

# The MUSICAL JOURNAL

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HOFFMAN met with even greater success in Boston than attended his appearance in New York. We are glad that we shall have an early opportunity of hearing the wonderful young musician in Toronto.

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THE Choral Society announces *Eli*, with a magnificent list of soloists to sustain the leading parts. The chorus has been in training for some months, and has its portion of the work well in hand, so that we may all look forward to an excellent rendering of the Oratorio.

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THE MUSICAL JOURNAL has succeeded to some extent in drawing Dr. Strathy out of his shell, and in this number publishes a movement for two violins, from his pen. The genial Doctor has published very little hitherto, but—whatever has been the reason for this—it certainly has not been the lack of meritorious compositions. We recently had the privilege of spending an afternoon looking over his portfolios, and though the Doctor's acknowledged talent and reputation for sound scholarship led us to expect much, we were more than surprised at the many beautiful thoughts we found hidden betwixt sundry old morroccoes in his little snuggery. Some of the music then discovered will appear from time to time in future issues.

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THE ways of copyright law are mysterious indeed. Perhaps we should say that the ways of all civil laws are mysterious. After the finding of one of the higher Courts in the U. S., that a man who committed suicide while insane by hanging himself with his sus-

penders from his bedroom-door, did not kill himself, we were prepared for a great deal, and clearly saw the necessity of hanging as a murderer the man who made the braces—or the man who made the door, or both; but we were not prepared for the decision (a full account of which will be found in another column), that copyright music may be re-produced in the form of perforated sheets (used for organettes) without infringement of the copyright! Next!

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MR. F. H. TORRINGTON and his young friends are hard at work preparing for their second Orchestral Concert. The programme for the Orchestra has been chosen with the discrimination and judgment for which our veteran conductor is so justly noted, and while musically it is a decided advance upon the last programme presented, comprising even a movement from one of Beethoven's symphonies, the music to be performed is well within the understanding of the popular audience.

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THE *Musical Record* says: "It is a significant fact that vocalists who do not please the critical Boston public receive high praise from London critics." Significant of what? Speaking of the *Musical Record*, we hardly think friend Smith gives Manager Locke "a fair shake," (if our Bostonian cotemporary will excuse the expression!) Such crocodile tears for the Manager of the "Nationals," and such earnest expectation and longing for the good time coming, when Carl Rosa shall appear to illuminate the Bostonian musical firmament, reads very suspiciously. Appreciation by the public at large is no criterion of intrinsic merit. If it were, the "ballet" would



JOSEF HOFMANN.

undoubtedly rank above the legitimate drama, and *Hamlet* or the *Merchant of Venice* would take second place in competition with *An Adamless Eden*!

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MR. G. C. WARBURTON, for many years the leading basso at the Church of the Ascension, has been appointed choirmaster of S. Bartholomew's.

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STILL another paper, *Life*, and still another (composite?) critic, "Figaro." Figaro's style is decidedly personal, and his first effusion bristled with "earmarks" which no one familiar with musical affairs in our city could fail to appreciate, but has so given away his hand on the first lead, that he has materially lessened any influence which his utterances might otherwise have exerted. A masked battery which opens out with a noisy discharge of *blank cartridge* is not likely to surprise any enemy.

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WHEN will the stop "contrived a double (often triple or quadruple) debt to pay" disappear from the organ. The familiar legend, *Std. Diapason, Bass*, still stares one in the face in nine cases out of ten. This is not as it should be. Last week, in trying an organ—only recently built—we found only one other foundation stop on the swell (out of eight stops) running below CC. There being only one reed on the great, and that a solo-clarinet, and the swell being strong in reed tone, the effect, playing on the great coupled to swell, when the bass went below the "break" was simply absurd. There seems to be room in music for a "consulting organist," who shall perform a part similar to the "consulting actuary" in insurance, and advise upon the specifications of a proposed organ before a contract is signed. It is certainly time that such matters were taken out of the control of churchwardens or trustees who as a rule do not know a double-open from a piccolo.

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MR. TORRINGTON, we are glad to learn, is rapidly completing his arrangements for the establishment of the College of Organists, which was projected some months ago. On glancing over the list of the promoters of the movement, it is gratifying to find that almost all are men of acknowledged musical ability, whose opinion on matters affecting the art is worthy of serious attention, and whose artistic attainments cannot be questioned. The list includes the principal organists of the Dominion, and upon it we find such names as J. P. Aldous, Hamilton; Dingley Brown, Dr. Davies, Ottawa; G. Fairclough, Montreal; A. E. Fisher, Edgar J. Doward, Toronto; D. J. O'Brien, Hamilton; C. A. Sippi, Dr. Carl Verrinder, London. We are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Torrington

and his brother organists upon the great step they are taking towards the improvement of our church music. It is indeed sadly in need of "re-renovation over again," as Pat puts it.

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A COLLEGE of Music is about to be established in Toronto which will be designed to afford special facilities for the thorough study of the organ. One of our leading architects, we understand, has in hand the preparation of plans for the building, which will contain a three manual organ to be built by Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son, of this city, the specification for which is now before us. It calls for twenty-seven stops, which we may briefly enumerate as follows:—*Great Organ*: Open diapason, gamba, dolce, doppel flöte, stopped diapason, octave, twelfth, fifteenth. *Swell Organ*: Bourdon, open diapason, viol di gamba, stopped diapason (treble and bass), traverse flute, corneopane, oboe and bassoon. *Choir Organ*: Dulciana, melodia, harmonic flute, harmonic piccolo, clarionette. *Pedal Organ*: Bourdon. *Registers*: Swell to great, swell to choir, great to pedal, swell to pedal, choir to pedal. The manual will be five octaves (inclusive—61 notes) and the pedal organ up to F, and as any experienced organist will see, the organ as a practice-instrument will be all that can be desired. In connection with the College will be a fine quartet, which will give periodical concerts, in order that the pupils may have ample opportunity for the study of concertal and chamber music.

#### MUSIC AND THE EMOTIONS.

MUSIC exists for the expression of varied emotions—sadness, longing, hope, triumph, aspirations toward the unobtained or the indefinite, calm fulfillment of an artistic conception of fitness and beauty; and besides these, monotony, long spells of unbroken quiescence, mental perturbation even to a positive sense of physical discomfort, are absolutely essential to relieve and heighten the more ecstatic emotions of pleasure called forth by a musical composition. We cannot always be burning with passion and reciting dramatic duets or heading triumphal processions. We do not do so in real life. This is what the Italians have failed to recognize. Their staggering tenors and palpitating sopranos rave together down by the prompter's box in an almost unintermittent frenzy of passion; a very parody of life, bereft of many of its tranquil calms and minor impressions pleasantly painful, each having its own special effect and value by contrast in relation to the rest of our lives. It is not only vivid impressions that are interesting; these heaped up one upon another constitute a plethora of overstained excitement that will jade and exhaust the most passionate nature. There are countless experiences in life which leave us in a tranquil condition of enjoyment; and since these make up by far the greater portion of our existence, and are the vehicle of the most powerful emotions, are they not worthy of a prominent place in so comprehensive an index of human sentiment as music?—*Chambers' Journal*.

## JOSEF HOFMANN.

OF course, Josef Hofmann, being only a boy, is too young to be the subject of a lengthy and extended biography. There is, however, always enough that is interesting connected with the life of one as talented as he is, and this no doubt will prove to be interesting material for musical readers. He was born on the 20th of June, 1877, in Krakau, Poland, and is therefore a little over ten years of age. His father is a teacher of music, his mother was an opera singer, and thus you see that the boy comes honestly by his remarkable talents. Aside from this he unites in himself the German and the Slav blood, his father belonging to the first, and his mother to the last named nationality. Young Josef has a sister, two years older than he, who is also said to have a most remarkable talent for music. When only four years of age, the little boy begged his father to buy him a piano, but this desire was denied him, because of the father's financial inability to make the purchase, and because he considered the boy far too young to begin the study of music. The father's refusal seemed to make the boy angry, or at least impatient, and that he had faith in his own ability is clear from what he himself said on one occasion. When arguing with his father about the piano, he said: "Bye and bye people will wonder how you could have been so foolish as to refuse to buy me a piano." The boy, however, persevered and when four and a half years old he received a piano. His progress was simply astonishing. Not only did he master the usual exercises for beginners without trouble, but he showed unmistakable gifts as a composer, having written a mazurka at the early age of five. He easily distinguished chords, and without difficulty pointed out mistakes in their construction. When six years of age he appeared for the first time in public, playing in a concert in Warsaw. His performances were so remarkable that offers were at once made for a concert tour, but the father wisely declined them all, and devoted himself to the boy's education.

A year later, when playing Beethoven's first concerto in Warsaw, Rubinstein heard young Josef. In a conversation about prodigies the great pianist said with a sad shake of his head, "That he did not think much of the young virtuoso referred to, and that, as a rule, he never thought much about 'wonder children,' because they generally promised so much and accomplished so little, 'but,' he added with great earnestness, 'I have heard one boy, such as the history of music has never before produced,' and, bringing down his great fist upon the piano near which he was standing, exclaimed, 'And the name of that young rascal is Josef Hofmann.'"

When but eight years of age young Hofmann longed to appear in public, and seemed to droop because the request was denied him. No sooner, however, was he told that he might travel, than he became cheerful. It was in 1886 that he really made his debut, and in order to show forth his rare powers, a matinee was arranged in Berlin, to which only the best critics were invited. The boy astonished all, both by his remarkable technique and his extraordinary powers of improvisation. Herr Wolff relates that when he went to fetch the boy to rehearse for the concert he found him entirely engrossed in erecting a castle with his building blocks, but without the least

excitement he packed them away and went to the rehearsal. Then came the quick transition from the actual boy to the musical man. When he had played, to the astonishment of all present, Beethoven's First Concerto from memory and with full orchestra, he went to the conductor, Professor Manstadt and said to him in his best French (then but just acquired), 'Monseieur, les dernieres mesures dans les 'cellis n'etaient pas corrects, cela doit etre comme ça,' and suiting the action to the word, he played the passage on the piano. As the professor found, on a careful examination of the music, the boy was absolutely right. It was at this rehearsal that young Josef was engaged to play at a Philharmonic concert at Copenhagen under the direction of the famous Danish composer, Johan Sevendsen.

The boy now made most rapid progress. In Copenhagen three extra concerts had to be given in order to satisfy the public, in one of which the Queen of Denmark presented him with a costly souvenir. His success here led to concert tours in Sweden and Norway, after which he returned to Berlin, where he played in the Royal Opera House, which concert was attended by the Emperor, who commanded Josef to play before the Court. After leaving Berlin he visited all the leading German cities, and finally went to Paris, where he created a great furor. The *Figaro* went so far even as to publish a book containing the boy's compositions. He was admired by all the celebrities of the French capital, such as Gounod, Saint-Saens, Godard and others, all of whom lauded him to the skies. At a later time Mme. Viardot Garcia tested his powers of improvisation, by giving him difficult themes to work out. At a concert given for the benefit of the Paris poor, the seats sold at 100 francs apiece, despite which fact the house was full to overflowing. The press in all the cities, without exception praised him as a most remarkable prodigy, and he is often compared to Mozart. Owing, however, to his remarkable skill as a pianist, some call him the "Young Liszt," instead of the "Modern Mozart," for, said Herr Hermann Klein, a noted critic: "I honestly doubt whether Mozart, at the age of ten, could have played on the harpsichord music as difficult as that which young Hofmann plays now." The *Berliner Fremdenblatt* of November 30th, 1886, said: "It was indeed a pleasant surprise to find on this occasion something so totally different to what one had expected. A small, rosy-cheeked urchin, who would hardly have been taken for seven years old, was seen climbing upon the music stool, then, placing his feet boldly upon a foot stool over which was fixed a pedal specially arranged for him, he began to play in a style that put us in amazement. The pieces which he performed were Beethoven's third concerto for the piano-forte, variations by Handel, an etude by Chopin, and, as an additional piece, a work by Rubenstein. In addition to the above, the talented boy played three pieces of his own composition, a mazurka, a polonaise and a romance, which were perfectly astonishing examples of the efforts of a child. That these pieces were what they were said to be, his own, was proved by the following experiment: Herr Moritz Moszkowski, the well-known composer, who was present, seated himself at the second piano and improvised with the little fellow. Each performer played alternately for a considerable time on a theme

of about eight bars in length without bringing the youngster into difficulties, even for an instant. We can hardly be mistaken when we say that Josef Hofmann must be looked upon as one of those rare prodigies which the musical world occasionally reveals."

Other criticisms might be added, but this must be enough. We will offer only one more, namely an item which recently appeared in the *Musical Standard* of London, England:

"All tickets sold! No money can be taken at the doors! Such was the short but significant announcement I read on Monday morning in all the leading daily papers. And indeed St. James' Hall was filled in every available space by a crowd of admirers and friends, who had come to bid young Hofmann a farewell on Monday afternoon, the 14th of November. Since the days when Rubenstein and Mme. Menter were among us, no pianist has ever attracted such crowds as little Hofmann has, and if he were to give half-a-dozen more recitals in London, I venture to predict that they would all be equally well patronized. The interest the public have taken in him has by no means abated, but has been steadily on the increase. As in many other things, however, the British public do not know where to draw a line, and they really sometimes get quite frantic in their enthusiasm. Not only was Josef pelted with boxes of sweets and flowers at the end of his recitals, but he also received by post and by hand so many packets and parcels containing sweetmeats that at last his father was obliged to refuse all further consignments. Let us hope the senders of these parcels belonged to the same class of people that used to feed the giant elephant Jumbo on buns and cakes before he departed for America. Little Josef is a boy, and a regular child, fond of games and sweets, but I venture to say that he does not possess the digestion of a Jumbo, and his father was quite right in acting as he did. By-the-by, the *Independence Belge* tells us a very pretty little story of our friend Josef, who had been invited to a soiree in the mansion of a rich manufacturer at Hull, where he was going to give a series of public performances. Hofmann did not refuse at first, but subsequently he climbed on his father's knee and whispered in his ear: 'I won't go there.' 'But why not, Josef?' asked his father. 'Because there are too many ladies in English castles! They cut locks from my hair, make me write my name in their albums and kiss me continually. I hate that; it is so annoying!' According to this story, little Hofmann is on the best road to become a woman hater! However, after putting these little episodes out of the life of a child, let us return to his last public appearance in London, that is to say before his departure for America. At the close of his tour there the boy will rest for a few months; I am told that there is no truth in the report that he is to be withdrawn from public life for any considerable length of time. Indeed, it is likely that he will visit us again next year."

It has been stated that after his American tour the boy will be taken home in order to give him rest and time to study, but from the London item it seems to be the purpose to utilize the boy's gifts as much as possible, for ere long he will cease to be a boy, and then he will also cease to be the wonder he now is.

What the boy will finally ripen into, that no one

can say. He may become a Mozart, and he may as the Germans say, "Turn out to be a 'Toll Nuss,'" though the latter is hardly probable. Let us for art's sake, as well as for the boy's sake, hope for the most brilliant results.—*Musical World*.

#### A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

BY L. L. FORMAN.

FIFTY years ago Ollendorf published his method of learning German. Until that time, the learning of a foreign language, except in infancy from a nurse or by years of residence in a foreign country, was a difficult acquirement. Fluency in the use of it was next to impossible. A child was set down to translation and the grammar, every word of it in the foreign tongue. Since Ollendorf's time, however, every book published which has professed to teach the speaking of any foreign language whatever, has been based on his principle. This was simply that we should learn a foreign language as we learn our mother tongue. We all know how this is done. We learned "Papa," "Mamma," and "bow wow," and immediately began to converse. That is, we learned only a little, but we put it straightway into use. We added one word at a time and very, very slowly.

Now, do we teach piano music on this natural, Ollendorf plan? I am afraid not. We give pieces eight measures long at the very start. But we ought to teach just "Papa" and "Mamma."

For some years I have employed this Ollendorf plan of short question and short answer with the little pupils, much to their delight and interest. And after they have learned notes I have trusted them to compose and write the whole sentence, and lengthened the sentence to the normal eight measures. Then I have often had them hunt up their Mother Goose and compose music to it. It requires time, to be sure, and the child does not learn so soon to torture the family with hard music which he does not understand; but, as far as he goes, he is a musician, every inch of him.

But, you say, this is teaching the child to become a composer, which he may have no talent for; this is not teaching him music. Here I fall back on my analogy to language. When we teach a child to talk we do not thereby teach him to become a Bacon, or Cicero, or a Shakespeare. It is not musical composition that we teach him, but mere musical talk. To be sure, the most of most children's musical ideas will be merest commonplace, the reflex of the teacher and the instruction book. But then how many of us ever say witty or wise things with our English language? Is it not generally a friendly commonplace that we talk?

You say that we should spend our precious time in learning the great music of Bach, Beethoven and such men. This may be very edifying, but how would it do if we applied the same rule to our conversations in the English language. Are we to carry on our daily household talk with quotations from Homer and Matthew Arnold? Shall we repress a child when he greets us with a "good morning," by saying: "Hush, my boy, Shakespeare has said that much better"? See Hamlet, v. 42, No. 60.

Attention is more and more paid to the execution,

in one sense or another, of the music of the Great Masters. We learn to recite their music just as we would recite some lines from Virgil, but we no longer talk in that language. The feelings which they express do not belong to the broad channels of feeling which are common to all humanity. They are feelings in which only the few exceptionally cultivated, sensitive, refined souls can take part. The commoner music, the music which the every-day people sing and enjoy, this is considered vulgar; indeed, not music at all. War is bitterly waged between the adorers of classical music and the people who call for a tune. My fellow wranglers, should this be so? How would it do, in the case of the English language, if those who spoke correctly by the grammar should contend that they only had the right to speak? How many of us would there be who thereafter would be dumb? Have only those who read Lowell and such literature feelings to express? Are there not thousands of people whose feelings are exactly expressed by such songs as Daisy Deane? And have they no right to find musical expression as well as those who have none of the common human sympathies? It is an old notion that there are two sides to every question. I should say there were two planes or, rather, many planes to a question. Now, in mounting Parnassus, do we not often rise high and so broaden our horizon that we ignore that lower plane of musical life where daisies bloom, and think only of those mighty symphonic summits where Bach and Beethoven stand looking up to heaven?

To tell you the honest truth, I think it only affectation for most of us to find musical expression in only the Masters' works. How many of us can be happy when reading Shakespeare and Milton? Are not most of us well enough contented with reading the newspapers and stories by Howell? Now, for people who occupy such levels in literature, does it not seem strange that only Schumann and Brahms will do for them in music?

I am not contending that we should deliberately take a lower level after we have really reached a higher. But I do claim that each musician of us should seek out that level of music which he, without affectation, does really most enjoy, and occupy that level, without fear of criticism and sneers from those either above or below him.

If music does not please us, let us not pretend to like it because a Schumann has written it. If necessary, let us acknowledge boldly that we do not like it.

Isn't the picture a familiar one to us, of a little child at the piano, looking up at notes, and down at keys, with patiently bobbing head, with dangling feet, with stiff, straight fingers, counting, in loud monotone, 1-2-3-4, 1-2 (stumbling) 2-3-4 (hastening) 1-2-3-4-1 (thoughtlessly) 1-1 (pausing) 4-5 etc.? And, with no great effort, can we not see the scolding, impatient teacher, expounding time to her in such curt and illogical fashion that a grown-up person, already understanding time, would scarcely understand his incoherent explanation? Or, possibly, the teacher is patient, and tries to persuade the child it understands when it does not, and the child, seeing that the teacher is kind, tries its best to be conciliatory on its side, and, in vain, thinks it understands. So that, when the teacher says, after a long harangue, which the child has not heard: "Now, don't you understand?"

the good child answers, "Yes, I underseand, now," when, really, it knows not a jot more than at first, and has been looking into the teacher's face all the while, wondering why Mr. ———'s nose is so crooked, and why he will mutter that queer word "Donner-and-Blitzen" to himself so often.

Why is this so? Well, chiefly, I should say, because we try to teach too many things at once. It is an easy thing to completely befuddle a grown person with such a number of diverse things which we suddenly plunge a child into on beginning piano lessons.

In the first few lessons, we unfold to them staves, lines, spaces, bars, signatures, clefs, scales, meanings of the words clefs, scales, fingering, sharps, flats, key notes, braces, slurs, and a thousand minute directions as to the position of the hands. All this we call music. Is it any wonder that any sensible child, in four lessons, will *hate* music with inextinguishable hatred?—*The Etude*.

### HARMONY.

ONE of the last injunctions I received upon leaving home was not to fail to study the subject of harmony. I see now, I feel full well the importance of that injunction. If the study of harmony does nothing else, the benefit derived by the discipline to the mind is worth all the time and labor spent upon the subject. Bacon says that "If a man wants to cultivate his wits, let him study mathematics; for if his mind wander ever so little, he must return again to the beginning." So it is with harmony, if the mind wander in the least it must return to the beginning. We should learn to think, and to think quickly. If harmony will not make us think, there are very few subjects that will. The benefits derived from a study of the subject are many, especially to a musician. It is indispensable to him, his musical education cannot be complete without it. How much better we enjoy chords and their combinations if we understand how they are made. The man best understands the running of a steam engine who is acquainted with all the parts, who knows how the various parts are put together, how the entire structure has been made into a complete whole. Thus in harmony, when we know of what and how the chords are built up, they stand perfectly clear before our minds. He enjoys a musical composition best who can catch the theme and watch and understand the working out of the melody. The subject is worthy of much time and close attention. I feel as though I have received much benefit in many ways by studying the subject, and will never have cause for regret that I have begun the study of harmony.—F. D. G. in *Brainard's Musical World*.

### "DON'T."

Don't borrow a paper; subscribe for your own.

Don't stick to the old instruction book if there is a better one to be had.

Don't belittle a piano because you are pledged to praise another.

Don't say you admire a piece of music when you do not comprehend it or appreciate its merit.

Don't denounce a composition because you fail to understand it.

Don't dislike and belittle a lady or a gentleman because he or she follows the same occupation you do.

## The Musical Journal.

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AGENTS wanted in every town. Liberal commission allowed.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15th, 1888.

MR. A. E. FISHER having retired from our staff, the publishers of the MUSICAL JOURNAL beg to announce that the services of three of our leading musicians have been secured, who will act as joint editors. Compositions and communications intended for publication will in future be addressed to the publishers.

### A HAPPY FAMILY.

MANY years ago a great curiosity used to be exhibited on the streets of Old Country towns. It was a huge cage, mounted on wheels, containing animals of very remote relationship. The cat might be seen curled up, with mice playing around it; the little terrier dog would gambol with rats. The ferret would be playing hide and seek with a monkey, and so on. There were birds, also, equally opposed in their habits. In fact in this respect the exhibition was quite unique. A barrel organ completed the show, and the grimy exhibitor's time was about equally divided between pushing the show cart, grinding the organ, explaining his method of domesticating the animals, and collecting coppers. The whole secret seemed to be in bringing them together while very young, and feeding them well before their natural instincts were developed. The collection was known as "The Happy Family."

Many a time has this curiosity been pictured in our mind when reading of political caucuses, gathering of different religious denominations, conventions of teachers or musicians. Like the inmates of the little menagerie, those attending these assemblies—being well entertained, the dulcet strains of oratory being ground, as it were, from the organ, forget for the nonce the jealousies, bitterness, bigotry and uncharitableness of their daily life, and there is seeming peace and happiness—that is, while they are in the cage.

Leaving the politician, theologian and pedagogue, we would devote a few remarks to the musician. The trouble with our musicians seems to be that they are not introduced to each other while very young. They

come to this country from all parts of Europe and the United States, bringing with them prejudices which they will not relinquish—antipathies to anything that is not British, German, Italian or American, as the case may be. We are speaking now of musicians generally.

In the profession, matters are still worse. When we read the biographies of the great masters, no matter of what nationality, how we admire the courtesy, admiration and respect which they exhibited towards each other, personally, and for their work's sake. Music to them was indeed a bond of union. The greater the musician the greater the gentleman. We need not cite instances. They are well-known to our readers. But our musical experience leads us to suspect that there is more veneer than solidity in the profession, as represented here, judging from the bitterness that exists in it. How seldom has one teacher a good word to say for another! How jealous are they of the elevation or success of another! As in politics and religion, splits occur from time to time in the various musical organizations, and representative professors carry with them into new ventures a certain following, leading to much waste of our musical resources. This state of affairs is proving very detrimental to the art.

There are a few good composers in this Province—conscientious and clever writers—but their productions are invariably denounced by rivals as so much "rubbish," and publishers consequently handle them very cautiously.

Now it would be well if some of those who talk so glibly of "bad form," "consecutives," "false relations," "lack of melody," "puerile harmony," etc., would, to borrow an expression from the turf, "put up or shut up," *i. e.*, produce something themselves of greater merit, or keep their inane criticisms to themselves.

Then again, why should every music teacher think it incumbent upon him to start a musical society? The art of conducting needs much patient, conscientious study and practice. Nothing can take the place of experience in this branch of musical duty, and yet everyone who can scrape a little, or bang a little, and who chooses to take up music as a means of livelihood, thinks he is *de facto* a second Berlioz, and never rests until he is madly waving a baton in front of some material, however indifferent. A conductor needs something more than a well-made dress coat and brand new pair of gloves, to render his effort successful, though the greater number of those fools who are constantly "rushing in where angels fear to tread," do not appear to have realized that fact!

Toronto is not big enough to support so many societies. If all our vocalists united and pulled

Where a Journal  
or these papers

# Contrapuntal Movement.

DUO FOR TWO VIOLINS.

*Allegro moderato.*

Composed by GEO. W. STRATHY, Mus. Doc.

1ST VIOLIN.

2ND VIOLIN.

*f e vigoroso*

*p* *cresc.*

*f* *dim.* *tr.*

*p*

*cresc.* *dim.*

## CONTRAPUNTAL MOVEMENT FOR TWO VIOLINS.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth-note chords. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

The second system continues the musical texture. The upper staff has more complex rhythmic figures, including sixteenth notes. The lower staff maintains the accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p*, *cresc.*, and *f* (forte).

The third system shows further development of the themes. The upper staff has a more active melodic line. The lower staff accompaniment is consistent. Dynamic markings include *p* and *cresc.*

The fourth system features a change in the upper staff's melodic direction. The lower staff accompaniment remains. Dynamic markings include *f*, *dim.*, and *p*.

The fifth system shows a more homophonic texture with sustained notes in the upper staff. The lower staff accompaniment continues. There are no dynamic markings in this system.

The sixth system concludes the page with a final cadence. The upper staff has sustained chords, and the lower staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* is present.



# Trelawny.

Song of the Western Men with Chorus for boys.

Arr. by DR. A. S. HOLLOWAY.

VOICE.

1. A good sword and a trus - ty hand, A mer - ry heart and true: King  
 2. Out spake their cap - ain brave and bold, A mer - ry wight was he: "If  
 3. "And when we come to Lon - don Wall, A plea - sant sight to view: Come

PIANO.

James's men shall un - der - stand What Cor - nish lads can do, And have they fixed the  
 Lon - don Tow'r were Michael's hold, We'll set Tre - law - ny free. We'll cross the Ta - mar,  
 forth, come forth, ye cow - ards all, Here's men as good as you.' Tre - law - ny he's in

where and when? And shall Tre - law - ny die? Here's twen - ty thou - sand Cor - nish - men Will  
 land to land, The Se - vern is no stay - With one and all, and hand in hand, And  
 keep and hold, Tre - law - ny he may die; But here's twen - ty thou sand Cor - nish bold Will

know the rea - son why!  
 who shall bid us nay?"  
 know the rea - son why!"

**Chorus.** And have they fixed the where and when? And

*Instrumental or Vocal Bass.*

shall Tre - law - ny die? Here's twen - ty thou - sand Cor - nish - men Will know the rea - son why!

*ff* *DAL. f*

# Meditation.

FOR THE ORGAN.

*Adagio molto*

*poco crescendo*

F. SIMS.

The first system of musical notation for the organ. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand starts with a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with similar textures. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is present in the right hand, and a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is in the right hand. The left hand continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation. It features a *dim.* marking in the right hand and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking in the right hand. The left hand accompaniment remains steady.

The fourth system of musical notation. It includes a *cresc.* marking in the right hand. The left hand has a *poco rall* (poco rallentando) marking, followed by *a tempo.* (al tempo). A *L.H.* (Left Hand) marking is also present. The right hand continues with its melodic and harmonic lines.

The fifth system of musical notation. It features a *cresc. molto* (crescendo molto) marking in the right hand. The piece is building in intensity.

The sixth and final system of musical notation on this page. It begins with a *dim.* marking in the right hand. The piece concludes with sustained chords in both hands.

together, we could, in a year or two, discount America in choral work. If all our instrumentalists followed suit, we could have an orchestra which would be worthy of the Queen City of America.

The Festival Association has now in hand the preparations for the 1889 Festival; several meetings have been held, and the details will doubtless be announced very shortly. We trust the Association will not allow the absurd attempts that are being made by each society invited to co-operate, to pose as the biggest frog in the puddle, to injure or imperil the success of the undertaking. Let them select a tried and experienced man, one who has proved himself capable of properly handling large musical forces, and give him sole control, and the result must be gratifying. If, however, everyone is to have a hand in the pie, the truth of the old adage, "too many cooks spoil the broth," will undoubtedly receive another forcible confirmation.

#### CONCERTS AS A MEANS OF MUSICAL EDUCATION.

EVERY concert given in this country is classed as an "amusement," and must be so advertised in the press. The idea that a musical performance may be a means of education is as yet an unfamiliar one to the large majority of our people, who can see nothing practical or serious in the development of the aesthetic faculties. We feel sure that every music teacher who has read thus far agrees that we have stated the truth, and will be ready to lament that the truth is as we have stated it. Will they agree with us when we say that the teachers of music themselves are largely, if not mainly to blame for this state of affairs?

How many teachers are there who advise their pupils to attend the worthy performance of worthy compositions as a means of education? How many are there who try to impress upon the parents of their pupils the benefit in the way of instruction and inspiration which learners can derive from listening to the playing of an artist?

We are not uncharitable—we are quite ready to make allowance for the weakness of human nature and to excuse (without justifying) the teacher who does not advise those who are under his tuition to listen to the performance, however meritorious, of his competitors in business; but do they do any better when even that poor excuse is wanting—when the performer is not some local celebrity, but some artist who can in nowise become a rival?

Now, when the adepts, the professors, of an art treat it, in its best manifestations, as a thing unworthy of notice, how shall it be expected that the public at large will place a higher estimate upon it? The public is very prone to take men and their professions at their own estimate, as shown in their actions; and, in relegating music to the plane of a mere pastime, the public are only taking the mass of professional musicians,—of those who "ought to know," at their word. If music teachers would have others more

highly respect their profession, they must first show that they respect their art.

In contrast with the illiberality and shortsightedness of many professionals, it is pleasant to look upon the sincere appreciation of music shown by a growing class of intelligent, educated people. They have no fine-spun musical theories; they do not prate about the dignity of the musical profession—they have indeed grave doubts upon the latter subject—but they understand the dignity of music, they feel its uplifting power. For them, music is neither a trade nor a pastime; it is an education—almost a religion, whose teachings, exhortations and consolations they desire to secure for themselves and their families. These are the *amateurs*, in the original and higher sense of the word, who, with the sincere, enthusiastic professionals, are the real salt of the musical world.

We number many such persons among our readers, and to them we now wish to make a suggestion or two, of a practical nature.

The majority of the music teachers throughout the country are a set of selfish ignoramuses. They have no use for musical journals, high-class concerts, general literature, or anything else. They "know it all," that is to say, they know how many pounds of butter their day's earnings will purchase at the current market rate. They are a dead weight, a clog upon the wheels of musical progress. Let them alone. They are "wise in their own conceit" and past redemption. That is the very reason, however, why you intelligent readers, should take the initiative in the endeavor to cultivate a higher appreciation of the art of music. This you can do in many ways, but, for the present, since we have been talking of high-class concerts, let us confine our remarks to them. We have already hinted at their educational value—you understand it—it is therefore not necessary to dwell upon that. You are, however, many of you, so situated, living away from the large centers of population, and the remuneration which any great artist—say a pianist or violinist—can ordinarily expect from a miscellaneous audience who wish to be "amused" is so small that they must perform pass your town by. You may be a good player yourself, or your son or daughter may be such. If so, you desire the more ardently to hear how this and that artist interprets the works with which you are already familiar—not necessarily to imitate them, but to broaden and vary your knowledge of the composition. Now, is there not in the very disadvantages of locality under which you labor the suggestion of a remedy? If you live in a town of moderate size, it is easy for you to know who feel as you do on the subject of music, to call them together, to organize into a society or club, whose members shall subscribe a certain amount that shall serve as a guarantee fund for the pay of such artists as may be desired from time to time. You can arrange musical *entertainments* (we use the word intentionally here) with home talent, which shall please while they benefit the public, and will be a source of income that can be expended upon the artists you may wish to employ, from a distance, for those concerts of a somewhat higher class which you now desire but cannot obtain.

Is this not worth while trying? If so, the sooner the better.—*Kunkel's Musical Review.*

## HOME AND FOREIGN NOTES.

## CANADIAN.

## TORONTO.

The Y. M. C. A. has organized an orchestra numbering over 20 instruments, under the direction of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge. It meets for practice in the parlors of the Association on Yonge and McGill Sts. on Monday evenings.

The Young Men's Guild of the Church of the Holy Trinity gave a very successful concert on Monday evening, Feb. 14th, in which Messrs. J. F. Brown, W. E. Ramsay, Geikie, Hart, M. S. Mercer, and Mrs. Wishart took part. A comedietta, "All for Sweet Charity," closed the entertainment. Dramatis persone—Misses Buntin, Birchall, Gilmour, and Murray, and Messrs. Cowan, Dunstan, and Morrison.

**COSTUME CONCERT.**—On Tuesday evening, February 14th, St. Paul's Hall, North Toronto, was filled to overflowing, the occasion being the costume concert given by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer. Most of the costumes were very handsome and in good taste. The singing and music were fair on the whole, special mention being made of Misses Howden and Langstaff, and Messrs. Field, Thompson and Schuch. A cornet solo by Mr. H. Clarke, and a recitation by Miss Maggie Lester, were both encored. Mr. G. H. Fairclough no doubt did the best he could on the "instrument" used for accompanying. The concert was conducted very creditably by Mr. E. W. Schuch.

The Knox Church Y. P. C. A. Literary and Musical entertainment, on Friday evening, Feb. 3rd, was decidedly good. The programme was as follows:—Piano solo, "Berceuse," (Delbrück), "Elsa's Dream," *Lohengrin*, (Liszt), Mr. Fralick; song, Miss K. Thomson; Reading, "The Little Sister," (Kellogg), Miss Jessie Alexander, B.E.; duett, "The Music of the birds," (Glover), Miss Johnston and Mr. Ross; reading, "The New Lochinvar," (Will Carlton), Miss Jessie Alexander; violin solo, Miss Geikie; song, "The Vision Beautiful," (Cotsford Dick), Mr. M. S. Mercer, B.A.; reading, "Tinie's Silent Lesson," (Sherman), Miss Jessie Alexander; piano solo, Miss Winnett; reading, Miss Jessie Alexander.

The Trinity College Literary Institute gave its annual *Conversazione* on Tuesday, Feb. 7th. There was a very large attendance, and the hospitable welcome of Trinity was thoroughly appreciated. The musical programme was as follows:—Glee, Trinity College Glee Club; piano solo, (a) Gavotte, (M. Edna Bigelow), (b) Molto Felice, (F. J. Hatton), Miss E. S. Mellish, Mus. Bac.; song, "Good-bye," (Tosti), Mr. J. F. Thompson; song, "Mia Picciarella,"—*Salvator Rosa*—(A. Carlos Gomez), Miss Bunton; glee, Trinity College Glee Club; song, "Come to me," (Denza), Miss Morgan; concertina and piano, "Zampa," (Arr. by R. Blagrove and S. Smith), the Misses Elwell; song, "She ne'er believed it true,"—*Mignon*—(Ambroise Thomas), Capt. Gamble Geddes. Dancing followed, and the guests departed soon after midnight.

The Annual *Conversazione* of the University College Literary and Scientific Society on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, was a brilliant affair. Convocation Hall was densely packed, and the corridors and every apartment were also uncomfortably crowded. The musical arrangements were good. The Queens Own Band, under the direction of Mr. Bayley, band master, played in the vestibule, the Italian Quadrille Band in the Library, and Claxton's Orchestra in Convocation Hall. The concert programme was as follows:—Chorus, "The Soldier's Chorus" in *Faust*, (Gounod), University College Glee Club; song, "Fior di Margherita," *The Daisy*, (Arditi), Mrs. Agnes Thomson; choral march, "On Gallant Company," (V. E. Becker), University College Glee Club; song, "The Friar of Orders Grey," (Russell), Mr. E. W. Schuch; solo and chorus, "Malbrouck," University College Glee Club; song and chorus, "The Young Recruit," (Kücken), University College Glee Club; octette, (a) "The Undergraduate's Lament," (President Wilson), (b) "Alma Mater," Messrs. L. Boyd, O. W. McMichael, J. Hutchinson, J. E. Jones, C. H. Owen, E. K. Richardson, D. Donald, H. S. Robertson; ballad, "The winds that waft my sighs to thee," (Wallace), Miss Maud

Burdette; duet, "Could a Man be Secure," (Starling Goodwin), Messrs. Mercer and Brown. The Glee Club sang enthusiastically and with good taste. Mr. Schuch is to be congratulated on his efforts in training. The Club comprise the following gentlemen:—M. S. Mercer, B.A., Hon. President; J. E. Jones, President; E. A. Hardy, Secretary; R. J. Gibson, Treasurer; N. Kent, Leader; G. H. Fairclough, Pianist; E. W. Schuch, Conductor. Committee—N. P. Buckingham, J. D. Graham—fourth year. O. W. McMichael, H. S. Robertson—third year. L. Boyd, A. T. Thompson—second year. D. J. Armour, T. D. Dockray—first year. L. Boyd, J. Brebner, T. D. Dockray, H. B. Fraser, H. F. Gadsby, R. J. Gibson, W. H. Grant, A. E. Hamahson, E. I. Hart, M. S. Mercer, O. W. McMichael, R. F. Nie—*first tenors*. J. S. Copland, W. J. Fenton, T. A. Gibson, W. H. Graham, J. Stafford—*second tenors*. J. C. Breckenridge, W. C. P. Bremner, N. P. Buckingham, K. B. Castle, J. A. Croll, W. C. Ferguson, E. A. Hardy, N. Kent, E. R. Lillie, G. E. Maybee, D. H. McLean, W. P. Mustard, A. P. Northwood, S. Stone, H. F. Thomas—*first basses*. D. J. Armour, W. Black, A. Boulbee, A. W. Briggs, J. S. Brown, W. E. Burritt, D. Donald, G. R. Faskin, J. D. Graham, R. S. Hamilton, F. A. Hough, C. Marani, T. McCrae, J. P. McLaren, E. A. Pearson, H. S. Robertson, E. G. Rykert, J. Scane, W. I. Senkler, H. W. C. Shore, F. C. Snider, J. D. M. Spence, A. T. Thompson, A. T. Watt, W. A. Wilson—*second basses*.

## HAMILTON.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERT AT THE CENTENARY CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 7.—The work produced by the Hamilton Philharmonic Society upon the above occasion, was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Mr. F. H. Torrington conducting.

The Society deserves the greatest credit for its pluck and energy in undertaking and carrying to so successful an issue (from a musical standpoint) the performance of an oratorio so exacting in its demands on chorus and orchestra as the *Elijah*. The same cannot be said, however, of the citizens of the ambitious city, who, if they do not want to fall hopelessly in the rear of Toronto, must wake up to the necessity of supporting more substantially their Society, which has proved itself a credit to Hamilton, and which, with proper financial backing, would bring out the important works undertaken in a far more complete and finished form. The main defects in the performance of the *Elijah* were evidently solely attributable to lack of the "needful." It is impossible for the Society to produce great works in a manner worthy of the composers and itself if the Hamiltonians are not public-spirited enough to provide the sinews of war.

The chorus, which numbered about one hundred and fifty, performed its part very creditably, and the orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. Bayley, of Toronto, who is a host in himself, and we believe the most efficient and conscientious *concertmeister* in our Province, did nobly as far as it went; but the strings, notably the violins, were too weak numerically for a proper balance of the parts, and the absence of the proper complement of wind instruments, particularly horns and bassoons, was painfully felt at times. Mr. Torrington's conducting was all that could be desired, and he did what man could do to cover up the numerical weakness of the orchestra. His energy and fire seemed tireless and inexhaustible, and as we have indicated, he was ably backed up by Mr. Bayley, whose clear, sonorous tone enabled him to fill the breach like another Horatius.

## PETERBOROUGH.

Peterborough claims to be the head-quarters for musical talent of the Midland district. The eagerness of outside towns to secure the services of her artists is a good indication of their ability.

The concert given in St. John's School-House on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, in aid of the South Ward Mission School, notwithstanding counter attractions and stormy weather, was pleasant and successful. Instrumental—Violin solo by Miss Louise Yokome, piano solo by Miss Fairweather, piano duett by Miss F. Stevenson and Miss

M. Beck. Mr. Chas. Brown gave a humorous reading, "Biddy's Troubles." Vocal—solo, "Ora pro Nobis," Mrs. Cottingham; duet, "Maying," Miss Cottingham and Mrs. C. Shaw; song, "Out of the Deep," Mr. Jas. Morris; song, "Bid me good bye and go," (Tosti) Miss Errett; part song, "In a Lighthouse by the Sea," by the Harmony Club; songs, "The Buccaneer's Bride," and "I am Waiting," Mr. M. Dunn; solo, "Ave Maria," Mr. Tierney. Mr. Annesley performed an ocarino solo. A clever exhibition of legerdemain by Mr. R. M. Roy added fun to the entertainment.

## CHILDREN'S CHORAL FESTIVAL.

Never, probably, since the edifice was dedicated, has the George street Methodist church contained such an audience as it did Monday evening, Jan. 18th. Fully 2,000 people, it is estimated, were packed into the church, of which number between five and six hundred were children connected with the chorus. Every seat was occupied, and a number of late-comers had to stand throughout the whole entertainment; but the patience with which they did so attested the merits of the choral festival.

Nearly six hundred chatting, restless children, who always responded to the warning peal of the superintendent's bell and at once became quiet and orderly, were crowded on the spacious platform at the end of the church, built by Mr. Arthur Rutherford, which covered the whole altar area, while from either side rising seats ascended to the transept galleries. Even this was insufficient, as a hundred or more children had to be placed in the gallery ends in order to find seating accommodation. The choir seats were filled by members of the choir and some of the older pupils of the school. Mr. Jaques presided with his usual ability at the organ, and opened the programme with a *Offertoire* by Wely. On the lower seats in front of the platform half a dozen members of the fire brigade band with their instruments helped to swell the choruses. Mr. F. W. Miller, bandmaster, led in the choruses, and the way in which the children responded to the directions of his baton showed that under the supervision of Messrs. Jaques and Miller the children's training had been efficiently performed.

What rushes of music, what gentle intonations and whispering cadences there were in these choruses. As the soul-stirring volumes of sound leapt from six hundred young and vigorous throats, all tuned in perfect harmony, almost drowning the strains of the big organ and the band, a thrill shot through every sympathetic heart in the audience; and to those who had little ones on the platform, assisting in the grand choruses of praise, it was one of the proudest moments of their lives. Nine choruses were rendered, songs of praise which rang out to the heavens and became a fitting accompaniment to the angels' loud hosannas. Probably the one which gave the most general delight was "Who is He?" in which a solo part was taken by Mrs. Daly, the chorus joining in after each two lines. The directors and conductors of the chorus are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts, and the children should be heartily commended for their diligence and interest in the preparation.—*Peterboro Examiner*.

## THE NORTH-WEST.

The North-west Mounted Police Band has been suspended and the instruments stored.

There is something amiss with the Regina Brass Band. *The Leader* says "it is still out of existence."

The Qu'Appelle Presbyterian Church gave a concert Feb. 1st in aid of its funds. All the performers were amateurs, and did their best to make the affair a success. The following was the programme:—Selection by the Qu'Appelle Brass Band; song, "The charming young widow I met in the train"; song by Miss Jerrold; song, "The Laird o' Cockpen," Mr. Sutherland; duet, "What are the wild waves saying," Mrs. Fesant and Mrs. Marwood; recitation, "Haxell's Goat," Mr. Jones; song, Mr. Guerin; song, Mr. Davies; song, with chorus and band accompaniment, Mr. Beauchamp (encored); selection by Qu'Appelle Brass Band; recitation, "Professor Snuffles and Electricity," Mr. Jones; song, Mrs. Marwood; song, "Come under my Plaidie," Mr. Sutherland; duet, "Peace be still," Miss McFarlane and Miss Welsh; recitation, Mr. Jerrold; song, "Chilling a wool abadore," Mr. Jones. These, it still being

early, were followed by some other songs, and the entertainment was brought to a close with God Save the Queen.

Regina is enterprising. If the citizens wish to start a society they dispense with orthodox invitations, circulars, etc., calling a meeting of those favoring the scheme. No, they give a free concert, and the society is ushered into existence as part of the programme. Read what *The Leader* says:—"The town hall, Regina, on Saturday night, Jan. 15th, was well filled, and the free concert was very successful. Major Hamilton acted as chairman, and called on the Glee Club to open the programme, which they did by singing "See our oars." The members who participated were: trebles—Mrs. Williams and Miss McBrayen; alto—Miss McKibbin; tenors—Messrs. Blundell, Holtby, and Greenwood; basses—Messrs. Burbank and Hunt; piano—Mrs. McReynolds. All the glees were well appreciated, hearty encores greeting them in nearly every case. There had evidently been careful training. Mrs. Greenwood, with a humorous reading on 'Women's Rights,' (Artemus Ward) provoked roars of laughter. Another glee, 'The last rose of summer,' Mr. A. T. Abbey then read a draft of the constitution of 'The Scientific and Literary Society of Regina,' and Mr. G. B. Elliot moved a committee of Messrs. Smith, Atkinson and Abbey to prepare a list of officers. Mrs. C. Bowman Simpson gave a reading, 'Barney,' the Irish brogue being re-produced to a nicety. She was enthusiastically encored. Mr. A. D. Fergusson rendered a Scotch reading, which was well received by the audience. The Glee Club sang another glee, 'Hail, smiling morn,' and Mr. A. Shephard sang, amid much laughter, 'Look at the clock.' He was encored, and sang 'U-pi-de.' Mr. Abbey, from the committee, then submitted names of officers as follows: President, D. Mowat; 1st vice, C. J. Atkinson; 2nd vice, A. D. Fergusson; secretary, A. T. Abbey; treasurer, S. B. Jamieson; managing committee, Rev. A. Urquhart, J. W. Smith, G. B. Elliott, W. C. Hamilton, Major McGibbon, D. W. Bole. The membership fee of the society was placed at 50c. per year, the honorary at \$1.00 per year, and the life at \$20.00. Blanks were distributed among the meeting and a large number of members secured. Another glee, 'Hark the curfew,' closed the programme, and after singing the National Anthem the audience dispersed evidently well gratified with the entertainment."

## GENERAL.

Port Hope has an amateur orchestra, called the Accidentals.

The Barrie Collegiate Glee Club gives a concert on the 7th prox.

The Uxbridge High School has organized a Glee Club for both boys and girls.

Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, Toronto, performed several cornet solos at the concert on the 8th inst., in St. Mary's Church, Port Hope.

An Old Folk's Concert, given in the Town Hall, Mitchell, on Tuesday, Jan. 24th, under the direction of Miss Wade, organist of Trafalgar St. Methodist Church, was a success, but deserved a larger attendance.

The Young Men's Glee Club of Barrie, gave a successful entertainment on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7th. They were ably assisted by Miss Lemon, of Thornbury, and the Citizens' Band. A dramatic sketch closed the programme.

Stouffville Brass Band has commenced practice under the direction of Mr. H. Stouffer, B.M., who intends giving its members a thorough musical training. We wish him luck and success. Many of our local bands would do well to unlearn what they know and commence with first principles.

The Barrie Philharmonic Society has some good music in hand, and the choruses are beginning to assume an artistic finish. Mr. J. Morgan, conductor, is an able musician, and the society embraces the best local amateurs. Mr. Nicholson will sing the solos. A fine concert may be expected.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, was, on Monday evening, Jan. 30th, entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Long at their residence on King St. Mr. Long is a member of the choir, and his geniality and Mrs. Long's hospitality made the evening an enjoyable one for the chorists.

A Sacred Concert and Lecture was held in St. Mary's Church (R.C.) Barrie, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st. Rev. J. J. McCann, of Brockton, was lecturer. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Thos. O'Mara, and the executants were Miss M. Guirk, Mrs. Daly, Miss. F. Byrnes, Mr. Clayton and Mr. D. Powell.

The Caledonian Society of Seaforth, gave a concert in honor of Robert Burns, Jan 25th. Dr. Campbell, author of "The Land of Burns," gave a short address on the genius of the Poet. The singers were Mr. Gaven Spence, Miss Cole, Mr. Robert Carmichael, Mr. Drumgold and Mr. Fax, (Toronto). Mr. Beaton (London) piper. Miss Ewing (Seaforth) pianist.

Here is a unique item culled from our Penetanguishene exchange:—"The raffle for the cutter and fat hog took place in McCrosson's Hall, and was rather a pleasant affair. The cutter fell to the lot of young Mr. Hayes. The fat pig, which looked as if it had been well kept, went to Mr. Archambault, teacher at St. Patrick. Some agreeable selections were rendered by the senior and junior choirs of the Catholic church, under the direction of Miss Porter, after which came the drawing of the prizes." We commend this to some of our Toronto charity concert committees, it will save the cost of advertising.

### ENGLISH.

Dr. Stainer has decided to resign his position as organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The London Gregorian Choral Association has increased its membership considerably during the past year.

"The Life of Mr. Sims Reeves," written by himself, will soon be published by the London Music Publishing Co.

Saint-Saens is writing a symphony for the London Philharmonic Society, which will be produced in March.

Dr. Macfarren's oratorio, *John the Baptist*, was given at the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of the departed composer.

Dr. Villiers Stanford has been appointed Professor of Music in the Cambridge University, a chair lately held by Sir George Macfarren.

Mr. John Greig, M.A., of Edinburgh, is the first Scotchman who has achieved the distinction of passing the examinations for the Degree of Doctor in Music at Oxford University.

Berlioz's *Requiem Mass*, Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*, and Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, will be produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival this year. English works will also be represented in those of Mr. A. G. Thomas, Edward Greig, Dr. Hubert Perry, and Dr. J. F. Bridge.

The Tonic Sol-faists of London gave Mr. J. S. Curwen a rousing reception on his arrival in London. He spoke of the cordiality with which he had been greeted by friends in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Stratford, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

The Guildhall School of Music is outstripping the Royal Academy and Royal College, in orchestral demonstration. The orchestra of a recent concert comprised 124 performers. There were 34 first and 35 second violins, 12 violas, 11 cellos, 9 double basses and 23 wind and percussion instrumental players. Of this number, half a dozen were professionals; all the rest were pupils of the school.

Mr. Sims Reeves, although 66 years of age, still enchants his audiences, in the Metropolis. At the Ballade Concert series at Japanese Hall recently, he sang "My pretty Jane" and "Tom Bowling" with all his olden elegance of phrasing, but as he occasionally betrayed signs of huskiness he acted wisely in not accepting the proffered encore of Diddie's ditty. Master Robert Smith, a clarionet prodigy, played some difficult variations on "The Last Rose of Summer" with remarkable executive dexterity, and repeated the finale by general desire. Mr. Herbert Reeves exhibited much of his distinguished father's vocal style in Batti's tender air, "In this old chair," to which Mr. Howard Reynolds contributed a cornet obbligato. This player also gave Schubert's "Serenade" and "The Lost Chord." Madame Bauermeister, Miss Helen D'Alton, Miss Maude Hare, Miss Fanny Joyce, and Mr. Barrington Foote sang, and there was an orchestra.

Cowen's oratorio, *Ruth*, was recently produced in London, at the Novello Concert. Mm. Albani, Miss Hope Glen, Miss Lakrom, Messrs. Edwin Lloyd and Watkin Mills assumed the solo parts. The composer conducted. The work was successful, and enthusiastically endorsed by a large and critical audience. The correspondent of *The Musical Record*, in a very brief analysis, and while referring to a cotemporary criticism of another American journal, says: "A great painter, in replying to a puerile attack upon the works of a brother-artist, said: 'I do not judge a work by its defects, but by its merits.' Let this critic and all similarly-minded 'go and do likewise.' All composers of any originality, since Adam, have done forbidden things, and Mr. Cowen or any one else has a right to do the same, if his experience and judgment so dictate, of course running his own risk of the consequences. Let any one play the short passage in the introduction where the 'fifths' occur, with the 'fifth' and without them, and see which is the most effective. It is said that *Ruth* is not strictly sacred in style. Sacred as applied to music, is a very indefinite term now-a-days. But why should the music of *Ruth* claim to be 'sacred' even? It is not so designated; it is denominated: 'A dramatic oratorio.' There is nothing in the word 'oratorio' that is sacred. The story of *Ruth* although in the Bible, is not essentially sacred, unless it might be called a sacred-pastoral; neither can the music be, if appropriate, although Mr. Cowen's work will be found as sacred as the subject demands. One who writes an oratorio upon the old lines, adhering to all the old conventionalities, would be only a poor imitator, and would invite failure. *Ruth* is essentially dramatic, and in it the composer has demonstrated his ability to rise above the commonplace. His talent for melody is noticeable throughout, and his effective accompaniments prove his intimate knowledge of the modern orchestra. The oratorio is a treasury of delight for the musician, and a work full of interest to all lovers of this class of music."

### OUR GERMAN LETTER.

LEIPZIG, January 6, 1888.

From amongst a large number of concerts given here since my last communication I shall be obliged to limit my notice to a few most noteworthy, viz., November 30th, Wagner concert; December 3rd, Sophie Menter concert; January 4th, Neue Gewandhaus' concert; January 5th, Liszt-Verein concert. At the Wagner concert in the Neue Theatre, we had performed by a picked orchestra under the conducting of Capelmeister Nickisch, Wagner's youthful work, the C Major Symphony. The conductor being an able musician, as well as an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, a packed house simply went into rapturous applause over the performance of, perhaps, the least deserving of Wagner's works. And it was indeed charmingly given. The work itself seems to me more like Beethoven than Wagner. Possibly the deep study of Beethoven at the time Wagner wrote it may have influenced his immature mind. This was followed by the *Faust* Overture. Again the audience called and recalled the conductor. Following we had one scene from *Parsifal*. The chorus of Flower Maidens, and the Celestial Chorus, were inexpressibly beautiful, especially the latter, which seemed indeed to one's imagination like what the singing of angels will be when all that is of the earth earthy has passed away.

The Sophie Menter concert, strange to say, was not numerously attended, but the audience made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. Here is the programme. "Fantasie and Fuge" on the word B, A, C, H, Sonata, op. 109 (Beethoven). Three Etudes (Chopin): Lied ohne Worte (Liszt-Mendelssohn); Traumeswrrren (Schumann); Ave Maria, Auf dem Wasser zu Singen; Ungarischer Marsch (Schubert-Liszt); Mazurka (Balckireff); Etude, Rapsodie (Liszt). I wish your readers, even the most unmusical, could have heard every number of this programme played with faultless accuracy in technique, phrasing, time, but above and beyond all with that true musical feeling which in Sophie Menter amounts to intensity, and without which everything, no matter what the accuracy of technique, etc., falls flat on the sympathetic soul of a true lover of music. I wish the hundreds of students of the piano now here in Leipzig spending year in and year out in acquiring technique and time up to the metronome, could be made to believe this. So much time, so much money, and so

much desecration of art would be saved to them, and the listening community would be saved the infliction of seeing only a pretty performance.

Next came the Albert Hall concert. The programme presented to about five thousand people was a rich treat, both as to the compositions and the performance of them. Again we had Sophie Menter in Liszt's Concerto No. 2. The orchestra was a combination of two military organizations, and was conducted by Alexander Siloti, a very young looking man, a favorite pupil of Liszt's, and now a very bright rising star in the musical firmament of Germany. Sophie Menter again raised the greatest enthusiasm, and wreaths and flowers more than she could carry were showered on her. Concertmeister Petre, a noteworthy violinist, Paul Homeyer, organist of the Neue Gewandhaus, and Franz Greve, vocalist, of Hamburg, each contributed, but to your readers so far away from this nursery of beautiful music, it seems useless for me to even try to give an understanding of how perfectly each artist gave his interpretation of the great works of Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert and Liszt. Strange to say, Schumann was not represented. I think this is the only concert I have attended at which he has not been. At the close of the concert an extremely comical, but very clever composition of a young American, a Mr. Bird, was given by the orchestra, entitled "Carnival Scene." The audience received it as it was intended, with much appreciation of its humorous and strangely odd representation of the subject.

Next came the Neue Gewandhaus concert, at which we had the grand Fifth Symphony of Beethoven performed. When the best orchestra in the world performs such a work, what can one insignificant individual say to praise it? Nothing. And we had Brahms conducting his own concerto, with Joachim as violinist. Ah! ask nothing more.

To-day we had a morning concert given by the Liszt-Verein, (a Tschaiakowsky concert throughout), the composer himself being present. First, a trio: Carl Halir (violinist), Schröder (celloist), Alexander Siloti (pianist). Next, a quartette, led by Concertmeister Petre (of the Petre Quartette, one of the finest in Germany) op. 11, *allegro* simple, *andante cantabile*, scherzo, *allegro non-tanto*, finale, *allegro giusto*. Next, a piano solo, Barcarolle, Siloti (pianiste). All beautiful both as to the compositions and the rendering of them, but especially the quartette, the *andante* of which led one as in prayer to the very gates of heaven. Perhaps your readers may think I am amongst those who *gush* over every thing musical in Germany, but please, readers, understand I am in this letter giving you only the *creme de la creme*, the plum pudding, as it were, of the musical feast of the past month. Of the mediocre and the bad, very bad dishes, of which there is a superfluity, I will not, this time at least, say anything. On the stage at this concert of his own creation sat Tschaiakowsky, a tall, straight, finely formed gentleman of about fifty years of age, with grey hair and closely cut beard, a brow a little overhanging as though study and deep thought, rather than nature, had made it so. He looked through the performance gravely pleased. On either side of him sat Greig and Greig's wife. Greig is such a little man in stature, but his face is oh, so great: there is an indescribable something about it that makes one feel how great and beautiful his thoughts and purposes are. He and his wife are always together, evidently *truly one* in feeling.

I am glad to say Canada is very well represented in Leipzig. I have been very happy in meeting several of my countrymen and women, who are working hard, and let us trust will return to our dear country ready and capable of carrying on the work they have begun here, to their own honor and to the advancement of the divine art amongst our own beloved people. I may mention amongst these—Mr. Forsythe, of Toronto; Miss Clench, of London; Miss Lampman, Toronto and Ottawa. Miss Lye, of Cobourg, I had the pleasure of hearing play a piano solo (Chopin Nocturne) at a chamber concert the other evening, most acceptably to the audience present. Miss Clench also played at the same concert, a violin sonata (Rheinberger) in a very artistic manner. Mr. Forsythe is, I believe, about to continue his study of composition with the great composer Greig, now a resident in Leipzig. Miss Annie Lampman is studying very efficiently with the great German critic, friend and pupil of Liszt, Marten Krause. Mr. Field, of Toronto, who has been studying under the same master, has by this time returned to your city, and it is the opinion

of every one who knew him here that he will fill his new sphere with credit to himself, and give great satisfaction to those who come under his teaching. G. L.

LEIPZIG, Jan 26th, 1888.

Rubenstein, D'Albert, Menter and Essipoff are acknowledged to be the four greatest pianists in the world. We have had Menter, and I gave her programme in my last letter. Well, we had D'Albert last night at the old Gewandhaus "all alone by himself." Here is his programme: (a) Fifteen variations (with Fuge) op. 35, (b) Sonata, B major, op. 26, *Andante con Variazioni*. Scherzo, Marcia funebre, *Allegro*; (c) Sonata, E major op. 109, *Vivace, ma non troppo*, *Prestissimo*, *Andante moto Cantabile*, Beethoven. (a) Nocturne B major, op. 62, no. 1; (b) Sonata, B minor, op. 58, Chopin. Eight piano pieces, op. 5, D'Albert: 1, *Leidenschaftlich bewegt*; 2, *Langsam*; 3, *Bewegt*; 4, *Ammutig bewegt*; 5, *Ziemlich langsam*; 6, *Schrausch*; 7, *Massig*; 8, *Lebhaft*. *Allegretto*, op. 38, C. V. Alkan Waltzer "Man lebt nur einmal," (Strauss-Taussig).

It would be the greatest presumption for any but another great artist to criticize any of these four great virtuosi, but I fail in even being able to describe in adequate language what their perfection is. To D'Albert the piano seems merely a means of expressing himself. I said to a friend after the concert, "I do believe if you take the key board off the piano he will still go on playing." So great is his abandon. Perhaps he has not the intensity of feeling that Menter has, but his whole soul is in every bar of the music, comprehending and explaining it at the same time to his audience. At the close of the recital he was called and recalled, and shouts of "Bravo D'Albert" brought him back to play once more for us.

And now I want to say to you, young readers, who are trying to make up your minds whether you can go so far from your homes and the dear ones in them, whether you can spare the money, whether you will succeed or not (for these are the meditations of many a young man and woman in Canada), with great aspirations and doubtful mind. To hear Sophie Menter in a recital, to hear Eugene D'Albert in a recital, to say nothing of the minor contributions to the divinest of arts, if you never take a lesson, is worth more to you than to study ten years in Canada. And to fathers and mothers that find a real talent for music in their child—do not waste their time and your money in American or Canadian education. When I say this, it is not from want of respect for our educational establishments or their teachers but because here any and everything done on the other side of the Atlantic passes for nothing. Altho' the best of their pupils go to America, yet the masters do not choose to remember it. I know pupils of one of the best graduates of the Leipzig Conservatory now in Canada, who came here, as they supposed, to continue their studies, who were put back to the first lesson in Technique, and according to Conservatory rules will be kept for not less than a year in Zwinschee's exercises, so many books of Czerny, so many of Bach's Inventions, etc., etc. When they are supposed by the technique teachers to be sufficiently proficient in all these, and can place each finger in such a position as to produce a certain tone, they will be permitted to go to Reinecke (the highest teacher in the Conservatory), not before. This is a lately established rule and is most stringently carried out. There are two technique masters (considered the best), in the Con.—Wiedenbach and Zwinscher. They are intensely jealous of each other, and consequently there is a strong party feeling between the adherents of each. As to the "Con."—"it is not what it used to be," and there is much dissatisfaction within and without its precincts. I state this, however, as a matter of fact, that by the German Professor of Music in the Conservatory you are considered to know nothing. In view thereof of this fact do not study until you come here; and if you come for the Easter beginning (a very good time) come in March; if for the October beginning, come in September, and before entering the Conservatory, make some enquiries from the "Con." students and most assuredly from the students *not in the "Con."* before you arrange for your studies. Remember, once in the "Con." you cannot leave for a year. It is much better to devote a month to looking about and ascertaining what will suit your circumstances best. Leipzig is the cradle of music, and I believe Leipzig is the best educational place (not only in music, but all else) in the world; but you must learn

how to study, else you will be heartily discouraged in less than a year. I believe entirely in private lessons from a really good master both theoretically and practically. By proper management of your time you can learn more in one year than you can in two in this or any other school of music. Speaking of how little the German knows of us brings to my mind something I read the other day. A lady in Berlin was asked "If America was in New York." A German I met the other day said to me "You are English." "No," I said "I am Canadian." He looked at me, greatly surprised, and said, "Ingins there?" "No, I seldom see an Indian." "Bears?" said he. "No," I said, "I never saw a bear except a dancing and climbing bear led about the streets for the amusement of small boys." He looked at me in a most incredulous manner, and after a little he ventured again: "Americans, they do not speak English, do they?" "Why, yes," I said. "Nein, nein," he says, "they do speak a dialect."

But I am wandering very far from musical news. I have not time nor space in this letter to tell you about the Liszt-Verein, which contains the truly musical element of Germany. Next month I hope to explain their work. Suffice now to say Arthur Friedham (who is about sailing for New York, and is a member, and a favourite pupil of the late lamented Maestro), gave a piano recital at the old Gewandhaus on Jan. 11th. He played from Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein, and much of Liszt, to a very large audience, who were more than vociferous in their applause. He is called here the coming Rubenstein, and a great future is prophesied for the young virtuoso.

In the Neue Theatres we have opera of all sorts, but to give an idea of each would be impossible in my limited space. Tanhauser was magnificently given last week; everything, stage, setting, dresses, singing, and above all the orchestra, was grand. When I have heard Wagnerian opera every week for one year, I shall consider myself capable of expressing an opinion. One has to study and study very intelligently to understand and fully appreciate the Wagnerian opera, but it is well worth all the study one can give it. Last Saturday we had what may well be called "A jolly evening." The occasion was the presentation to the public of the *Three Pintos*, a comic opera sketched out by Weber just before he was called on to write *Euryanthe*. He resumed the work subsequently, but it was left again to write *Der Frieschutz*, and was never finished. The manuscript came into the hands of Major Von Weber, residing here. He wrote the libretto, and gave it and the unfinished *M.S.* to Capelmeister Mahler, who has completed it. In consequence of the high social position of Weber's grandson, the high musical position of Mahler, and natural curiosity, there was such an audience as is seldom seen even in musical Leipzig. At the conclusion Mahler was called and recalled, and wreath after wreath was thrown on the stage. At the second recall when the curtain rose Weber's life size bust stood in the centre of the stage, and Mahler had placed all the wreaths around it and refused to appear again. I never before saw so much enthusiasm, and we all hope to hear from Capelmeister Mahler again. G. L.

#### SOL-FA NOTES.

The Toronto Sol-fa Society announce a concert in Toronto on March 1st.

Mr. Cringan sends us the following for publication:—"A very much distorted version of what I said about music in Canada has got into the papers, and I have seen it in one or two that have reached me from America. I said—'Tonic Sol-fa is in the same position to-day in Canada that it was thirty or forty years ago here,' referring of course to numerical strength. This the reporters has made me say—'Music in Canada is thirty or forty years behind hand,' which of course is a very different thing. If this incorrect report should reach you, I beg that you will take every opportunity of contradicting it. So far as I could observe, music in Canada is quite as advanced as in the States, and probably your church music is superior. Yours with kind regards, very truly,

"J. S. CURWEN.

"PLAISTOW, LONDON, E., 30th January, 1888."

#### COPYRIGHT SHEET MUSIC

CAN BE REPRODUCED IN MECHANICAL INSTRUMENTS WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT.

We copy from *American Art Journal* the following decision given by Judge Colt in the U. S. Circuit Court, District of Mass., on Jan. 27, in the case of William H. Kennedy *et al.*, vs. John McTammany, Jr., in Equity:—

COLT, J. This case has been thoroughly presented to the court. It is admitted that the plaintiffs are the owners of a valid copyright in a certain song and musical composition, entitled, "Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone," and that the defendant makes perforated papers, which, when used in organettes, produce the same music. The sole question in issue is whether these perforated sheets of paper are an infringement of copyrighted sheet music.

To the ordinary mind it is certainly a difficult thing to consider these perforated strips of paper as sheet music. There are no clefs, or bars, or lines, or spaces or other marks which are found in common printed music, but only plain strips of paper, with rows of holes or perforations.

Copyright is the exclusive right of the owner to multiply and to dispose of copies of an intellectual production. (Drone on Copyright, 100.) I cannot convince myself that these perforated strips of paper are copies of sheet music within the meaning of the copyright law. They are not made to be addressed to the eye as sheet music, but they form part of a machine. They are not designed to be used for such purposes as sheet music, nor do they in any sense occupy the same field as sheet music. They are a mechanical invention made for the sole purpose of performing tunes mechanically upon a musical instrument. The bill itself states that they are adapted and intended for a use wholly different from any use possible to be made of the ordinary sheet music. It uses resembles more nearly that of the barrel of a hand organ or music box.

The arguments urged by the complainants, while forcibly put, do not seem to me to be wholly sound or entirely applicable to this case. It is said that sheet music may consist of different characters or methods, as, for example, the sol-fa method, and that the perforated strips of the defendant are simply another form of musical notation; but the reply to this is that they are not designed or used as a new form of musical notation. If they were the case would be different. Again it is said that they can be used as sheet music, the same as the sol-fa method; but the answer to this is that they are not so used. While it may not be denied that some persons by study and practice may read music from these perforated strips, yet, as a practical question in the musical profession or in the sale of printed music, it may be said that they are not recognized as sheet music. The question is not what may be done as an experiment, but whether in any fair or proper sense these perforated rolls of paper made expressly for use in a musical instrument can be said to be copies of sheet music. The complainants further suggest that the sol-fa copy, or the raised copy for the blind, do not take the place of printed music, in reply to which it may be said that their purpose and object is to supply the place of printed music, and that they subserve the same purpose. I find no decided cases which directly or by analogy support the position of the plaintiffs, and it seems to me that both upon reason and authority they have failed to show any infringement of their copyright, and that, therefore, the bill should be dismissed. Bill dismissed.

We are in receipt of a copy of the *Song Journal*, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit. It is a monthly publication of forty pages, replete with items of musical interest from all parts of the country, besides containing several choice pieces of music. The price of the *Journal* is \$1 per year, including a premium of \$1 worth of sheet music of your own selection from their catalogue. The *Journal* should be in every household having a musical instrument.

Brainard's *Musical World* is the oldest musical magazine in the United States. The circulation of this popular illustrated musical monthly extends to every part of this country, and is extensively read in Europe. It is edited by Prof. Carl Merz, and contains more reading matter of interest to teachers than any other journal of the kind. News, correspondence, biographies, etc., each month, and \$2 worth of new music. Price per year, \$1.50; single copy 15 cents. S. Brainard's Sons, publishers, 52 and 54 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.