

lects the season, the time of day and the distance. The ideal is individuality, therefore originality, without which there is no artist.

Canada has another young artist who is doing the wise thing in giving some years to thorough and honest study abroad. Mr. F. MacGillivray Knowles apparently does not intend to return to Canada after only a few months' scamper through the Old Country. The latest news from him is that he has successfully passed another examination at the well-known Herkomer School at Bushy, England, with commendation from his master, and intends continuing his studies for some time to come. In the meantime the British people are making the acquaintance of his work through such exhibitions as are held by the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, the Royal Society of British Artists, &c. We expect Mr. Knowles to be heard from in the near future.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," is a proverb, the truth of which must have come forcibly home to more than one delighted purchaser at the last week of pictures by Mr. M. Matthews and Mr. W. E. Atkinson. The attendance was good, but the bids out of all proportion to the value of the pictures, many of which have seldom had a superior at any of our sales. Of course this state of things can easily be accounted for by the present depression in business, and also by the fact, that during the past year a number of picture sales have been held, but this makes it none the less satisfactory to those concerned, or none the less to be regretted by all—except the purchasers. Mr. Matthews is one of our oldest and most widely-known artists, and Mr. Atkinson, one of our youngest and most promising.

This is what the London Spectator thinks of one of Whistler's portraits: "Very grand and dignified, with all the air of a portrait destined to live through centuries of admiration, stands Mr. Whistler's portrait of Lady Meux; and yet it is not a good Whistler, and many disparaging remarks may be made about it. Again Mr. Whistler has forgotten the individuality of his sitter—he has left out the head; the head is the head of a human being, that is the most we can say. The arm is not very well drawn; neither the character nor the movement of an arm is there. How a man can fail so completely in portraiture and yet be a great portrait-painter, is the question that confronts us, and we cannot answer it. It is wonderful that a man can interest us so passionately in the painting of white fur, and the end of a dress swung into the foreground of a picture."

An exchange says that the special loan exhibition of paintings, porcelains, bronzes, cloisonne, Greek art, objects and tapestries, now open at the National Academy of Design, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York, for the benefit of its schools, will be kept open evenings. The schools of the Academy opened on October 2nd, and will continue open till May 12. A new collection of casts have been brought from Europe during the summer. Applicants for admission must fill the regular blank form and send it with drawings submitted to the school committee for approval. Former pupils who have received awards need not submit drawings. If admitted, an entrance fee of \$10 is required. For the painting class an additional fee of \$30 for the season or \$10 per month, payable in advance. For admission to the antique class, a drawing from cast of head has to be submitted. For the life class a drawing of full-length nude figure from cast or life.

The Art Exchange gives the following criticism on the Dutch school of painting: "It is the charm of an or-

iginal style that wins us to the Dutch school, for style they have always had. It is as much their style as the sentiment of their work we admire in Israels and Artz, in Mauve and Maris. While they love to render their domestic scenes, their cabin interiors, and bits of familiar landscape, to portray their peaceful cattle grazing or standing in pools, and their old men and quaint white-coated women and children, their fishing boats at sea under full sail and at rest on the sands, their flocks and their herds, their dykes and their dunes, they always render them wholly in their own way. To the Dutch there is nothing so permanently interesting as themselves, and rendered so truthfully, so fascinatingly, they become of interest to the whole world. They are never decorative, nor artificial, nor sensational. They have little sympathy with Paris ways. Neither their land nor their life possesses any such aspects. There is too much feeling and sobriety in their work for that. They possess charm of colour, but their colour schemes are always in the minor key, and while a vague, indefinable obscurity, filled with an evanescent sadness, haunts their art, it never overtakes them or makes for their undoing. They possess imagination by which they generalize and transmute the commonplaces of their daily life into things of beauty. They are sensitive to the pathos and poetry of life in its simpler aspects. These are the qualities that play all through their work and by virtue of which they have achieved a great art."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. F. H. Torrington is arranging to give a series of orchestral concerts during the season.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bach.—the new theory teacher at the Conservatory—has arrived from England and already begun teaching.

Two recent additions to the ranks of professional musicians, are Sig. Vegara, vocal teacher, and Herr Klengenfeldt, violinist and teacher, both being engaged at the College of Music.

As will have been noticed by the daily papers, the Conservatory is offering free scholarships to talented young piano pupils. The conditions under which these scholarships are offered, can easily be obtained by applying at the Institution, corner Yonge and Wilton avenue.

Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli has resigned his position as organist of St. Matthias, and is now ready to accept some other lucrative position. Mr. Dinelli is a splendid player, and an excellent musician, and doubtless some enterprising church officials will soon secure his valuable services.

Miss Emma Juch, the charming and popular American soprano, is in Europe, and has had some accompaniments played for her by Rubenstein. We doubt not that she will meet with the same success abroad as she has always enjoyed in this country, which will certainly be gratifying to her many admirers here.

Agnes Thomson and James F. Thomson, formerly of Toronto, have been giving a series of eight song recitals at the World's Columbian Exposition, and have been meeting with singular success. They performed from memory some 121 compositions, exclusive of encores, from the works of famous European and American song writers, and are to be highly praised for their success and work.

Mr. W. H. Robinson, the vocal teacher and choir master of the Church of the Redeemer, is preparing the cantata, Christmas Eve, by Gade, and it will be performed in the near future. We might add that Mr. Robinson has recently been appointed conductor of the

University of Toronto Glee Club, so that we expect to hear the Club singing better than ever this year, as Mr. Robinson is both painstaking and energetic, and is moreover a gifted conductor.

Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, is putting the finishing touches to his first opera, the libretto being founded on Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter." Considerable interest has been awakened in musical circles regarding the work, for as yet Damrosch is little known as a composer. He has however, immense talent, and is well trained in the mysteries of orchestration and composition, and will no doubt produce a work of some importance.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough—as we mentioned a few weeks back—has again resumed his monthly organ recitals, the first one having taken place on Saturday afternoon last in All Saints' church, of which church he is the organist and choir master. The following programme was performed in truly excellent style: "Prelude and Fugue," in G minor, Bach; "Reverie," Wm. Reed; "Symphony," No. 6, in G minor, Widor; "Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs," Guilmant; "Air and Variations in A," W. Rea; "At Evening," Dudley Buck; "March for a Church Festival," W. T. Best.

That Miss Jessie Alexander is a favourite with Toronto concert goers, no one who was present at her first recital of the season in Association Hall, could doubt. The large hall was thronged and the audience was appreciative, and even enthusiastic. The programme was calculated to show the versatility and power of the reader—and whether in the typical juvenile number, "Friday afternoon in a public school"; the musical rendering of "The story of some bells," or the dramatic effect of a "Set of Turquoise," Miss Alexander's histrionic and elocutionary accomplishments were thoroughly in evidence. This talented lady deserves the marked success she has so well attained.

Mme. Annette Essipoff, the famous pianiste, and wife of Leschetizky, the celebrated piano teacher, of Vienna, has left her home on account of some domestic trouble, and gone to St. Petersburg, her former residence, having accepted the position of piano teacher in the Imperial conservatory. This seems to us most unfortunate, for her home in Wahring—a beautiful suburb of Vienna—was a delightful one, luxuriantly furnished, and most artistically arranged, with almost every conceivable art treasure scattered carelessly throughout the elegant rooms which opened out on the most lovely garden, where fountains played amidst flowers and shrubs. We remember with pleasure meeting the beautiful artist in her—what we supposed—happy ideal home, during the summer of 1892, and she was delightfully charming and pleasant in her simple morning costume, and wore a flower in her hair. And would you know what she was doing at that moment! dusting—dusting lightly the pianos, and some photographs lying on the music-room table. She spoke of America, and her tour here years ago, of pianists and music, and her love for Vienna and home life. We sincerely regret the circumstances which have caused her to leave it and return to Russia.

LIBRARY TABLE.

DR. BRUNO'S WIFE: a Toronto Society Story. By Mrs. J. Kerr Lawson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Anstruther: Charles S. Russell. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

We hope that as the authoress of this book gains skill and experience in her art she may attain the success which industry and perseverance deserve.