

ON LAKE ERIE.

Upon the further, misty hills
Faint gleam a few white sheep that stray
Among the dusky, distant hills,
That melt long miles and miles away.

The swallows from the high cliff's walls,
With ceaseless wings cleave overhead ;
And o'er the dark'ning waves their calls
Grow more remote, and now are dead.

And voices, unknown voices, rise
From out the dreaming waves, but we
Can only humanly surmise
Their old, unworded mystery.

Amid the dark, memorial gloom
The star-gleam and the moonbeam steal ;
And haply through our human doom
The faint, small, star-like hope we feel.

To-night the waves are long and low,
And we who float upon their breast
Are maddened that we never know
The secret of the water's rest.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

ART NOTES.

The sale of the pictures, sketches, drawings, and cartoons by Baron Leys, a Belgian artist who died about twenty-five years ago, which was held last month, brings before us the name of one few, if any, of whose works have found their way to this country. He will be best remembered as the master of Alma Tadema, who at first imitated him closely in subject and manner of painting.

Mr. George Bruenech has just returned from a tour in the States where a successful exhibition was held at Rochester. Though the tour was quite satisfactory it was evident that the general depression was not without effect upon art. At Hamilton also an exhibition was held not without result. The present month will be spent by this artist in Toronto in studio work and in preparation for the coming exhibitions of the R. C. Academy at Ottawa and that of the Ontario Society at Toronto. By special request Mr. Bruenech will visit and exhibit at Washington during the month of February. This genial and excellent artist deserves the success which always attends good work, energy and enterprise.

The Canadian Artists' Association, the object of which is to extend the taste for Canadian art by holding exhibitions of the works of our leading artists in some of the smaller cities and towns throughout the country, has just closed a very successful exhibition in Hamilton. This exhibition, which was under the auspices of the Canadian Club of Hamilton, was held in the fine rooms of the Art School. The attendance during the week the pictures were on view in the gallery was very good and several of the works were disposed of. The collection consisted of ninety water-colours and oils, which were good specimens of the work of the following artists: Atkinson, Bell-Smith (President of the Canadian Artists' Association), Bruenech, Brymner, Challenger, Knowles, Jacobi, Manly, Matthew, O'Brien, Paul Peel, Reid, Mrs. Reid, Sherwood, Miss Tully, Verner, Homer Watson and Wickson.

From the Christmas number of the *Century* we again quote some items of interest about one of the first English artists of our day: We are now in the studio of the foremost man upon the English side of the Channel, and we leave his precincts and his presence with a sense that here, as in the case of Gerome, the honor has been rightly placed. The workshop of the president of the Royal Academy does not impress you as a veritable workshop, as does that of Gerome, nor does it suggest a luxurious villa like that of Alma Tadema, nor is it a picture-gallery like that of any other artist, nor yet a bric-a-brac shop like so many. It seems the apartment of a virtuoso. In every square foot of space there hangs or lies some work of art, ancient or modern, peculiarly rare, choice, lovely. One feasts the eye perpetually upon forms of beauty. Works of Phidias and

Michel Angelo predominate. The Pergamon frieze, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Nike of Samothrace are there. These masterpieces of Hellas are not behind us; they are ahead of us. They open up new vistas in art. "What are your most cherished principles of art?" we ask the president. "Sincerity is the first principle," answered Sir Frederick Leighton; "an earnest desire to do your very best, and no compromise. You must know well what others have done," he continues. "You must express your own life as the Greeks expressed their life" (this for the third principle). "Express it in terms of beauty, for that is the language which an artist speaks. Selection is necessary," he adds, "as the next, the fifth, principle." In every hidden nook of Sir Frederick's room are portfolios filled with superb chalk-drawings. We find three successive studies for that wonderful figure "Solitude." Here, indeed, is a picture; here is an all-round masterpiece. It has power, it has breath, it has softness, it has spirituality—the great cardinal qualities, any one of which well known or mastered would make the fame and fortune of painter or sculptor—and who knows or has mastered them all to-day but the creator of "Solitude"?

While it is true that many merits of a picture, especially in the technique, can best be appreciated by an artist perhaps by an artist alone, we have in the following clipping from the New Orleans *Picayune* another view of the question: Everybody has heard the story of the Athenian cobbler who criticised the delineation of a shoe in a picture by the greatest of the Greek painters, Apelles, but not everybody has given it the significance it seems most truly to express. In this view of the matter it may not be amiss to repeat it. The artist having executed his picture, placed it in a window close to a public street, and, concealing himself at hand, listened to the criticism of the passers-by. A certain cobbler had no eyes for the extreme beauty of the piece, but turned all his attention to a shoe worn by one of the figures painted in the scene. The painter found his criticism just, and altered the shoe in accordance with it. The cobbler passing by the next day, was greatly flattered to find his judgment of shoes approved, and, growing bolder, he proceeded to find fault with the proportions and beauty of the nude nymph whose sandals he had only at first presumed to regard, incurring thereby a severe rebuke. Now the fault committed by the cobbler was that he failed to understand the meaning and expression of a beautiful picture, and only esteemed the mere technical details. He recognized some defect in the lacing of a shoe-string, but he failed to see the grace, the action and passion expressed in the face, figures and poses of a group of beautiful girls. To him the entire art of the greatest painter in the world had been expended in vain. All real art is intended to express the truth in its most beautiful form. Beauty has many expressions running through an entire gamut, from the round and dimpled charm of a chubby infant to the grand mien and awful majesty of a Jove, and from the peace and repose of a pastoral landscape to the terrible sublimity of a hurricane, or of a volcanic eruption, or a vast metropolis in the throes of an earthquake, or of a tremendous conflagration. All art tells its story to those who can understand, but there are those, like the cobbler of Athens, who regard only technical details and upon whom all that art can tell is lost. But it must not be assumed from this that only those who are cultivated and skilled in the fine arts can enjoy their expression. On the contrary, all art must be so full of nature and of truth as to be capable of recognition to a large degree even by story, even if it should illustrate myths or legends known only to a few. If it be wanting in this it is a sheer failure.

The most powerful dynamos ever constructed are the 5,000 horse-power dynamos for the Cataract Construction Company, Niagara. The dynamos in question will provide a two-phase alternating current, having a frequency of 25 alternations per second, and the voltage is to be 2,000.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

M. Guille, the famous tenor, will sing in Association Hall on the evening of Jan. 23rd, at the concert given by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette.

Paderewski has written a set of Polish songs which are declared to be remarkably fresh and musical, and full of delightful rhythmical surprises. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, has been singing them—the composer playing the accompaniments—with great success.

Siegfried Wagner, son of Richard Wagner, and who it was thought had not the slightest talent for music, has been conducting one of Liszt Verein concerts in Leipzig and his success as an interpreter has been phenomenal. The programme embraced numbers by his father and Liszt, and the effect was apparently magnificent. His further appearance in the same capacity is looked forward to with great interest.

Emil Pauer, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has proven himself to be a scholarly although pedantic conductor, with very little warmth, passion, or poetic imagination, and has only made an ordinary success. There are not many great conductors having the refined musical sensibility, originality, and personal magnetism of the sympathetic Nikisch (Pauer's predecessor) and the Boston people will have great difficulty in replacing him satisfactorily, a fact which they already recognize.

Miss Susie Ryan, formerly of this city, and daughter of Mr. Peter Ryan, has been singing in New York and Philadelphia, under the name of plume of Miss Arma Senka, with singular success. Miss Ryan has a contralto voice of superlative beauty and richness, and has spent some six or seven years in Europe cultivating it under the tuition of Lamperti, Marchesi, Shakespeare, Randegger and others. The critics in the east have not only spoken enthusiastically of her splendid singing, but have complimented her on her natural gifts and general artistic abilities.

Mr. W.H. Dingle, the lately appointed director of music of Albert College, Belleville, and organist of the Bridge St. Methodist Church in that city, has recently given some recitals with good success. He performed a programme of modern piano compositions in the college, and played the Mendelssohn G Minor Concerto at the Philharmonic Society's concert (which by the way is under the conductorship of Mrs. Eva Rose York, formerly of Toronto) and has in other ways been distinguishing himself. Mr. Dingle studied in Leipzig and will doubtless be a valuable acquisition to the musical profession in Belleville.

The brilliant young French violinist Mons. Henri Marteau, who has been creating a sensation in the Old and New World with his superb violin playing, appeared in the Pavilion Music Hall, under Mr. I. E. Suckling's local management, last Monday evening the 8th inst. Marteau is certainly a most finished and wonderful performer, and when one thinks of his youthfulness—being but a lad of 20 years—it seems the more astonishing. His technique is colossal, his bowing most graceful, and his tone!—what shall we say of such sensuous, exquisite tones as he draws from the violin, sometimes of such amazing power and richness, at other times so delicate and ethereal like long-drawn sighs! Only a nature endowed with the greatest musical gifts can develop in so short a time such positive mastery over technique, in all its phases of difficulty and comprehensiveness; such true intonation and abandon; such warm golden tones which steal and leap out as if alive and glowing with fervour and vitalized passion. Study alone, under the guidance of the greatest teaching, will not produce such an equipment, it must be inborn, a gift bestowed by the Creator. The numbers performed by this highly sensitive and gifted artist included the whole of the Mendelssohn "Concerto," a "Romanoe" by Viardot, one of Sarasate's "Spanish Dances," and a Saint Saens' "Rondo Capriccio." Be-