experiments prove that girls between eight and thirteen years of age doubled and trebled the strength of their arms in fourteen days. I do not believe that the efforts of exercising on the horizontal ladder and bars can have a similar result because the muscles, in lifting the whole weight of the body, work less under physiological conditions. Female gymnastics should never aim at extraordinary performance of strength; they are intended to facilitate mobility and gracefulness. Instead of giving instructions concerning every single movement, a series of movements should be practised with a physiological purpose. How hard it is for mothers to teach their daughters to walk gracefully! It is a complicated study to learn the combination of movements necessary for girls to know how to carry themselves well.

We must not be pedantic and insist upon the same programme for all exercises; it would lower the self-activity of the pupil. Gymnastic exercises should have a physiological aim. If the aim in view is plain much more liberty may be granted. German gymnastics are tedious, and when I see how

complicated and difficult are the representations of the easiest and simplest performances of life I cannot help remembering Goethe's irony with which he makes Mephistopheles instruct the student.

Instruction in gymnastics should be simplified, and games introduced into the schools. Some of the exercises now prescribed in schools I deem not only useless but decidedly dangerous. Among these I class the clapping together of the feet, which promotes the growth of flat-feet. We physicians judge of the arching of the foot from a person's walk. If when walking he throws his feet a little forward he is apt to be flat-footed. This form of the feet represents a fault which in military service may prove disastrous, because on the inner part of the sole main arteries and nerves terminate. Hence flat-footed soldiers cannot march well.

There are tender ladies and vain mothers who fear gymnastic exercises because they develop the arms too much; but a uniformly cylindrical arm is not beautiful; it may please some but never anyone who is educated in art-form. Muscular action makes the fat disappear somewhat, and then through the skin the well-formed muscle may be noticed, for they are not relaxed entirely even in repose. If we wish to learn the pure type of Roman women, it will not suffice to look at the few excellent forms one meets in the streets of Rome; we must ascend the heights of the Apenninian mountains and visit the villages where artists get their most beautiful models. These places resemble eagles' eyries on desolate mountain peaks. The people have a very laborious life. The women climb daily up and down those steep mountain sides, carrying water in crocks on their heads, and like queens they walk to their huts. Undoubtedly this light daily exercise in pure air and the shining sunlight has facilitated the development of rare bodily excellence.

It is an exaggeration to say that the ancient Roman received the aesthetic sense of beauty from the Greeks. They always valued physical beauty. Without this feeling the Scipios would not have caused to be placed on the tomb of Cornelius Lucius Barbatus (200 B.C.) the Saturnian epitaph: "His bodily form was similar to his virtue—perfect." How the times have changed! To-day we dare not tell a woman that her physical form is as perfect as her virtue.

DON'TS FOR VOCAL PUPILS.

BY LOUISE ELLIS TURNER.

Don't change teachers every few months. Select a teacher with care, then stand by him.

Don't practice over twenty minutes at a time, but do this three or four times a day at first; oftener as your voice grows stronger.

Don't be content to know a little about music. Study as long as possible, and read all the good musical literature you can procure.

Don't let other branches of your education be neglected. Nowadays, an all-round musician is well read and able to talk on almost any subject besides music.

Don't sing your tones as your teacher directs when taking your lessons, then go home and practice in a way all your own, paying little heed to what you have been told.

Don't miss an opportunity of hearing good music. If the state of your finances is low deny yourself in other things rather than to miss this education.

Don't be careless of your health for upon this depends your voice.

Don't criticise artists. To hear a person do this who has had but a year or two of work is ridiculous.

Don't sing trashy music.

Don't sing directly after eating.

Don't become discouraged, but keep at work. Remember that patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders, even where one has very little voice to begin with.

This from the *Musikzeitung*:

Kullak, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory, and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the repast Kullak was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterward the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots.

"What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man.

With a genial smile Kullak replied:

"Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

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YSAYE ON ERNST'S ELEGIE.

This is the famous history of the Elegie d'Ernst, and I can assure you that it is authentic, for it was given me by Wieniawski himself—all except the end, and Rubenstein told me that.

When Wieniawski was in Paris—twenty years ago or more—the people there were wildly enthusiastic over him, and as well as crowding his concerts they continually begged him to play at soirees. One Baroness in particular, belonging to the highest aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, would take no refusal. Wieniawski did not care much about the visit, but he yielded at last, and went with his accompanist. The baroness, who was receiving her visitors at the head of the grand staircase, welcomed him with effusion, enchanted, delighted to receive so distinguished a guest, and she begged him to be seated in the salon till the other visitors had arrived.

After ten minutes, when a few people were present, the baroness, snatching a few moments from her duties of receiving, asked Wieniawski to favor them by playing something. He glanced around; the baroness had gone back to the head of the staircase, and there were present a few shriveled up old gentlemen and three or four young girls—very thin and uninteresting girls. "Bah!" he said to his accompanist, shrugging his shoulders. "Let us play Ernst's Elegie." Now, you know that Ernst's Elegie is of all compositions the most dull and uninteresting. It is tedious enough to drive a hearer to commit suicide.

They played Ernst's Elegie, and the baroness, who had been out of hearing during the performance, came beaming into the room soon after.

"Ah! monsieur, how beautiful! I cannot thank you enough, but might I dare to ask you to play once again? Yes!" and she hastened away to welcome more guests.

"What shall we play?" asked the accompanist. Wieniawski looked around. The company was becoming more numerous, but no more interesting than at the beginning. "Let us play Ernst's Elegie again," he said.

Absolutely no one listened, but a little later in the evening the baroness entered the room, more ecstatic in her admiration than ever.

"Bravo! M. Wieniawski, better and better!" she said. "You surpassed even yourself in that piece. But would you—dare I ask you to be complaisant enough to play once again?" and she flattered away.

"If these people don't understand Ernst's Elegie they must hear it till they do," Wieniawski said to his accompanist when she had gone, so he played the Elegie for the third time, and the baroness, who came back just as the last few bars were being sounded, went into extravagances. "Monsieur, the powers of the French language fail to express the beauty of that last work. Each of your selections is more exquisite than the one that preceded it. What! going so soon? My secre-

tary will call at your house to-morrow. Adieu, monsieur, and a thousand thanks for the delicious treat that you have given us."

That was the story as Wieniawski gave it to me, and I was telling it one day in Paris, when Rubenstein, who was present, said: "Ah! but you have omitted the last part," and this is how he ended it: "As Wieniawski was leaving the baroness' house, one of the guests, a little, shriveled old gentleman, who had been present from the beginning of the soiree, came up to the violinist. 'Monsieur Wieniawski,' he piped, 'I have felt the most profound admiration for your playing to-night. Indeed, I have never missed a concert that you have given in Paris.' Wieniawski bowed, and the old gentleman continued:

"There is a piece in your repertory that once made the most profound impression on me, and I desire ardently to hear it again. Come, with your violin, to my house to-morrow or the day after, and name your own terms, for before I die I must hear you play Ernst's Elegie."

Rubenstein told me that Wieniawski did not stop to make the appointment; he rushed out of the house too much overcome to say whether he would gratify the old gentleman's wish, and that is one of the most enthusiastic musical histories that was ever penned, for Rubenstein and Wieniawski both vouched for it.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE TOUCH IN PIANO PLAYING.

There are two things necessary to those who would cultivate a good touch. One is a hand favorable; the other an ear delicate enough to detect the variations of tone color. Given a stiff hand, no possible will or pains taken by the student will cultivate a good touch. The playing of those unfortunate in this respect will always remain harsh and unsympathetic; but given a flexible hand and an ear for tone color, and there is no goal to which the student cannot arrive with hard work. Nor does it matter, once flexibility is assured, what the shape of the hand is, according to a writer in the *Musical Courier*, who describes Chopin's hands as thin and small, with tapering fingers, and Rubenstein's as coarse, with fingers long and thick. He says:—

Judging, therefore, from Chopin's hand and Rubenstein's, it would seem as if the shape or formation of the hand matters little. The long, thin hand will, for instance, find lightning-like arpeggio a bagatelle; and the other, like Rubenstein's and Tausig's, with a natural slope from the third to the fifth fingers, will do startling work in octaves. But for touch, flexibility is the chief test; for it is in the stroke of the finger, its lightness or strength, and every gradation


of the same, that the secret lies. Once the key is down, no earthly power can produce any effect by the most perfect tremolo ever worked by the fingers on the ivory. Once down, the only gradation in tone possible is by the use of the pedals.

As regards a natural touch, it will be most generally found that it is really another name for flexibility of finger. To the student, touch is the last and hardest stumbling-block in the difficult Parnassus he has set himself to climb. From a bad piano the majority of piano students will never draw forth tones that can satisfy; but in the modern grands of trustworthy makers the will find with study a mine of tone poetry that is limitless.

PAGANINI'S BONES.

The unfortunate remains of Paganini have again been disturbed. This is the fourth time they have been exhumed, but now it is hoped they are placed for good in the Communal Cemetery at Parma. Paganini committed the heinous crime of dying before he had received the last consolations of the Roman Catholic Church, so that the bishop would not allow him to be buried in consecrated ground. At first they dug a grave for him in the gardens of the hospital, but afterward the coffin was taken to Villa France, and it was not until many years later that his son, by direct appeal to the Pope, was allowed to have his father's body interred in a proper graveyard. When exhumed a week or so ago, it is stated that the features of the great violinist, which have been made familiar by Landseer's sketch, were still in an excellent state of preservation. It is therefore assumed that the body must have been embalmed, although none of his biographers mention the fact.

A writer to the *Courier*, New York, handles Mr. Watkin-Mills without gloves. Mr. Mills, in his solos at "Worcester Festival," (quotes the critic) made one look round for the glasses of beer, pipes, and the landlord waiting for orders, and his dull, thunderous noise on the extreme notes of his lowest register, and Madame Albani's high ones, finds little edification in the music of Beethoven, or even of Greig, etc., etc. "Coco Cola" should be supplied to all dyspeptic critics at Festivals as the public are not fond of reading five or six columns of abuse, or in other words "sour grapes."

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STORY-TELLER.

OLD SONG LAND.

Miss Elsie, the pretty cashier, had gone into the little lumber-room where all the old stock was kept. She had been to the opera the evening before and felt very sleepy—hardly equal, in fact, to hunting up the ex-popular song which an out-of-town customer wanted immediately—but she lighted the little lantern kept at the lumber-room door especially for purposes of exploration, and set bravely about her disagreeable and dusty task.

"What a melancholy time the old songs must have in here, all by themselves," she mused, as she put her lantern carefully on a pile of out-of-date instruction books and knelt down to examine the lowest pigeon holes. Miss Elsie was tender-hearted and actually felt a pang of pity for these worn-out airs, which no one sang any longer. She rested her head against the hard edge of the music case and began her search through the disorderly heaps of sheet music long ago banished from the neat shelves of the outer store.

"Might I ask for whom you are looking?" said a timid voice close to her elbow. Did I hear you inquire for Miss Lily Dale?"

"You did not hear me inquire for anyone," responded Miss Elsie, rather crossly. "I am looking for 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'"

"Oh, they must belong to the younger set," said the old lady hastily. "I thought you might be looking for me. It is a long time since anyone has asked for me. When outside people come to Old Song Land they always send for some of these hoidenish persons who have lately come to live here. Two of the latest arrivals are particularly objectionable to me. Their names are 'Maggie Murphy' and 'Daisy Bell.' Fancy!" and the old lady walked off scornfully, as if to escape contaminating associations as quickly as possible.

Miss Elsie pinched herself sharply to see if she was awake, but forgot to note the result, as just in front of her she suddenly saw a queer old figure that looked like an Irish laborer, lighting his pipe. It was against the rules to strike a match in the lumber room, and Miss Elsie rather sharply reminded the old man of this fact.

"Sure, me ole poipe will do less harrum in here than yer own brought eyes, darlin'," replied he in soothing accents. "Oi've lit her mony a toime three fathom deep under the water."

"Who are you?" demanded the little cashier sternly. She had reached the limit of her patience and was in no mood to be trifled with.

"Will you hear that, now?" said the old man, chuckling. "Who am Oi? and less than two years ago there wasn't man, woman nor child in the counthry thot didn't know me. Oi'm McGinty."

"But I thought that you were dead, persisted his questioner. "And I thought Miss Lily Dale was dead, too, years ago. I'm sure it said so in the songs."

"Oh, thot's only the song, mavourneen," explained the old man, with more promptness than lucidity. "It's different being dead in the song. We were dead thot way as soon as ever we were borrun."

This peculiarly Irish way of putting the case puzzled Miss Elsie more than it helped her.

"Where am I, and who are these queer people?" asked she of a disappointed looking young woman, of whose presence she had just become conscious.

"You're in Old Song Land, ma'am," responded the other, "and we are the people who live here all the time. We come here to rest after we have been in a popular song for a while. It usually takes us a long time, too. It's very hard work being in a popular song."

"Where were you before; I mean what song were you in?"

"Oh, I used to be 'Annie Rooney.' Don't you remember me? You know I didn't marry Joe, after all. He was too sentimental, and I got tired of him and broke it off. Then I came here and married 'The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.' I didn't care much about him, but he had plenty of money then, and I was tired of that sickening ditty about me and Joe.

"And where is Mr.—, where is your husband now?" queried the visitor in Song Land. It was awkward talking about people who had never had any name but a long descriptive phrase. She wondered how "The Man that Broke the Bank" was addressed by his intimates.

"Oh, I suppose he and Mr. McGinty are playing poker, as usual," replied Annie, wearily. "I don't see much of him nowadays. Whatever you do, Miss, don't ever marry for money."

All this while the room had been filling up with song people of all ages and conditions, and Miss Elsie suddenly remembered that this would be a good opportunity to look for her "Two Little Girls in Blue." She was moving quietly about in the crowd with this end in view, when there was a great rush toward the door which led into the outer store. Framed in the door was a charming little dark-eyed maiden, with dark, curling hair and a piquant face.

"I suppose I may come in," said she, cheerfully. "A hundred thousand copies of me have been sold and I have just been whistled for the five millionth time. I believe that makes me ehgible."

There was a murmur of welcome as "Sweet Marie" advanced through the crowd. "Where's Miss Elsie?" she exclaimed, ignoring the others, as she pushed towards the little cashier. "I thought you were a real person and lived out in the front store. I didn't know you were ever in a song. Let me see," and she bent forward to touch the visitor's shoulder. The touch was real enough but when Miss Elsie looked up there was no "Sweet Marie." There was only the office boy who wanted to shut up and go home.

NEWS.

Yawning is recommended as an excellent natural massage. Physicians have recently said that nasal catarrh can be benefited by practicing yawning.

Fanny Davenport as a manager is as great as Fanny Davenport as an actress. She personally oversees and directs every detail of the stage-setting and action.

It is said that the first piano to enter the city of Cleveland was a Chickering, made by Jonas Chickering, father of American pianoforte makers, and sent to a friend. The instrument is much prized by its owner.

English heads the list of spoken languages of the world; 110,000,000 persons use it, of which over half live in the United States. In 1801 the total number of English-speaking persons was estimated at 20,500,000.

The original Martha of "Faust," Mlle. Louise Desbordes, is famous as a painter, having given up the stage years ago. "Faust" was produced first at the Theatre Lyrique, March 19, 1859, and has recently received its 1,000th performance.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree thus describes the difference between youth and age: "I heard Paganini last night, and have broken my fiddle," said a sad, old man, with bent head and downcast eyes. "I heard Paganini last night and have bought a fiddle," said an eager youth whose gaze was starward.

The Musical Herald, in an interview with Mr. Albert Visetti, vocal teacher, quotes him thus: "In London is the best and largest choice of singing masters in any capital in the world. There is no conservatory like the Royal College of Music. I say this knowing them all. The English have as good voices as the people of any other country, but they should pay greater attention to exercising their throats when young with broad vowels. English people are very keen on all gymnastics except vocal gymnastics. They read music better than any others, possibly from the continuous practice of oratorio music which they have in their choral societies.

Carlotta, the famous woman balloonist, tells of an experience during one of her exhibitions, when she conversed with another aeronaut at a distance of four miles simply by shouting. The great carrying power of the voice through the still air made it possible for her to assist an amateur who was in trouble with his balloon. She thus describes the sensation when hearing the voice: "The huge gas bag above me began to thrill with sounds. They seemed to buzz along its sides and diffuse in the air, only to collect and come whirling and rumbling down the funnel to be poured into my ears, and they formed in a tone that seemed made up of a million other tones." The gas bags acted as huge receivers in the aerial telephone.



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ARTIFICIAL SPEECH.

A French surgeon, Dr. Perier, had lately a patient whose larynx was so far gone from cancer that only a severe operation could save the patient. The patient was chloroformed, the throat cut through, and a separation made between the upper and the lower part of the larynx. The larynx was then pulled out, turned down, and provided with a cannula, so that blood and other issues would not run into the respiratory organs during the operation. The larynx was then removed entirely, and the wound sewed up, leaving an opening to the cavity. There were then two openings: through the lower the respiration could take place; through the upper an artificial larynx could be introduced.

As the patient could not endure the continued presence of the cannula, the throat was left open. This did not create any trouble other than preventing the surgeon from procuring an air-passage between the throat and the artificial larynx, which meant loss of voice to the patient. To overcome this difficulty it became necessary to make an artificial air passage for speaking purposes, independent of expiration, and use the lower opening exclusively for respiration, and in some other way to lead a powerful current of air to larynx and vocal self (chorda vocalis). Dr. Perier and a manufacturer of surgical instruments, M. Aubray, constructed a pair of bellows with uniform currents of air. When the patient desires to speak he presses the bellows and the air in the two "lungs" which he carries under his vest is forced evenly through the artificial larynx, and thus sounds are produced while the air is passing through the vocal shelf. The patient needs only to make the usual movements with the mouth and he talks. His voice is not pleasant, to be sure, but it is clear and perfectly under his control when he presses the air-sack.

There would seem to be no reason why Mme. Melba should not be considered Patti's legitimate successor, for she is of precisely the same school as to the music she sings, and she sings it fully as well. Philip Hale wrote from the Worcester Festival to the *Musical Courier*, under date of Sept. 26th, as follows: "Melba was the lodestone, but another shared with her the supreme glory of the evening, if he did not bear it away from her; and the singer was Campanari." That expresses it in a nutshell. His singing of the Toreador song from "Carmen" and Figaro's great song from Rossini's "Il Barbiere" were altogether the features of the programme so far as a combination of dramatic power and artistic conception are concerned, and last evening but served to confirm the opinion already expressed by eminent critics that Campanari is one of the best baritones of his time. It will be well remembered by musicians familiar with Boston musical institutions how prominent the Campanaris were in orchestral circles.—*Toronto Globe*.

"Ma," said little Dorothy, "Can't I go to school this morning? I want to take figity culture lessons."

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, the rising Canadian tenor, has left for New York to further his musical education.

Cesar Thomson.—The violinist Cesar Thomson will make during the winter a tour through Russia, Austria and Germany.

At the Cardiff Festival, England, Sept. 18th, Mme. Albani, Mr. Watkin-Mills and Mr. Whiting Mockridge were the principal artists.

Dr. Davis, the eminent organist of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church, Detroit, will give an organ recital in Holy Trinity church on the evening of the 17th.

Mr. Lewis Andrieux, leader of the orchestra at Martin's Opera House, is the owner of a beautiful yellow dog, which he says he would not exchange for the mascot of the U.S. yacht Defender.

Sousa Band.—Myrta French, the young soprano, has been engaged as soloist to travel with the Sousa Band for a tour of twenty weeks. Currie Duke will again be the solo violinist, as last season.

Paderowski left Liverpool for New York on the steamship Teutonic on October 16, and arrived in New York on the evening of October 23. He is accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, who has always been here with him.

It will interest admirers of Chopin to learn that the correct pronunciation of the name is not "Shopong," but "Kopeen"—at least so says a well-known Russian authority. If you wish to be *au fait*, you will bear in mind that "Kopeen" is the correct Polish pronunciation of the "Tennyson of the piano."—*The Keynote*.

The *Evangelist* sent 300 organists to Europe for a six weeks' vacation. The gallant 300 will charge on the cathedrals of France, England and Belgium and each man is pledged to try every church organ wheresoever situated. What a boon to European organ builders and repairers! 't's an ill wind that won't blow their organs.

A pupil who was furnished with "Cumming's Rudiments of Music" to study, returned the book the next day, stating that her mother did not wish her to study for a music teacher; she only wanted her to become a good player. This is only one of the many instances of the ignorance prevailing on the part of many parents. If you have secured an experienced teacher, abide by his or her ruling.

Would-be Singer—"Prof., what do you think of my voice?"

Prof.—"Your voice is a social discord, for which the resolution has not yet been discovered."

A celebrated actor who had been driven to his theatre in a hansom paid only the legal fare. Cabby, looking gloomily at the money, said: "Are you the gentleman wot plays Shylock the Jew at that 'ere theayter?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.
"Ah, I thought so," retorted the cabby, "and you does it first-rate; it's quite natural to you."

VOCAL IMPAIRMENT IN WOMEN.

BY C. HENRI LEONARD, M.D.

This is a subject not treated of, or even mentioned, in any of our text books upon the diseases of women, so far as I am acquainted with them. Indeed, the only article I have seen upon the matter was one from Dr. Von Klein, which appeared in a copy of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In this article the doctor makes these statements: "The most difficult cases the laryngologist has to treat are the diseases of the throat caused by the disturbance of the ovaries. It is a common thing to meet with cases of acute inflammation of the tonsils, larynx, pharynx and fauces, in females, during the menstrual periods. I have observed the voice of many professional singers who have applied to me for treatment during the menstrual period, to be defective in gravity, force and timbre, producing, in many cases, a husky sound as of a low masculine order. In many cases of ovarian disturbance, enlargement and hypertrophy of the tonsils and soft-palate are observed, hence the laryngologist can accomplish but little without the assistance of a competent gynecologist."

To better introduce my subject I will cite an instance of a noted soubrette who was under my care for some months for uterine trouble. She had herself noticed a marked failure in her voice, but did not specially attribute it to uterine disease until I particularly called her attention to it as the probable reason of her voice failure.

She had been an actress and a singer for a number of years and as her special trouble grew upon her, her voice lost its purity of tone, and also lessened its range, till from a high mezzo she could do only a contralto range.

After she had nearly recovered she sang with greater ease, and regained purity of tone, whilst in the upper register she gained two full tones.

Now, while I do not think an increase of two notes in the vocal scale from the treating of a singer's sexual organs is an occurrence to be expected in the majority of instances where a soprano may need a gynecologist's attention, still I am satisfied that the popular notion that obtains with them—a huskiness of the voice at the time of the periods—is well founded, and I am sure my experience with several other cases would warrant me in asserting that the tone, pitch and range of voice of female singers is seriously encroached upon whenever they have any disease of gravity affecting their sexual organs.

It will be noted that Dr. Von Klein laid the greater stress upon the ovarian troubles. In the case of mine just reported, as well as in several other cases that have been under my care, the ovaries were not specially diseased; indeed, the ovarian symptoms were the least prominent, the main one being uterine.

In the case reported of the soubrette there was anteplexion and narrowing of the uterine canal, with severe endometritis. Of course the two organs, uterus and ovary, are so intimately connected, arterially and nervously, that a severe uterine inflamma-

tion may set up an irritation in the ovary, but by curing the uterine trouble the ovaries are cured as well.

When we consider the intimate connection of the uterus with the great sympathetic nervous system, and the frequent deleterious impression on the stomach, heart and head reflexly therefrom by the way of this nervous connection, it is carrying the same reflex process but one step further when we assert its reflex influence over the organs of the voice.

If good singers have themselves noticed this at their regular monthly periods, and so have abstained as much as possible from the critical exercise of their voice at these periods, then it stands to reason that an inflamed or a congested uterus will, at other times also, deleteriously affect the organs of voice and song.

In tracing out the chain of nervous connection of the larynx we find that, according to Bernard and Bischoff, if the spinal accessory nerve be cut or torn away, all the other cranial nerves remaining intact, there will be complete loss of voice. The same phenomenon is observed if the inferior laryngeal nerve be destroyed.

The muscles governing pitch of voice are the crico-thyroid and the thyro-arytenoid—the muscles of tension of the vocal cords. These cords vibrate from 572 times (the gravest note) to 1,606 times (the highest note) each second of time, in our soprano singers. You can readily see, then, that the slightest impairment of the normal innervation must necessarily render organs so extremely delicate as these cords are deficient in their higher tensions and consequently imperfect in their range and action. Huskiness, from the decreased tension of the vocal cords, would be one of the first symptoms of deficient nerve-influence, a loss of a note or so the natural result of a greater impairment of nervous tonicity.

When you now combine these very frequent vibrations of the vocal cords, in the female, with the other muscle-combinations taking part in the phenomenon that we term phonation, remembering that there are something over one billion of these combinations, then add to this the possible combinations of the other laryngeal muscles (for Bishop avers that for every modulation of the human voice there are, at least, 100 muscles that must be brought into perfect co-ordination) we have the grand total of twenty trillions of muscular combinations in phonation. When this properly considered,

I say, the only wonder is, then, not at an occasional lapse of co-ordination or the loss of a tone, but that even in the most perfect health and training such exactness of the scale, as seen in the vocal accomplishments of our singers, can ever be obtained.

CITY NOTES.

To make an artist out of a pupil who has not received a common school education is impossible.

Miss Norma Tandy and Mr. Louis Andrieux made a decided hit at the St. Paul's concert in the Opera House last month.

The Harmony Club, under the direction of Mr. Marsh, have re-organized, and will put on some of Farnus' works shortly.

To make a musician out of a pupil whose parents imagine that they know what medicine is best suited for the pupil is impossible.

We extend congratulations to Mr. Rechab Tandy on his appointment as head of the vocal department in the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Pupils in singing, or vocalists in general, who do not understand the proper use of the consonant and vowel sounds must not expect an artistic success.

Arrangements is being made to have the Klingensfeld String Quartette and Miss Hunrich, a wonderful Canadian pianist, appear here at an early date.

The booking for the Opera House in the near future are: Minnie Lester (this week), Gilmore's Band, Trip to Chinatown, Lewis Morrison in Faust and Yorick's Love, Bonnie Scotland.

Mashall P. Wilder, New York's great society and after dinner entertainer, will smile with a Kingston audience on Nov. 27th. He is the prince of entertainers and the entertainers of princes.

Miss Louisa Gummer's singing in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday evening, Nov. 3rd, was a prayer which appealed to the congregation in a powerful manner and was certainly a lesson to vocalists for distinct enunciation.

The announcement of the appearance of the celebrated Gilmore's Band should be received with welcome by every man, woman and child. To have such an organization visit our city will place Kingston in class A, artistically speaking. We congratulate Manager Martin on this undertaking and hope that the citizens will pack the Opera House.

The Mozart Symphony Club appeared here on Nov. 4th for the fourth time in the last five years. The ladies were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre, Q.C., and the gentlemen by members of the 14th Band, during their stay in Kingston. Their performance was so favorable noticed by the press that it leaves nothing for us to say but come again.

Miss Minnie Harris, teacher of the guitar at the Conservatory of Music, is prepared to give lessons privately. Address: 101 Queen St.

The city choirs are again in full swing and will remain in harness for at least five or six months, after that they leave the organist and choir-master gloomily to paddle their own canoe during the hot months.

The Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Medley, is rehearsing the "Woman of Samaria." The work is a grand one composed by William Sterndale Bennett and performed for the first time at Birmingham Festival, Aug. 27th, 1867.

The new male quartette of St. Andrew's choir, Messrs. Greenwood, Roughten, Lemon and Galloway, will, if they practice together in a business-like manner, be a credit to Kingston, and should receive many engagements (professionally) in and outside of the city.

The performance of the Roberti Concert Company last month was anything but satisfactory from a musical standpoint. The advertised orchestra of 50 pieces unfortunately evaporated to 15 before the company appeared in Kingston, which left much to be desired in the performance of the overture to "William Tell," as well as in some of the other works. However, it must be said that without the assistance of the orchestra the vocalists would not have received much attention from the audience, as the effect of the orchestra covered a multitude of sins. We might suggest that when a performance in the language of Italy be given before an English audience that they be furnished with macaroni and cheese between the acts.

"That young lady seems to be practising her Delsarte lessons unconsciously."

"Who, Miss Bithers? That isn't Delsarte. That's St. Vitus' dance."

"What's the matter with that tune ye're singing?" said Uncle Josiah.

"Why that note," replied his niece, "was an accidental."

"Maybe 'twas, but it certainly sounded to me a good deal like ye done it a-purpose."

In one of Bellast's schools a few days ago the teacher had some trouble in teaching a small boy to properly modulate his voice, especially at the close of a sentence. Finally, losing patience, the teacher said: "I do not believe you have let your voice fall this week."

"Oh, yes I have, ma am," said the boy; "only yesterday, as I was running along the street hollerin' jest as loud as I knew how, I stubbed my toe an' fell, an' you can jest bet I let my voice fall with me."

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