

pranca succeeded in running the passage between the forts and got safely away to sea. This is a report; the Government papers do not say anything about the matter—they are probably ashamed to do so.

On the 16th a new attempt was made to blow up the *Aquidaban* by a clockwork torpedo. It failed to reach. To-day all is quiet.

C. B.

Rio de Janeiro, October 19th.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

When night wraps earth close in her deepest fold

Of darkness, and her corridors grow still,
Hours of sweet sleep steal in with peace to fill
Poor helpless souls whom days in tortures hold;

Till one by one forgets the pain untold
That tried the heart to vanquish, till the will
Would in its madness pray to God to kill
The spirit's withering house of writhing mould.

Should some worn soul from quiet slumber wake

Feeling those darts Disease, Death's son, will throw

For sin's remembrance and avengement's sake
To rouse the senses to the thro' and thro' and thro'
Of agony intense; then oft-times, Nurse,
Thy skill and kindness conquers nature's curse.

SAREPTA.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Wylie Grier has returned from a protracted stay in England, during which he has been at work on a new picture. We understand that after he has executed several portraits that are awaiting him here, he will return to England to finish his uncompleted work.

Scribner's Magazine for 1894 will publish a series of special frontispieces, selected by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from contemporary art, and accompanied with a brief article by Mr. Hamerton and a portrait of the artist. Manet's "Fifer" opens the series in the January issue.

A group of our Toronto artists have been giving an exhibition of some of their best work in London, West, and quite a number of sales made, one of the most important of these being a replica of Mr. G. A. Reid's "Lullaby," somewhat smaller than the original. This same exhibition (minus the sales) is now open in Hamilton and is well attended.

None of us can fail to feel disappointment that the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy will be held in Ottawa this year, about the end of March or beginning of April. In the ordinary course of events it was Toronto's turn, as it has been held in both Ottawa and Montreal since it was last here in 1891. However, there are most excellent reasons for the change, we believe, and there is every prospect for a brilliant affair all through.

The *Chicago Times* tells us that "the slowness with which the various art departments at the Fair installed their exhibits is almost equalled by the slowness with which they are withdrawing them. The British, German, Austrian, Italian and Dutch galleries have not a painting left unpacked. They are daily vacating, and the Columbian museum is taking possession of the galleries as they empty. Totem poles, canoes, and hideous Indian idols are taking the place of civilized art. About sixty British works are being packed off to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. Russia and Spain still have many pictures on their walls and so has the United States."

The following is selected from a very excellent article by Mr. Charles M. Fairbanks in the *Chatouqua* for December: "Art is essentially a matter of taste, sentiment and cultivation, and to study art is to study nature

first of all, in order to comprehend the manner and matter of the artist's expression of his theme. It is like a taste for literature that finds childish pleasure in the Rollo stories, and later is pleased to put aside those common-places for the nobler delights of, say, Thackeray. A work of art carries its special message separately to the artist and the connoisseur. Its story or sentiment may be apprehended by all who have acquired a knowledge of the language of art, but the secret of its technical beauties is fully revealed only to the trained artist himself. A painter alone may perceive the thousand and one touches and details that go to make up the complete harmony, the general effect of which, however, may impress itself upon the student even without his knowing clearly the why or wherefore.

Then there is the ineffable something that constitutes art and differentiates it from a photographic reproduction: has the picture that? It is not easy to say what that something is which the individuality and soul of the artist impart to his work in interpreting nature according to his mood and point of view. It is to painting what the orator's or actor's facial expression and vocal intonation are in the interpretation of written words."

Of Bouguereau, the great French painter, of whom, by the way, the modern young artist, who admires slap-dash and strives after impressionism, is apt to speak slightly or patronisingly, a writer in the Christmas number of the *Century* gives a slight sketch: The workshop of another creator, the most popular painter in the world, Bouguereau, is only twenty feet from that of Laurens, just across the driveway. "Entrez," cries a voice. On the left in the studio stand two patrons; on the right a young aspirant with his picture, come for the master's friendly criticism. In the midst is the robust and genial Bouguereau, working steadily with pencil and paper, a charming young Italian girl kneeling close before him, clad in a peplum and holding a basket. He goes straight on with his work, keeping up a running fire of conversation, satisfying and gratifying all his visitors at once. "Do you like that pose? I have put models into every pose in the world, I believe—except that of the 'Night' of Michel Angelo. I can't get that pose; nobody can take it. Is it hard to find good models? Yes, for the face; fine forms are common enough. We find one model with good arms, another with fine legs; but good faces are rare, very rare." Naturally, at this you inspect the face of the little figure with the basket, and you see that this time the artist has indeed found his beautiful face, and you see also whence it came. There are the features immortalized by Raphael in his Florentine Madonnas—a Tuscan maiden is before you. Eugénie Lucchese is her name, fourteen years her age, Lucca her city, as her name implies; and you perceive with delight that Bouguereau has discovered what you or I, mere travellers and observers, have also found out, namely, that the true celestial loveliness—beauty's very self, if you will—shines forth in the faces of the little maids of the country towns of Tuscany. Study the most excellent works of Bouguereau as well as the most exquisite of Raphael with this key. They will repay the trouble. Be not hasty, O critic, in judging of the most abused painter of to-day. Do you think he paints for popularity or for money? Ask him what is required to make an artist. In answering you he lets you see clearly his own mainspring of action. "Have an ideal of perfect beauty and reach it or break your neck."

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.—J. Stuart Mill.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness, which in a thousand outward and intermitting crosses may yet be done well as in this vale of tears.—Milton.

Even the wisdom of God hath not suggested more pressing motives, more powerful incentives to charity than these, that we shall be judged by it at the last dreadful day.—Atterbury.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Adolf Brodsky, the first violinist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has resigned.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will give a piano recital on the evening of Jan. 22nd, in Association Hall, assisted by Miss Norah Clench, violinist, and Mr. Pier Delasco, basso.

Mr. Kuchenmeister, the violinist, has appeared in public several times recently, and has in each instance won the applause of the audience by his excellent playing.

Max Vogrich, the New York composer of "Staccato Caprice" fame, has had an opera recently produced in Leipzig with splendid success, the critics speaking very highly of its musical and dramatic character, and of the brilliancy of its orchestration.

The University Glee Club, under the direction of their new leader, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, have been giving a series of concerts in eastern cities and towns, to large audiences who were most demonstrative in expressing their appreciation of the boys' singing.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fourth organ recital of the second series, will take place to-morrow afternoon, Jan. 6th, in All Saints Church. A splendid programme has been prepared from works of Bach, Raff, Mendelssohn, Dudley Buck, Dubois and others. Mr. H. W. Webster will sing.

We are pleased to learn that Sig. Leonardo Vegara, the well-known voice specialist, intends to produce with his pupils in the near future, Weber's beautiful and romantic opera "Der Freischütz." Sig. Vegara deserves the highest praise for his ambition in this direction, and we hope he will receive every encouragement from the public. The date of the production will shortly be announced.

Gade's Cantata, "Christmas Eve," received its first performance in this city by the excellent choir of the Church of the Redeemer, on Tuesday evening the 26th ult. The work is Mendelssohnian in character, as indeed are most of the works by this composer, but are always musical, charming, tender and full of poetic and spiritual charm. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the choir-master, can be congratulated on the manner of its production, which was most praiseworthy and artistic.

Mr. Percy G. Lapey, of Buffalo, gave a song recital on Saturday evening, Dec. 30th, in the Hall of the College of Music to a large audience. Mr. Lapey is a pupil of Mr. Henry Jacobsen, formerly of this city (but now of Buffalo), and has a baritone voice of great purity and richness, which he uses in the most artistic manner. His numbers comprised songs by Schubert, Lassen, Brahms, Schumann, Jensen, Colyn, Wilson G. Smith (the Cleveland composer), Chaminade and Jacobsen, truly a varied and delightful programme. His manner of singing is refined and imbued with much warmth, and his phrasing showed not only talent on his part, but genuine voice cultivation, which reflected the highest credit on his teacher. Jacobsen's "After Song" is full of expression and should become popular with good vocalists.

The recent convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians held last week in this city, was unfortunately attended with some disappointment owing to the illness of some who were to take part. Mr. Louis C. Elson, of Boston, who was to have lectured, was unable to be present, owing to the above mentioned cause, and Mr. Tripp was likewise detained from playing his promised recital. However, excellent substitutes were obtained, and those present had no cause for complaint. Mr. Vogt's essay on Richard Wagner, and Mr. Augers' essay on church music were listened to with much pleasure and profit, although they were not freely discussed. Absence prevented us from speaking of individual performances, but from the well known character of such artists as Mr. Harry M. Field, Mrs. d'Auria, Mr. Ruth, Mr. Klingensfeld, Miss Hillary and others, the musical portion of the proceedings would doubtless be interesting to a high degree.