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EDITORIAL.

THE following criticism upon the song lately published by Mr. Torrington appeared in *Grip* (25 June) and was replied to in the next number of that Journal, as appears in consequence.

"Abide with me," sacred song by F. H. Torrington, published by Suckling & Sons. There are several faults in this song. A few of the most striking we will point out. In the Bass setting, page 1st, bar 3rd there is an unbearable set of consecutive 5ths, and the same again bar 16th between the extreme parts; page 2nd, bar 3d, C sharp should be written D flat. The frequent doubling of the 3rd and 7th that exists is also not good. The setting of the unaccented word at the beginning of the 2nd line to the accented note of the bar is also incorrect, and equally so from a singing point. There is also a great monotony in its modulation. The modulation from the key to its relative minor, then to the seventh on C, then to the seventh on F, and then to the key, occurring no less than seven or eight times. The harmonizing of the song throughout is certainly not orthodox. Irrespective of these faults we do not find anything striking or original in the melody, or the element of a sacred song contained in it. SHARPER SIXTH.

TORONTO, June 28th, 1881.

To the Editor of *Grip*:—

Sir,—The primitive critic, who under the pseudonym of "Sharp Sixth," attempts to dissect a recently published sacred song composed by Mr. Torrington, in your last issue, evidently belongs to an old and effete school, and confounds the freedom of an accompaniment to a melody with the strictest form of a four-part vocal harmony. He presumes to point out technical errors, and gloating over them with a sardonic smile, seems to say, "look at me, I know so much more than other people." He forgets that his antiquated ideas have long since been exploded, and modern musical science outstepped his narrow-minded hypercriticisms. I commend to him the lines of Pope on criticism:—

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

I find consecutive fifths in the 6th bar, (not in the 3rd) but evidently intentional, and required for an enharmonic effect; the substitution of C sharp for the D flat is a matter of taste, perhaps. Throughout the piece there is to my mind a spontaneous charm of melody, both for the voice, and in the somewhat obligato accompaniment. The composer will doubtless strengthen some trifling weak points in another edition. But the real excellencies and intensely *spiritual* character of the music, embodying, as it does, the very soul-essence of the words, cannot be impaired by spiteful would-be criticism. Yours flatly,

A SHARPER SIXTH.

THE criticism, to those who have been accustomed to read the universally fulsome puffs and notices which our amateur composers have received from time to time, may appear somewhat severe, but it must be borne in mind that the song

in question is not put forward by a favored amateur, but by one of the professional masters of Toronto, and, moreover, one who advertises that he teaches "theory of music." What the object of the second writer can be in rushing into print and denying in so reckless a manner the generally correct statements of "Sharp Sixth," we are at a loss to know, except it be to aid the sale of the song, or (after the manner of the cuttle fish, by discoloring the water with some of his own secretions) to blind the public to the facts. Now as to which sixth is the sharper we care not a jot, but in the interest of the true in art, we feel constrained to give expression to a few thoughts in connection therewith. First, modern musical science while admitting of more freedom than the old school, does *not* permit a violation of the *principals* of the science of harmony. It will be understood that the term "principals" includes both the rules and their exceptions, for it is as much a part of the principal to know when to discard a rule, as when to use it. Now the principals of modern harmony forbid the occurrence of consecutive octaves and fifths, false relations, doubling of the third and seventh, upward resolution of the minor seventh on the dominant dissonant chords left unresolved in any harmonic progression, whether accompaniment or otherwise, unless some special object is to be gained; nor will a matter of *taste* excuse false notation, such as C sharp for D flat, although the writer has (in bad diction) added the word "perhaps." Yet all these errors, to say nothing of errors of form, do occur in this short and simple song. But from the remark which "Sharper Sixth" makes towards the close of his communication with reference to correcting some "trifling weak points," we should judge that he was perfectly aware of the errors to which we have referred, and that his whole effusion has been directed towards shielding Mr. Torrington from the effects of the criticism. As to whether there is anything "spiritual" or not in the melody is a matter of taste in which "Sharp Sixth," who fails to find it, has as much right to his opinion as the "Sharper Sixth," who expresses an opinion to the contrary. And far beyond either of them, the public will settle that matter for itself. The real point at issue is whether the song is correctly written or not. If it is not, it merited a strong criticism, and "Sharper Sixth" should enharmonically change his signature into a major seventh, and resolve (by making a full close) up.

In every community there are always persons willing to make themselves conspicuous by their endeavors to impose upon others their own narrow and sometimes absurd notions. The last Philharmonic Concert, which regarded as a whole, was a decided success, financially and musically, gave an opportunity for one of these to write a letter to the *Telegram* in which, among other

things, he asserted that Oratorio was played out, a statement, *as untrue, in view of the facts*, as absurd. If it were "played out," how account for the presence of fourteen or fifteen hundred people who were attracted there, and went home pleased and satisfied? Were his spectacles yellow and did he imagine that all the world saw thro' them?

ON a certain window card, advertising a concert to be given at the Horticultural Gardens by the band of the Tenth Royals, assisted by some of Toronto's distinguished amateurs, there appeared, "for the first time on any stage," a new species of the *genus musicum* described as a "vocal conductor." We have become quite familiar with another of the genus, that is the "*Musical Conductor*," and although we at first were somewhat alarmed, we soon discovered that it was merely a man who conducted the music, and after giving the matter some consideration we arrived at the conclusion that it was very proper, nay, essential, that the conductor of the music should be *musical*. At the same time it appeared a piece of gratuitous information on the one hand, while on the other, no definite information was afforded as to what was conducted. A street car conductor clearly conducts a street car; now if this man sings, or plays a Jew's harp, is he not also a *musical conductor*? But the *vocal conductor*! alas! unless it simply means a conductor with a voice, we are at a loss to know what it can be. Can it possibly mean *accompanist*? and if so why did not the party who drew up the bill say so?

It is announced in the foreign musical journals that one Albert Becker has been *created* a Prussian professor of music. Hitherto we thought that Germany was the most musical country in the world, but this announcement quite dispels that idea. "Canada (first in this as in all else) is the favored place. Why there is scarcely a town or village in our whole Dominion that has not one or more *Professors*, professors who did not need any "creating" either.

A LECTURE delivered by Dr. Edward Frankel before the pupils of the Grand Conservatory of Music, New York, concludes with the following pertinent remark, which we print as a hint to some of our local singers, who, by taking heed thereto may be greatly benefitted:—

"It does not lie within my province to enter into a consideration of the methods and aids which are employed in order to recognize the exact range of the *chest* register. One thing should be stated and that is, that every teacher should oppose the vanity which many pupils possess, and the persistency with which they strive to become high tenors or sopranos. If not checked in time such persistence will *inevitably cause a destruction of the voice*, and possibly also lead to conditions of disease."

SUMMER vacation has approached. All the concerts by local societies, &c., are over for the season. The theatres are closed; the musicians scattered and fled. Some to foreign shores, others, with purses more slender, to less distant plains and pastures green.

One who wields the baton,
To England home doth go,
While another, on whose instrument,
The lowest note is *Do
Will pitch his tent and sa-lubricate
Where the island sedges grow.
Some will have an easy time
All care and labor shirk,
While some with, lot less light, will have
To stay at home and work.
But where so'er their tents may be—
Across the bay, or across the sea—
We wish them all prosperity.

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*To elucidate our expression,
Should the curious wish to know,
The instrument above referred to
Is called the violincello.

ROSSINI.—Continued.

"La Cenerentola" and "La Gazza Ladra" were written in quick succession for Naples and Milan. The former of these works, based on the old Cinderella myth, was the last opera written by Rossini to illustrate the beauties of the contralto voice, and Madame Georgi-Righetti, the early friend and steadfast patroness of the musician during his early days of struggle, made her last great appearance in it before retiring from the stage. In this composition, Rossini, though one of the most affluent and rapid of composers, displays that economy in art which sometimes characterized him. He introduced in it many of more beautiful airs from his earlier and less successful works. He believed on principle that it was folly to let a good piece of music be lost through being married to a weak and faulty libretto. The brilliant opera of "La Gazza Ladra," set to the story of a French melodrama, "La Pie Voleuse," aggravated the quarrel between Paer, the director of the French opera, and the gifted Italian. Paer had designed to have written the music himself, but his librettist slyly turned over the poem to Rossini, who produced one of his masterpieces in setting it. The audience at La Scala received the work with the noisiest demonstrations, interrupting the progress of the drama with constant cries of "Bravo! Maestro!" "Viva Rossini!" The composer afterward said that acknowledging the calls of the audience fatigued him much more than the direction of the opera. When the same work was produced four years after in London, under Mr. Ebers's management, an incident related by that *impreario* in his "Seven Years of the King's Theatre" shows how eagerly it was received by an English audience.

"When I entered the stage door, I met an intimate friend, with a long face and uplifted eyes. 'Good God! Ebers, I pity you from my soul. This ungrateful public,' he continued. 'The wretches! Why! my dear sir, they have not left you a seat in your own house.' Relieved from the fears he had created, I joined him in his laughter, and proceeded, assuring him that I felt no ill toward the public for their conduct toward me."

Passing over "Armida," written for the opening of the new San Carlo at Naples, "Adelaida di Borgogna," for the Roman Carnival of 1817, and "Adida," for a Lisbon theatre, we come to a work which is one of Rossini's most solid claims on musical immortality, "Mosé in Egitto," first produced at the San Carlo, Naples, in 1818. In "Mosé," Rossini carried out still further than ever his innovations, the two principal roles—*Mosé* and *Faraoni*—being assigned to basses. On the first representation, the crossing of the Red Sea moved the audience to satirical

laughter, which disconcerted the otherwise favorable reception of the piece, and entirely spoiled the final effects. The manager was at his wit's end, till Tattola, the librettist, suggested a prayer for the Israelites before and after the passage of the host through the cleft waters. Rossini instantly seized the idea, and, springing from bed in his night-shirt, wrote the music with almost inconceivable rapidity, before his embarrassed visitors recovered from their surprise. The same evening the magnificent *Dal tuo stellato soglio* ("To thee, Great Lord") was performed with the opera.

Let Stendhall, Rossini's biographer, tell the rest of the story: "The audience was delighted as usual with the first act, and all went well till the third, when, the passage of the red sea being at hand, the audience as usual prepared to be amused. The laughter was just beginning in the pit, when it was observed that Mosès was about to sing. He began his solo, the first verse of a prayer, which all the people repeat in chorus after Moses. Surprised at this novelty, the pit listened and the laughter entirely ceased. The chorus, exceedingly fine, was in the minor. Aaron continues, followed by the people. Finally, Eleia addresses to Heaven the same supplication and the people respond. Then all fall on their knees and repeat the prayer with enthusiasm; the miracle is performed, the sea is opened to leave a path for the people protected by the Lord. This last part is in the major. It is impossible to imagine the thunders of applause that resounded through the house; one would have thought it was coming down. The spectators in the boxes, standing up and leaning over, called out at the top of their voices, '*Bello, bello! O che bello!*' I never saw so much enthusiasm nor such a complete success, which was so much the greater, inasmuch as the people were quite prepared to laugh. . . . I am almost in tears when I think of this prayer. This state of things lasted a long time, and one of its effects was to make for its composer the reputation of an assassin, for Dr. Cottogna is said to have remarked: 'I can cite you more than forty attacks of nervous fever or violent convulsions on the part of young women, fond to excess of music, which have no other origin than the prayer of the Hebrews in the third act, with its superb change of key.'" Thus by a stroke of genius, a scene which first impressed the audience as a piece of theatrical burlesque, was raised to sublimity by the solemn music written for it.

M. Bochsa some years afterward produced "*Mosé*" as an oratorio in London, and it failed. A new libretto, however, "*Pietro L'Eremito*," again transformed the music into an opera. Ebers tells us that Lord Sefton, a distinguished connoisseur, only pronounced the general verdict in calling it the greatest of serious operas, for it was received with the greatest favor. A gentleman of high rank was not satisfied with assuring the manager that he deserved well of his country, but avowed his determination to propose him for membership at the most exclusive of aristocratic clubs—White's.

"*La Donna del Lago*," Rossini's next great work, also first produced at the San Carlo during the Carnival of 1820, though splendidly performed, did not succeed well the first night. The composer left Naples the same night for Milan, and coolly informed every one *en route* that the opera was very successful, which proved to be true when he reached his journey's end, for the Neapolitans on the second night reversed their decision into an enthusiasm as marked as their coolness had been.

Shortly after this Rossini married his favorite *prima donna*, Madame Colbran. He had just completed two of his now forgotten operas, "*Biacca e Faliero*," and "*Matilda di Shabran*," but did not stay to watch their public reception. He quietly took away the beautiful Colbran, and at Cologne was married by the archbishop. Thence the freshly-wedded couple visited Vienna, and Rossini there produced his "*Zelmira*," his wife singing the principal part.

One of the most striking of this composer's works in invention and ingenious development of ideas, Carpani says of it: "It contains enough to furnish not one but four operas. In this work, Rossini, by the new riches which he draws from his prodigious imagination, is no longer the author of '*Otello*,' '*Tancredi*,' '*Zoraide*,' and all his preceding works; he is another composer, new, agreeable, and fertile, as much as at first, but with more command of himself, more pure, masterly, and, above all, more faithful to the interpretation of the words. The forms of style employed in this opera according to circumstances are so varied, that now we seem to hear Gluck, now Traetta, now Sacchidi, now Mozart, now Handel; for the gravity, the learning, the naturalness, the suavity of their conceptions, live and blossom again in '*Zelmira*.' The transitions are learned, and inspired more by considerations of poetry and sense than by caprice and a mania for innovation. The vocal parts, always natural, never trivial, give expression to the words without ceasing to be melodious. The great point is to preserve both. The instrument of Rossini is really incomparable by the vivacity and freedom of the manner, by the variety and justness of the coloring." Yet it must be conceded that, while this opera made a deep impression on musicians and critics, it did not please the general public. It proved languid and heavy with those who could not relish the science of the music and the skill of the combinations. Such instances as this are the best answer to that school of critics, who have never ceased clamoring that Rossini could write nothing but beautiful tones to tickle the vulgar and uneducated mind.

"*Semiramide*," first performed at the Venice theatre in Venice on February 3, 1823, was the last of Rossini's Italian operas, though it had the advantage of rehearsals and a noble cast. It was not well received at first, though the verdict of time places it high among the musical masterpieces of the country. In it were combined all of Rossini's ideas of operatic reform, and the novelty of some of the innovations probably accounts for the inability of his earlier public to appreciate its merits. Mme. Rossini made her last public appearance in this great work.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Whitney, the able organist of St. George's, gave a recital upon the new organ lately built for Queen avenue Methodist Church, London, by Messrs. Warren & Son. A large and critical audience was assembled by invitation, who departed well pleased with the performance. The programme was a classical one demanding nothing short of first-class ability, for want of which it did not suffer at the hands of the performer. Mr. Torrington was to have assisted, but on account of his late accident was prevented therefrom.

A matinee Pinafore recital was given on Saturday afternoon June 11th, by Mr. Fisher's pupils. A large audience, composed chiefly of ladies, was present. The programme, which was judiciously chosen, was in all respects well carried out. The numbers being especially worthy of notice were *Rhapsody*, No. 12, *Liszt* being played by Miss Cox; *Berceuse* (op. 57 *Chopin*), played by Miss Playfair, and the *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*, (op. 14) *Mendelssohn*, by Miss Boyd. The recital was relieved by some vocal numbers, which, however, did not approach to the high standard of the instrumental music.

RUBINSTEIN IN LONDON.

After an extended provincial tour, during which he has been earning about \$3,000 a week, M. Rubinstein has arrived in London, and gave his first recital at St. James' Hall June 2nd. By his vagaries he has much perplexed the critics of the provinces. He in the first place refused to furnish any detailed programme at all. It was hard lines on the critics to find on the programme "Sonata Beethoven" and "Etude Chopin," leaving gentlemen who very rarely have to notice piano-forte recitals to discover which sonata and which study M. Rubinstein really did play. But when he began to alter his programmes both the critics and the audience were speedily in a fog. He announced a Suite by Handel to begin the performance, and one of the Glasgow critics failing to discover the difference between the Handelian music and the Beethoven Sonata, op. 117, which really did open the scheme, criticised Handel's music with great deliberation and in much detail. As M. Rubinstein never played the Handelian work at all, in all probability the Glasgow critic will lose his berth. At his recital this afternoon Rubinstein played familiar selections including the "Waldstein" Sonata, and works by Schumann, Chopin, and others. There was about \$1,500 in the house, so that as the out-goings were limited by the rent of the hall and the payment of ushers and advertisements, the profits must have been large. The experiment of guinea seats in the orchestra is, however, at present a failure, and people do not at present quite see the force of paying twenty-one shillings for seats they usually have for a shilling.

THE ABBE LISZT.

The Abbé Liszt, who has not been in Scotland since he was young, and who was then very scurvily treated, has, it is said, written to a friend in Glasgow, holding out hopes that he might possibly visit Scotland during the next winter. Whether he will play or not is at present problematical, but it is feared he will not. If he does, a very considerable body of pilgrims will assuredly start from London to hear him.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Mme. Christine Nilsson made her first appearance this season at Her Majesty's on Saturday before a very poor house. It is true it was the Queen's birthday, and that dinners were being given by ministers. But this would not account for the scanty attendance, as Covent Garden was crowded to the doors to hear Adelina Patti in "La Traviata." The opera was "Faust," which with Nilsson as *Maguerite* is usually a splendid attraction. But the stalls were by no means full; great gaps were visible where fair dames once sat in private boxes, and the gallery folk compensated by the vigor of the applause for their paucity of numbers. Yet Nilsson was in beautiful voice, and she sang and acted far more carefully than she was wont to do. There has been besides this nothing new at Her Majesty's, and excepting that on June 4 Marrie Roze, Irma, di Murska, "Mlle. Dotti," and others are to appear in "Il Flauto Magico," there seems to be few novelties in prospect. It is however, still said that Faccio, the celebrated conductor of Milan, will arrive in a week or two to produce "Mefistofele," and on this hangs the fate of the season. Hitherto the business has been terrible. Miss Juch, a pupil of Mme. Murio-Celli, has arrived, it is said, and Mr. Mapleson intends to "star" her.

A PUPIL OF RUBINSTEIN.

Herr Lowenberg, an Austrian by birth, and a pupil of Rubinstein, made his debut at Mr. Ganz's concert on Saturday. Unfortunately he was heard only in the not very acceptable fourth Concerto by Rubinstein, and in Liszt's arrangement for piano-forte and orchestra of airs from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." His talent could, therefore, hardly be gauged, but he seems to be a phenomenal

player of extraordinary power and execution, possessing many of the virtues and few of the faults of his distinguished master. At the same concert part of Barlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony was given.—*American Art Journal.*

How little Wagner cares for abuse is shown by the lexicon which he published, entitled: "A Wagner lexicon, or dictionary, of impoliteness, containing rude, mocking, hateful and slanderous expressions, which have been used against the master, Richard Wagner, his works and his adherents, by enemies and scorners—for delectation of the mind in leisure hours." How early he became accustomed to it is evident from the following story, recently published in *The Musical World*: A German artist was sitting near Wagner on the stage at the first performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera, and tired to console him when the hissing began. But Wagner, preserving all his coolness in the midst of the tempest, turned to his friend and said: "You must know that I am accustomed to ovations of this kind. I have not been too much spoiled in our Fatherland!"

MISS EMMA JUCH, the young soprano—whose successful debut we chronicled at the Liederkrantz, likewise her operatic introduction at Chickering Hall in "Faust"—made her London debut as *Filina* in "Mignon" at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday. Her singing of the Polacca was vociferously encored, and she made a very favorable impression.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND.

One could never help thinking, when dazzled by the glare of Fanny Persiani's vocal fire-works, how much time and labor they must have cost their frail exponent. How different from Jenny Lind! Having curbed her rebellious organ so as to modulate it to any degree of force or softness giving the same difficult passages, not *mezza voce*, which was the wont of the Florentine *prima donna*, and which rendered her task so much easier, Miss Lind employed the fullness and richness of her vocal chords so efficiently that, instead of a thin, wiry thread, you admired in her scale-passages a string of pearls of equal value and exquisite purity.

In "L'Elisir," the balance between her and the pet of Her Majesty's turned rather in favor of the Italian artist; who, with her pure and clear Tuscan articulation, brought out all the point of Romani's poetry, and the coquettish, brilliant setting of the words by Donizetti. He had studied how to turn her unquestionable talent to advantage, and fitted her in the part of the fickle, wayward, yet not heartless girl to a nicety. Here Miss Lind, wanting occasionally that *vis comica* in which Madame Persiani excelled, labored under a disadvantage which all her art could not entirely remove. Not so in *Lucia*. Who, having seen Jenny Lind, can ever forget the expression of mental agony the fixed looks of threatening insanity, the stifled voice of a heart rent in twain by despair, and rising to an almost painful climax of hopeless passion, or her last scene, when in her madness she was recalling the vows of her lover and her own dream of happiness! Madame Persiani was correct and lady like throughout the opera, giving a faithful outline of the heroine, but, Miss Lind was the living picture of the hapless *Lucy*.

Where she stood, however, alone and unrivaled, and where the most difficult judge could hardly detect a flaw, was in the part of *Alice* and of the *Figlia*. The whole conception of the simple French peasant-girl, the guardian angel of the misguided *Robert*, was a histrionic and musical achievement such as has rarely been seen or heard. In another style, a similar praise must be awarded to the representation of the adopted daughter of the regiment. Every nuance, from mutinous archness to the most emphatic ex-

pression of grief; and variety of vocal effect—now an unassuming melody, now a dazzling display of *bravura*, combined in one part—left no room for criticism.

On renouncing the glories of the stage, Miss Lind had formed a project to devote herself henceforth entirely to a branch of the art hardly less important, but not exacting the same amount of self-abnegation, viz: oratoria and concert singing. This decision was confirmed by an event which entirely changed her sphere of action, and led ultimately to her complete withdrawal from public life. The unexampled impression she had created in Europe had excited the greatest interest among lovers of music in the United States, and an indefatigable caterer for novelties of more than common attraction, Mr. P. T. Barnum, conceived the idea of tempting the young artist by a proposal—which thirty years ago seemed of almost gigantic dimension—for a series of one hundred and fifty concerts. The conditions were one thousand dollars (more than two hundred pounds) for each concert, which was subsequently increased by one-half of all the sums exceeding the nightly receipt of five thousand five hundred dollars.

After a lengthened correspondence, the agreement to that effect was signed, and Jenny Lind, accompanied by her friend and companion, Miss Ahlmanzon, her secretary, Mr. Max Hjortsberg, Signor Giovanni Belle'ti (an excellent baritone who had already been singing with her at Stockholm and at Her Majesty's Theatre), and myself, as conductor, started from Liverpool on August 21, 1850. The leave-taking on that morning was of the most imposing character. Though the departure was fixed for an early hour, the roadsteads, and every available spot whence a glance of the steamship *Atlanti* and its precious freight could be obtained, were filled with a vast multitude, who bid a hearty and touching farewell to this favorite queen of song.

The journey was of the pleasantest imaginable, and friendships were formed on board, on the spur of the moment, with some charming American ladies, which predisposed Miss Lind in favor of the new country more than any description could have done. Mr. Barnum met us on our arrival at New York, September 1st, and nothing could exceed the completeness of the arrangements he had made with so much care and attention: an admirable orchestra, including the *élite* of the profession, had been secured, every comfort in the accommodation of the great artist and her party provided. September 10th, the day of the general rehearsal, almost equally momentous of her future in the States with her first performance, arrived. None but the staff of the principal newspapers and those prominent by their musical or literary merit, or by their social position, were admitted in the vast area of Castle Garden, thus forming at once a most discriminating but one easily to be pleased public. After the overture to "Oberon," played with as much delicacy as power, and an *aria* from Rossini's "Maometto," sung to perfection by signor Belletti, the *diva* stepped forward.

She was then in her thirtieth year, her features were irregular and could not be termed handsome, but her figure was well proportioned and equally balanced between grace and dignity; in her eyes flashed the fire of genius, and when singing even the most difficult passages, there was a total absence of effort and of those distorting grimaces which so often impair the influence of the best vocal power. When thus inspired, her whole face lighted up and became perfectly beautiful. She was greeted with an immense outburst of applause. Silence being at last restored she began the grand scene from "Norma," "*Casta Diva*," commencing with the recitative "*Sediziose voci, voci di guerra*" ("Seditious voices; voices of war.") Scarcely had she uttered these words when the very warlike voices of a triple salute of guns shook the building and increased the already feverish excitement of the audience. She faltered and stopped, the orchestra became mute and motionless. The mystery, how-

ever, was soon solved. A new constellation had been added to the star-spangled banner—the admission of the State of California into the Union was being celebrated. This news was greeted with mingled cheering and merriment, and only after it had subsided the fair songstress resumed her task.

It was highly interesting to note first the breathless attention of this unique assembly and to follow the gradual phases of surprise, wonder, and delight created and developed by the magic of the singer's power. Not like many other celebrities on such occasions, who consider it *infra dig.* and not worth their while to employ more than half-steam when before a non-paying audience, Jenny Lind rehearsed as she always did, taking the matter seriously; working as it were, with the orchestra, electrifying the musicians with her ardor, scattering the treasures of her voice, and identifying herself with the composer. And what a result! It was touching to see those severe judges carried away by their ecstasy at having their anticipations so far surpassed. From that moment if any doubts could have been entertained they vanished, and the first concert, given on the next evening, September 11th, and the unheard of ovation offered to Jenny, were reported, on the morning of the 12th, in every daily newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the American continent.

To enumerate the details of one hundred concerts, given with unvarying success in different parts of the States, would exceed by far the limits of this paper, nor can I do more than glance at the various sensations experienced by us all in this surprising succession of new and wonderful cities, of fresh and eager audiences, contrasting with the so often used-up and *blasés* frequenters of European concert-rooms. With that bee-hive of the world, the home of all nationalities, New York, where thirty-five concerts scarcely satisfied the craving for the Swedish idol, how many ineffaceable recollections are connected! It was there the fact was recognized that the welcome given to the great artist was one of an entire people.

JULIUS BENEDICT.

—Scribner.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

Judas Maccabeus was the work performed at the last concert this season of the Philharmonic Society, which event took place in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday evening, June 7th. The floor and galleries of the spacious building were packed with a fashionable and appreciative audience.

The Oratorio "Judas Maccabeus" is one of Handel's greatest Oratorios, abounding in Canonic and Fugal forms, thus presenting difficulties to the orchestra, chorus and concerted parts generally of no light order, and which to render, with clearness and precision, require an amount of patience and skill on the part of the least of the participants that only those who have tried can form any idea.

The production of such a work deserves the highest commendation. The influence which it exerts for good, not only upon those who take part in its performance, but upon the audience who listen, is beyond computation. To say that the performance was a perfect one would be a piece of absurd flattery, to cavil with small defects, which are not in themselves radical faults, would be hypercritical and conducive of no good. Our criticism will deal with such defects as appeared in the methods of the soloists, (who by reason of their prominence are expected to exhibit a higher excellence of art culture) on one hand, and the concerted work of orchestra and chorus on the other. Taking the latter, first; and

dealing generally, we do not hesitate in saying that the performance was a success, which, however, might have been still more marked had a closer observance been paid to the expression marks of the composer. The overture, written in accordance with the school of counterpoint and imitation, though presenting few or none of the difficulties of a modern orchestral score, is by no means trivial, its rendering by the orchestra was clear and well defined, the attack and intonation particularly good in this respect. The same may be said, generally, of the work of the orchestra throughout the performance. The first chorus "Mourn ye afflicted," after two bars of introduction, tempo Largo, beginning *mezzo forte* sinks like a great sigh, to *piano* preparing the chorus for the first word "Mourn" chord of C minor marked *piano*, after a lapse of half a bar during which time the orchestra is moving through its figure, the sopranos sing the word "Mourn" in the upper octave, anticipating the full chord of C minor, which, on the first beat of the next bar, is sung in *f* by the remaining three parts, the orchestra still moving through and completing its original subject. Thus the composer has written the music, thus the scores clearly indicate, thus the feeling of the words and the musical conception demands, but thus it was not rendered by the Philharmonic Society; on the contrary the first chord of the chorus was sung, with most correct intonation and precision it is true, but with painful force followed by the second chord, at double forte, entirely obliterating all view of the subject which the orchestra was faithfully finishing, and rendering any further crescendo impossible since no more force could be obtained, and since there occurs but one more sustained chord in the chorus which would permit of a concentration of vocal force. Of course such an error is a grave fault for which we can find no excuse, but which it must be distinctly understood, does not detract from the excellence of the rendering otherwise regarded. Should the most skilful artist compose a picture, the drawing of which should be perfect, and then poorly or falsely color it, while the merit of the drawing would remain unimpaired all would agree that the effect as a whole, was sadly marred. An occasional wrong note or missed beat, a break in the voice of a singer (if arising from temporary causes and not radical defects) the true critic takes no note of, it is human to err, and absolute perfection is an ideal which, few, if any, attain to. Yet as a whole is made up of many parts, it is evident that as the parts are more or less defective, the whole will be effected.

Had we space sufficient, we should be glad to criticize in detail the whole of the Oratorio and its performance, lacking this, we must rest content with a criticism of a few of its more prominent features. Among the soloists, the hero, Judas, falls to the lot of a tenor, as in the days of Handel and pretty much ever since, it has been considered the proper thing to write the hero's music for a tenor. The part was entrusted to Mr. Jenkin, whom on two previous occasions we have criticized rather severely, a third hearing but further confirms our previous opinions, which is, that that gentleman is absolutely devoid of the first principles of the art of singing. The proper use of the registers he evidently knows nothing of, shouting sometimes from chest, other times from medium and not scrupling to use *false* (head tones) regardless of all the rules and dictates of true art. But while thus sharply criticizing his demerits, we are willing to allow his merits, and these are, his conception of the character of the music he endeavors to sing, and correctness of form and time.

Long drilling in England under able conductors, the advantage of hearing great tenors in the part, coupled with natural ability, has given him this advantage, but we feel pretty safe in saying that Mr Jenkin would have been one of the most astonished men in England had he been called upon in an affair of relative importance to sing the part of Judas, and we should be equally astonished if, had the attempt been made, the audience had permitted him to sing the first solo to its end. Verily Mr. Jenkin, if his success in Toronto has not wholly blinded him, must laugh in his sleeve at his reception here.

Miss McManus sung her parts very acceptably, and with much judgment, her musical voice, in a measure making up in interest for what it lacked in breath and power. We warn Miss McManus against the excessive use of the *portamento*; this error showed itself prominently in the air "Pious Orgies" and detracted very much from its otherwise excellent rendering.

Mrs. Bradley's singing, regarded as a piece of vocalization, was very clear and correct, and told particularly well. In the air "So shall the Lute and Harp Awake," an anacronism occurs in the words of the song, which we suppose must be allowed as a "poet's license," "Sprightly voice sweet *Descant* run." *Descant* was the art of combining sounds, and was not invented till the end of the eleventh century—this by the way. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Bradley's voice is not suited by nature to the requirements of Oratorio, and although she seemed on this occasion to have a good conception of what is required, and made a brave effort to accomplish it, she was only partially successful. Mr. Warrington, from an art standard, undoubtedly achieved the success of the evening. His voice is very equal in its scale and his control over it complete. In the air "The Lord worketh Wonders," he exhibited faultless vocalization and sufficiency of power. The audience having thought proper to applaud the "Recit," which precedes the air threw the orchestra into confusion, thereupon Mr. Torrington found it necessary to stop the performance in the midst of a long vocal passage; the effect was as curious as unexpected, for like the pressure of the fingers upon a stop watch, the whole complication of sound was instantly followed by dead silence. The orchestra then recommenced at the introduction to the air and Mr. Warrington sang to the end, winning, as he well deserved, a unanimous encore. The Misses Scott and Clarke and Messrs. Coleman, Kirk, O'Mally and Taylor sang their numbers with credit to themselves and satisfaction to the audience. As these ladies and gentlemen are not professionals they escape criticism. Of the concerted number, the trio and chorus "See the Conquering Hero Comes" was perhaps the most popular with the audience, though in justice to the society be it said that all the choruses were well and faithfully rendered, excepting only in the matter of coloring, more attention to this particular, and some better soloists, next performance, will leave little to be desired.

BREVES AND SEMIBREVES.

RITTER.—Mr. Theodor Ritter is playing in London.

JOSEFFY is practising a new *repertoire* for next season, at Darien, Conn.

ROZE.—Mdme. Marie Roze's appearances at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, during the present season, will be limited to twelve.

CAMPANINI says he made \$25,000 in the United States last season. Glad of it!

LEIPSIK.—Herr Conrad Schleinitz, one of the founders of the Leipzig Conservatory, and for many years its director, died, recently, at the age of seventy-nine years.

KIRK.—At a recent performance in Pittsburg of "The Fairy Grotto," a fine gold-mounted *baton* and a gold watch chain were presented by the chorus and orchestra to the director, Thomas F. Kirk. Alas! Toronto how you do treat your composers.—*Ed.*

"PATIENCE.—"The London public needs to exercise patience, for seats to witness Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" are all taken far into July! No such success for light operas—or heavy, either, for that matter—has hitherto been known in London.

A NEW TENOR.

M. Millet has surprised Paris with a new tenor at the Theatre du Chateau d'Eau. He is capable of giving the high C with as much ease as an ordinary singer can give a note half an octave lower. This new marvel is a young Frenchman named Henri Prevost. He comes from Havre, where he exercised the trade of a locksmith. How he abandoned the hammer and file for the boards of a *cafe concert* is not stated; but M. Millet discovered him on the stage of an establishment of that nature in Paris called La Scala. He is perfectly and utterly untrained, knows nothing whatever about the science or theories of music, and just as little about acting. But the voice is there, pure, even, powerful and melodious, wonderful in range, and not less surprising in quality. If he does not shout and scream it into utter ruin, as he probably will do if left to his own devices, he has the making in him of such a tenor as the boards of the Grand Opera does not possess to-day. Twenty-two or three years old, I should judge, and he is a round-faced, fresh-complexioned, boyish-looking fellow, evidently immensely delighted and probably no less amazed at his sudden and overwhelming success. On the night of his *debut*, when he was called out after the "*Di quella pira*," he came forward waving over his head, with boyish glee, a bank note for one hundred francs which the manager had just presented to him. The audience seemed to take this *naive* expression of delight in good part, and redoubled their applause.—*Paris Correspondence of Philadelphia Telegram.*

GABBI—Mlle. Gabbi, Mr. Mapleson's new American *prima donna* is said by the London critics to improve steadily with each new performance. Her singing is sympathetic and expressive, and her acting is marked by feeling and good taste. She gives promise of becoming a very useful member of Her Majesty's Opera Company.

RUDERSDORFF.—M^{de}. Rudersdorff's country house, at Berlin in this state, having been destroyed by fire during the past winter, she will occupy an estate at Wrentham during the present summer. She formerly passed the warm months at Wrentham. She will now rebuild her house at Berlin.

VIEUXTEMPS.

Vieuxtemps, whose death was announced in *The Record* lately, was one of the most distinguished violinists of the time. He was a native of Verviers, in Belgium, where he made his first public appearance on the 27th of February, 1820, and, as musicians, like poets, are born and not made, he was recognized as a kind of prodigy during his earliest childhood. When six years old he played the violin in public with so much success that the King of Holland granted a pension for the completion of his musical education, and he at once entered on a complete course of study under M. De Beriot, the most brilliant soloist of that period. He received lessons in composition at Paris from Reicha, and

at Vienna from Sechter, and in 1841 his own great reputation commenced. On this occasion he performed, at a meeting of the Society of the Conservatoire of Paris, a concerto which was applauded no less for the musical knowledge it displayed than for the consummate ability with which it was executed. He possessed, indeed, all the qualifications of a great violinist, certainty of touch, firm and dexterous "bowing," depth of tone and freedom of style, while his concerto was at once pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*. Ever since that time, except for six years when he was first violin soloist to the Emperor of Russia, M. Vieuxtemps has gained the applause of the musical public. His first visit to America was made more than twenty years ago. The Belgians delighted to honor him, and he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Brussels, and named a chevalier of the Orders of Leopold, of Wasa, of Saint Maurice and Lazarus, and of the Nisham. He was a composer of distinct merit, and his works, no less than his playing, were remarkable for combining the vigor of the modern school of music with the purity of the classics.

OPERA IN AN ITALIAN TOWN.

The grand night of the opera season at Carrara is the night of the *prima donna's* benefit. Everybody in town who can muster a franc is in attendance. Generally the prefect is in his place in the "royal" box, and if he is, the triplets of wax candles are flickering about on the theatre walls. The best clothes in the town are given an airing. The ladies especially make pretentious toilets, and doubtless murmur frightful feminine oaths when they reflect that the boxes are so constructed that their fine dresses are of very little account, for unless one catches a glimpse of a lady as she is entering the theatre he cannot tell whether her dress was elaborated by Worth or botched at home. The grand doings of the evening take place after the second act, when the *prima donna*, with the necessary assistance, gives a scene from some opera which has not been put on during the season. The scene finished, the audience bursts into raptures of applause, a shower of small bouquets drops down upon the stage at the feet of the lucky singer; an occasional bouquet taking the precaution to break its fall by making a cushion of the *prima donna's* head. Of course the woman bows herself to the earth and comes up again with a smile upon her face that endangers both her ears. She then stoops to pick a bouquet or two from the floor, when she is startled by an exclamation which bursts from that portion of the audience which has in view the left side of the stage. The startled woman turns her eyes intuitively in the proper direction, and she beholds a pair of stout "supes" struggling beneath the weight of an enormous bouquet. It is, to say the least, two feet in diameter, and as it has been put together by hydraulic pressure, after the fashion of professional florists, it weighs in the neighbourhood of one hundred pounds. In the centre of the bouquet is an article of jewelry, perhaps a sixty-franc bracelet or a fifty-franc diamond pin. Attached to the tremendously long handle of the bouquet is something that looks like a half-dozen yards of the narrow stair-carpeting which careful New England housewives put down over their Brussels or three-ply; but it isn't stair-carpeting; it is a ribbon of most extraordinary width on which in mammoth poster type is printed a few words that, while they spoil the ribbon for practical use, make it invaluable as a souvenir. Well, the *prima donna* is beside herself, of course. She smiles her thanks and bows her thanks, and the people applaud anew. Then she kisses her thanks and backs off the stage. The applause continues, she once more appears and exhibits her new bracelet, or diamond pin, as the case may be. Then the people are satisfied and give her no further trouble till the performance ends, when, if it is a tolerably dry night they harness themselves to a barouche, and to the music of a brass band tug the carriage as far as the hotel door.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The pupils of the Toronto College of Music gave their closing concert for the year 1881 in the drawing-rooms of the college on the evening of Wednesday, 22nd June. A critical audience was gathered by invitation, the windows were thrown open, and a large number of people who could not obtain seats in the room were accommodated therewith, or promenaded at will, upon the broad balcony which surrounds the house. A number of Chinese lanterns moving in the evening air, illuminated the lawn, and gave a fete-like appearance to the occasion. The first part of the programme was of a miscellaneous character, comprising selections from the classical authors interspersed with songs. The Moonlight Sonata, *Beethoven*, was conscientiously and feelingly rendered by Miss Blackwell, who, in addition to her ability as a pianist, unites that of a singer of much promise. Her voice is a powerful *mezzo soprano*, of good quality of tone and evenness of scale, her vocal numbers "*O Luce di quest Anima*," and "*Ah mon fils*," were both well rendered and correspondingly received by the audience. Miss Wright played the Sonata (op. 27,) *Mozart* very tastefully, though a little nervously. Miss Annie Lampman gave a creditable rendering of Mendelssohn's "*Andante*," and *Rondo capriccioso*, (op. 14). Miss Horgan, a debutant, sang "*O loving heart trust on*," *Gottschalk*. This young lady has a clear voice of pleasing quality, but lacking as yet in development—time and study will improve this.

The concerted music consisted of a transcription for two pianos by Berg, from "*I Puritani*," and a new Symphony Overture entitled "Canada." The former was played by Misses Blackwell and Lampman, the latter (written for the occasion by Mr. Kerrison, the Director of the College) was rendered by the normal class, (to whom it is dedicated), Misses Blackwell, Lampman and Wright, assisted by Miss Boyd, who kindly supplied the place of a late member of the class, who, from absence, was unable to take the part. Four pianos were used in concert, the united effect of which was very pleasing and satisfactory. The last movement of the symphony is founded upon national airs of England, Ireland and Scotland, "*Rule Britannia*," representing England, "*The Minstrel Boy*," Ireland; "*Scots wae hae*," Scotland, and a new anthem entitled "*God preserve our native land*," representing Canada. The work consists of four movements as follows, 1 *Allegro*; 2 *Andante*; 3 *Scherzo*; 4 *Finale Bravura*. In the intermission Mr. Kerrison announced the result of the examinations which took place on the Saturday previous, Mr. Edward Fisher, Mr. Gunther and Mr. Kerrison acting as examiners. The subjects examined upon were pianoforte technics (*Pluidy*), pianoforte etudes (*Heller*), solo pianoforte (classical selections), rudiments of organ playing, harmony and singing. The grand average totals of which were as follows:—Miss Annie Lampman, 450 $\frac{1}{3}$; Miss Mary Blackwell, 446; Miss Wright, 396; Miss Blackwell's singing (she not taking organ) being counted against that subject, left five subjects each, the highest possible number being 500. The minimum number of marks enabling a pupil to obtain a first year certificate being 350. Miss Annie Lampman having obtained the highest average became the winner of the Medal of Honor, which, together with her certificate, was handed to her amidst the applause of the audience. Miss Blackwell, whose marks were very near, in like manner received the second prize (a gold harpin handsome filagree work), and her certificate; and Miss Wright, the

third prize, a jeweled Maltese Cross and certificate. These certificates carry with them the rank of Associate Toronto College of Music, and further enable the holder to enter the second year's course, at the end of which time a successful examination will entitle the candidate to a full diploma. At the close of the entertainment the class and their friends were entertained at a *petite supper* by the director, where other subjects than music were taken under discussion.

THORNBURY HOUSE.

The closing exercises (Midsummer term) of Thornbury House School, took place on Wednesday 29th June. The entertainment embraced some excellent selections of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues and recitations. The prizes were presented by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, who delivered an appropriate address to the young ladies.

PRIZE LIST.

Medalist, 1st Senior Class,—Miss Mabel Yarker; General Proficiency, Miss Annie Lampman. Intermediate Class, Medalist, Miss Ida Barber; General Proficiency, Miss Bertha Wyatt. Junior Room, Senior Class, Medalist, Miss Lily Copp; General Proficiency, Miss Edith Haines. 2nd Class, General Proficiency, Miss Marion Love. 3rd Class, General Proficiency, Miss Clara Coleman. Honorable mention, English and Mathematics. Senior Class, Miss Christinia Rose, Miss May Temple. Intermediate Class, Miss Susie Edmonson. Junior Room, Miss Mary Everest, Miss Dolly Edmonson.

FRENCH.

1st Senior Class, General Proficiency, Miss Annie Lampman. 1st Class, Honours, Miss Mabel Yarker. Miss Annie Lampman, 2nd Class General Proficiency, Miss Mary Temple. 1st Class Honours, Miss Mary Temple.

Junior Class, General Proficiency, Miss Carrie Lampman. Honorable Mention, Miss Agnes Kirkpatrick. 2nd Class, General Proficiency, Miss Lily Copp.

LATIN.

1st Class Honours, Miss Annie Lampman, Miss Mabel Yarker.

MUSIC.

1st, General Proficiency prize, (College of Music), Miss Ella Roberts; 2nd prize, Miss Maud Barwick. Honorable Mention, Miss Mabel Yarker, Miss Louise Hayward, Miss Gertie Armstrong, Miss May Temple and Miss Aggie Kirkpatrick, Miss Grace Roberts, Miss Sarah Murray, Miss Susie Edmonson, Miss Lily Copp and Miss Lizzie Taylor

TRADE REVIEW.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—On looking in at Messrs. Newcombe's Piano Warerooms, the other day, we were introduced to a magnificent Knabe Parlor Grand which had just arrived from the factory. We much confess that it is a treat to us to run our fingers over a superb Grand, and we could not let the opportunity pass of trying the Knabe on this occasion. The wealth of tone, the faultless touch, the perfect adaptation of the instrument to the display of power, of the most refined musical expression, came upon us like a revelation, so that we were not surprised to learn that this piano had already found a purchaser in Toronto.

In the United States, these instruments, though very costly, have long enjoyed the highest rank, and it is an evidence of the growing taste of our people, as well as the enterprise of the Messrs. Newcombe, when we find in their warerooms the Concert and Parlor Grands, as well as the Upright and Square Pianos of Wm. Knabe & Co., than which no finer instruments can be obtained in the world, and we are pleased to learn that they are being sold in various parts of Canada.