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The Arion,

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GREGORIAN AND ANGLICAN CHANTS.

THE RELATIVE merit of these two forms of chants has been, and still is, the subject of much discussion; a discussion which it is safe to say is productive of no solution of the vexed question. It seems to us that they both have their merits, and it would be better instead of bandying such terms of reproach as "old Anglican," and "hideous Gregorian," to concede to each what to each belongs. Pope Gregory lived in the sixth century. The science of music was then in its earliest infancy. The laws of modern harmony were unknown. If the combining of notes was resorted to at all, not more than fourths-fifths and octaves were employed; chromatic passages never. The chants and other sacred compositions frequently finished on the fifth of the key (probably accompanied by the first). The progressions and modulations were wholly diatonic and confined to the nearly related major keys and their relative minors. Doubtless they were compiled and arranged in accordance with the *then known* laws of musical science. In this respect Pope Gregory was wiser than those who reject the best works of modern composers, and hold fast to the style of music in use twelve hundred years ago, for it is evident that had Pope Gregory followed the same policy we should have had no Gregorian.

The Gregorian music, as originally used, was sung in unison, and thus it may lay claim to a bold and massive grandeur, while its quaintness invests it with a sort of reverential mystery, and, for that reason, perhaps, it is well adapted to the service of the church; but why draw the line at music? Let us have consistency. Give us also the three or four primitive colors which the old masters employed in the decorations of the churches, the quaint and singular habiliments of the clergy. The processional of monks, and all the other accessories of the service. Give us also the rude and imperfect instrument of that age, the ancient prototype of the grand modern organ, with its keys so heavy that nothing short of a blow from the clenched fist would act upon the levers. That there is a grandeur and simplicity about the Gregorian chants, no one, we think, will deny; but on the other hand they lack the correct form and perfect harmonies of the modern chant, as composed by Arne, Percell, Goss, Smart, Boyce and other able writers of church music, still more recent, and it should be remembered that these Gregorians have all been harmonized by, and owe much of their beauty to the very men who composed the so-called Anglicans. Tastes will always differ, and although the foregoing facts may prove of interest to those who have given the matter little thought. With music, perhaps, more than anything else, will be associated our earliest and most lasting religious impressions, and we shall love that best with which we are most familiar.

Nothing is so pitiable as a bad singer; and the greater the power and capacity of the voice, the more need is there of an ideal perfection in execution.—*Bassini*.

SINGING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THAT OUR country does not produce a superabundance of good voices is a fact that no one will deny. That cold climates produce, with rare exceptions, only basses and baritones, contraltos and mezzo sopranos, is also an established fact. It is not a matter of wonder, in view of these facts, that high tenors and sopranos should be in demand. The natural cause of their scarcity we must submit to, but there is one other cause that most effectually disposes of the few that nature and our climate give to us. We refer to the singing in public and Sunday schools. Now, there is a time in the lives of both boys and girls when the voice is said to change or break; the time at which this break, or change occurs, is generally between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and will extend over a period of a year or even more. During this time singing should be abstained from, or if it should be indulged in at all, should be practiced with the greatest moderation, great care being taken not to sing too loud, or to force the voice in the direction of its upper compass. Yet what do we find just at this, for the voice, critical period? These young girls—and boys, also—are forced to sing in the so-called vocal instructions of the public schools, or exert themselves in practice for Sunday School conventions and other musical performances. To the ordinary readers this objection may appear purile, but there really lies under it more than appears. The singing in the public or Sunday Schools, as I said, if practised with discrimination and moderation, would not be objectionable; but we find the reverse. The classes are generally in charge of well-meaning, but, in respect to the training of the voice, ignorant persons, and if, as it sometimes happens, that one good, clear voice is found in the class, it is immediately seized upon as the leader, in other words made to sing *against* the entire class of twenty or thirty. The preference which her superior voice secures for her naturally makes her a little vain, and the singer, either from this or the better motive, a really generous desire to assist her teacher and her class, is, on all occasions, most lavish of her voice, which, like the willing horse, is soon worked to death. These remarks though applying to boys, are most significant to girls. And although we cannot expect to reform these errors, we would be understood to say that if your daughter has a promising voice, which, like a thing of beauty is a joy forever, and which you would preserve for her, give careful consideration to the foregoing remarks while there is yet time, and remember a voice cannot be replaced like a fiddle or piano, but once destroyed it is lost forever.

We have received some correspondence which we are obliged to decline, on account of its being written in the form of an editorial. We shall be happy to give place to any matter in reference to Music, Art, or Literature, provided the writer will conform to the conditions published in our notice "To Correspondents."

LECTURE ON OVERTONES.

At Newcombe's Hall, on the evening of Dec'r 10, a lecture upon "overtones," was delivered by Prof. Haanel, of Victoria University, Cobourg.

The lecturer first stated that all sound was caused by the vibration of some body, that this vibration was imparted to the air, that the air beating upon the *tympanum* of the ear conveyed through that organ to the human "spirit," the sensation of sound. That these vibrations were of two kinds—periodic, *i. e.* rythmical; tumultuous and disordered. The former were distinguished as musical sounds, the latter as noise sounds. As a body of water that has been agitated by impact, throws out little wavelets in concentric rings in all directions, so the air, agitated by the vibration of some solid body, throws out little wavelets in circles in all directions; and so long as these undulations are periodic, like the long swell of the lake, they produce a *musical* sound, but that when driven by violence into and against one another; like the lake in a storm, their periodic and rythmical form is destroyed, disorder results, and they produce a *noise* sound. The lecturer then stated that all the sounds produced by musical instruments of human construction were not wholly pure, but in addition to a certain amount of noise sound, every musical sound consisted of a fundamental and attendant tones called "over tones," which, varying in different instruments, give to them their individuality. In like manner the human voice is a mixture of vowel and consonant sounds, the vowels are musical sounds, the consonants noise, and it is due to the varying mixture of vowel with consonant sound (*i. e.* musical with vowel sounds), that enables us to distinguish the voice of one person from another. A musical sound consisted of a fundamental tone and attendant upper sounds, these latter were called "over tones." The lecturer likened these to the lesser wavelets which rise upon the long, undulating swell of the ocean or lake, which, while they do not break the uniform motion of these undulations, serve to reflect the rays of light, and thereby give a sparkle and brilliancy which would be absent on a perfectly glassy sheet. Prof. Haanel stated that the lowest number of vibrations in a second of time which the ear could recognize as a musical sound was 20, the highest about 38,000; this would comprise about *eleven octaves*, though 4,600 was the highest number in general use as produced by our musical instruments, comprising about eight octaves. Rapid as were these vibrations, and delicate the organism of the ear capable of transmitting them, they were stationary as compared to the rapidity of the vibrations necessary to convey to the eye the sensation of red (the lowest of the color tones), which was shown to be the incredible number of 360,000,000. Prof. Haanel concluded by saying that all the physical phenomena of nature were conveyed to our consciousness by means of vibrations, and that beyond the *violet* it was impossible to conjecture what phenomena might exist, that now we see through a glass darkly but in a future state when freed from the physical organisms through which we now receive sensation, we shall see clearly face to face.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

Through the kindness of the publishers of "Picturesque Canada," we have seen, previous to their being sent to New York for engraving, the drawings upon wood for the first number of this publication shortly to be issued. Hitherto, unfortunately, it has too frequently happened that the artist (or party serving that office), has thought fit to represent our country in her winter garb. Huge piles of ice, wolves, snow shoes, dreary wastes of snow and fur clad hunters have formed the chief subjects, the consequence of which is to impress people elsewhere who are not acquainted with the facts, that Canada is a place of perpetual winter. "Picturesque Canada" will assist to dispel these ideas; and although some of the illustrations will portray our country in her snow clad garments, the larger portion will represent her in a more happy phase. The drawings which we were permitted to see (thirteen in number) were executed by men of well-known ability; the *engraving* has been entrusted to able and experienced engravers, and we may therefore confidently look forward to a work which shall represent Canada as she really is, and at the same time be evidence of the skill and ability of her artists in illustrating it, and the courage and enterprise of her people in projecting and executing it.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(By A. Lampman, jr.)

'Tis Christmas eve—that time, when as one sits and dreams before a blazing fire, stirring music, chiming in strangely with the whistling of the storm without, the beating of the snow against the freezing window, and the solemn thoughts that rise in one's own breast, seems to awaken more powerful emotions than at any other season of the year.

The old musician reclines in his easy chair; the lamp-lights are beaming brightly, and brightly too the merry faces that gather round him, while a pair of slender fingers wander nimbly over the almost living keys of the soft-toned piano, the fairest of the genii, that preside over the tender world of sound, every one of whose ringing notes seems like an impassioned spirit, that helps with its own delicate silver cord to draw open the glorious gate of that garden of Paradise, where the soul, as it listens to sweet music, enters, and revels among its fairest, favorite visions. The silence deadens; the music flows on, and the old man's thoughts are no longer with the real; they have yielded to the spell, and passed into the realm of hopes, and tender dreams. This is the charm of music. The fair fingers of the pianist fly swifter and swifter, the ivory white keys dance in glee, and, as the rapid music rings from them, his thoughts drift away into a well remembered scene of the past—a great ball-room—his feet are skimming the polished oaken floor,—fair forms flit around him—exquisite music is ringing in his ears, music that he can never forget—a fairy figure is at his side, and a wild exulting joy in his heart. The strain changes, the dream fades, a grand full burst of solemn music pours upon his waiting ear, some glorious anthem that one of the prophets of music penned in an hour of poetic enthusiasm, the old man's soul is uplifted; all his past dreams of sacred ambition, dreams of goodness and philanthropy, dreams of greatness, of divine aspiration stream into his heart again, and burn amid the

embers there, embers that were perhaps almost dead. Music and dreams die away, and the pianist wanders off into one of those rich plaintive airs that steal to the heart the quickest; airs such as one most lover to hear in the silent evening on the sweet string of the guitar to a fine manly voice across an expanse of water. The fire fades from the old man's eyes, and tears rise there in its stead; let us not follow the thoughts of pure, tender, yet inexpressible sadness with which his heart communes with the past. 'Tis a part of his first dream, only another phase of it. Such is the influence of music, the sister, often the prompter, the fountain of poetry, and the friend of all that is good, and pure, and brave, for music never stirs an emotion in the breast of man but what prompts him to goodness and wisdom. How many, and how beautiful are the legends and stories that illustrate this might of the sound-world, especially in those distant ages, when man's passions were free, and but little restrained by the bonds of fixed principles; indeed, scarcely worked upon by anything but the inspiration of the moment. Then had poetry and music inseparably connected their fullest influence. Figures familiar to our imaginations are those of the venerable stern-willed Druid, sweeping the wild strings of his "sweet but awful" lyre, and moulding the simple hearts of his awe-struck hearers to deeds of sacred daring; the wild hot-hearted viking surrounded by blue-eyed heroes, nerving with his rude war-songs the eager fingers of those fearless kings of the sea; Orpheus in the mythical days of Greece, one of the earliest types of the sweet musician, in whose story we find proof of what sway the minstrel held in those rude times; David, the poet and musician soothing the gloom from the heart of Saul.

So the modern soldier's heart is stirred at the sound of martial music; amid the roar of battle his ear catches for a moment the clear full sound; a vision of honour rises before his eyes, the approving face of his stern old general, a cross, a ribbon, some memento of courage in the hour of danger—his soul springs to his fingers as he grasps his musket and rushes on through fire and smoke in pursuit of the uncertain phantom glory.

How grandly the poet Dryden in "Alexander's Feast" describes how

Long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing lute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.

How vanity, pleasure, pity and revenge rose and swelled by turns in the hero's breast, as the cunning fingers of that royal bard rung the changing measures from the sounding strings. Those were days when minstrelsy held a sway that man knows not now. For the simple music of the minstrel, who was poet as well as musician, touches not the refined ear of civilization as it did that of rude nature in the olden days, when men had little to influence them but what they heard and saw in the every day world around them. So it is that the poet is not the prophet, the seer looked up to and revered by all classes of mankind, that he once was. The rapsodist who, as he sang the mighty songs of Homer in the streets of some princely Grecian city, brought often warlike fervour, the ambition of heroic deeds, often deepest pity, that vented itself in tears, to the hearts of the simple Greeks that gathered around

him till the way was choked with eager listeners; the troubadour, minstrel and bard among the impulsive imaginative Albigenes; the sweet minnesinger who trilled forth his stirring music, the very essence of the ballad poetry in the old baronial halls of Germany amid steel-clad warriors, who revered him more perhaps than they did many of the priests of the sacred faith; these were spirits that ruled the wild hearts of men such as the world may never know again. And we feel a twinge of regret often for the old times, when we see the poor starving vagabond of our own day, the worthless shadow of the old wandering harper—when we listen to the little dark-skinned Italian boys who play with harp and violin at the corners of our streets, yet kind reader remember charity, for even they doubtless lighten many a simple heart among the crowd that gathers round them, and perhaps once in a while you yourself have stopped on a winter's day to listen with delight to the pealing notes of "Viva Garibaldi," and watch the little ill-clad foot beating time on the cold snow, the sad smile that lights the swarthy face of the little wanderer as he recalls old days, happy days, among the hills of his native sunny Italy. Forget not your purse, reader.

With regard to the wonderful influence which music exercises over people of certain temperaments, you remember the fine passage in *The Newcomes*, the most beautiful I think in the novel, where Thackeray describes the character and occupations of poor J. J., the young artist: "poor" did I say yes, men would call him poor, because he was deformed, and indulged but little in the frivolities of the world, and yet he was one of those really happy people, who know very little of the cares that most men suffer, who live from year to year in their own thoughts, and pleasant thoughts they are too; whose lives are with very few interruptions, happy dreams. There the novelist describes how he would sit and listen to the music of the old piano, as it rang beneath the skillful fingers of kind-hearted Miss Cann, and lose himself in the fair world of sound. His imagination would wander at random among the strange medley of treasured figures and scenes, which he had gathered from his scanty collection of novels and books of poetry. He would be transported perhaps into some old moonlit street in Madrid. A vision would rise before him—a swarthy Spanish lover in the dark shadow of a linden with plaintive guitar, the music of whose well-tryed strings mingled sweetly with the rich manly Spanish voice, and rose imploringly to the flowery window, where his whole heart lay buried; and the poor J. J.'s slender white fingers, the proverbial artist's fingers, would seize the pencil, that faithful friend and skilful servant, whose well-worn point had so often served to give vent to the fair day dreams of the delicate young artist; and as his mind wandered on from one dream to another, these long-loved reminiscences of favourite pages assumed shapes bright and real, vivid little sketches that grew perhaps in after days into famous paintings. But enough—space limits. All that I have left to do is to offer my humble prayer that every human being, who has the power given him by nature to use this spell, this mighty charm of music, may not fail to cultivate his ability, for he will be able perhaps to confer more pure happiness, more moral good on mankind than most of the votaries of severer learnings and professions, who affect to look down on those who make the study of music their profession.

LULLI.

In France, as in Italy, the regular musical drama was preceded by mysteries, masks, and religious plays, which introduced short musical parts, as also action, mechanical effects and dancing. The ballet however, where dancing was the prominent feature, remained for a long time the favourite amusement of the French court until the advent of Jean Baptiste Lulli. The young Florentine, after having served in the King's band, was promoted to be its chief, and the composer of the music of the court ballets. Lulli, born in 1638, was bought of his parents by Chevalier de Guise, and sent to Paris as a present to Mille de Montpensier, the King's niece. His capricious mistress after a year or two deposed the boy of fifteen from the position of page to that of scullion; but Count Nugent, accidentally hearing him sing, and struck by his musical talent, influenced the princess to place him under the care of good masters. Lulli made such good progress that he soon commenced to compose music of a style superior to that before current in divertissements of the French court.

The name of Phillippe Quinault is closely associated with the musical career of Lulli; for to the poet, the musician was indebted for his best librettos. Born at Paris in 1636, Quinault's genius for poetry displayed itself at an early age. Before he was twenty he had written several successful comedies. Though he produced many plays, both tragedies and comedies, well known to the readers of French poetry, his operatic poems are those which have rendered his memory illustrious. He died on November 29th, 1688. It is said that during his last illness he was extremely penitent on account of the voluptuous tendency of his works. All his lyrical dramas are full of beauty, but "Atys," "Phæton," "Isis," and "Armide," were the last of the poet's efforts, and Lulli was so much in love with the opera that he had it performed over and over again for his own pleasure without any other auditor. When "Atys" was performed first in 1676 the eager throng began to pour into the theatre at ten o'clock in the morning, and by noon the building was filled. The king and the Count were charmed with the work, in spite of the bitter dislike of Boileau, the Aristarchus of his age. "Put me in a place where I shall not be able to hear the words," said the latter to the box keeper. "I like Lulli's music very much, but have a sovereign contempt for Quinault's words." Lulli obliged the poet to write "Armide" five times over, and the felicity of his treatment is proved by the fact that Gluck afterward set the same poem to the music which is still occasionally sung in Germany. Lulli, in the course of his musical career, became so great a favorite with the King that the originally obscure kitchen boy was enobled. He was made one of the King's secretaries in spite of the loud murmurs of this pampered fraternity against receiving into their body a player and buffoon. The musician's wit and affability, however, finally dissipated prejudices, especially as he was wealthy and of irreproachable character.

The king having had a severe illness in 1686, Lulli composed a "Te Deum" in honour of his recovery. When this was given, the musician, in beating time with great ardour, struck his toe with his baton. This brought on a mortification, and there was great grief when it was announced that he could not recover. The Princess de Vendome lodged four

thousand pistoles in the hands of a banker to be paid to any physician who would cure him.

Shortly before his death his confessor severely reproached him for the licentiousness of his operas, and refused to give him absolution unless he consented to burn the score of "Achille et Polyxene" which was ready for the stage. The manuscript was put into the flames, and the priest made the musician's peace with God. One of the young princes visited him a few days after, when he seemed a little better.

"What, Baptiste," the foreman said, "Have you burned your opera? You were a fool for giving such credit to a gloomy confessor and burning good music."

"Hush, Hush!" whispered Lulli, with a satirical smile on his lip, "I cheated the good father. I only burned a copy."

He died singing the words "*Il faut mourir pécheur, il faut mourir,*" to one of his own opera airs. Lulli was not only a composer, but created his own orchestra, trained his artists in acting and singing, and was machinist as well as ballet master and music director. He was intimate with Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau, and these great men were proud to contribute the texts to which he set his music. He introduced female dancers into the ballet, disguised men hitherto served in this capacity, and in many essential ways was the father of early French opera, though its foundation had been laid by Cardinal Mazarin. He had to fight against opposition and cabals, but his energy, tact and persistence made him the victor, and won the friendship of the leading men of his time. Such of his music as still exists is of a pleasing and melodious character, full of vivacity and fire, and at times indicates a more deep and serious power than that of merely creating, catching, and tuneful airs. He was the inventor of the operatic overture, and introduced several new instruments in the orchestra. Apart from his splendid administrative faculty, he is entitled to rank as an original and gifted, if not a great, composer.

A lively sketch of the French opera of this period is given by Addison in No. 29 of the "Spectator." "The music of the French," he says, "is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay, airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds gives the *parterre* frequent opportunities of joining in concert with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage to do no more in a celebrated song than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterward drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted that they appear as ruddy and cherry as milk maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit in a ball better than our English dancing masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings, and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bulrushes, making love in a fair full bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quivers that I should have thought the murmur of a country brook the much more agreeable music. I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the 'Rape of Proserpine,' where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his *valet de chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence, but what the French look upon as gay and polite."—*Great Italian and French Composers.*

XMAS SERVICES.

AT HOLY TRINITY.

The usual Midnight Celebration of Holy Communion was this Xmas, as it seems always to have been, attended by a large congregation. The processional hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers," was sung by the surpliced choir entering the west door of the church led by the tallest of the boys bearing a banner. The Introit, "The Heavens are Telling," the offertory, "O Holy Night," the usual communion and post communion hymns, concluding with the Recessional "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." At Matins the music differed but little from the first service. The first Hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Heavens are Telling" and "O Holy Night," are fully deserving of commendation for the effective manner in which they were rendered.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.

The musical service at St. James was of a very high order, including, besides an elaborate service for anthem, the following choruses and solos from the Messiah. Chorus; "For unto us a child is born," Organ—"Pastoral Symphony,"—Recit, Soprano, "There were Shepherds;" "And lo the Angel;" "And the Angel said;" "And suddenly there was;" Chorus—"Glory to God in the highest." The solos were ably sustained by Mrs. Cuthbert. The choir, which includes some good voices, was in full force, and by the very creditable manner in which the entire service was rendered, evinced careful attention on their part, and ability and earnestness on the part of the organist and choir master, Mr. E.R. Doward.

METROPOLITAN.

Metropolitan Church.—The usual musical service was supplemented by several choruses from the Messiah, which were rendered in the usual efficient manner by the powerful and well-drilled choir at the disposal of Mr. Torrington, the organist and choir master.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

Church of the Redeemer.—In addition to the usual service a Christmas anthem, by Barnby, was effectively rendered by the choir. Miss Street, late organist, officiating as organist.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Marie Krebs, the pianist and Grutzmacher. The 'Cellist, have been playing with great success in Copenhagen.—*Musical Review*.

The Emperor of Germany had eight hundred marks distributed among the chorus singers who took part in Rubinstein's *Nero*.—*N. Y. Musical Review*.

Two of the latest and most interesting foreign musical events occurred in Vienna. They were the attempt to resuscitate Cheru Vinis' *Media*, and the revival of Weber's *Preciosa*, at the Hofoper theatre. *Media* made little impression, but the warm melodies of Weber's score received an enthusiastic welcome.—*N. Y. Musical Review*.

FRANZ VON SUPPE is composing a grand opera. Two acts are already finished, and he hopes to have the other three acts ready by next January. It will be produced in Paris at the Grand Opera.

THE twenty-seventh performance of *Lohengrin* in St. Petersburg, since 1868, was recently given. A week afterwards *Tannhauser* was given there for the thirty-fifth time in six years. Among other works this season are *L'Africaine* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

MME. ESSIPOFF was the soloist at the first concert of the Breslau Orchestral Society. At the succeeding concerts Norman Neruda, Saint Saens and Brahms will appear. The latter will not only play, but will also conduct a festival and a tragedy overture.

Lucca has been singing at the Hofoper in Vienna, and has met with the same enthusiastic reception that is always awarded her in the Austrian capital. She has appeared in the *Theatre Manager*, an operetta of Mozart's, which is rarely given, though it contains some very pleasing music. Parts of the libretto are spoken in the Vienna dialect.—*N. Y. Musical Review*.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new sacred drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, was performed for the first time in London, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last. The composer himself conducted, and with the exception of Madame Albani and of the Yorkshire chorus, the performance was very similar to that first given at the Leeds festival.—*Musical Review*.

At a late "twopenny concert" at Kensington, England, the programme included Schumann's Piano Quintette, in E flat, and works of Mendelssohn and Haydn.—*Musical Review*.

Rubenstein's *Damon* is being repeatedly performed in Hamburg. The public's interest in the piece has not decreased.—*Musical Review*.

Guilmant, the celebrated French organist, will soon begin a series of concerts in England.—*Musical Review*.

Says The *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* of December 11th, Miss Eulalia Risley, a young American, gave last Thursday, a concert, which was well attended. She has an extraordinary alto voice. That her voice has been carefully developed appeared in her singing of the difficult *Branura* aria from Rossini's *Cenerentola*.

THE *Perth Gazette* announces the publication of a life of Liszt, by M. Romann. The first volume, which is ready, consists of 572 octavo pages. All the materials have been collected with great care. The author follows Liszt from his cradle through all his travels, and gives much collateral news, everything, in fact, that can tend to throw light on the musician's life and the development of his genius.

ON Wednesday, 28th Dec., at the Toronto College of Music, Misses Mary Blackwell, Alice Kirkpatrick, Mary Wright and Annie Lampman, who are taking the full normal course, passed a very creditable examination in Harmony. The subject required for examination was an original double chant harmonized for four voices, each section to modulate to a related key. The specimens submitted showed fair constructive ability, and, were tolerably correct, preference being given to those by Miss Wright, and Miss Annie Lampman, who thereby win one mark each towards the Harmony prize, the final examination for which, and the annual silver medal will take place in June next.

On the following day the Junior class consisting of Misses Grace and Ella Robarts, Schafell, Murray, Nicholson, C. Lampman, Coleman and Master Coleman, were examined in the *Elementary Technics* of the Pianoforte. The prize offered to this class for competition was won by Miss Ella Robarts, though pushed hard by her sister, and Misses Murray and Nicholson, whose marks were within a fraction. The marks of the whole class showed a very high average, evidencing the careful attention which is bestowed upon this most important branch of musical education.

ANECDOTES.

CUTTING SHORT THE DEBATE.—Jarvis, the painter, was one day engaged in painting Bishop ——; and during the progress of sitting, the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated course into which he had fallen. Jarvis made no reply, but drooping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of his face, he said with a slight motion to the reverend Sitter: "*Just shut your mouth bishop!*" By painting upon that feature he "changed the subject."

THE CONNOISSEURS.—A painter was censured for not taking good likenesses when he painted portraits. He was piqued at the censure of his friends, and wished to ascertain whether the fault imputed to him was real or not. He informed them he had finished a portrait of a person they knew perfectly well which he flattered himself was nature itself. They all hastened to see the picture, and all, without hesitation, pronounced it to be one of the very worst attempts he had ever made at a likeness. "You are mistaken friends," said a voice from the head of the picture, "It is myself." These words were spoken by the person that had entered into the stratagem of the painter, and put his head through the canvas.

HAYDN'S FIRST EFFORT.—Like Mozart, Haydn gave strong manifestations of his taste for music even in infancy. His father, who had some knowledge of music, used to play the harp to his wife's singing, while the infant Haydn imitated a violin and bow with two pieces of wood, and thus took part in this quiet family concert. When of sufficient age, he was placed among the choir of boys in the cathedral of Vienna. His duties as a singer occupied only two hours of the day, but Haydn practice in general sixteen, and sometimes eighteen hours. He was wont to speak in rapturous terms of the delight he received from the combinations of sound; even when he was playing with his companions, he was never able to resist the harmony of the organ in the cathedral. Haydn now began to think of composition, but could not obtain lessons of any of the able professors of Vienna. He was thus thrown on his own resources, yet still despaired not. He bought an old treatise on harmony at a stall, and devoting himself to the study of it with all the zeal of genius, speedily acquired a mastery of the principles of the art, and ere long became one of its brightest ornaments.

"TWO OF A TRADE CAN'T AGREE."

They say that musicians are quarrelsome men,
Who don't with each other agree;
But you'll find it the same
On this sublunary plain,
Wherever you happen to be—
Whether tinker or tailor,
Or soldier or sailor—
That "two of a trade can't agree."—*Prodigious.*

At four o'clock on the afternoon of November 24th, all the bells of the Cologne Cathedral were rung together, so that a commission of musicians might determine if the new bells had been properly tuned.—*Musical Review.*

ON THE ART OF APPEARING MUSICAL.

I recollect once, during a short tour with a friend in the country, we had entirely missed our way, and wishing to regain the high road through some private fields, we addressed ourselves to a benevolent-looking farmer, who was leaning over the padlocked gate, and requested that he would allow us to pass over his property. He immediately consented, and, whilst he was preceding us, with the key in his hand, my friend was so struck by his civility, that he suddenly felt an intense anxiety to compliment him upon the appearance of his land. After hesitating for some time as to the mode in which he should shape his observation, he ventured to remark that he was exceedingly glad to see so good a crop of turnips. The farmer stopped, and looking him in the face, "Yes, sir," he said, "we've been blessed with as fine a season as any man could wish for, and we're all grateful for it, I hope; but," he added, with a bland smile, and pointing towards the crop alluded to, "those, sir, are *beans!*"

The above anecdote may seem trivial and meaningless to some; but let me entreat all such to suspend their judgment until they have heard the moral.

There is a certain class of people in the world who, wishing on all occasions to display the exact amount of knowledge they may happen to possess, are so often tempted to soar a little beyond it, that they are perpetually betraying their ignorance; whilst their more prudent, but equally shallow, neighbors, by assuming an air of profound wisdom, and keeping within the bounds of discretion, very often pass for exceedingly intelligent and shrewd observers. Had my friend, then, in his remark to the farmer, judiciously confined himself to generalities, and simply observed that "vegetation appeared flourishing," or that "the crops looked healthy," he might have been regarded as a person with a decided taste for agricultural pursuits, and somewhat versed in the rudiments; but his unfortunate mistake had ruined all; the farmer eyed him with gentle contempt, and he left the field a lamentable instance of the danger of appearing too learned.

Although it is obvious that the above moral will apply to all persons who thus recklessly venture a guess upon subjects of which they know nothing, it is more particularly to the would-be musical portion of the public that I now address myself. When we reflect upon the exceedingly small amount of knowledge which is necessary to maintain a character for extreme profundity, it is painful to think that those persons who have not the will or the inclination to devote their time to *being* musical, should not direct their energies to the best, or at least the safest, mode of *appearing* so. Although, however, the art of appearing musical is so constantly practiced in the present day, so superficially is it studied, that we are daily and hourly compelled to see the patronizing pedant transformed, simply by his own incompetency, into the ignorant type.

As, however, a few instances may serve to enforce this fact more fully than any observations I can offer, I will endeavor to jot down one or two which have occurred within my own experience.

Richard Clayton was a gentleman with a decided turn for music. He spoke little, indeed, on the subject; but he looked wise, shook his head, and was thought to be a judge. Young ladies were nervous in playing before him; and his *bravo* and

brava (with their corresponding plurals) were always uttered in a tone of gentle encouragement. He was supposed to be a thorough musician, but not pedantic enough to intrude his scientific knowledge in general society.

Upon this easily-earned reputation, he had contrived to exist very comfortably for some time, and might have existed much longer, had he not, in an unguarded moment, been tempted to a display which, alas! proved fatal.

We had met to celebrate a birth-day, and, after a cheerful dinner-party, had adjourned to the drawing-room for a musical evening. My friend Clayton had taken a little wine, and, becoming somewhat excited, commenced an animated conversation upon the beauties of Haydn's "Creation." As he dwelt particularly upon one astounding effect in the chorus of "The heavens are telling," we ventured to inquire in what portion it was to be found, when he fearlessly declared that it was in the part where it "*went down amongst the flats.*" Having thus broken the ice, he gained confidence, and, in the course of the conversation, declared that he preferred diatonic keys to chromatic ones, because they were sharper. He then rushed headlong into a confused mass of formidable terms; and when a vocal duet was kindly volunteered by two of the guests, he particularly requested that the whole of the company would "*join in the bass.*"

He often shook his head and looked wise afterwards, but that one evening had sealed his fate forever. He has now, I am informed, glided almost imperceptibly into an unpretending amateur, and he has lately taken lessons on the *Cornet-a-pistons*.

The second case was that of a gentleman who, upon one solitary piece of information, had obtained a very tolerable character for knowledge of music in general. The first time I met him was at a small party, where a number of professors were present. In the course of the evening the conversation happened to turn upon the melodies of the back-woods of North America, when this gentleman, who had hitherto sat perfectly silent, rose from his chair, bustled up to the group, and, addressing himself to the person who had just spoken said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you aware of any great peculiarity about those 'nigger melodies?'"

"Why, sir," exclaimed the professor, "there is something exceedingly odd, and I may say, extremely characteristic, about them; but——"

"No doubt," interrupted he, "no doubt; but *can* you tell me the great peculiarity of them?"

"Why, really," returned the other, "at this moment I cannot call to mind any very decided and marked character by which to distinguish them."

"Very good," said the gentleman, looking round at the company, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, "very good, indeed, I can. The peculiarity of them is, sir, that they almost invariably *modulate into the subdominant.*"

Everybody was astonished. Such learning to come from a man who had regularly attended his counting-house from ten to five! He must have smuggled theoretical words into his office, and studied hard in the intervals of money-making. From that moment he became an authority. But his reign was brief. One evening, when he had delivered himself of his favorite fact (for which purpose he had dexteriously turned the conversation towards the back-woods of America), it unfortunately happened that a lady inquired what he meant

by "the subdominant." He evaded the question as long as he could, but the lady was inflexible, and he was at length compelled to acknowledge that he *couldn't exactly tell.*"

The truth was now apparent to all, and his downfall was sudden and complete. He was now greatly lowered from the pedestal on which he stood, but came down with a crash; a terrible warning to those ambitious individuals who risk exposure for the sake of a temporary notoriety.

It will be useless to multiply these examples; everybody acknowledges the evil; and it is a well-known truth that many discreet persons, who now pass for musical judges, are continually made to tremble for their own credit, by the mistakes of their incautious brethren, which have too evident a tendency to expose the shallowness of their common pretensions. To insure safety to all, therefore, I would advise that a code of rules should be drawn up, to which every one who practises the art of appearing musical should be required to subscribe. It might be even advantageous to adopt something like a masonic sign for the purpose of recognition. By these means a person would not only studiously avoid committing *himself*, but would charitably assist and support his brother in the hour of need, and a mutual understanding might thus be established throughout society.

These observations, are, of course, only thrown out as hints; and it is possible that not one of them may be deemed worthy of adoption. Of this, however, I am certain, that if something be not done, the time will soon arrive when the art I speak of will fall into contempt, and musical critics will be compelled to study music in their own defence.—A. C. Lunn.

EXCHANGES.

Thanks, *Rouge et Noir*, for the kind things you have said about us, and for the "right hearty welcome" which, in your December number, you have been so good as to extend to us. On our part, let us say, that the reading of your last and previous numbers has afforded us much pleasure. May those grievances, real or fancied, which militate against your "ever being happy again," be speedily removed; may you long continue to prosper as a college paper, and at length when the days of your existence shall have been numbered, may you rest with the sweet reflection that you have conscientiously acted up to the motto which you have adopted, "*Fortiter, Fideliter, Forsan, Feliciter.*"

Dear *Musical Review*, New York,—When we started our little journal with much hesitating and trembling, we ventured to address several of our first numbers to various papers, and wrote upon some "for review," upon others "exchange," for the latter choosing, generally, journals of a calibre about equal to our own. At the time we addressed our paper to you, we had seen only a fugitive copy, and had not noticed that you were a weekly journal. Our attention was first called to the fact by the arrival, a week after the first, of a second number, since which it has arrived regularly. This act of generosity has impressed us very much, and it is for the same that we wish to thank you. May the New Year bring you happiness and a large increase in your subscription list, a reward which your able and interesting pages well deserve.

STUDIO NOTES.

Mr. T. M. Martin, whose visit to Muskoka we noted in our second issue, has been very fortunate in disposing of the greater number of the subjects he brought back with him.

Mr. Perre has produced some of the most charming little hits, the result of his visit to Hamilton and Dundas last fall. No Canadian artist has made a greater improvement in style this season than has Mr. Perre.

By an unavoidable accident we were compelled to omit our matter under this head in our issue for December. The artists are all busy at their winter work now. Landscape men making use of their summer studies gathered in every nook and corner of the Dominion, and figure painters are studying from the life in very varied manners.

Mr. Verner is still in England whence he writes of pleasant times enjoyed about that favored spot, Burnham Ruches: on the whole this artist seems to have had a very agreeable season. Let us hope he will be able to show us a fine lot of work when he returns to his old headquarters.

The Christmas card season just ended has been a very lively one. For instance, they have stimulated some of our artists to efforts at simple composition, and in their numerous reproductions have found employment for many students and lady artists by which they have been enabled to render their ability somewhat lucrative.

It is with great pleasure, too, that we are enabled to notice the publication, by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, of a beautifully illustrated edition of the hymn "Now the Day is Over." The pictures, one of which appears for each verse, have been cleverly drawn on wood by Mrs. Schribner and carefully and creditably engraved by Mr. Brigdon, of Toronto, thus clearly demonstrating that it is practicable to produce artistic books of a high class here.

Mr. Harris has painted some heads lately, which show more decidedly than ever, the mastery he has in depicting character and expression; one in particular strikes us as remarkably good in this respect, the mood is one of quiet melancholy as seen in a manly face. Mr. Harris has also in his studio a portrait of the late Miss Neilson, which is the finest likeness of this talented and beautiful woman we have seen. He is also contributing some sketches to the new serial work "Picturesque Canada," illustrating the life and manufactures of the fisherfolk of Prince Edward Island. While on this topic it is to be hoped that the unpleasant disputes relative to the sketching for this serial have now finally subsided, for it is a pity that men who have such an uphill fight to battle through as have artists in Canada should strive to increase their difficulties and troubles by quarreling and seeking to damage each other's reputation. And another point from which to view these matters is that which takes into consideration the fact that the general public are but little interested in their bickerings. As we go to press the news comes of the death in Hamilton of Mr. Herbert Hancock, Architect and Painter. The deceased gentleman was one of the original members of the Ontario Society of Artists, and for two years its Secretary. He was very highly esteemed by his fellow workers, and his friendly face and truly gentle disposition will be sadly missed from among them in the future. His principle pictures were taken from the scenery of the Eastern townships in Indian Summer time, and possessed much feeling for the softer moods of nature.

MUSICAL TRADE REVIEW.

Messrs. William Norris & Son, importers, occupy extensive premises at No. 8 Adelaide Street East, where they are showing a very fine assortment of pianos manufactured by Mathushek Piano Co., New Haven, Conn., and J. & C. Fischer, New York, both of which firms they represent for Canada. Also a number of large organs by Geo. A. Prince & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and an almost endless variety of stools and covers, of which latter lines they are making a specialty.

Though they are now selling quite a number of pianos and organs retail, their business is principally, and for some years, until recently, exclusively wholesale. They are well known throughout the Dominion, and bear an enviable record for honest and upright dealing, their praises being sung by some three thousand instruments which they have imported and sold in Canada during the last nine years.

Their Mathushek piano has several peculiarities of construction which recommend it, such as Equalizing scale, Linear Bridge, Bushed Tuning Pins, &c.

The J. & C. Fischer is a somewhat less expensive piano, but that it has given satisfaction is evident by the fact that, though the manufacturers are turning out seventy (70) a week they are constantly behind their orders.

REVIEWS.

"Isobel Waltzes," by W. Braybrook Bayley, published by I. Suckling & Sons. These waltzes, three in number, *en suite*, with a *finale*, are sprightly, melodic and well adapted for dancing. They are fairly constructed, and tolerably free from the errors generally found in music of this class. Between fifteenth and sixteenth bars, waltz 3, consecutive octaves in the extreme parts occur, which should have been avoided. Some similar and a few lesser errors appear at other places. The title page, lithographed by Rolph, Smith & Co., is artistically executed, and shows a decided advancement in Canadian work of this kind.

BREVES AND SEMIBREVES.

Wagner, in 1834, presented the score of an unfinished opera to a local musical society. The society ceasing to exist, its effects have been sold, and the score brought but a trifle; the composer, not caring to have his work change hands for such an insignificant price, has begun a lawsuit to endeavor to recover the manuscript.

Verdis' *Ballo* was recently given, for the first time, in Leipzig, and made a favorable impression.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We solicit correspondence on all subjects of interest to the trade and profession of Music and Art, and shall always be happy to answer any enquiries our subscribers or readers may put to us in reference to such matters. In all cases, the full Name and Address of the sender must be given, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. We must not be held in any way answerable for the opinions of correspondents, nor the return of rejected MSS. Correspondence for insertion should be sent in not later than the 25th of each month.