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# THE CANADIAN MUSIC & DRAMA

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Interests of Universal News.

Vol. 1.

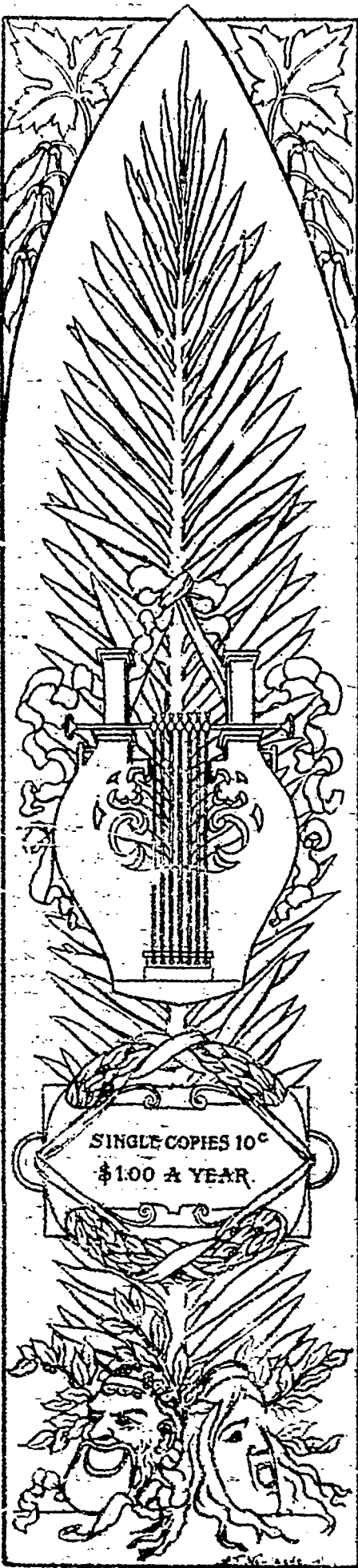
KINGSTON, DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 2.



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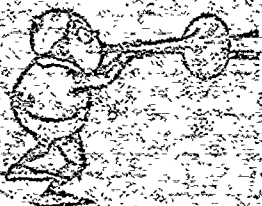
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## The Canadian Music and Drama,

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KINGSTON, DECEMBER, 1895.

Among the subjects that occur to us as we outline the work for the coming year is the part the brain plays in all that we do, whether the act is called physical or mental. Advanced workers in vocal physiology, in physical culture, in articulation teaching, and in the higher forms of vocal and physical expression are directing their attention to the psychology of these subjects. The advanced physical culturist is asking why a man with small muscles oftentimes can perform greater muscular feats than a man with large muscles even after both men have had the same kind and amount of training. Naturally, it would be supposed that the large muscle man could do more than the small muscle man. The conclusion is that real strength and ability to do great muscular feats lie not so much in the muscles as in the force that impels the muscles to action. This leads us back to a nerve-centre or to a brain-centre. Experiments are being made to ascertain whether, after all, real physical strength does not lie in the brain - if it is not the man with great will power that outstrips the man with greater muscular substance but with less will-power. The advanced singing teacher looks to the mentality as well as to the respiratory and vocal organs of his pupil. Advanced oral teachers of the deaf strive to arouse cerebral activity as the quickest and surest way to get activity of the vocal organs of their pupils. The cause of the failure of most stammering specialists is because they content themselves with mechanical means and do not employ psychical means. The year 1896 promises much in this line of investigation and experiment.

Christmas-tide and music have become so closely allied in the hearts of Christian people, as to make this season of joy the one holy-day of church and holiday of nations to be a very feast of song; a musical significance belonging to it not realized in any such measure with the other festivals of

church or state. The wealth of tradition, of joy and of song surrounding Christmas has created a peculiar emotion, which lightens our hearts and illuminates our faces at the very thought of this anniversary of the Nativity. The associations connected with this time in the heart of the average Christian are of multiplied joys, celebrating the great Gift to the world; it has ever been a season of giving, of greetings with benedictions, of happiness, the very name of the day turned into an exclamation of ideal joy.

In this Christmas emotion it will not be difficult to trace a development directly from music, which, from the Middle ages, has been inseparably connected with the formal and informal ceremonies of the day. We find two words which, regardless of their original etymological import, are now closely connected with Christmas, viz. *noel* and *carol*. These words are almost interchangeable. The word "Noel" (English "Nowell") we have learned to look upon as the French equivalent for our "Christmas;" and the word itself has been so often used by the French and English in the motets and hymns of the Christmas season as an exclamatory refrain, almost in the sense of a "Hallelujah," as to make the name now synonymous with a hymn or carol for the season. A carol will imply in general a joyous sort of hymn; or to "carol a hymn" will be to sing it joyously. This at once suggests the fact that the music of Christmas is sung happily; and so much music accompanies the celebration of the festival that it has become impressed upon us as the brightest, most joyful of all the days of the year.

It is a grateful thought to those who believe in the higher mission of music to know that the most important event in the world's history, this most sacred joy of the Christian heart, has been celebrated in song so long as to have made the festival peculiarly musical. The happiest traditions couple the deed of charity with a carol of joy and praise. Perhaps the singing of carols can add nothing to the real truth of the Nativity and all that the fact implies to man; but it has woven around the truth a poetic fragrance, an emotional influence, without which much of the sweetness of the thought would have failed to reach human hearts. Certainly no one would wish to rob the Christian festivals of the carolled hymns which have so beautifully pictured to our hearts the spirit of the season's beneficence, and so joyously proclaimed the universal faith.

OLE BULL'S SON. Alexander Bull, the son of Ole Bull, and a violinist himself, will revisit America this month.

From Werner's Magazine.

## READING, RECITATION AND ACTING.

BY F. F. MACKAY.

The science of elocution includes all the principles that underlie the art of oratory, acting, recitation and reading; and as gesture and pose in speech are the outcome of mental force over and above the necessities of vocalization, these also are a part of elocution. In brief, elocution includes all of vocal expression in speech. The song, the dance, and gymnastics merely for strength or grace, are beyond the limits of elocution. Reading is the most simple branch of elocution. The reader is not called upon to invent, nor even to arrange, as is the orator. Nor is memorizing a part of the reader's art. The reader is expected to sit or to stand gracefully, and to vocalize perfectly his conceptions of the author whose thoughts and sensations he may be representing.

Perfect articulation and correct pronunciation, though purely mechanical, are factors in all elocution, absolutely essential factors in the art of reading. Indeed, there can be no perfect art in the representation of thought and sensation without precision in articulation and pronunciation; for any imperfection in these factors must obscure the thought and may pervert the sensation.

Gesture and pose may be entirely dispensed with by the reader, save that his pose, whether sitting at a table or standing at a desk, must be so easy and graceful as to attract no attention from the author.

The gestures of the reader should be few and merely suggestive. For expression he must depend wholly on the voice, vocalizing his conception of the author, and presenting simply vocal pictures through modes of utterance, qualities of voice, force, time and inflections. The left hand must be engaged in holding the book or in turning the leaves. The right hand may be used moderately in suggesting direction up or down, or to emphasize time or force by a quick or slow movement outward, or by firmly clenching it. Neither many nor extended gestures are becoming in a reader.

The reciter's art is more difficult than the reader's, by reason of the draft on psychic force to sustain the memory and to make an intelligent direction of the entire body, which must all come into action. For whether recitation be dramatic or not, the reciter must, in order to be interesting, assume, that is, impersonate the author; and if the recitation be a play, or a scene from a play, then he must impersonate the character or characters of the play. Here, not only a knowledge of the powers of the voice is an absolute necessity, but each pose and gesture of the body must either

strengthen or weaken, if not destroy the illustration. For the reciter is supposed to make perfect physical pictures of his mental conceptions. The addition of pose, gesture, and memory gives the reciter quite an advantage over the reader; for while the reader is obliged to struggle continuously against the impression made on him by the regularity of the mechanical lines on the page, producing a false drift of the voice, the reciter often carries his audience away from the truth of the author through the magnitude of his memorizing power and the gracefulness of his pose and gesture. Indeed, very many of the so-called recitations that I have had the pleasure of listening to, have been nothing more than a feat of memory poised upon the egotism of the reciter.

The art of acting includes both reading and recitation, and in the theatre has the advantage of being made more attractive than either of them, through the addition of scenery, costumes—and sometimes an instructive, amusing or interesting plot or story passing through many phases of life, and including a great variety of emotions. Good reading is the true basis of all true art in acting. To be a great actor a man must be a correct reciter; and to be a correct reciter, a man must be a truthful reader.

Acting in the theatre has not alone the advantage of scenery and costume, but the gesticulations present realistic results; e.g., when the actor in the Dagger Scene in "Macbeth" says of the dagger:

"I see thee yet in form as palpable as this which now I draw."

he half draws his dagger from its sheath. The reciter would merely suggest the drawing, by placing his hand where the sheath would be if he were costumed for the character.

Somebody has said, "Charity covers a multitude of sins;" so the scenery, the costumes, and the calcium lights in the theatre cover a great deal of bad reading and recitation. The student of elocution should study his science and his art in the field of nature: for although there have been many great actors who were truthful readers, men and women who sought to present the truth of the character represented regardless of theatrical effect, yet in the theatre the whole tendency of representation so entirely concentrates upon display for applause, even at the expense of truth, that the student of elocution must have considerable knowledge of the science of human emotions or he will not know what to accept or what to reject; and that there is always much in the tone, time and inflections of the actors in the theatre to reject, will readily be perceived, if the auditor will close his eyes and listen to speech alone without the distracting effect of the environments. In seven cases in ten I opine the auditor will, after this simple test, say, "I never heard anyone talk like that except in a theatre or a church." There is always a drift in the voice, especially in blank verse, fixed there in the process of memorizing, that entirely destroys the effect that impulse and the act of inventing gives to the voice in nature.

In extempore speaking the tones of the voice, the force, and the inflections are as varied as are the environments prompting to speech, but in acting memory seems to claim a share of the psychic force and so reduces the power to vary the expression. It might be thought that this monotonous effect should not appear in the acting

of a character that has been long studied; but here again the absence of mental elation, begotten by the act of invention, lets down the force to a common level, and the recurrence of an increase and a decrease of force at the regular intervals of natural breathing produces a drift of voice that immediately exposes its artificiality. All actors, reciters and readers should study elocution, but the theatre is not a good place to study it.

There should be some encouragement to the students of elocution in the fact that several of the most prominent morning journals of this city have, during the present theatrical season, turned aside from their ordinary news report of the several stock companies now playing in New York, to criticise their articulation and pronunciation, even going so far as to call some clever actors "mumblers." This is a very severe criticism, for precise articulation and correct pronunciation are essential factors in the art of acting.

#### ELOCUTION IN MUSIC.

The beauty of elocution in singing is a clear and distinct articulation; every word falling from the lips like a newly-cut coin, avoiding mannerisms. How much more pleasing would our church service be if our guides to a future life would pay a little more attention to the delivery of the beautiful words of the prayer-book, and enunciate them occasionally in an animated style, such as elocution often demands that they should be given, instead of in the monotonous, slurred and indistinct manner in which they are generally rendered. No matter how lovely the voice of the singer, if he does not enunciate his words so as to carry them to the ears of the audience, he loses his power over their hearts—it is a voice and nothing more.

A singer ought to make a study of the pronunciation of his own language. The English language is more beautiful than many of our leading musicians would lead us to suppose, and the more a language is studied, whether it be Italian, French, or German, even if only for the pronouncing of the words correctly when singing, the more extensive will the mental capacity of the singer become. But while an English singer is required principally for the performance of English music, still the study of other languages is desirable, though it will be mostly by singing in English that the vocalist will gain success. Exaggerated modes of pronunciation should be avoided, and none but the generally recognized method among educated persons in good society accepted.

In singing, the words must be the primary consideration, as the music being wedded to them, necessarily takes the place of a hand-maiden, and the singer must be careful not to make unnecessary grimaces or contortions of the mouth, as they will detract from the successful rendering of the piece. A London lady who sings a good deal in public has acquired the habit of altering the shape of her mouth for each of the vowel sounds, consequently the less one observes the facial contortions of the singer the better they are able to enjoy her singing.

For the proper declamation of certain pieces of music, it is often necessary to change a word or two so as to get perfect articulation, as well as enlarged tone; for, unfortunately, composers are not always careful in paying attention to the

proper pronunciation of the words when setting them, though the rhymesters, as a rule, are oftener to blame than the composers. Such alterations must be made with the greatest care and good taste, so as not to alter or spoil the sense of the passage, though the transposition of a word, in many instances, easily overcomes the difficulty. The following rules will be useful: Previous to getting up a song, read over the words carefully until you have thoroughly grasped the meaning of the poet, and then try to picture them by the aid of the music. Pay great attention to the distinct articulation of the words, always dwelling on the vowel sounds. Be sparing in the use of the portamento, only using it for special effect. Learn to breathe through the diaphragm. Never take breath between the syllables of a word nor break up phrases. Previous to beginning to sing, inhale breath slowly through the nostrils. When practicing, use the vowels aa, aei, ee, o, oo, taking care not to produce a throaty quality of tone, and placing the sound well forward. Keep the tongue flat at both extremities, and perfectly still, the head high and straight, and make no grimaces or contractions of the eyebrows. Hear many good singers, and listen to their phrasing.

#### GOLDEN RULES FOR SINGERS.

BY JOHN TOWERS.

1. Be perfectly natural. Sing as you talk and read, and feel happy and look it.
2. All practice should be done with medium power of voice, without forcing. Forcing a voice means ruining it forever.
3. Practice must be regular, thoughtful and systematic, except in cases of sickness. Only miss practice when dinner is missed.
4. Under ordinary circumstances there should not be less than an hour daily devoted to voice-exercises. This should be divided into three 20's or two 30's. For these voice-exercises, each and every vowel-sound should be taken in turn.
5. Half an hour daily devoted to declamatory reading aloud, and reciting, especially of the text of songs, et c., to be sung will be very well spent time.
6. Practice standing erect before a mirror, and without any accompaniment. By this means many facial contortions and mannerisms will be obviated.
7. Acquire ease, self-control, grace of manner and poetry of motion. An audience is often captivated as much by the bearing and manner of a vocalist as by the singing.
8. Be unremitting in the effort to enlarge, extend and enrich the voice, as, after all, the soul of singing is rich, full, sonorous, sweet, sympathetic, equal ton.
9. The muscles controlling the voice will surely yield to treatment, just as any other of the body's muscles. All that is wanted for ensuring flexibility is the aforesaid regular, thoughtful, systematic practice. *Perseverantia vincit omnia.*
10. Always dwell well on the vowel-sounds, and round off the consonants clearly and distinctly at the end, and otherwise.
11. Be very careful where, when and how breath is taken. *Where:* Never in the middle of a word; never in the middle of a sentence, if it can be avoided, but always where it least disturbs the sense of the words. Sense first, sound second. *How:* Always, where practicable, breathe through the nostrils, and from the hips. By no other

method than deep diaphragmatic breathing can the lungs be thoroughly utilized, especially in singing, and remain sound, healthy and vigorous.

12. Breathing is so vitally important to good tone-production that there should be daily practice in special breathing-exercises, and in whistling, if possible, in the open fresh air. It is, moreover, absolutely necessary for good, easy, copious breathing, that the clothing, especially round the chest and throat, be loose and free.

13. Avoid all gliding, sliding, scraping and "tobogganing" in producing tone. Go "straight from the shoulder" to it, and take no heed of bad examples, except to take warning by them.

14. Avoid the tremolo as you would a leper. Let your motto always be: Absolutely pure tone or none.

15. Study the words to be sang, through and through and sing them as though you felt them. Try to let them come from the heart as well as the throat, as this is the only way to reach the hearts of others.

16. Be very careful to pronounce each word correctly and to articulate every syllable, every letter as clearly as it is possible. One singer who can be easily understood—no matter what the language sung—is worth fifty whose words are mouthed, mumbled and lost to the audience.

17. The best help toward this is frequent reciting aloud with exaggerated muscular action of the lips.

18. Never stop working. There is something to be learned to the very last day of life. A good practice is to pick out difficult passages in songs and drill at them as studies. Absolute perfection may not be attainable, but it is a commendable and praiseworthy ambition to get as near to it as is humanly possible.

#### COMPOSERS' HABITS.

Mozart was once asked how he managed to produce his great creations. "I take pen, ink and paper," he replied, "sit down and write whatever occurs." He wrote with great facility and composed a great deal in the early morning, or late at night. In the latter case Constance had to make him a glass of punch, and tell him stories. Inspiration used to come to him in queer places, as in a billiard room or a bowling alley, and then he would begin on the spot to make notes.

Beethoven said that he was inspired by the contemplation of nature, especially of the country's peace and quiet, and he wandered for hours through field and forest, bareheaded, with notebook in hand. He did not write with facility; his notes, as Reimann, describes them, exhibit on every page traces of a titanic struggle, and he seems to traverse some great battlefield, or some plain bestrewn with cyclopean ruins.

Auber was in his younger days a great rider, usually in the Bois de Boulogne. One morning his horse bolted with him into the middle of one of the market places, to the great wrath of all the poultry women, policemen, dealers in pots and pans and costermongers. He rode home as fast as he could and wrote down a sketch of the Market Chorus in Masaniello. He had found his inspiration in the tumult.

Donizetti was once seen staring into a milliner's window in Paris so persistently that one of the girls went out and asked him what he wanted. "I am trying to find something," he said.

"What is it?" was asked. "The finale of the third act of the Duke of Alba," he replied. When the stream of melody did not flow easy, he took long walks, and kept his eyes on some fixed point till this kind of self-hypnotism compelled his genius to work. Halevy, the composer of *The Jewess*, liked to hear a tea kettle singing; the more it boiled the easier came his ideas. Rossini, who loved good dinners and pretty women, felt at his best when champagne corks were popping, and then he would retire to his workroom and fill sheet after sheet. When Johann Strauss, the younger, works, he goes after dinner to a small study, near his bedroom, and there, with a bottle of wine and some strong cigars, he labors till one or two o'clock in the morning. Sometimes ideas come to him at the dinner or card table, and then he leaves the company for his study.

Hans von Suppe would improvise for hours on a piano. On a chair beside him lay a snuff box and an old-fashioned red bandanna. He wrote rapidly. At one of the rehearsals of *Fatinitza*, Jauner said to him, "I have a feeling that there should be a lively number in the finale of the third act." Suppe next day brought him the popular *Fatinitza* March.

Of Wagner and his satin robe, his rose colored chamber, his pictures and flowers, are not all these things written in the book of the *Chronicles of Wahnfried*?

#### DOES MUSIC TRAIN THE MIND?

At the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, held last week at Dublin, one of the most interesting papers was that read by Sir John Stainer on this old and interesting subject.

Sir John Stainer pointed out that music has of late years progressed much in the minds of the public, so that no longer is it looked upon as a profession, but little higher than that of acrobaticism. "I remember," said Sir John, "hearing a well-known nobleman relate in a speech at a public meeting that he had when a young man respectfully begged his father to allow him to study the violin. 'What, play the fiddle?' said his father indignantly. 'Never; the next thing will be that you will want to marry a ballet girl.'" The indignation of the father evidently destroyed his sense of proportion, for ballet girls are not in the habit of marrying fiddlers—at least so we are given to understand by eminent authorities.

But the anecdote shows in a succinct form the strange prejudice against music, which was the rule, and not the exception, during the first half of this century. Of course one can grasp the point of view of those who object altogether to a man earning his living by performing in public, whether as an actor, musician, reciter or acrobat, and one can even dimly understand that to some minds (of a prosaic sort) it is not quite the thing for a man to earn his bread by writing books, composing music or painting pictures; but no one but the most prosaic of philistines would have all the world lawyers, doctors or merchants, and it is particularly characteristic of philistinism to deny the necessity of the arts to human beings and to glorify what may be termed the useful professions.

It will take us (to such a great extent a commercial nation) a very long while to understand as a nation that man cannot live by bread alone; that culture is not to be obtained by a few years'

training at the universities, where an undergraduate, in fact, learns next to nothing that can broaden his mind or deepen his sympathies; that a sensitiveness that enables one to feel that which one's ears or eyes proclaim to be beautiful takes no small part in the cultivation of the human mind. The Greeks believed in this kind of cultivation, and they went even further and insisted on the cultivation of the body by athletics, so that human beings themselves should be worthy of the thoughts they wrote down and the beautiful things they made.

To a pedagogue the question asked in the title of Sir John Stainer's paper will appear beside the mark, and even quite unnecessary; for to such a one nothing which does not appeal directly to the reasoning powers of the human being is capable of training his mind. Thus we have schoolmasters who place enormous importance on the understanding of the propositions of Euclid and of mathematics in general; also a grasp of the laws of logic, as laid down in books, is considered of pressing necessity to the youthful mind.

These subjects, with the addition of a knowledge of Greek and Latin, by which means the student does get some grains of cultivation in consequence of having to read the works of some of the greatest poets the world has seen, are held by pedagogues to be sufficient groundwork for the ultimate culture of the human mind, whereas they are only a very small part of its training and deal more with the mere arousing of dormant reasoning power than with the real culture.

The great mistake is to suppose that the mind can be trained without training the emotions, which have a reflective action on the mind itself. A man may have immense knowledge and yet be the most uncultured person on the face of the earth, and in no way be a worthy citizen of the world. His mind may be stocked with the sayings and doings of the dead, but his understanding of the world he lives in will be but meagre if he has never learned to feel; if his mind is shut to the influences of the arts. For literature, painting, sculpture, and music are not dead things.

#### SULLIVAN AT BERLIN.

The social and artistic event of the past week has been the production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*. Besides the Emperor and Empress, most of the court dignitaries, Prince Hohenlohe, the civil and military aides of the imperial household, the Ministers, foreign diplomats, and all of the grand monde of Berlin attended. The Kaiser led the applause at the end of each act, and summoned Sir Arthur Sullivan to the imperial box. Sir Arthur kissed the hand of the Empress, who thanked him warmly for the pleasure the opera had afforded her. The Emperor said to the composer:

"I have a great liking for this kind of historic and dramatic work. It is a treat for the ears and the eyes, and also instructive to the masses. I have meant several times to see it performed."—*Sun Cable*.

The celebrated Signora Howlinstei was in the middle of her solo, when little Johnny Fizzletop, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, asked, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her. Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what does she holler so for?"

## THE ART OF RETIRING.

BY LILLIAN LUHR.

While the article does not call for an answer, if you will give me enough of your valuable space I should like to make reply to the editorial, "Enduring Value of a Reputation," in *The Musical Courier* of October 16, 1895, in which you cite several instances in which noted performers' or singers' powers are on the wane, and speak as if in surprise at the public receiving them with the same enthusiasm as when they were in full possession of their powers.

Being musicians yourselves, you perhaps do not consider the fact that the majority of concert goers is composed of people who like music, but have not naturally acute enough ears to detect such things as false intonation, many of them not knowing one note from another by the sound. I mean by that that they know that there is a difference, but are not able to tell one from another. You speak of Remenyi as one instance, saying, "Past the time, perhaps, when he can hear the effect of his own continually impure intonation, guilty of errors in technic which would shame a youthful amateur, able for no more than a feeble pantomime of the *clau* which was once his original gift, he played under the shelter of an old-time reputation and brought down the house. There was a shadow of his once confusingly brilliant tricks," etc.

This same public, which is probably tone deaf, does not know enough about music to know whether he made a mistake or not, and does not care so long as he keeps up a semblance of brilliancy.

Some one was saying to me the other day in speaking of this that maybe it was generosity on the part of the public that was the cause of this, and that after all it seemed only right after they had been favorites so long and it was pitiful to ignore them now.

I say no, most emphatically no. They have held the field long enough, and by staying in are simply hurting themselves, while at the same time they are keeping out the young, strong ones from the notice they deserve. When I say hurting themselves I mean in this way: if only they would retire now they would always be thought of as great actors. It is no love of art that keeps them at it, but simply the love of money. Take Patti for instance. Everybody ridicules her now, while if only she had retired ten or twenty years ago she would never have been subjected to the unpleasant knowledge that the public saw her failings. She would have always been the greatest *diva*. And not only that, she could, by retiring at the right time, have kept all other singers from towering above her, for by retiring when her voice was perfect every new singer would have been spoken of thus: "She is great, but of course not equal to Patti."

By not singing Patti could always have stood aloof. And then instead of hearing them say, "Why doesn't Patti retire?" she would have had the pleasure of hearing them say, "Why did Patti retire? We will never have her equal." Now she is more famous for her farewell tours than for her singing.—*Musical Courier*.

No language can express the feelings of a deaf-mute who steps on a tack in a dark room.

## THE SINGER AND THE ACTOR.

BY MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.

In a paper on "Women in Song," read at one of the World's Fair Congresses, in Chicago, Mme. Nordica gave the following outline of the duties of the actor and the singer when on the stage:

"The actor and the artist have many advantages denied the singer of which the public knows absolutely nothing. Compare, for example, Marguerite in 'Faust' on the dramatic stage with Marguerite in opera. When Miss Ellen Terry played Marguerite she took her time in arranging for the jewel scene, in opening the box and arraying her-elf in the jewels, whereas in singing the Marguerite of Gounod we are limited in time; we have just three or four bars or a wave of a hand telling us to do what is before us. It is one, two, three, sing! You can never wait, and wherever you are you have just a bar in which to discover the jewel casket. You have two bars to get the earrings into your ears. For years I had to tie a piece of silk around my ears on which to hang the earrings, because there was not time for me to get them into my ears and perform the difficult music that accompanies the act—a long trill and an up-scale. Of course, now I have the calculation so fine that I can do it, besides having my nerves somewhat more under control than I had in the beginning. But it must be done just in a given time. The singer must get to the mirror, at the same time performing the most difficult feats of vocalization, and still express something by the face, and still appear natural. An actress may take just as much time as she likes in doing these things. Supposing, when she first gets on the stage, she feels inclined to cough or sneeze, she can, by putting off what she has to say, wait until that has passed by. But I have an orchestra of nearly 100 musicians waiting. I have generally a foreign language to sing in. So to combine time, tune, the meaning of the music, the facial expression, and the gestures—the dramatic and the ideal features, and basing the most ideal quality of art on scientific mechanics—shows how vastly more trying, more exacting is the art of the lyric artist than that of the dramatic artist. The public cannot realize the mental and physical difficulties against which the singer has to contend. Here is another illustration: In the balcony scene in 'Lohengrin,' Elsa has barely time to come down from the balcony, rush upon the scene, and be so well provided with breath that she can enter into a most exhaustive duet with Ortrud."

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timber, a willow figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes.

She must have been raised in the lumber region.

He—I should think that Dudley would be careful not to drop his voice in singing.

She—Why so?

He—Because it is so cracked now that it would not take much to break it.

"That was a bad scare Mrs. Partington had the other day."

"? ? ?"

She went to a pantomime and thought she had suddenly lost her hearing."

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

It was on the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white;

I sat beside my window and looked into the night; I heard the church-bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,

And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.

Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,

Out of the East, majestic, there rose one radiant star:

And ev'ry other star grew pale beneath that heavenly glow—

It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair;

It shone through dingy casement on many a garret bare;

From highway on to highway, through alleys dark and cold,

And where it shone, the darkness was flooded all with gold.

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,

And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled;

While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,

Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then, methought, earth faded; I rose as borne on wings,

Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things;

Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe—

My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below.

And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seemed to me,

It flashed upon the golden gate and o'er the crystal sea;

And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod—

The beauteous star of Bethlehem had led me up to God!

"What makes them all love Mary so?"

The jealous maidens cry,

"Oh, Mary doesn't sing you know,

And more—she doesn't try."

One of the strange things in life is the fact that there are actors getting \$300 a week for doing foolish things on the stage, which are constantly being done by people in private life for nothing.

Mamma—And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?

Little pet—Papa tried to sing to me like you do, an' I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it.

Wickars: Timmins is a pretty good elocutionist, is he not?

Wickars: Yes, indeed. Why, he can even make his own poetry sound as though there was something in it.

**FURNITURE**, Fine Artistic Music Cabinets, Music Racks, Parlor Cabinets, Jardinierre Stands, Book Cases and Secretaries, all in happy variety.

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VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

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## CON CANNON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MRS. MINDLAY BRADEN.

"Faix, Kitty Lant, an' it's a moighty foine prisunt I've brung you this merry marnin'; I'll stip insoido the rume, widout a invoice, an'—"

"Where is the prisunt?"

"Och, an' I've got it saf' an' shure! I'll jist stip insoido, an'—"

"Condy Cannon, I see nathur papur nor string!"

"Ov coorso not! I'm not wantin' ye shud."

"Thin cum in."

"I'll do that same wid a gallon ov playshur! It's waitin' I wur fur the chance."

"But there ain't but a munit to sthay, fur faythur an' mither are cumin' nixt."

"Thin, Kitty darlint, we'll mak' the most an' the bist ov that same blissid munit."

"Begin wid me prisunt. Yer blarneyin' wurd's wid kape."

"I've a dale ter say, an' troth I'll say it."

"Wat's it loike?"

"Wat?"

"The prisunt you promised."

"It's not in Condy Cannon ter brag."

"Is it big or little?"

"Naythur."

"Small es a—ring!"

"Nay, darlint."

"Or a—bonnit?"

"I wud'nt be meddlin' wid ribbons."

"Loike es not it's a—fan!"

"Taint a bit loikely!"

"Thin it's a—bracelit!"

"Bether quit guessin'."

"Where is it hid?"

"Thry ter foind it. It ain't in me pockits."

"I'm thinkin' you did'nt fetch it."

"It's here fur sartin', an' Kitty Lant will loike it."

"Whin will you give it?"

"Just at partin' darlint."

"Ef it's a kiss, I'm not wantin' it."

"Ye'll pay me wid one fur me prisunt."

"Bether be quick about givin' it."

"I kin kape loike me blunderin' speeches."

"But me parunts will sune be baek."

"It's rale proud they'll be ov their daughter's good fortin'."

"Thin begin the prisuntashun."

"Furst look an' foind me prisunt."

"Where will I look?"

"Roight about you."

"Thin it's sarch all the day an' foind nuthin'!"

"Tak' me at me wurd, I wud'nt be lyin' on Christmas!"

"Thin it's hid in this rume."

"Nary. It's roight in plain soight."

"I'll gube up the sarch."

"Bether not."

"Condy Cannon, jist say *vat* and *where* me prisunt is, an' dun wid it!"

"Begorra, it's straight before you."

"Thin I'm bloind an' can't see it."

"I'm glad ov that! Jist let me prisint it. Kitty Lant, you see before you the bye es luv's you bether thin loife. It's jist *meself* I gub you thi: day fur a Christmas git. Soybut the wurd, an' a ring an' a bunnit an' a fan an' a bracelit goes wid me."

"Thin I'll tak' you, fur the sake ov—the fixins as follow!"

## PERSONAL.

**BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.**—There is not a city in which Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the famous pianist, appears that fails to pay tribute to her remarkable performances.

**LADIES' VIOLIN QUARTETTE.**—A concert was given on Wednesday evening, December 4, by the Ladies' Violin Quartette, of New York city, composed of Miss Lily Althaus, Miss Mary Rogers, Miss Linda Pinkham, and Miss Belle Smith. Miss Marie L. Brackman, contralto, assisted, and Miss Lillian G. Julian was the accompanist.

**MARSIEK'S SUCCESS.**—Marsiek, the famous French violinist, is meeting pronounced artistic success on his tour. The Toledo papers write of him: "A finished player . . . his technic is marvellous . . . the first attack of the bow gave the hearer confidence, it was so decided, firm, and the tone true . . ." and again, "Marsiek is an artist of exceptional ability. He combines his splendid technic with great expression and wonderful interpretation . . . Those who had anticipated much in hearing Marsiek were not disappointed. Marsiek is everywhere received with enthusiasm, and Howard Brockway, the piano soloist and accompanist with him, comes in for a large share of praise."

**SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT.**—According to a German paper, Trilby was a little, pretty, golden-haired Scotch girl, who was a famous model in London, and in speech and manners much like Mme. Sans-Gene. Her society was sought by some of the most famous men in England: Gladstone, Swinburne, Lord Rowton and others being her admirers. It was in her honor that Swinburne wrote his "Faustine." We do not believe it. Poor Aggie Douglas, for the German scribe names her, knew nothing of Lesbian airs from Mitylene, and still less of other propensities which the poet ascribes to the wife of the philosopher Marcus Aurelius.

**MADAME PATTI.**—The wonderful attraction that Mme. Adelina Patti has always had for the public does not seem to abate, and on Tuesday evening the Royal Albert Hall was again crowded with enthusiastic admirers. This marvellous singer, who must be admitted to be the greatest queen of song probably that ever has lived, still retains much of that wonderful style, magnetism of her personality and exemplary diction that have made her fame so universal. Mme. Belle Cole, who is always a favorite with Albert Hall audiences, was exceedingly popular on this occasion. Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Frederick Dawson, Mr. Douglas Powell, Mr. Popper and the sisters Eissler, with Mr. William Ganz, completed the list of artists.

**BEETHOVEN.**—On December 16th, 1770, Beethoven was born. The various societies that foster musical art in this country will celebrate the event in a befitting manner, and once more we will be reminded of the fact that the greatest composer in the history of music is Ludwig Beethoven. In the clash and roar of modern cymbals (Paul Verlaine truly calls it "cymbalism") we are apt to forget the fact. Let us purge our ears of the rant and rubbish which masquerade as great music, and reverently and fervently worship at the shrine of that great, that wonderful tone master, Beethoven!

## THE PROMISING COMPOSER.

He was born half a century after Mozart, On the very same day of the year, And this singular fact was a source of great joy To the Press, who exclaimed, "A good omen, the boy

Will most certainly make a career!"

At the great age of four he could play all the tunes Which he heard on the organ by ear, And at ten he composed such a beautiful song That they said, "We must praise him, for surely ere long

He will make an unheard-of career!"

At twenty a symphony which he composed With delight drove musicians quite wild; So the Press took him up: "The work shows signs of haste,

But it promises well, and we've not the bad taste To discourage this talented child."

At thirty an opera came from his pen,

And to hear it all Londoners ran; Again were the critics most kind: "We are glad To be able to state the work's really not bad;

He's a promising, rising young man!"

At forty, at fifty, at sixty, more works Were produced with enormous success, And they gained for him everywhere money and fame;

"We are so pleased to see that he's making a name For himself by degrees," said the Press.

At seventy one more great work he composed,

And it took the whole world by surprise; The critics were now quite enraptured: "In truth He will do something yet, will this promising youth,

If thus fast he continues to rise."

At eighty he died; then with sorrow they spoke Of the loss which all Europe befell, And expressed themselves thus: "It is sad, we must say,

That a talent so great should be taken away At a time when it promised so well."

—F. H. Cowan.

## DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI.

A Major loved a maiden so,  
His warlike heart was soft as *Do*.

He oft would kneel to her and say:  
"Thou art of life my only *Re*."

"Ah! if but kinder thou wouldst be,  
And sometimes sweetly smile on *Mi*."

"Thou art my life, my guiding star,  
I love thee near, I love thee *Fa*."


"My passion I cannot control,  
Thou art the idol of my *Sol*."

The maiden said: "Oh, fie! ask *pa*;  
How can you go on thus? Oh, *La*."

The Major rose from bended knee,  
And went her father for to *Si*.

"Who is that fellow in the orchestra who is always two beats behind all the others?"

"Why, that's the leader."

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**WATCHING THE OLD YEAR DIE.**

BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

Last New Year's Eve we gathered round  
In the firelight's glorious blaze,  
To watch the passing of the year,  
And the dawn of other days.

There was no light but the red firelight  
In the old Squire's ancient hall,  
Quaint with its memories of old days  
And manners colonial.

And we of the modern time and ways  
Laughed in the firelight there;  
Madge, with her mischievous, glancing eyes;  
Edith, with sunt-like hair;

Elinor, with her air of pride  
And her charming hostess-ways;  
Two or three other men and I  
Drew round in the chimney blaze.

Jest and story, laughter and song,  
Hurried the moments by,  
As, young and happy, we clustered there  
Watching the Old Year die.

Fun and frolic were at their height,  
When far and keen and low  
We heard the Old Year's passing bell  
Toll out across the snow.

We rose and silently we stood  
Hearing the solemn swell;  
And hand sought hand, as over us all  
Some dim foreboding fell.

Did Madge, in that strange and breathless space,  
See her coming bridal veil?  
Did Edith dream of the straight, white bed  
Wherein she should lie, so pale?

Did Elinor, in her girlish pride,  
Dream of her altered lot?  
Had Roger word of a broken tie,  
And truth and trust forgot?

Humphrey, saw you a heaving sea,  
With its endless waves of gray?  
And heard you the song of the arrow, Fred,  
Already upon its way?

Our hands clung together, we could not speak  
Till the mournful bells were done,  
And the chimes out-clamored a jubilant peal  
To welcome the New Year sun.

The strain was broken. We moved and laughed,  
And frolic and mirth grew high,  
Yet to-night I am sitting here alone,  
Watching the Old Year die.

Maud—Wont you sing me something, Lieut. Carson? A sailor, you know, ought to have a fine voice.

Lieut. Why, how do you know that?  
Maud—Because he should be at home both with the deep C's and the high C's.

Manager—Why don't little Eva come on, Uncle Tom, and—?

Uncle Tom—She is making a little speech to the company, thanking it for the pleasant way it had remembered her 62nd birthday.

**TEN MINUTES' EXERCISE FOR BUSY PEOPLE.**

TO BE TAKEN ON ARISING.

Jump out of bed; strip. If the floor is cold, put on a pair of thick, warm stockings.

ARM-CIRCLES, TEN TIMES.

Fill your lungs before each exercise. Elbows straight. Circle one arm in diameter; ten circles in five seconds. Rest a second; repeat exercise; rest; repeat; keep on until you have repeated five times. Put lots of snap into your work; breathe deep five seconds. Take in all the air you can; let out all the air you can.

STATIONARY RUN.

At the rate of fifteen steps in five seconds for one minute. Breathe deep ten seconds.

TWISTER.

Twist body ten times each way, thirty seconds. Keep your feet together. Don't bend your knees; bend your waist; don't be afraid, it won't break. Get way down on each side. Breathe deep five seconds.

KNEADER.

Thirty times, thirty seconds, first one leg, and then the other, balancing yourself on one leg. Squeeze hard; work fast. The bigger your abdomen, the more you need this. Breathe deep five seconds.

BENDER.

Thirty times, thirty seconds. Go way down; come up straight. Breathe deep five seconds.

STATIONARY RUN.

One and a half to three minutes. Begin and end slow. Run fast in the middle of the time. Lift your feet high; if constipated, run with your knees up in front at every step.

Take off your stockings. Wring out a towel in cold water; rub all over. Take your Turkish towel by both ends, and rub hard; if you are chilly afterward, the water was too cold; the cooler it is the better, if you are warm afterward.

Get dressed and go to breakfast. If you can take this exercise twice, it will be better. Commence gradually; use long rests and few movements at first. If you don't, you will be lame. You can easily prove this.

Take this same exercise just before going to bed, only don't hurry. If it keeps you awake, take it only in the morning. Exercise every day. If you don't, you cannot say that it is a failure; you are the failure. Keep it up while traveling.

1. Arm-Circles.....30 seconds  
Breathe deep.....5 "
2. Run.....1 minute  
Breathe.....10 seconds
3. Twister.....30 "  
Breathe.....5 "
4. Kneader.....30 "  
Breathe.....5 "
5. Back-Bender.....30 "  
Breathe.....5 "
6. Run.....1 minute, 30 "  
Breathe.....10 "
7. Bath.....4 minutes, 50 "

Total 10 min

LUTHER GLICK, M.D.

**THE BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST.**

Mr. Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who has come to this country unheralded by the great amount of horn blowing which usually precedes an artist of his rank, made his first appearance in this city, in the Auditorium, yesterday afternoon at the regular concert of the Chicago Orchestra. Before he had finished his afternoon's task he had aroused the audience to enthusiasm and was recalled several times, being compelled to give two encore numbers. The new violinist proves to be a man of rather striking appearance, although not impressive in stature, who has easy and unaffected poses and attacks his work with great vim. His first number yesterday was Dvorak's concerto, op. 53, and before the first movement was well over the auditors arrived at the conviction that Mr. Ondricek is a violinist of high distinction. In the upper notes it is pure, if not particularly broad, and especially in piano passages is very smooth. Another point to be noted in his favor is unflinching accurate intonation, which seems to be a matter of conscience with him, as it ought to be. Aside from these points the two impressive features of his playing are great dash and brilliancy in technique and the authority and intelligence of the true artist.

Technically alone, his work would place him in the ranks of the greater violinists, and yesterday he attacked the difficulties of concerto and the tremendous obstacles of Ernst's Hungarian Airs with something like zest. One gets the impression that he enjoys the work of overcoming difficulties, and this element of animation is to be observed not only in his technique, but in his feeling. He has the temperament for his work—a temperament which announces itself at times in a deep sentiment and again in the robust strength and animation of his playing. It will be a long time before Chicago gets a chance to hear more virile violin playing than that of Franz Ondricek. The ovation he received shows that his attributes have already taken the public.—Record.

One of the latest musical freaks in the dime museum is a skeleton whose ribs give forth musical sounds when a violin bow is drawn across them. This freak is nearly six feet tall, weighs ninety pounds, and is a fair musician. He does his own playing, and says the tone of his ribs improves with age.

Teacher—Define memory. Dull boy—It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece.

“What first led them to think of educating her for an opera singer. She has no voice.” Friend—“It was the great variety of faces she could make when she tried to sing.”

“Now, which kind of music do you desire to become proficient in?” said the professor to the new pupil.

“Oh, classical, by all means,” replied the young woman.

“I am glad to hear you express this preference.”

“Yes. When you play classical music hardly anybody knows whether you make a mistake or not.”

She had displayed her vocal powers for the benefit of the manager and enquired: “Now wouldn't you advise me to cultivate my voice?” “Cultivate it? No; strive to annihilate it.”



Yaw  
Yaw

was here to sing and to please you with her grand and high voice, but we are here to stay and to please you with high quality goods and fine jewelry and novelties, at very low prices.

was celebrated for her exceedingly high voice, but F. W. Coates is celebrated for putting your watch or clock in order so that it will give you satisfaction. All work guaranteed.

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JEWELER AND PRACTICAL OPTICIAN,

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## WATKIN-MILLS AT THE FESTIVALS.

The following from the English newspapers tell the story of Watkin-Mills successes at the festivals:

**MESSIAH.**—In "Thus Saith the Lord," and "Who May Abide," Mr. Watkin-Mills was fully equal to the severe demand on his vocal power and flexibility, as also in "The People Walked," and "Why do the Nations," the latter given with superb fire and grand tone.—*Birmingham Gazette*.

Mr. Watkin-Mills is one of those exceptionally gifted artists who can be relied upon to give satisfaction in the exacting pieces. In his recent American tour no more signal success was achieved by him than in the fiery "Why do the Nations," one of the leading transatlantic journals stating, "It is hard to find words to express the masterly style in which he rendered this most magnificent solo." In Toronto his noble rendering aroused applause, which would not be satisfied until Mr. Watkin-Mills complied with the demand for an encore. In his native county of Gloucester he was equally happy in Handel's music. "The Trumpet Shall Sound" revealed all the best features of his singing in striking colors.—*The Western Press*.

**DEDICATION** (C. Leo Williams).—The solo part gives splendid scope for such a voice as that of Mr. Watkin-Mills, the singer selected this evening, can boast. The next work was Schutz's "Lamentatio Davidi," the pathetic strains of the bereaved father being grandly declaimed by Mr. Watkin-Mills.—*Daily Chronicle*.

**SPRING'S LAST JUDGMENT.**—That Mr. Watkin-Mills delivered the bass pieces finely need scarcely be stated. This great singer has frequently taken part in the work, but we should think never to more advantage. His chief effort was, of course, in the solo "Thus Saith the Lord," and that thrilling and highly descriptive recitative "The Day of Wrath is Near." His solemn, dignified tones, resonant voice, and impressive accents produced a marked impression upon his hearers.—*Western Daily Press*.

**ST. PAUL.**—The interpretation by Mr. Watkin-Mills of the music of the great apostle was a grand achievement. United to pathos or passion, judiciously modulated, were clearness of articulation and phrasing, fullness and resonant quality of voice, and dignified bearing. No one number can be singled out as better than another, so uniform was the excellence of the whole of his singing.—*Bristol Times*.

**INVOCATION TO MUSIC.**—The Dirge, magnificently sung by Mr. Watkin-Mills, of course easily carried off the honors. Among the solos nothing can be more tenderly beautiful than the closing words "And Drinketh up Our Tears as Dew."—*Daily News*.

**INVOCATION TO MUSIC** (Hubert Parry).—He has penned on of the most expressive dirges extant, replete with pathos and dignity, and this evening the solo portion was grandly declaimed by Mr. Watkin-Mills, to whose voice it is exactly suited.—*Daily Chronicle*.

**DVORAK'S STABAT MATER.**—Of Mr. Watkin-Mills, firm, sonorous and dignified, I cannot speak too highly. The bass soloist in this piece has music to sing which can hardly be considered grateful, but Mr. Watkin-Mills went through it with conscientious and gratifying success.—*Daily Telegraph*.

To say that Mr. Watkin-Mills was worthy of his two famous associates is to give him high praise.

The rendering of the bass solo, "Fac ut Ardeat," was admirable in its firmness of tone and breadth of phrasing.—*Manchester Courier*.

**THE GOLDEN LEGEND.**—Mr. Watkin-Mills is an excellent *Lucifer*. His fine massive voice forces its way through the heavy scoring, and he suggests the character in various ways with admirable judgment.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Fortunately Mr. Watkin-Mills has a voice of such abnormal power that he is, of living bass vocalists, one of the best qualified to make his voice tell against this tremendous mass of tone. In other respects the singing of the part was excellent, the more so since sardonic humor is not his natural bent.—*Yorkshire Post*.

## KINGSTON NOTES.

Ladies' College re-opens Jan. 6th, 1896.

Miss Yaw may appear here again next spring in concert.

The Klingensfeld String Quartetto will give a performance here in the near future.

Mrs. Crumley and her pupils gave a very successful recital at her parlors, Union St., Dec. 27.

Mr. T. G. Marquis, one of our foremost Canadian poets, has made Kingston his home once more.

It is a great pity that Kingston is not visited with more such healthy companies as that of Lewis Morrison's.

Little Mignon, daughter of Mr. Telgmann, extends greetings to all the readers of the CANADIAN MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Mr. Louis Andrieux has resigned the leadership of the opera house orchestra, which is a great loss to that organization.

The Kingston Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution closed for the Xmas holidays and re-opens Monday, 6th of Jan., 1896.

The future address of the Kingston Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution will be 260 Princess St., over Heintzman's piano warerooms.

The Jarvis-McKelcan concert in the opera house, under the auspices of Chalmers' church, was a grand success both financially and artistically.

The pupils of the Kingston Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution gave their semi-annual closing Dec. 19 and 20, which was well applauded by both our citizens and the press.

Heintzman & Co., of Toronto, have opened business at 260 Princess St. in the beautiful building under the new quarters of the Kingston Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution.

The booking for the opera house:—Miss Julia Stuart, Jan. 6, 7, 8; Madam Albini and Co., Jan. 14th; Calarney and the Rhine, Jan. 15th; Agnes Herndon, Jan. 17th; concert by the pupils of Notre Dame, Jan. 23, 24, 25.

The Harmony Club, under Mr. March, is now about ninety strong, with an orchestra of twenty-five pieces. The conductor informs us that great interest is being taken by its members to make the production of Farmer's Mass in B that a grand success.

The Philharmonic Society expects to produce the oratorio "The Woman of Samaria" about the latter end of this month. In April Handel's "Messiah" will be produced in the opera house by the same organization. The chorus for the first named oratorio has been well trained and the soloists are among the best available talent. Citizens may feel assured they will hear the society to as good advantage as on previous occasions.

Gilmore's Band at the opera house Nov. 22 was a grand success both musically and financially. Of the concert—of the performance of this great band and of the several soloists—one might go on telling to the length of columns. But it will be only heaping praise upon praise and multiplying commendatory adjectives.

Every performer is an artist. That is made evident in the perfect time and unbroken harmony, and by the great depth of expression which is put into the music, and in the coloring—the warmth of tone. The general effect is that of a great orchestra, only the reed and brass in the hands of these artists give more satisfaction to the ordinary hearer than would strings.

"How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?"

Little four-year-old: "I 'spec' it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing."

"I thought Sharp was in love with the soprano of the choir; he has just married the contralto."

"He was in love with the soprano, I believe, but he transferred his affection to the contralto. You see, he thought a low-voiced wife would be better than a high-voiced one. Sharp has a long head; he was looking to the future."

## 14TH BAND NOTES.

Two new members have been admitted this last month. Mr. L. J. Day, of Cataraqui, will play cornet, and Mr. W. H. Madill, of the Rockwood staff, will play clarinet. Both men are first-class musicians.

Mr. R. Lake, trombone soloist and general all-round man, has returned from the Capital, where he has been engaged since the 1st of July. Duck says "Aberdeen" will have to run the government without him for a few months, while he recuperates his somewhat failing health. Frank Jackson, cornetist, likewise has returned to take up his residence for the future in Kingston. Frank has for the last four or five years been playing in the bands of New York state, and he says he has heard the best of them, but the 14th is ahead of any when it comes right down to business.

The band is putting forth great exertion to form a fund to purchase a new uniform. The one they now have is getting a little the worse for wear. They expect to have it ready for the first engagement in the spring.

## HUMOROUS.

He—"Would you like to hear me sing 'In the Sweet By and By,' Miss Mattie?"  
She (sweetly)—"Yes, Henry, but not before."

Fond mother (pointing to child at the piano)—  
That child is full of music.

Sarcastic visitor—What a pity its allowed to escape.

Dingle—Queer fellow, that Wiggsley. His mind's located in his lungs.

Dangle—What are you talking about?  
Dingle—That's right. I heard him say not an hour ago that he breathed easier with that load off his mind.

"These changes in the weather are bothering me to death," said the amateur singer.

"Why?"  
"When I have a cold I'm a bass, and when I get well I'm a tenor. I never can tell whether to practice "A Hundred Fathoms Deep" or "Sally in Our Alley."

"Have you heard Miss Prancer in light opera?"  
"Yes, she appeared in a duet alone last night."  
"How could she manage that?"  
"Well, it was between her voice and toes to see which could go highest."

Seated one day at the "Novum Organum"  
Francis Bacon was weary and ill at ease,  
And his fingers wandered idly  
Over Donnelly's cipher keys;  
"400 divided by 40 here  
And added to 8," said he,  
"Will prove that I am Shakespeare,  
And that Shakespearo isn't me."

A gentleman conversing with a lady friend claimed that he could parodize on the hoop question any verse she might choose to repeat. She accordingly gave the following verse from "The Old Sexton":

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,  
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;  
His work was done and he paused to wait  
The funeral train through the open gate;  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea,  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Whereupon the graceless scamp took his pencil and thus wrote on a scrap of newspaper lying by:

Nigh to a church that was newly made,  
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said:  
"Too bad, too bad; I here must wait  
While they measure the breadth of this open gate.  
Ah! it is only nine by six, I see!  
Too narrow, too narrow, alas, for me!"  
And she sighed from her quivering lips so thin,  
"I cannot get in! I cannot get in!"

## THE VIOLIN BOW.

We, of the present generation having the bow in its most perfect form, are apt to take its existence for granted, we do not think that there must have been a period when no such thing was known, and consequently fail to appreciate the difficulties in the way of its discovery or invention. With some other instruments it is different. For wind instruments we have a prototype in the human voice, and one may reasonably suppose that the trumpet class were evolved by slow process from the simple action of placing the hands on either side of the mouth to augment a shout. The harp may have been suggested by the twanging of a bow string as an arrow left the archer's hand, and a seventeenth century play writer fancifully attributed the invention of string instruments to the finding of a "dead horse head." Here, of course, would be found a complete resonance chamber and possibly some dried and stretched sinews quite sufficient to suggest lute-like instruments to men of genius such as must have formed a much larger proportion of the world's population in prehistoric times than is the case to-day, for, brilliant as our great men of art and science are, there are few who can be called originators in the simplest meaning of the word.

Thus, then, we have wind instruments, harps and lutes; but the bow eludes us. If we are determined to find a suggestion in nature, we must turn to certain insects of the cricket and grasshopper tribe. Many of these, in particular the locusts, are thorough fiddlers, using their long hind-leg as a bow across the edge of the hollow wing-case to produce the familiar chirping sound.

Naturally, the strings are absent, but here is to be found a perfect example of the excitation of frictional vibration. Whether this was actually what suggested the bow is another matter.

For my own part, while admitting that in close observation of nature our early forefathers were probably supreme, I prefer to think that the innate conception of the bow was latent in the human mind, and only waited some fortunate accident of observation to start it into being.

I am aware, however, that this is a highly unscientific position to take up.

That there should be so little in the way of adequate record concerning the development of this indispensable adjunct of the violin is not a matter of great wonderment, for, as has elsewhere been shown, the earlier bowed instruments were of such primitive construction, and, consequently, so weak in tone that they were totally unsuited to the purposes of ceremonial or pageantry: two subjects which form prominent features in ancient pictorial representations. And if we come to what we fondly term "more civilized" times, we find such crude drawings of early viol and kindred instruments that we must not be surprised if such an apparently unimportant detail as the bow should receive still more perfunctory treatment at the hands of the artist.

We must also remember that the word "fiddlesticks" is still applied to anything that is beneath contempt in its utter lack of importance.

Undoubtedly the idea of exciting vibrations in a stretched string by means of friction is one of great antiquity; so much so, indeed, that the question of origin becomes merely one of conjecture. True, the majority of writers look upon

the bow as a development of the plectrum, but this is a theory that I must confess does not strike me as being satisfactorily probable. To paraphrase a popular expression, "fingers were made before plectra," the latter being an "improvement" on nature's contrivance. And I see no reasonable objection to the supposition that friction may have been used as a means of tone-production prior to the introduction of the plectrum.

The great dissimilarity between the production of sound by plucking, and that by friction is such that I see no occasion to evolve one from the other and consider their introduction most probably coeval.

When we come to the direct percussion of a string, as in the dulcimer, piano, etc., we at once perceive a possible connection between the hammer of the one and the rod or bow of the other; the accidental colliding of the bow with the strings of its accompanying instrument would soon suggest experiments ending in the forming of dulcimer-like instruments. But if we grant that the art of plucking a string had first advanced as far as the substitution of a plectrum for what Mace calls the "numble end of the flesh," I fail to see how such an implement could suggest the friction of a string, as, if short enough for manipulation in its original use, it would not be long enough to excite the continuous vibrations characteristic of the bow.

I do not accept the theory of a long plectrum used for pizzicato purposes, as I consider, with Engel, that such an implement would have been unmanageably clumsy even for the primitive music of the ancients. Whenever I see a rod, as in the accompanying drawing of the Assyrian Trigonon, I maintain that its purpose was to excite frictional vibrations.

The method of performance readily suggests itself in this case, and it will be seen that it would be quite possible and convenient for the player to pass his rod—probably a rough-surfaced reed—between the strings. I do not think it could have been used for percussion as, in that case, it would have surely had some hammer-like projection at its end; a salient feature hardly to be missed by the artist as were the less obtrusive details of the true bow in later ages.

We are all familiar with the oft-repeated anecdote of Paganini's playing with a light reed stem, and I remember having seen at Christmas festivities in country homesteads, the village fiddler playing a brisk old-time tune with the long stem of his clay pipe; also, quite recently, I read an account of an "artiste" who charmed her enlightened audiences with her performances on the violin by using a variety of heterogeneous objects in lieu of the conventional bow, including a stick of sealing wax and a candle.

Now, I do not wish to prove that the implement held by the benign Assyrian is either of the last-named articles, but merely to draw attention to the fact that friction-tone is producible without the aid of a "bow" proper.

HENRY SAINT-GEORGE.

The new Emperor of Russia is passionately fond of music; and, as an amateur, he plays very well on the violin and piano.

## WOMEN COMPOSERS.

Up to the present time women who attempted to write symphonies or operas have failed dismally. In composing sentimental songs, however, they have been far more successful. The Cleveland Ledger recently gave the following in this connection: "Lady Jane Scott gave to the musical world 'Annie Laurie.' The old Baroness still lives in England, and is well known for her devotion to the Crimean heroes. Lady Arthur Hill is the author of that charming ballad, 'In the Gloaming,' and Mrs. Elizabeth Morton is responsible for that languorous melody, 'Juanita.' Lady Scott Gattie composed 'Douglas, Tender and True,' and 'Maryland, My Maryland,' owed the thrill of its spirited tune to a woman. Mrs. Fitzgerald made the melody of 'I Remember, I Remember,' and the musical pathos of 'Auld Robin Gray' originated in the brain of Lady Ann Lindsay, and 'We'd Better Bide a Wee' was the work of a woman. Lady Nairne wrote 'Campbells are Coming,' 'Land of the Leal,' and also 'Laird of Cock Pen,' which with the other famous air, 'Ben Bolt,' has been moved to memory by 'Trilby.' Johanna Bullie is another woman from the land of the heather who wrote 'Woo'd and Married.'"

## A FOUNT OF MUSIC.

A new song, beautifully set to music by Mr. J. Lewis Browne, of Toronto, who is the composer of many grand works. "A Fount of Music" is sure to become very popular. It is published by Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, and for sale at the Conservatory music store.

Lift up the curtains of thine eyes

And let their light outshine!

Let me adore the mysteries

Of those mild orbs of thine,

Which every queenly calm do roll

Attuned to an ordered soul!

Open they lips yet once again,

And, while my soul doth hush

With awe, pour forth that holy strain

Which seemeth me to gush

A fount of music, running o'er

From thy deep spirit's inmost core!

The melody that dwells in thee

Begets in me as well

A spiritual harmony,

A mild and blessed spell;

Far, far from earth's atmosphere

I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

—James Russell Lowell.

Miss Minnie Shaw will give an organ recital Saturday, Jan. 11, 1896, assisted by Miss McCarty, Miss Griffith, Miss Graham, and Miss Daly, of Montreal. Judging from the programme a most artistic performance may be expected. It is a pity that we are not more often given an opportunity of enjoying similar entertainments by our local organists.

Julia Stuart is booked at Martin's opera house for three nights, commencing Monday, Jan. 6. We predict good houses, as she is well known to the Kingston theater-goers.

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