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The Arion,

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ART, DEVOTED TO MUSIC, ART, LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

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EDITORIAL.

True to our promise, and in spite of no little discouragement, with this number of THE ARION we complete our first volume. The berries were red on the Mountain Ash when "our" Mr. ARION took his plunge into the sea, again the berries are red, a cycle of months has completed its period, and turned, as a page that has been read in the vast volume of time, the year, with its record of joys and sorrow, successes and failures has passed away. True to our promise, we have made no compromise with that which is false, but to the satisfaction of others as we have stated in one of our early editorials, we did not expect to please all, and in that expectation, at least, we have not been disappointed, nevertheless the encouragement with which we have met from time to time from those, on whose judgments we felt we could rely, has acted as a counter, and stimulated us to persevere in the course we had marked out. For the coming month we purpose taking a rest from the duties and responsibilities of an issue. We are induced to do so for two reasons, the first of which is that there is little or nothing doing in the music world just at present, and the second, that we wish to place THE ARION upon a secure financial basis for the coming year, and to do this requires a little more time, which under the present circumstances we find very difficult to obtain. With reference to unpaid subscriptions we would respectfully remind the delinquents that our publisher is insatiable and always hungry for money, and we look to them for the wherewithal to appease his appetite. We hope that the names of our present subscribers may continue upon our list for another year. We shall issue, at Xmas, a presentation composition as before. Our anecdotes, sketches of and events in the lives of composers and musicians will be continued. Our criticism and reviews will be conducted on the same independent and earnest footing as heretofore. Our editorials will speak out plainly when a principle is involved, but will avoid personalities as far as it is possible so to do. We feel constrained to express our regret that the members of the profession have not shown a more lively interest in the work of the journal, although frequently invited to contribute their ideas. With one or two exceptions during the past year we have received not a line on any subject from any member of the profession. We have frequently stated that our columns were open to discussions on Music and Art subjects, likely to prove of interest to the public and the profession. Can it be that the votaries of Music and Art have no ideas, or it is that they cannot give expression to them in writing, they are too busy

coining money, or is it that they do not possess that *Esprit de Corps* which in other professions, however such individuals may be divided in opinions still binds them in the chain of professional brotherhood. We hope that the coming year will witness a marked change in this respect, and that each number will contain some expression of interest in the form of an essay, item of news or other article. We cannot close our remarks without expressing our thanks to our able editor of the Art Department whose articles have contributed so much to the interest of the journal. Our index will be found on the first page (usually occupied by the editorials). This we do for the accommodation of those who may wish to bind the numbers on hand, which we can supply at the price marked if any of our readers should wish them to make the volume good. And now, kind readers, friends and subscribers we wish for the present adieu.

THE article headed "Musical Chicanery," and which we copy from *The American Art Journal* will help to prove that we do not hold singular views with regard to the teachers and professors of music. The fourth paragraph is especially worthy of attention, and we add that our sharp business men and women who will bargain for the value of a cent in the purchase of the necessaries of life will pay away their dollars term after term and year after year to incompetent and unqualified teachers of music getting no adequate value in return, and simply because they have no means of determining accurately for themselves as to the ability of the teachers who, as a rule, the more ignorant, the more pretentious they are. The rest of the article speaks strongly for itself, and is well worthy the attention of those who are laying out their money in the musical education of their children. Happy would they be if some of the teachers would take a hint, and better qualify themselves or at least drop some of their pretensions, but although this is a consummation to be wished for it is scarcely likely to be realized. While fish may be caught with a piece of red flannel no fishermen will go to the trouble and expense of procuring real bait.

STUDIO NOTES.

IMPRESSIONISM.

The present age appears to bear the very marked characteristic of running after new ideas. So strong, indeed is the craving for this, that one thing hardly has time to become old before something else takes its place, and what was "all the rage" yesterday is buried at last if not

forgotten to-day. Art is a field which does not present a very inviting aspect to votaries of fashion or the slaves of change, still, it would be a great mistake to suppose that her precincts were sacred and free from invasion. Bound as the true student must ever be by nature's unchanging laws, baffled though he be by her varying moods, and hopelessly distanced by her vast power over form and tint, and still more by the subtlety of her moods, he will yet find ever now and again some brilliant light in art literature inviting him from the toilsome but safe path which he is steadily pursuing to some short and easy mode of which fame and public appreciation may be won.

The latest guise which this temptation has assumed is that of "impressionism," and our neighbors of the Great Republic have with characteristic impulsiveness eagerly jumped at the bait. It is now by no means uncommon to find artists and students in the Great American cities, who so far as real progress is concerned would be far better employed in attempting to draw simple lines, and to master the very elements of plain matter of fact drawing, singularly misemployed in attempting what they call suggestive art or impressionism.

They, or any such of our younger Canadian Artists as may be inclined to follow them could scarcely make a greater mistake. It is a step which must end in failure and its chief consoling phrase is that the failure is sure to come quickly.

It were well, however, did they know before hand that a poet might as well attempt to write deep and mysterious tragedy without knowing the Alphabet as that any painter should be able to suggest that of which he knows nothing.

Again, allowing that the student has acquired a considerable power over his materials and processes a fair knowledge and facility in drawing and color, the absurdity must be self-evident of every one fancying himself either a dreamer or a poet.

By physical organization as well as by mental bias some painters must be matter of fact, some strong, some public, some sentimental and others of a dreamy and contemplative character.

And what applies to the painter will be found equally to belong to the public for which he labors.

It is at once apparent that were all works of art suggestive merely, their power and influence would be utterly lost on a very large proportion of the on-looking public who could neither understand their mysteries nor supply the thoughts intended to be called up by the inking pencil of the artist, who perhaps might himself feel the utmost repugnance to what he would probably term grossly material and utterly soulless labor. While on the other hand, it would certainly be an immense loss to art and all who love her for her more ethereal and poetic side, were all works to be of the pre-Raphaelite or reallistic order.

Many indeed believe in a medium course and attempt with more or less success a blending of these utterly different trains of thought. Be this wise and legitimate or no, it seems to us that the expurgation of either style could hardly fail to be a great and irreparable loss.

The question of supremacy and importance of each style must ever remain unanswered, and there is little doubt, but

that the battle of the schools will be fought on while the art is practised or the human love for the æsthetic remains. And here let us glance at the main argument used by the advocates of either party, the impressionist will tell you that the only true way to represent a scene or incident is on the focus principle, and that a picture should represent a mere *coup d'oeil*, or should be an instantaneous glance, and that the work of the artist must be concentrated on one point of the canvass while the remainder of the scene is left indefinite, in distrust and merely suggested. He will claim that the eye can only fix itself on one point at a time and laugh at the folly of the painter who attempts to make out more.

"But" says the reallist, "If you claim that the eye can only rest on one point (and I admit it in principle), does not that remark also apply to the vital visible powers when directed upon the picture itself as well as when employed in viewing the object or model which the picture is supposed to represent. And can the eye simultaneously examine the whole surface of the canvass?"

For ourselves much as we have been delighted by the "symphonies," reveries etc. Strong and startling as we admit the "impressions" rendered by the School now struggling vigorously for the mastery, and struggling also to tread its opponent under, we cannot help thinking that the reallist has the best of the argument, and we think it likely that he must ever retain the advantage as he will in the nature of things possess far greater power of demonstration than his more indefinite opponent can hope for. Again, of course, it is always possible in dispute to take refuge in generalities and vagueness and it is certain that the number of those qualified to express a critical opinion upon the poetic or visionary work of the impressionist must always be much smaller than those who can appreciate the minute renderings of the reallist, who if content with representing only that which he can see and not that which he supposes, he ought to see will not be likely to shock the sensibilities of the great majority of the art loving world. And at the same time he will find so much poetry and delicacy of feeling in the actual truths of nature as will go far to supply the place of what are often mere eccentricities of individuals, impudently disguised under pretensions, titles and high sounding names, sometimes indeed boldly flaunting the opinion of the author that he is so far superior to nature, that he does not deign to stoop to her small things.

ROSSINI.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

Moscheles, the celebrated pianist, gives us some charming pictures of Rossini in his home at Passy, in his diary of 1860. He writes: "Felix (his son) had been made quite at home in the villa at former occasions. To me the *parterre salon*, with its rich furniture, was quite new, and before the *maestro* himself appeared we looked at his photograph in a circular porcelain frame, on the sides of which were inscribed the names of his works. The ceiling is covered with pictures illustrating scenes out of Palestrina's and Mozart's lives; in the middle of the room stands a Pleyel

piano. When Rossini came in he gave me the orthodox Italian kiss, and was effusive of expressions of delight at my reappearance, and very complimentary on the subject of Felix. In the course of our conversation he was full of hard-hitting truths on the present study and method of vocalization. 'I don't want to hear any more of it,' he said; 'they scream. All I want is a resonant, full-toned voice, not a screeching voice. I care not whether it be for speaking or singing, everything ought to sound melodious.'" So, too, Rossini assured Moscheles that he hated the new school of piano-players, saying the piano was horribly maltreated, for the performers thumped the keys as if they had some vengeance to wreak on them. When the great player improvised for Rossini, the latter says: "It is music that flows from the fountain head. There is reservoir water and spring water. The former only runs when you turn the cock, and is always redolent of the vase; the latter always gushes forth fresh and limpid. Nowadays people confound the simple and the trivial; a *motif* of Mozart they would call trivial, if they dared.

On other occasions Moscheles plays to the *maestro*, who insists on having discovered barriers in the "humoristic variations," so boldly do they seem to raise the standard of musical revolution; his title of the "Grand Valse" he finds too unassuming. "Surely a waltz with some angelic creature must have inspired you, Moscheles, with this composition, and *that* the title ought to express. Titles, in fact, should pique the curiosity of the public." "A view un congenial to me," adds Moscheles; "however, I did not discuss it. . . . A dinner at Rossini's is calculated for the enjoyment of a 'gourmet,' and he himself proved to be the one, and he went through the very select *menu* as only a connoisseur would. After dinner he looked through my album of musical autographs with the greatest interest, and finally we became very merry, I producing my musical jokes on the piano, and Felix and Clara figuring in the duet which I had written for her voice and his imitation of the French horn. Rossini cheered lustily, and so one joke followed another till we received the parting kiss and 'good night.' . . . At my next visit, Rossini showed me a charming 'Lied ohne Worte' which he composed only yesterday, a graceful melody is embodied in the well known technical form. Alluding to a performance of 'Semiramide,' he said with a malicious smile, 'I suppose you saw the beautiful decorations in it?' He has not received the Sisters Marchisio for fear they should sing to him, nor has he heard them in the theatre; he spoke warmly of Pasta, Lablache, Rubini, and others, then he added that I ought not to look with jealousy upon his budding talent as a pianoforte-player, but that on the contrary, I should help to establish his reputation as such in Leipsic. He again questioned me with much interest about my intimacy with Clementi, and, calling me that master's worthy successor, he said he should like to visit me in Leipsic, if it were not for those dreadful railways, which he would never travel by. All this in his bright and lively way; but when we came to discuss Chevet, who wishes to supplant musical notes by ciphers, he maintained in an earnest and dogmatic tone that the system of notation, as it had developed itself since Pope Gregory's time, was sufficient for all musical requirements. He certainly could not withhold some appreci-

ation for Chevet, but refused to indorse the certificate granted by the Institute in his favor; the system he thought impracticable.

"The never-failing stream of conversation flowed on until eleven o'clock when I was favored with the inevitable kiss, which on this occasion was accompanied by special farewell blessings."

Shortly after Moscheles had left Paris, his son forwarded to him most friendly messages from Rossini, and continues thus: "Rossini sends you word that he is working hard at the piano, and, when you next come to Paris, you shall find him in better practice. . . . The conversation turning upon German music, I asked him 'which was his favorite among the great masters? Of Beethoven he said: 'I take him twice a week, Haydn four times, and Mozart every day. You will tell me that Beethoven is a Colossus who often gives you a dig in the ribs, while Mozart is always adorable; it is that the latter had the chance of going very young to Italy, at a time when they still sang well.' Of Webber he says, 'He has talent enough, and to spare' (*Il a du talent a revendre, celui-la*). He told me in reference to him, that, when the part of 'Tancred' was sung at Berlin by a bass voice, Webber had written violent articles not only against the management, but against the composer, so that, when Webber came to Paris he did not venture to call on Rossini, who however, let him know that he bore him no grudge for having made these attacks; on receipt of that message Webber called and they became acquainted.

"I asked him if he had met Byron in Venice?" "Only in a restaurant," was the answer, "where I was introduced to him; our acquaintance, therefore, was very slight; it seems he has spoken of me, but I don't know what he says." I translated for him, in a somewhat milder form, Byron's words, which happened to be fresh in my memory: "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera; the music good but lugubrious, but, as for the words, all the real scenes with Iago cut out, and the greatest nonsense instead, the handkerchief turned into a billot-doux, and the first singer would not black his face—singing, dresses, and music very good." The *maestro* regretted his ignorance of the English language, and said, "In my day I gave much time to the study of our Italian literature. Dante is the man I owe most to; he taught me more music than all my music-masters put together, and when I wrote my 'Otello,' I would introduce those lines of Dante—you know the song of the gondolier. My librettist would have it that gondoliers never sang Dante, and but rarely Tasso, but I answered him, 'I know all about that better than you, for I have lived in Venice and you haven't. Dante I must and will have.'"

VI.

An ardent disciple of Wagner sums up his ideas of the mania for the Rossini music, which possessed Europe for fifteen years, in the following: "Rossini, the most gifted and spoiled of her sons [speaking of Italy] sallied forth with an innumerable army of Bacchantic melodies to conquer the world, the Messiah of joy, the breaker of thought and sorrow. Europe by this time, had tired of the empty pomp of declamation. It lent but too willing an ear to the new gospel, and eagerly quaffed the intoxicating potion, which Rossini poured out in inexhaustible streams." This very well

expresses the delight of all the countries of Europe in music which for a long time almost monopolized the stage.

The charge of being a mere tune-spinner, the denial of invention, depth, and character, have been common watch-words in the mouths of critics wedded to other schools. But Rossini's place in music stands unshaken by all assaults. The vivacity of his style, the freshness of his melodies, the richness of his combinations, made all the Italian music that preceded him pale and colorless. No other writer revels in such luxury of beauty, and delights the ear with such a succession of delicious surprises in melody.

Henry Chorley, in his "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," rebukes the bigotry which sees nothing good but in its own kind: "I have never been able to understand why this (referring to the Rossinian richness of melody) should be contemned as necessarily false and meretricious—why the poet may not be allowed the benefit of his own period and time—why a lover of architecture is to be compelled to swear by the *Dom* at Bamberg, or by the Cathedral at Monreale—that he must abhor and denounce Michel Angelo's church or the Baths of Diocletian at Rome—why the person who enjoys 'Il Barbiere' is to be denounced as frivolously faithless to Mozart's 'Figaro'—and as incapable of comprehending 'Fidelio,' because the last act of 'Otello' and the second of 'Guillaume Tell' transport him into as great enjoyment of its kind as do the duet in the cemetery between 'Don Jaun' and 'Leporello' and the 'Prisoners' Chorus.' How much good, genial pleasure has not the world lost in music, owing to the pitting of styles one against the other! Your true traveler will be all the more alive to the beauty of Nuremberg because he has looked out over the 'Golden Shell' at Palermo; nor delight in Rhine and Danube the less because he has seen the glow of a southern sunset over the broken bridge at Avignon."

As grand and true as are many of the essential elements in the Wagner school of musical composition, the bitterness and narrowness of spite with which its upholders have pursued the memory of Rossini is equally offensive and unwarrantable. Rossini, indeed, did not revolutionize the forms of opera as transmitted to him by his predecessors, but he reformed and perfected them in various notable ways. Both in comic and serious opera, music owes much to Rossini. He substituted genuine singing for the endless recitative of which the Italian opera before him largely consisted; he brought the bass and baritone voices to the front, banished the pianoforte from the orchestra, and laid down the principle that the singer should deliver the notes written for him without additions of his own. He gave the chorus a much important part than before, and elaborated the concerted music, especially in the *finales*, to a degree of artistic beauty before unknown in the Italian opera. Above all, he made the operatic orchestra what it is to-day. Every new instrument that was invented Rossini found a place for in his brilliant scores, and thereby incurred the warmest indignation of all writers of the old school. Before him the orchestras had consisted largely of strings, but Rossini added an equally imposing element of the brasses and reeds. True, Mozart had forestalled Rossini in many if not all these innovations, a fact which the Italian cheerfully admitted; for, with the simple frankness characteristic of the man, he

always spoke of his obligations to and his admiration of the great German. To an admirer who was burning incense before him, Rossini said, in the spirit of Cimerosa quoted elsewhere: "My 'Barber' is only a bright farce, but in Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro' you have the finest possible masterpiece of musical comedy."

With all concessions made to Mozart as the founder of the forms of modern opera, an equally high place must be given to Rossini for the vigor and audacity with which he made these available, and impressed them on all his contemporaries and successors. Though Rossini's self love was battered by constant adulation, his expressions of respect and admiration for such composers as Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, and Cherubini display what a catholic and generous nature he possessed. The judgment of Ambros, a severe critic, whose bias was against Rossini, shows what admiration was wrung from him by the last opera of the composer: "Of all that particularly characterises Rossini's early operas nothing is discoverable in 'Tell'; there is none of his usual mannerism: but, on the contrary, unusual richness of form and careful finish of detail, combined with grandeur of outline. Meretricious embellishment, shakes, runs, and cadences are carefully avoided in this work, which is natural and characteristic throughout; even the melodies have not the stamp and style of Rossini's earlier times, but only their graceful charm and lively coloring."

Rossini must be allowed to be unequalled in genuine comic opera, and to have attained a distinct greatness in serious opera, to be the most comprehensive and at the same time the most national composer of Italy, to be in short the Mozart of this country. After all has been admitted and regretted—that he gave too little attention to musical science; that he often neglected to infuse into his work the depth and passion of which it was easily capable; that he placed too high a value on merely brilliant effects *ad captandum vulgus*—there remains the fact that his operas embody a mass of imperishable music, with the art itself. Musicians of every country now admit his wondrous grace, his fertility and freshness of invention, his matchless treatment of the voice, his effectiveness in arrangement of the orchestra. He can never be made a model, for his genius had too much spontaneity and individuality of color. But he impressed and modified music hardly less than Gluck, whose tastes and methods were entirely antagonistic to his own. That he should have retired from the exercise of his art while in the full flower of his genius is a perplexing fact. No stranger story is recorded in the annals of art with respect to a genius who filled the world with his glory, and then chose to vanish, "not unseen." On finishing his crowning stroke of genius and skill in "William Tell," he might have said with Shakespeare's enchanter. Prospero:

" . . . But this magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff—
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE Toronto Choral Society will perform Haydn's Oratorio "The Creation," with Mrs. Osgood as *prima donna* at their first concert, which may be expected to take place about Christmas.

The Orchestra formed last spring by Mr. Bailey is re-organizing for winter work, and we may expect it to give an account of itself in the form of a public concert before the season is over.

The Toronto College of Music opened its fifth year with a *Soiree Musicale* on the evening of Thursday, 8th Sept., which was well attended.

Mr. Davenport Kerrison has spent his vacation re-writing and developing his comic opera "The Maid of the Mill," with a view of producing it next winter, with Mrs. Helen Carter, the favorite *prima donna* of the Norcross Opera Company, as the "Maid of the Mill" supported by several of Toronto's favorite amateurs and a full chorus and orchestra.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOG IN THE ROLE OF A CRITIC.

The "interviewing" season is at hand, and the Yankee *prima donna*, Kellog, fresh from her professional and tour of observation abroad leads off. The interview is a distinctly American invention, and has been brought to a state of perfection that is truly amazing. For the time being the critic lays aside his acumen, tenders his quill to the fair warbler, who is happy in relieving the monotony of reading the criticisms of others upon her own work and finds ineffable consolation in relieving her mind, so to speak. The following interview is one of the best we have seen in many a day, and is well worthy the perusal of our readers, as it gives evidence of the possession of a matured and analytical mind by its author, such as we have a few examples of among stage celebrities:

PATTI.

"Patti has retained, wonderfully well, her popularity, her youth, her lovely voice during her extended operatic career, and when I heard her lately she charmed me more than I can tell you. Not having seen or heard her in a long time I was anxious to avail myself of the first opportunity, and I was early in my box that I might not lose a moment of the the occasion to which I had been looking forward. The opera was the 'Barber of Seville,' and I watched anxiously for her coming. Would she look the Patti of old? Would she have altered greatly? Would she seem still more the woman and less the girl of the old days? There she was at last, and I was agreeably disappointed. The same pretty figure, a trifle larger, perhaps, but still very, very pretty, and, to my mind, just right in its proportions, the same interesting face, with hardly a touch of time upon it—a little touch about the mouth, perhaps; just a little line drawn at each side, but still the face bright in a girlish sweetness I always found in Adelina Patti's features. Her manner was exactly the same as ever, as bright and lively and engaging as when she was with us in America, and her acting better and

more finished by ripened experience and practice. I was delighted with her and settled myself back in my box in thorough contentment."

"And her voice; had there been any change there?"

"After hearing her in several operas this was my opinion: She sang more dramatically than I ever heard her, and in the medium register her voice was fuller, rounder, broader, but its agility was not quite as perfect—mind you, not lacking in absolutely fine execution, but not as astonishingly perfect as before. It was not that she failed to make as brilliant effects, as graceful and clear-cut fioritures, but simply that she varied them with a view to aiding their perfection. For instance, some different fioritures, which were a difficult ascending progression, she now took in the more easy descending progression. But still she was, in my mind, the greatest living singer, whom no one in Europe or America can successfully rival to-day. There is no one like her in the evenness, precision, clear brilliancy of her vocal execution, and she has still about her voice that bird-like sweetness that is one of its most charming characteristics."

"And her phrasing?"

"Italian critics of celebrity in speaking to me of Patti complained that she sacrificed precision to warmth, that she was a sweet musical box, and that while her phrasing was faultless they thought her accurately cold rather than full of warm emotion; that she studies accuracy too much, and that were she less anxious to be so precise in every tone she would be more emotional in her singing; that she is distracted from full appreciation of the value of deep sentiment by her too close observance of the technical vocal execution of her notes. Then, again, they complain that she has not done her share of operatic creation; that while she has sung many new parts she has not left a lasting impression as the creator of a successful *role*. I mean that we think of Nilsson's "Hamlet," Galli-Marie's "Mignon" and so forth; but when we speak of Patti we recall her in *roles* which were old and familiar ones before her time. But whatever they say I may add that her audiences everywhere seem as fond of her as ever, and have no small way of showing it. She has kept her voice, and consequently her place even the newer arrivals on the operatic stage, by observing most carefully a regular routine of exercise and vocal work in her daily life. She allows nothing to interfere with that life. If her carriage is to call at eleven to take her to ride, at eleven it comes and at eleven she starts, no matter who is there desirous of interrupting her plans for the day for pleasures or business. Then, again, she does not sing very often in the year, perhaps twenty-four times in London and the same in Paris, which two engagements make up the serious work of a year operatically speaking. During her American engagement she will not sing over forty times from autumn until spring."

"Did you hear Albani?"

"No, Albani was not singing, I am sorry to say, when I was in London, nor did I chance to be in the same city with her elsewhere when she was before the public."

NILSSON.

"And Nilsson?"

"Ah! yes; I heard Nilsson in the 'Huguenots,' 'Faust

and 'Mignon,' in which last opera I sang with her. Nilsson is an exceedingly bright, intelligent woman, and has given herself to thoughtful development of her dramatic ability with fine results. You can hardly believe how much she has improved in this direction. She was always, to me a pleasant actress; but she has developed that talent to a delightful degree. There are wonderfully good bits of acting, refined, intelligent effects, here and there, which she has created in her chief roles since she was here, that are wonderfully effective. She has a true dramatic sense, and has drawn upon it with judgment and at times with really brilliant effect. You will like her more than before, and think her greatly improved in that direction."

"And has she retained her vocal powers unimpaired?"

"There was always about Nilsson's voice a something—what shall I call it?—perhaps I might say a sort of halo, that gave it almost a divine charm, and there were five upper notes, especially, in her voice that seemed almost heavenly—as divine notes as ever were given to a woman. Do you remember them? Do you remember how full and clear and sweet they were always? How lovely they were as she sustained them and allowed them to swell out grandly? Those notes still have that divine halo about them they are still as sweet and clear and charming as ever. Throughout almost the full extent of her voice there is little change. I must, much as I regret to say it, say that there is a little deterioration in her lower register, some of the notes of which had been injured. And this I lay to the fondness she has for intensely dramatic singing and to the fault she has contracted of forcing her lower notes. She looks the same as when she was here. I see no change in her personal appearance and her popularity with her public seems undiminished."

LUCCA.

"Lucca must have been singing in Vienna when you were there?"

"Yes; and of course I heard her."

"And in what role?"

"As *Carmen*. She did not dress the part as we are accustomed to seeing it, nor did she act it with that dash and snap, that vim and *abandon*, which we look for in the character. It was too tame a performance, and she seemed to catch nothing of the true inspiration of Prosper Merimee's creation. There was a little of the Spanish atmosphere about it. It was a quiet, reserved, but a pretty *Carmen*—as pretty as a doll—lovely and dreamy rather than bewitching and dashing. Lucca sang the music well, though. That is, even though it lacked dash, it was sweetly and charmingly sung. Her voice is as good as it was ten years ago, not in the least injured. She has grown very thin, in form rather than in face, but her features and her manners are prettier than ever."

MATERNA.

"And the great Materna? Surely you saw her?"

"Yes, and was disappointed. Perhaps because I expected too much. I expected to see a more dramatic actress and a more dramatic singer. She is a fine looking woman, with a clear, sweet musical voice. There is little of the soft Italian warmth about her, and I expected to find, as an equivalent, more of the German breadth and strength of dramatic power. But in this I was disappointed—perhaps,

as I said, because I expected more. To be sure, if I heard her in the Italian school of music—in "Aida"—and in the more rugged German music she would, perhaps, have been better. Still all I can say is, that I was disappointed.

VAN ZANDT.

"I will tell you of an evening which was a decidedly pleasant one to me. That was the one I passed at the Opera Comique, Paris, when I saw Miss Van Zandt's debut as *Mignon*. Her success was decided, and she is certainly full of promise and a most talented girl. She has not a large voice, not one of grand proportions, but it is even and pleasant and sweet, and she fairly 'walked into the good grace of the French people at once. The house was very kind in receiving her, and for a Paris audience I was really surprised to see how they encouraged and led her on to an emphatic success. They saw quickly that she was worthy of favor and accorded it generously. It was no small test to put a young American girl to—to debut in Paris at the Comique, where much of the opera had to be 'spoken' and in French. The little accent she has the audience took good naturedly, as though it added a little additional charm to her speech, and Miss Van Zandt went home from the opera house a happy girl."

BONHEUR AND NEVADA.

"Another American whom I heard was Stella Bonheur, in Milan, as *Carmen*, who also was a success. I liked her exceedingly. But a debutante whom I was pleased with almost as much as I was with Van Zandt was Nevada, who has been taught by Marchesi, the teacher of Gerster. I heard her in 'La Smonambule,' and it was an exquisite performance. The 'Ah, non credea' was fascinatingly, wonderfully done. Her voice is thin and light and sweet; lacking in those qualities for dramatic effect, but its purity and clearness have an indiscribable fascination, and her artless, girlish manners and youthful appearance made the performance one of the most enjoyable I have ever seen of the character."

CAMPANINI.

"Campanini, whose tide of popularity seems still at the full with American audiences, was in England when you were there I believe? Do the English public receive him as warmly as that of America?"

"Yes and no. They admire him as a great actor, and of all things, they admire him for his wonderfully artistic skill in his so delicately phrasing his music when his voice happens to be 'under the weather' as to conceal the temporary 'indisposition.' Don't you know how true a test that is of a singer's artistic strength? Did you ever hear Gounod sing? Then you remember how charming an effect he can make in singing some of his own songs, though he has little or no voice. The charm rests in the spirit, the expression, the delicately artistic finish he gives to his song, which goes so far toward making a charming effect that you forgot how small and insignificant a voice the man has. It is this gift, the grace of perfectly artistic phrasing, which Campanini's English admirers lay special stress upon. 'His voice I do not think as perfect as it was,' said one critic to me, 'but his faultless art more than makes up the difference.' I do not think England is as enthusiastic as it once was over Campanini's voice—that is, the actual vocal value of each note he sings—but is as delighted as ever over his presentation of an entire role.—*American Art Journal*.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

The first movement made in relation to the establishment of the American Musical Fund Society was begun by the founder of this journal, Henry C. Watson, in its predecessor, the *American Musical Times*, June 16, 1848. In that article and in several succeeding, the reasons why such a society should be established were fully developed, and the attention of the profession was fully aroused. The melancholy circumstances attending the death of Carl Woehning and T. Y. Chubb, accelerated the movement thus openly set in motion by Watson, and resulted in a meeting of the German musicians, called together by Mr. David Schaad, at the suggestion of Mr. Geo. Schneider acting as chairman, Mr. Jos. Frick as treasurer, and Mr. Schaad as Secretary *pro tem*. Then a public call was made for all musicians to meet at the Appollo Saloon, on Dec. 23, 1848. Although at these preliminary meetings it was designed to make the society exclusively German, the public call brought together musicians of all countries—English, Americans, French, Italians and Germans. Mr. Anthony Reiff was called to the chair and Mr. Schaad acted as secretary.

The principal motion which settled for the time the character of the society, was "That the language of the organization should be German." This was lost by an overwhelming majority, although of those present two-thirds were Germans. It was, however, determined that the constitution which the society might adopt should be translated into the German language. The constitution formed at the preliminary meetings and rendered into English by Mr. John C. Scherpf, Mr. Watson's associate of the *Musical Times*, was submitted to the musicians present, and, on motion, was referred to a committee for alteration, amendment or revision. The committee chosen and elected by acclamation were: Henry C. Watson, Henry C. Timm, D. G. Etienne, M. Rafetti, Thos. Eodworth and Anthony Reiff. The constitution prepared by this committee, with a German translation of it by Mr. Scherpf, was submitted, and, after discussion, was adopted on Feb. 16, 1849. The charter was obtained April 12, 1849.

NEW MUSIC REVIEW.

"Victoria"—Memorial Hymn. Words and music by Mrs. Charles G. Moore. A touching little "In memorium" of the late disaster. Flowing melody and correctly harmonized.

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EDITOR.

STUDIES AND EXERCISES.

J. D. KERRISON.

So much has been written on the above subject that any thing that I can add may, to some, appear superfluous; nevertheless, the confusion which I find so frequently exists in the minds of piano-forte students induces me to say a few words in reference thereto. Firstly, studies, in the strict sense of the word, are not exercises. To save confusion, I think it would be better, when speaking of finger exercises, to refer to them as *technical studies*, or simply piano-forte technics, and to the studies proper as *Etudes* or *Studies*. Technical Studies are purely mechanical, having for their object, the strengthening and equalizing of the fingers. Musical form is in no way involved (that is, figures) except of the simplest rhythmic form are not used. "Etudes," on the other hand, include every possible shape and form, many of them of great beauty, as, for instance, those of Liszt, Chopin and Heller. One of the first conditions of piano-forte playing is a perfect equality of finger strength, and a reduction of that finger strength to obedience to the will, and this is the purpose and object of technical exercises. Many pupils think to escape the study of them and expect to become proficient players by other means; the experience of successful teachers proves this to be simply impossible. On the other hand, the practice of *technical studies*, pursued ever so diligently, would never develop a musical sentiment. This must be acquired by the careful study of *Etudes*; these *Etudes* may be simply *Etudes*, without any other name or pieces, composed by good authors and studies as such. Now any thinking person, who gives a moment's consideration to the subject, will perceive that the technical exercises should precede the studies or pieces; that that equalization of the fingers, without which it is impossible to play the simplest pieces effectively, can only be acquired through their agency, and that when the young student has reached the first stage, it is necessary that the greatest care be taken to select such studies or pieces as are within his power to execute without great effort; if care is not taken in this respect, bad habits will be contracted, which, if allowed to continue for any length of time, will be very difficult to break. These *Etudes* should be chosen from the works of the good masters, for the taste of the young student is sure to become vitiated by the study of trashy pieces, for if the model be bad, the copy can scarcely be expected to be superior, and as the twig is bent, so the tree inclineth.

MR. TORRINGTON has returned from England, looking much the better for his trip, and the Philharmonic have commenced work on *Sphor's* "Last Judgment."

MR. OTTO BENDIX.—Mr. Otto Bendix of Boston gave a piano forte recital in the School Room of St James, on the evening of Thursday, September 1st. A large audience, consisting principally of the Musical profession and *dilettante* were assembled to hear him. His programme, which was a very classical one, embraced works from Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt Bach & Moskowki. Mr. Bendix is peculiarly happy in Chopin, rendering the most difficult passages with a clearness of technic and delicacy of phrasing truly charming. The Instrument used was a Knabe Concert Grand, which not a little aided in success of the evening.

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