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The Arion,

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EDITORIAL.

We have received in reply to our editorial of last issue, with reference to the granting of degrees in music, a communication from Dr. Strathy, who occupies the seemingly nominal position of a Professor's Chair at the University of Trinity College. In this letter the Doctor says he thinks it a matter of regret that we did not first enquire as to whether such a Chair was not already in existence before suggesting its establishment. Then he goes on to say that he is not surprised, however, as it has never been made known by advertising, and we add particularly so since, during the twenty years and over of its existence, no single person, either in or out of the college, as far as we are able to discover, has ever taken any sort of a degree whatever. The learned Doctor then goes on to say that lectures were delivered last year, but that on account of the non-interest of the students, whom he suggests were probably deterred from giving in their names on account of the *small fee* demanded of them, they were discontinued. This fee, we understand, consists of two dollars and a half per term from each student, to be supplemented by as much more from the college funds; a further condition being that the class must not consist of less than ten members, which, in the aggregate, would amount to fifty dollars per term. But this money not forthcoming, the lectures were dropped, &c. However, all this reference to the lectures to a small class of students in Trinity College has nothing whatever to do with what we are advocating; but as we reprinted the article from *Rouge et Noir*, we willingly give the Doctor's letter place. And now, e'er the point of advocacy be lost sight of and buried under a mountain of subjects foreign to the issue, let us return. We repeat that both for the protection of the public, and the qualified professional man, a simple means is needed whereby the professional status and ability of the candidate shall be determined. The Royal Academy of London has lately adopted a plan which promises to work well. An examiner (this year Mr. Brindley Richards, so well known to young piano players) has been appointed to go on circuit through England for the purpose of examining, and granting or withholding certificates, to *amateur* candidates; this, it is thought, will be a check upon charlatany and quackery in music, and reach, by a measuring of the pupils instead of the teacher, the ability of the latter. The pupils having spent their time and money are willing and glad to have their proficiency passed upon, and readily offer themselves for an examination, from the consequences of which the pretensions and ignorant teachers naturally

shrink. Thus by their fruits shall the trees be known. But to return to the Chair of Music in Trinity College, the Doctor has, by his own admission occupied the Chair of Music at the only University whose charter empowers it to grant degrees in music in Canada for twenty years past. This has given him a position which he has not been slow to utilize in his outside professional work to its utmost value, and we find that unless the dollars are forthcoming there is to be nothing in return for this position. In this respect the Doctor stultifies his opportunities, and while he is quite willing to reap all the benefits which his position at the University undoubtedly bestows upon him, he yet rises no higher than any ordinary music teacher, who, for his fees, is willing to teach a class. In a new country, such as Canada, the Arts, and Sciences, too, require, for their fostering and development, something more than dead formality and empty sound, and, although the task may be a difficult one, we boldly state that he who cannot rise above the level of dollars and cents, can never invest the one or the other with that warmth and living interest essential to its successful development. Again we urge, let us have a Chair of Music at one of our large Universities. Let its office and functions be a living influence and not a dead formality. We shall be glad to hear any suggestions on the subjects from correspondents, whether musicians or not.

FURTHER on will be found a letter signed "A Member of Jarvis Street Baptist Church." In it the writer says "I ask, as a matter of justice, &c.," but fails to say what he asks. We, however, publish the letter as we received it, reserving to ourselves the right to reply thereto. First, we desire to point out that the paragraph complained of is no insinuation, but an open proposition, which may or may not be true, and we are glad to find that the "Member of Jarvis Street Baptist Church" agrees with us in regarding the proposition, if true, as a "dishonorable trick." But "Member" must have seen that this proposition was followed by another, neither of which are necessarily true, *both* of which can not be. "Member" assures us that Mr. Clarke neither wrote nor inspired the letter, and proceeds to tell us that that gentleman is as far above such a "trick" as an art journal should be above making such an insinuation. We repeat that the open proposition contained no insinuation, but since we are attacked we feel justified in asking "Member of Jarvis Street Baptist Church" how he accounts for the singular fact that much of the substance of the letter signed "A Lover of Music," appeared upon the back of the circulars which Mr. Clarke distributed, and we believe continues to distribute in Toronto.

THE GLOBE'S CRITICISM.

FOR a long series of years the *Globe* has been conspicuous for its want of feeling for Art of any kind. Once in a while it would blaze out in some high art criticism (probably contributed) concerning some talented but transient artist, while side by side would appear a notice (nota criticism) of some local affair carried out wholly by amateurs, unskillful as presumptuous, in which the same laudatory language, minus criticism is used. This is not so much the fault of the local reporter (styled musical critic), who in his ignorance of the subject is carried away by his individual taste and writes according to the dim light of his small knowledge, as it is that of the editor or proprietor who fails to see, not only the incongruity but the absurdity of such a state of things. When Miss Jukes and John Snooke find that the same excellence is attributed to them as to Gerster or Campanini they naturally presume upon it, and that portion of the public whose tastes are uninformed, looking to the press for light on the subject, are misled. When, as appeared in a *Globe* notice of an amateur concert not long since, a lady is spoken of as an "eminent pianist and composer," (her works known to the world, consisting of a galop or so, in which the tonic and dominant chords about make up the whole). What shall we say of Liszt, Rubinstein and Joseffy. Alas, we can only add, *so are they!* No, we mistake, for although the latter has written many excellent compositions he is not entitled to rank as an *eminent* composer. During our professional career of over twelve years in Toronto, the *Globe* has been uniformly courteous to us, personally. Our remarks are therefore not attributable to anger or irritation on our part, and indeed since we are not Atlas we should be very sorry to have that (in every other respect eminently able paper come down upon our shoulders simply because we have been courageous enough to say, not only what *we*, but also what every other *musician*, whether professional or *diletanti*, both says and thinks. Toronto aspires to be a metropolis, a new era is opening in the world of Music, Art and Literature in Canada, and such a state of things as that of which we complain, may be laughed at and excused in a Western country town, but is disgraceful to a city of the size and pretensions of Toronto. It may be argued that the great dailies cannot give that attention to matters of art which they demand, and that it falls within the province of art journals to attend to those things. This is very true, and where there is no competent critic on the staff of the paper, it would therefore be far safer to publish only a notice of the facts, without any opinions of the reporter as to the merits or demerits of the performers, or the performance.

A wealthy Cincinnati packer, who attended the theatre recently, said that he could not understand why it took so long to dress a certain actor, when he could dress a hog in eight minutes.

ROSSINI.

II.

An important step in Rossini's early career was his connection with the widely known impresario of the San Carlo, Naples, Barbaja. He was under contract to produce two new operas annually, to rearrange all old scores, and to conduct at all of the theatres ruled by this manager. He was to receive two hundred ducats a month, and a share in the profits of the bank of the San Carlo gambling-saloon. His first opera composed here was "Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra," which was received with a genuine Neapolitan *furor*. Rossini was feted and caressed by the ardent *diletanti* of this city to his heart's content, and was such an idol of the "fickle fair" that his career on more than one occasion narrowly escaped an untimely close, from the prejudice of jealous spouses. The composer was very vain of his handsome person, and boasted of his *escapades d'amour*. Many, too, will recall his *mot*, spoken to a beauty standing between himself and the Duke of Wellington: "Madame, how happy should you be to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe!"

One of Rossini's adventures at Naples has in it something of romance. He was sitting in his chamber, humming one of his own operatic airs, when the ugliest Mercury he had ever seen entered and gave him a note, then instantly withdrew. This, of course, was a tender invitation, and an assignation at a romantic spot in the suburb. On arriving Rossini sang his *aria* for a signal, and from the gate of a charming park surrounding a small villa appeared his beautiful and unknown inamorata. On parting it was agreed that the same messenger should bring notice of the second appointment. Rossini suspected that the lady, in disguise, was her own envoy, and verified the guess by following the light-footed page. He then discovered that she was the wife of a wealthy Sicilian, widely noted for her beauty, and one of the reigning toasts. On renewing his visit, he had barely arrived at the gate of the park, when a carbine-bullet grazed his head, and two masked assailants sprang toward him with drawn rapiers, a proceeding which left Rossini no option but to take to his heels, as he was unarmed.

During the composer's residence at Naples he was made acquainted with many of the most powerful princes and nobles of Europe, and his name became a recognized factor in European music, though his works were not widely known outside of his native land. His reputation for genius spread by report, for all who came in contact with the brilliant, handsome Rossini were charmed. That which placed his European fame on a solid basis was the production of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" at Rome during the carnival season of 1816.

Years before Rossini had thought of setting the sparkling comedy of Beaumarchais to music, and Sterbini, the author of the *libretto* used by Paisiello, had proposed to rearrange the story. Rossini, indeed, had been so complaisant as to write to the older composer for permission to set fresh music to the comedy; a concession not needed, for the plays of Metastasio had been used by different musicians without scruple. Paisiello intrigued against the new opera, and organized a conspiracy to kill it on the first night. Sterbini

made the libretto totally different from the other, and Rossini finished the music in thirteen days, during which he never left the house. "Not even did I get shaved," he said to a friend. "It seems strange that through the 'Barber' you should have gone without shaving." "If I had shaved," Rossini explained, "I should have gone out; and, if I had gone out, I should not have come back in time."

The first performance was a curious scene. The Argentina Theatre was packed with friends and foes. One of the greatest of tenors, Garcia, the father of Malibran and Pauline Viardot, sang Almaviva. Rossini had been weak enough to allow Garcia to sing a Spanish melody for a serenade, for the latter urged the necessity of vivid national and local color. The tenor had forgotten to tune his guitar, and in the operation on the stage a string broke. This gave the signal for a tumult of ironical laughter and hisses. The same hostile atmosphere continued during the evening. Even Madame Georgi-Righetti, a great favorite of the Romans, was coldly received by the audience. In short, the opera seemed likely to be damned.

When the singers went to condole with Rossini, they found him enjoying a luxurious supper with the gusto of the gourmet that he was. Settled in his knowledge that he had written a masterpiece, he could not be disturbed by unjust clamor. The next night the fickle Romans made ample amends, for the opera was concluded amid the warmest applause, even from the friends of Paisiello.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere," within six months, was performed on nearly every stage in Europe, and received universally with great admiration. It was only in Paris, two years afterward, that there was some coldness in its reception. Every one said that after Paisiello's music on the same subject it was nothing, when it was suggested that Paisiello's should be revived. So the St. Petersburg "Barbiere" of 1788 was produced, and beside Rossini's it proved so dull, stupid, and antiquated that the public instantly recognized the beauties of the work which they had persuaded themselves to ignore. Yet for this work, which placed the reputation of the young composer on a lofty pedestal, he received only two thousand francs.

Our composer took his failures with great phlegm and good nature, based, perhaps, on an invincible self-confidence. When his "Sigismonde" had been hissed at Venice, he sent his mother a *fiasco* (bottle). In the last instance he sent her, on the morning succeeding the first performance, a letter with a picture of a *fiashetto* (little bottle).

III.

The same year (1816) was produced at Naples the opera of "Otello," which was an important point of departure in the reforms introduced by Rossini on the Italian stage. Before speaking further of this composer's career, it is necessary to admit that every valuable change furthered by him had already been inaugurated by Mozart, a musical genius so great that he seems to have included all that went before; all that succeeded him. It was not merely that Rossini enriched the orchestration to such a degree, but, revolting from the delay of the dramatic movement, caused by the great number of arias written for each character, he gave large prominence to the concerted pieces, and used

them where monologue had formerly been the rule. He developed the basso and baritone parts, giving them marked importance in serious opera, and worked out the choruses and finales with the most elaborate finish.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe, a celebrated connoisseur and admirer of the old school, wrote of these innovations, ignoring the fact that Mozart had given the weight of his great authority to them before the daring young Italian composer:

"The construction of these newly-invented pieces is essentially different from the old. The dialogue, which used to be carried on in recitative, and which, in Metastasio's operas, is often so beautiful and interesting, and now cut up (and rendered unintelligible if it were worth listening to) into *pezzi concertati*, or long singing conversations, which present a tedious succession of unconnected, ever-changing motives, having nothing to do with each other; and if a satisfactory air is for a moment introduced, which the ear would like to dwell upon, to hear modulated, varied, and again returned to, it is broken off, before it is well understood, by a sudden transition in an entirely different melody; time, and key, and recurs no more, so that no impression can be made, or recollection of it preserved. Single songs are almost exploded. . . . Even the *prima donna*, who formerly would have complained at having less than three or four airs allotted to her, is now satisfied with having one single *cavatina* given to her during the whole opera."

In "Otello," Rossini introduced his operatic changes to the Italian public, and they were well received; yet great opposition was manifested by those who clung to the time-honored canons. Sigismondi, of the Naples Conservatory; was horror-stricken on first seeing the score of this opera. The clarionets were too much for him, but on seeing third and fourth horn-parts, he exclaimed: "What does the man want? The greatest of our composers have always been contented with two. Shades of Pergolesi, of Leo, of Jomelli! How they must shudder at the bare thought! Four horns! Are we at a hunting-party? Four horns! Enough to blow us to perdition!" Donizetti, who was Sigismondi's pupil, also tells an amusing incident of his preceptor's disgust. He was turning over a score of "Semiramide" in the library, when the *maestro* came in and asked him what music it was. "Rossini's," was the answer: Sigismondi glanced at the page and saw 1. 2. 3. trumpets; being the first, second, and third trumpet parts. Aghast, he shouted, stuffing his fingers in his ears, "One hundred and twenty-three trumpets! *Corpo di Cristo!* the world's gone mad, and I shall go mad too!" And so he rushed from the room, muttering to himself about the hundred and twenty-three trumpets.

The Italian public, in spite of such criticisms, very soon accepted the opera of "Otello" as the greatest serious opera ever written for their stage. It owed much, however, to the singers who illustrated its roles. Mme. Colbran, afterward Rossini's wife, sang Desdemona, and Davide, Otello. The latter was the predecessor of Rubini as the finest singer of the Rossinian music. He had the prodigious compass of three octaves; and M. Bertin, a French critic, says of this singer, so honorably linked with the career of our composer: "He is full of warmth, *verve*, energy, expression and musical sentiment; alone he can fill up and give life to a scene; it is impossible for another singer to carry away the audience as he does, and, when he will only be simple, he is admirable. He is the Rossini of song; he is the greatest singer I ever heard." Lord Byron, in one of his letters to Moore, speaks of the first production at Milan, and praises the music enthusiastically, while condemning the libretto as a degradation of Shakspeare.

(To be Continued.)

THE FIRST OPERA.

A few days ago I received an unexpected visit from my friend, Charles Emerson. We had not met for some time; for such is the state of the art that, although one of the first musicians of the day, and a composer of no ordinary genius, he has been compelled to reside for the last three years in a small country town, devoting his youthful energy to the monotonous duties of an organist's situation, and the professorship of two young ladies' boarding-schools. We had, of course, much to say to each other on matters musical; and in the course of the evening, he related to me the fate of his first and only opera. I had just thrown together a few remarks on the obstacles opposed to the progress of music in England, by the absurd attempt to unite opera and the drama in the same establishment, when it struck me that this simple narration would far more forcibly illustrate the fact. As we had grown exceedingly confidential, and he did not disguise from me a single event, I feel that I cannot do better than endeavour to relate his story as nearly as possible in his own words.

"I need scarcely tell you" (he commenced) "with what glowing anticipations of future eminence I folded up my first opera, and sent it, forthwith, to one of the principal theatres. The music had been seen and praised by many whose opinion I had a right to be proud of, and I was young and sanguine enough to imagine that this was a sufficient guarantee for its instant production. I waited long and anxiously. At length it was returned to me, so clean, so unruffled—that, had it not been for the enclosed note, I should have imagined that it had been scarcely opened. Nothing daunted, however I sent it to another, and in turn, to every theatre in London, but with no better success. I was just beginning to despair, when I accidentally met with a gentleman, at a party, who had some influence at one of the chief theatres. This gentleman, it appeared, had been mainly instrumental in presenting the lessee with a testimonial from the company, in honour of his having paid them their salaries. He was kind enough to take me by the hand, and having introduced my opera at the very establishment to which I had first sent it, I had shortly the satisfaction of receiving a letter requesting that I would call on the acting manager in the course of the week.

"I had, as you may imagine, like most persons who have seen little of theatres, magnificent ideas of the fairy regions to which I was now about to be conducted; so that I was not a little disappointed when, on entering the stage-door, I beheld a miserable, dirty lobby, with a door leading into a gloomy passage, and on which was the announcement that nobody could be admitted except on business. A large card-rack, alphabetically divided, and full of letters and cards, was fastened close to the wall, and several fire-pails were arranged systematically over the door.

"As nobody took the slightest notice of me, I addressed a man who was eating at a rickety table in a corner, and inquired if Mr. Medium was there. Without at all disturbing himself from his repast, he replied that he was there, but couldn't be seen.

"This was rather chilling; but I instantly renewed the attack.

"At what time," said I, "will he be disengaged?"

"Don't know," said he,—"May be two—may be three o'clock;—can't say at all."

"Feeling that I was entirely at the mercy of these men,

I resolved to suppress the chagrin I felt at this reception, and seating myself upon a bench near the fire, patiently awaited my time. Whilst I remained there, many persons passed through the lobby, and vanished, with a professional air, through the mysterious door. Occasionally a magnificent equipage would drive up, and an elegantly-dressed lady, alighting from it, would brush past me, followed by a fierce-looking gentleman, with a small horsewhip in his hand, who seemed disposed to revenge the slightest attempt at insult. At length my patience was quite exhausted, and seizing a person who was passing through, I asked him if he would take my card to Mr. Medium. He was evidently struck by my determined air, and replied that he would if he could see him. Another half hour passed, and I was about to quit, in utter desperation, when the door opened half-way, and a man called out, 'Person waitin' for Mr. Medium?' I rushed forward, and, following my conductor through a number of dark passages, and across what I supposed to be the stage, was ushered into the presence of the acting manager. As soon as I entered the room, he rose, bowed politely, and unlocking a drawer, drew forth my manuscript, and addressed me thus:—

"Mr. Emerson, I am happy to inform you that your opera has been approved.' (I bowed.) 'But I must also tell you that many alterations will be necessary.' (I shuddered.) 'In the first place, we have no second tenor that we can depend upon: and I would, consequently, recommend you to cut the whole of *his* music out. In the next place, the *scena* in the first act, and the long trio in the forest scene, would never be stood by a theatrical audience, depend upon it."

"But, sir," I ventured to say, "these very pieces have been pronounced by musicians to be amongst the best things in the opera."

"Very likely," replied he, advancing towards me, and speaking kindly; "very likely indeed; but, my dear sir, these were the opinions of *musicians only*; and, in a house devoted solely to music, would of course be of the greatest value. *Here* you must not forget that we are in a *Theatre*: we have to act to boxes, pit and gallery—and, when you have had as much experience as I have in these things, you will thank me for the advice I am about to give you. Take your opera home—make the alterations required—and think yourself exceedingly lucky to get before the public in any way."

"I felt that these words were spoken from the heart, and, warmly taking him by the hand, I promised to obey him implicitly. I took the manuscript away, cut and altered it to order, and, in a week from my interview with Mr. Medium, it was actually put into rehearsal.

"It will be unnecessary to detain you with an account of the various miseries I had to undergo before its production. Without possessing any real qualifications for the office, I found myself compelled to act as universal pacificator to the company—and as, during the whole of the rehearsals, no sooner was one petty jealousy appeased than another arose to supply its place, you may imagine that I had no easy time of it.

"At length the eventful evening arrived, and, with a palpitating heart, I took my seat in a private-box. The overture began; every bar was listened to with breathless

attention, and the curtain rose to a whirlwind of applause. The opening chorus was well received, and on the entrance of the Princess (*my prima donna*), surrounded by her attendants, the whole house literally cheered her. I threw myself back in the chair, and anxiously awaited the effect of my first song. It was encored. From this point the enthusiasm of the audience gradually increased, and the judicious and hearty applause bestowed upon the opera throughout, fully proved to me the fallacy of the observation that we are not a musical nation. The success was, indeed, complete, and at the conclusion, two or three of the principal singers were summoned before the curtain. I was in the act of quitting my box, when Mr. Medium rushed towards me, without saying a word, and pulled me, by main force, through a private door and down a flight of stairs. I now heard my name repeatedly called throughout the theatre, and, scarcely knowing how I got there, I found myself upon the stage. I have an indistinct recollection of bowing before a sea of heads, and seeing a number of white handkerchiefs in the distance. As soon as I could get free, I went into the green-room. The first person I caught sight of was the Lessee endeavouring to hide behind a door; and when I entered the room, expecting to be overwhelmed with congratulations, a number of actors, who were talking earnestly together, appeared scarcely to notice my presence. Those singers, however, who had been called before the curtain, advanced and shook me cordially by the hand, but all the rest, without exception, had retired from the stage to their dressing-rooms; and although I waited for some time, not one appeared in the green-room during the rest of the evening.

“The reception of the opera had been so triumphant, that I was totally unable to account for this extraordinary behaviour on the part of the company, and it was not without some vague misgivings that I at length quitted the theatre for the evening. Half an hour’s cool reflection convinced me that I had nothing to fear, and I sought the repose of my own lodgings with a fixed determination to think no more.

“The next morning the bills informed the public that the opera, having been ‘decidedly successful,’ would be repeated that evening and the next. As red letters and monster placards were matters unknown to me, I imagined, in my innocence, that such a simple announcement was all that could be desired. In this happy frame of mind, therefore, I entered a coffee-room, and blandly ordering a cup of coffee, proceeded to read my fate in the morning journals. The critiques were peculiar, and somewhat contradictory. One commenced by laying before its readers what somebody had said about music in the sixteenth century, and then came what somebody else had said upon what *he* said. This was followed by a history of the introduction of the Italian opera into England, and a brief sketch of the life of Handel. At the conclusion of this vast parade were a few lines upon my opera, declaring it to have been well received, giving a correct list of the characters, and awarding much praise to the scene-painter. Another spoke so learnedly of the music that it quite frightened me. I solemnly declare that half the terms used I had never heard of before: and if (as they concluded by saying,) the ‘noble Marquis’ and

the ‘illustrious Count’ *did* applaud so energetically from their private-boxes, I am exceedingly glad that they had such faithful chroniclers, for the fact had quite escaped my observation. A third critic advised me, in a friendly way to avoid identifying myself with the ‘severe German school;’ and a fourth begged to suggest that Rossini, although a great man himself, was by no means a good model for a young composer. In fact, many hints were thrown out to guide me in my future career; and if I did not rise from the table a wiser man, it was only because one piece of advice so neutralized another, that I was really perplexed which to follow.

“As I had been told that so much depended upon the second night of a new opera, it was with no little trepidation that I took my seat, at seven o’clock, in a stage-box, and glanced around at the house. It was tolerably full, but it struck me that there was an absence of that warmth and predisposition to be amused amongst the audience which I had observed on the preceding evening. A coldness appeared to reign throughout the theatre, and even the orchestra seemed to partake of the general epidemic. No sooner had the opera commenced, however, than the people began to thaw; and had the execution of the music been at all equal to that of the previous night, I have no doubt that the applause would have been as unanimous. It was true that those who played the first-rate characters exerted themselves to the utmost, but *all* those who acted subordinate ones appeared scarcely able to utter a note. To make matters worse, too, the failure of voice was not the only thing—for they seemed actually to have forgotten every line that was set down for them. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the success of the opera was unequivocal, and I had now, of course, every reason to imagine that it was fully established in public favour.

“As soon as I made my appearance in the green-room excuses poured upon me from all quarters. One lady (who played the constant attendant upon the Princess) had been suddenly attacked with a violent cold, which rendered singing exceedingly dangerous—especially (she said) the *very high* music I had written for her. Another, who played a young peasant girl, (a nice little part, I assure you) had just heard of the death of an intimate friend in the country, and the news had so preyed upon her mind that she feared she should be compelled to give up the character for a week to compose herself. A baritone singer, who had much to do in the concerted pieces, had been drenched to the skin, he said, the night before, and had been forced to sit in his wet clothes, which had materially impaired his voice. In short, so serious was the list of casualties, that had it not been for the *prima donna*, first tenor, and principal bass (who were all in excellent health and spirits), I should have trembled for the fate of my opera.

“As I was about to leave the green-room, my attention was drawn to a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, surrounded by a group of listeners, who was declaring that it was his decided intention to electrify the audience forthwith:—that few actors understood how to portray the noble Roman character in all its phases, and that whenever and wherever *he* had acted, there had not been a dry eye in the house. At another part of the room, the principal low comedian and a very pretty girl (evidently the first fascinator of the com-

pany) were mutually complaining that they had not been on the stage for nine successive nights, and regretting that the Lessee had not sufficient discernment to discover where real talent was to be found.

"I left the theatre that evening in a meditative mood. Although at that time I knew but little of the mysteries of dramatic politics, I had just heard enough to convince me that all was not going on right, without precisely knowing what was wrong. The vision of the tall gentleman, habited in the flowing robes of a Roman, and making tears to flow at will, would occasionally steal across my mind: and the low comedian and the pretty girl I had seen together in the green-room appeared to reproach me for conspiring to keep them from the stage. I had evidently committed a crime against one portion of the company by not having written all the parts equal, and against the other portion by having written an opera at all. As I wheeled my arm-chair closer to the fire, however, and drew the window-curtains of my little study, I began gradually to arrive at a more comfortable frame of mind, and feeling convinced that, notwithstanding these minor difficulties, nothing could occur to interrupt the career of so successful a production, I resolved to dismiss at once all useless suspicion, and employ myself in the more agreeable task of conjuring up bright visions of the future. Full of these pleasant reflections, I retired to rest, and dreamed that I was being presented with a silver *baton* in the presence of the audience.

"I arose in the morning in a good humor with everything and everybody, and went out for a walk. The air was delightfully refreshing, and, my ideas flowing freely, I had almost concluded a grand chorus of brigands, when a bill of the evening's performance at the theatre suddenly riveted me to the spot. I could scarcely believe my eyes: there was no mention of my opera; and the announcement ran thus:—

LEGITIMATE DRAMA IN THE ASCENDANT.

his evening will be acted the classical play, in five acts, called

A ROMAN'S SACRIFICE,

OR THE PATRIOT'S DOOM.

After which a new interlude, entitled,

PRETTY LITTLE PRATTLERS.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

GONE TO JERICHOL!

"I never wrote a second opera.

"A few months afterwards an organist's situation was vacant in the country. I became a candidate, was elected to the office, and have now quietly settled down into a teacher. My leisure time is chiefly occupied in writing songs for young ladies, and dedicating them to their mothers."—*Henry C. Lunn.*

ANECDOTES.

HERSCHEL AND WAINWRIGHT.—Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was originally brought up to his father's profession, that of a musician, and accompanied a German regiment to England as one of the band, performing on the hautboy. While acting in this humble capacity, in the north of England, a new organ was built for the parish church of Halifax, by Snetzler which was opened with an oratorio by the well known Joah Bates. Mr. Herschel and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed on which

each was to perform in rotation; when Mr. Wainwright of Manchester, played, his fingering was so rapid that old Snetzler the organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, "He run over de key like one cat, he will not give my pipes time to speak."

During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschel, inquired of him what chance he had of following him. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced such an uncommon richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the one hundredth psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cries old Snetzler, "thish ish very goot—very goot intect. I will lief dis man; he gives my pipes room for to speak."

Herschel being asked by what means he produced such an astonishing effect, replied: "I told you fingers would not do," and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above, and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the harmony of four hands, instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschel the situation, but he had too many other higher objects in view to suffer him long to retain it.

A GOOD BARGAIN.—Mr. L., a well-known professional singer in the metropolis, one day entered a cheese monger's shop to make a purchase.

"Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the master, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped.

"Plenty, sir, a great pile of it." Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business.

"Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken, "Will you sell this? What would you ask for it?"

"Twopence half penny per pound," answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon queerness of his customer; you can have it as waste paper at that price if you like."

Mr. L. readily assented, and thus purchased for a few shillings thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments of the best, viz., Arnold's edition. Henceforth let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the trunkmakers and chandlers, &c.

STUDIO NOTES.

This may be said to be the season of harvest for the painter, or rather for the painter's patrons, for now is the time of year in which artists' exhibitions most abound. In London, the 1st of May sees annually the throwing open the great galleries of Burlington House to the public, and the rush of all classes of visitors is invariably enormous. In fact, so great is the eagerness to inspect the great pictures of the year that special policemen have to be detailed to remain by them to prevent the crush from resulting in the actual destruction of the objects of curiosity and enthusiasm. Paris, too, about the same time, opens her immense display of contemporary French, and, indeed, cosmopolitan Art in her grand *Salon*. New York, with the proverbial American eagerness to get ahead of creation, opened her annual exhibition in the National Academy of Design early in

April. Montreal has this week closed her spring exhibition of Canadian Art, which has been ably described as small, but choice in quality. This, too, it should be remembered, is not assuming that the advance is from a low starting point by any means, for, in the grand gathering at Philadelphia in 1876, Canada came out very creditably in her art effort, in fact, ranking well even with the older nations, particularly in that charming and difficult branch of art, watercolour painting. Comparatively, Canada won higher honors in this art than any nation except three others. It is a pity that this fact is not better known, as were it so, our painters could not fail to be better appreciated and supported than they are.

To return, however, to our spring exhibitions, Toronto looks forward eagerly, as becomes her relationship to Britain's metropolis, to her vernal display, which is to open on the 11th of May, and comprises the Art Union Exhibition as well as the general work of Canadian Artists for the year. The prospects so far are very promising, and should the collection reach the point of excellence which seems to be indicated by the specimens we have thus far been favoured by a glance at in the studios, it will indeed be surprising, not to say disgusting, if the public be not largely attracted. Never before has there been such promise. Nor will the display be confined to small canvasses. We expect to notice the exhibition in our next number, and describe the stories told by the brush by the efforts of the pen. There is, however, scarcely a more disheartening task for the writer, if he truly feels his subject, must ever be overcome by the thought of the weakness of his otherwise "mighty" weapon for purposes of descriptive story telling, when compared with that softer, but far more vivid story-teller, the brush. In this connection the pictures of Mr. J. A. Fraser, Mr. H. Pirie, Mr. R. Harris, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. T. Martin, Mr. Buthon and many others will naturally come to the recollection of all who have visited the exhibitions of past years.

Mr. Fraser's fishing scenes on the Bay of Chaleur; Mr. Pirie's lovely pastorals; Mr. Harris' powerfully drawn and painted figures and portraits, each and all are histories, songs or stories in themselves, many of them are food for contemplation of the thoughtful mind, hour by hour, and still new thoughts will rise, new beauties be discovered, and new truths forced upon the observation of the student of nature as he reads those lines, drawn as they are, not by type set by the compositors' stick, but by the deftly guided pencil of the earnest artist, inspired by nature in her most charming and attractive guise.

In watercolours especially, will be found our old friends Fowler, Cresswell, Martin, O'Brien, Hannaford, Matthews, Gagen, Griffiths, Baigent, Riveil and others, with a range of subject; sketching from the poor, dead bird and budding flower, to the grandest mountain scenes, and embracing scenes of ocean and of war. The students of the Ontario School of Art will also participate and do their part towards the attractive spread, many of their better drawings being retained from their exhibition of last month. This spring should show us whether the kindly and paternal efforts of our Governor General and Her Royal Highness towards fostering and developing art in Canada, are likely to bear fruit in the future.

It may be early to venture an opinion, but we think it

safe to predict that the earnest of Canada's art effort for 1881, and which should reach its culminating point at Halifax in July, will be very flatteringly shadowed forth in our Toronto May meeting.

The Art School whose exhibition was in progress as we went to press last month, has concluded a most successful winter's work. The gathering in the rooms to witness the bestowal of the awarded medals, prizes and certificates to the pupils, was a very pleasant and effective affair.

The Hon. the Minister of Education was kept quite busy for some time in presenting the successful students their rewards. In a happy speech he complimented each, and particularly the Council and staff of the School, for the really excellent results, thus far attained with so little Government aid, promising to do his best to further the interests of Art education generally, and of this School in particular, and to use every effort to get it placed on a permanent footing as part of the system of Education of the great Province of Ontario. An appropriate and entertaining address was also given by Mr. Goldwin Smith, which was highly appreciated. The Gold medal for the year, given by the Education Department, for the best drawing from the Antique cast, full length figure, was very creditably won by Miss Harriet Ford, of Brockville; and the Silver medal for a drawing from the Antique, life size bust, by John C. Pinkey, of Ottawa. Miss Johnson, of Ottawa, obtained a prize given by Mr. I. E. Roberts, of Toronto, for the best design for a picture frame, and Mr. A. Alexander, of Toronto, and Miss B. Walker, of Belleville, first and second respectively, for designs for the cover to be used for the prospectus of the Art Union of Canada, in the season now coming. All these designs were very good indeed, and would alone prove the utility of the work which the sound and thorough teaching of this Art School is doing.

We have this month to congratulate the Ontario Society of Artists, upon the accession of strength which it has obtained lately in its two new members, Mr. W. Reford and Mr. Arthur Cox. The former, a gentleman whose turn seems to be for marine subjects, though he evidences much aptitude for the study of animal life. Mr. Cox is, apparently, a landscape painter, pure and simple. Both, we doubt not, will add much interest to our annual exhibitions.

The new and ambitious departure in illustrative art, as embodied in Picturesque Canada, is not yet exactly before the public—it seems to take some time to complete arrangements for a work of this description. From what we have seen though of the illustrations, comprising what the publishers call a specimen number, (though we should judge it to be so, only as regards the number and character of the illustrations which a number or part will contain), it promises to be fully equal to what has been promised, as regards the quality of work, still, let us hope that future numbers will contain a greater variety of work, and that Canadian Artists may be represented more comprehensively than this specimen would appear to indicate. That we have amongst us several men fully equal to the task, there is no doubt, and it would be a sad result, if, after all our anticipations, the work of illustration should be confined to two or three Canadian and one or two American Artists.

We can confidently assure the publishers, that in Ontario at least, their subscribers will look for many familiar names

and will be disappointed, if from hypercritical reasons, or otherwise, they do not include a fair representation of Canadian work. They should not allow the prejudices of mechanical, or even artistic engravers, publishers or draughtsmen, to prevent them from carrying out their promise to their subscribers, that it should be "a truly national work." They may rest assured that what they would gain in simply technical quality, which is a matter of grave doubt, by passing over our compatriots, they would more than lose in genuine Canadian feeling, sympathy and character. In this connection, we would not be understood to imply that we infer that it is the intention of these enterprising gentlemen to ignore the *line troops* of our little Canadian Army of Artists, but as it is well known that such intention has been attributed to them, we venture patriotically to throw the weight of the printing press into the balance, in the hope that should circumstances cause them to waver in their honest determination to carry out their promises to the public and the artists, a deciding balance may assist their judgment in the case.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

NORMAL CLASS—ORDER OF EXAMINATIONS—MID-SUMMER, 1881.

PIANO-FORTE TECHNICAL EXERCISES.—*Plaidy*.

MAJOR SCALES.—*Unison, Thirds and Sixths*.

MINOR SCALES.—*Unisons*.

CHROMATIC SCALES.—*Unisons, Minor Thirds and Contra Motion*.

STUDIES IN PHRASING AND EXPRESSION.

Selections from S. C. Heller's Etudes—*Book No. 5*.

Classical Compositions.—Selected.

Sonata op.—*Mozart*.

Sonata op. 27 (*Moonlight*)—*Beethoven*.

Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, op 14—*Mandelssoln*.

VOICE CULTURE AND SINGING.

The physiological construction of the vocal organ, the means employed for its development and cultivation.

Selection.—"O Luce di quest Anima"—*Donizetti*.

ORGAN.—Primary Studies, Manuals and Pedals.

HARMONY.—The Philosophy of Sound, Intervals, Chords of the Triad and their Inversions, Chords of the seventh—their Inversions and Resolutions—sixteen bars of an original four part song on a given bass, in dispersed Harmony.

NEW COMPOSITIONS.

PUBLISHED BY I. SUCKLING & SONS.

"Vera Valse Elegante," by G. Bonnard. A pleasing little composition which recommends itself to players of moderate ability.

Nocturne—op. II, by George Baker. An agreeably composition in B flat, quite within the reach of ordinary players, well constructed and correctly written.

COMMUNICATION.

To the editor of THE ARION.

Sir,—My attention having been called to an editorial paragraph in the April number of THE ARION, commenting on a letter which appeared a few weeks since in the *Daily Globe*, over the signature of "A Lover of Music," I ask, as a matter of justice to a gentleman as far above so dishonorable a trick as an art journal should be above making such an insinuation, that I know the writer of the letter, and know that the insinuation that Dr. Clarke might have written, or inspired it, is utterly baseless. I assume that not all the readers of THE ARION know Dr. Clarke personally, else I should regard this denial as quiet unnecessary. I enclose my card.

Yours, &c.,

A member of Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

To the Editor of THE ARION.

SIR,—To the editorial article in the April number of your paper, which I accidentally saw, allow me to make the following remarks: You say, "in our February number, we suggested the establishment of a Chair of Music at one of our larger Universities, but were not aware, at the time, that such a Chair existed, and that the power to grant degrees in music is vested in the University of Trinity College, but from an article which appears in this month's number of *Rouge et Noir*, and which we reprint, it seems that such is the case."

This is correct, but it is a matter of regret, I think, that you did not first enquire whether such a Chair existed before suggesting its establishment. I am not surprised at your not being aware that a Chair of Music and granting of degrees existed in the University of Trinity College, as it has never been advertised or made generally known in any way, and the lectures I have given there have been attended by the students of the college only, but I am surprised (although agreeing with much in his article), at the statement of the writer in *Rouge et Noir* (who I take for granted is a student or college-man), saying that there are no lectures, thereby implying also that there are no means of getting them. In making this assertion he shows he is not aware of the true state of facts. Lectures were given by me during two terms of last session, as also previously, and at the beginning of the present session notice was put up in the college that the lectures on music would commence as soon as the necessary number of students sent in their names. As the college makes a small extra charge for those attending the music lectures, I do not know whether it was that or the non-desire to study music was the reason that the required number of names were not sent in, and consequently no lectures given; but there was no lack of opportunity for the students to study music if they desired it, and the writer in *Rouge et Noir* should have known this. I shall say no more about this at present, as I intend to reply *in extenso* to the said article in *Rouge et Noir* in their next number. With your other remarks as regards an awakening on the subject, the protecting of the qualified from the ignorant pretender, &c., I heartily coincide.

Yours, &c.,

GEO. W. STRATHY, MUS. DOC.,
Professor of Music at the University
of Trinity College, Toronto.

Toronto, April 25th, 1881.