

Art Notes.

In answer to an inquiry, the *American Architect* says that plaster casts may be colored to resemble old ivory by washing them repeatedly with a warm, weak solution of gelatine, to which some transparent pigment, such as Indian yellow, with, perhaps, Mars yellow, or burnt sienna, has been added.

There is a smithy at Grundy, near Cherboung, before which swings a sign, representing a horse tied before a door. The Louvre Museum has been trying to acquire this humble symbol, for it is a precious relic—it was executed by the hand of Jean François Millet, the famous painter of the "Angelus" and the "Gleaners."

The *Revue Bleue* discusses the tendencies of modern Art as follows: It appears to us that sincerity, the supreme reason for the existence of art, is that which makes a man address others because he has something to say to them. True artists paint in order to express outwardly their spontaneous emotions, to give pleasure to themselves. They are the representatives of the doctrine, judiciously understood, of art for art's sake, and as we use this expression, it seems well to us to pause and search for the reason of its present disfavour. This is only an excessive reaction, and will probably have but a short duration, but it is so significant of our times that it merits attention. The mania of lecturing, which has become a veritable plague, furnishes a striking example of the manner in which art is disfigured through its submission to the idea. The mania of the sermon has been developed side by side with the resurrection of the mystical and idealistic tendencies, which, in painting as in literature, are a consequence of the extreme reaction from the too long of the extreme of the realistic movement. In omnipotence the reaction is only good and praiseworthy since it shows a spiritual ambition of a higher order and nobler artistic vision. But the tendency is not enough. It should find life in brains sufficiently inventive to express it in works. It is precisely this which impresses us: the too manifest lack of proportion between the ambition of artists and their powers of expression. For the representation of certain subjects a rare spiritual culture is necessary. An eye accustomed to regard paintings is soon able to discern whether a composition corresponds to the intimate and spontaneous desires of the artist who produced it, or whether, on the contrary, it is only a manifestation of an artificial state of mind which conforms to the taste of the moment, to the fashion, to the appetite for success. From such tendencies, from such disfigurements of the true artistic ideal, we turn with envy to the time when the worship of the Beautiful was its own sufficient reason and its justification. We are perfectly willing to resign all pretension to be considered modern rather than accept the idea of art which is implied by the phrase. If it is necessary to choose between the two extremes, we shall accept the one which refuses to acknowledge that art has any other mission than that of expressing Beauty. The day will come, we have an inward conviction, when the doctrine of art for art's sake, broadly understood, disengaged from exaggerations, will regain its rights, when it will again be thought that the highest function of the artist will be to express beautiful things.

Mr. Carl Ahrens has a little art poem in "Moon-light on the Marsh." The moon has just risen on a stretch of marsh in which lies a deserted punt. The color is rich and an idea of weird loveliness is conveyed by this very simple composition. More ambitious is "After the Rain" in which the flock of turkeys feeding under the birch trees is well grouped, but the good effect of the soft coloring is somewhat marred by the rainbow. Evening has the same good qualities as the above. It is the last glow of daylight in the sky long after sunset, and the same flock in the middle distance. "Dutch House" is too evidently a studio composition; the values are wrong; and how came the moon on that side of the house? Of Mr. Atkinson's work, "Morning in Autumn" is of too blue-black a color in sky and trees, but "Autumn Moonrise" is beautiful; there in the gloaming, the flock has been gathered in, the moon has just risen and the quiet calm of the hour is felt. Mr. Bell-Smith shows good perspective in the "Strawberry Gather-

ers" in the long stretch of fields, but the subject is uninteresting. His portraits are carefully handled and we would judge are excellent likenesses, but in places the lines are too sharply defined. "Point Neuf, Paris" is one of his interesting street scenes and the little canvas "Afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens" has some fine effects in the distant buildings and trees while the crowd in the foreground is effectively indicated with several figures giving bright touches of color. Mr. Bell-Smith seems to have the field to himself here, and he has awakened a feeling for the picturesque in at least some of us. Mr. Challener has some very sunny glimpses in his little canvasses, always given with unhesitating precision. "The Mountain Brook" is the only example of that subject in the collection; it is a glimpse through cool, green vistas of the path the brook has taken. A little water color, "Innocence," is the face of a child in a blue sun-bonnet. In contrast to some of the surrounding work, Mr. Crnik-shank's "Chicks" seems heavy in color; the expression of half delight and half fear in the little tot is fine and the answering fear of the ruffled hen calling her chicks is well indicated. Miss Ford shows a portrait, a good piece of work rather spoiled by the too obvious patching in the background. "At the Vintage" is a laughing face with trailing vines hanging about it in a very low key; and "Noontide Study" is a child's figure seated in the field. The landscape here is beautiful—the stretch of field with its lovely greens and the distant trees so simply given; only the child's hat makes such a sudden dark note, with nothing to lead up, that the effect is somewhat spoiled. Very unique is Mr. Louis Grier's "Dittisham or the Dart" with its high horizon stretch of lands almost covered by the tide, and the group of fishermen at work with the nets—a most effective picture. Mr. Manly has a bright touch of autumn in "October;" the flock of sheep in "The Blossoms Appear" are given by a hand well acquainted with the subject. Mr. G. A. Reid's decorative panel is one of the most attractive canvasses in the room, it represents the figure of a woman resting against a mound of hay with her rake still in hand. It is in delightfully bright, light color, yet relieved from any weakness by the darker tones here and there, and the composition is excellently balanced. The same artist has also a number of land-scapes, a very freely given figure of a little girl seated at the window with her doll, very sweetly childish, and "City and Country" in which the modelling of the two faces in shadow is fine. The picture would scarcely suggest the name, yet we see that the little girl whose back is turned to us as she displays some, to us, unseen treasure, is depicted more elaborately than the others. Mrs. Reid's largest canvas is a rural scene in sunlight colors that please. Probably a deeper touch in the foreground would give the distance its place better; be more real but not so suitable for decorative purposes. Her panes are given if anything with a broader touch than usual, but to our thinking "Late Summer" is the finest work from this brush; there seems to be so little effort about it—the fresh greens, with a group of some weeds to the fore, that seem just the color needed. Mr. Patterson's portrait of Professor Chapman, which is not on the catalogue, is very satisfactory, although somewhat flat.

* * * Music and the Drama.

The appearance of Eugene Ysaye, the eminent Belgian Violinist, has been delayed until the 18th Dec. On that date he will positively appear in the Pavillion, and will be assisted by the Beethoven Trio, Messrs. Field, Klingensfeld and Ruth. Ysaye's playing is considered remarkable by critics and connoisseurs everywhere.

We have received the circular of Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, the young Canadian violinist, of whose excellent playing we have before spoken of in these columns, and she can now be engaged for concert work by addressing her manager, Mr. M. Hirschberg, of the Canadian Musical Agency, 15 King St. East.

Mr. Arthur Blakely, the organist of Sherburne St. Methodist Church, has begun his regular series of organ recitals. These were very popular last year and considerable inter-

est is being manifested in them this season. Mr. Blakely performed at his last recital a Handel Concerto, Lemmen's Fantaisie, "The Storm," and one or two of his own compositions. He was enthusiastically applauded.

Misses Mara and Gunther will give a piano recital in the theatre of the Normal School on the evening of Dec. 6. They will have the assistance of Sig. Delasco, the well known baritone. Contributions for the benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital will be received.

Handel's Messiah will be produced in the the Massey Music Hall, on the 13th December, by the Toronto Festival Chorus, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. Eminent solo talent, we understand, has been engaged.

Mr. M. Elliott Haslam, formerly of Toronto, but now of New York City, has been engaged to conduct the Oratorio Classes in the National Conservatory of Music, of which institution Dr. Anton Dvorak is director.

We were shocked to hear of the death of Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist and composer, at his home in Peterhof, near St. Petersburg, Russia, which occurred in the early morning of Nov. 20th. He had been in failing health for years, although no person expected such a sudden ending. At one time, only a few months ago, it was thought he would once more cross the Atlantic and make a second concert tour through the United States and Canada, but at almost the last moment, he decided to abandon the idea notwithstanding the tempting offer which had been made him. Rubinstein was in America in 1872-3, and played in Toronto in the old music hall on Church Street, which is now the Public Library. Some seven or eight years previous, L. M. Gottschalk, the famous American pianist, played in the same hall. Both were born in the same year, 1829, but the latter died in Brazil in 1869, twenty years ago. The last time we saw Rubinstein was in Germany in 1888, when he came to Leipzig to conduct one of his symphonies. He then appeared as if his constitution was shattered, and as though his sight was fast failing him. He was a magnificent pianist, with the most beautiful, penetrating, emotional tone, and, at times, he played with tremendous passion and power. His fingers were short and thick, yet he would perform the most delicate arabesques, those decorative notes which adorn and surround a melody as costly lace adorns a garment, in a manner dainty, suggestive, and intoxicatingly beautiful. He would deliver a songful melody as would a rich soprano, and infuse in it the most wistful, appealing tenderness, and again he would thunder as does the Western cyclones. And now he is dead. The musical world will mourn his death, for now he, too, with Liszt, Tausig, and many others, have passed into history. His compositions are numerous, and consist of operas, sacred music, dramas, much piano music, songs and chamber music, much of it being exceedingly beautiful and noble. We have not the space at present to give more than this fragmentary notice of Rubinstein's life and achievements, but notice as we hurriedly write these pages that during the last twelve months, three of the world's greatest in musical art have died, Tchaikowsky, Von Bulow and Rubinstein, and with the deaths of Clara Schumann and Carl Reinecke, which we hope will long be deferred, the last links which connect the present with the past will have been severed.

The Mendelssohn choir will have the assistance of Miss Lillian Blauvelt, and the Beethoven Trio, at their forthcoming concert on the 15th of January.

A new Conservatory of Music has been started in Parkdale to be known as the Metropolitan Conservatory of Music. We have not seen a prospectus, but learn that Mr. J. Lewis Browne, organist of Bond Street Congregational Church, has been chosen director, and that Mr. Klingensfeld is engaged as teacher in the violin department. Further and fuller particulars we will give at some future time.

Handel's oratorio, "Samson," will be given in this city, on the evening of Dec. 6th, under the direction of Sig. Vegara. Some of his pupils will sing the solos.

S. S. Stewart, of Philadelphia, has published a very characteristic and effective