

and one can recognize its style, character and flavor immediately on hearing it played. Almost one measure is enough for this. The syncopated phrases, the suggestive rhythms, the style of cadence, and the characteristic manner in which he resolves his biting dissonant harmonies. In the latter respect Grieg is unusually daring. Very seldom does he follow out the established custom of resolving chords of the seventh unless it be that on the dominant. Instead of taking them to the fourth above, he frequently leads them to the third, which sounds surprisingly strange and mysterious. The Scandinavians are very rich in Volk song. Grieg has taken the peculiarities incident to this music with its shifting tonalities and chromatic progressions, and woven them into tone poems of extraordinary beauty. One is fascinated. Pictures of a new world, new atmosphere, new scenery pass before our vision, and we see curious people, hale and vigorous, and lithe and graceful; passionate at times, but often melancholy, as if tears had suddenly wet their eyes, but were quickly dried again. It is intense, but not remarkably so. He does not reach a high plane and stay there long, for his pieces (forms) are for the most part short, beautifully symmetrical, charming, delightfully colored, but with melodies which haunt. His songs are among the finest which the musical world possesses. They are ideal, descriptive, poetic. If he writes of Autumn we feel the very crispness in the air, and the warm noon-tide sunshine; we see the haze on the hills, the twinkling silvery stars, the leaves rustling and idly falling. If it is spring, the balmy suggestiveness of its approach steals into our very blood, the rivers are swollen and the buds are already formed. If he gives us a love poem, as "Ich Liebe Dich" (I love thee) or the one for piano (Erotik) from op. 43, our emotions are excited, the tale is so irresistibly intense and passionate, and when all is over a tremulous languor settles down, subduing and tranquilizing. Grieg is amazingly imaginative, and if he has not positive genius, he stands directly on the border line. Some day, when I have time, I mean to refer to him again, and will then make an effort to more fully analyze and enlarge upon his style and the general descriptive character of his different works. He is a hard worker, and composes almost entirely at the piano. When I was a student in Leipzig several years ago, Grieg for a time lived nearly opposite, my number being 7 and his 6, and from my window occasionally I could see him in his room. Many a time have I gone up the stairs leading to his apartments, and listened to him as he improvised his weird harmonies, and enchanting melodies, stopping now and then to write them down. Not long after I was introduced to him, and was invited to visit him on a certain morning in his own room. I accordingly availed myself of the opportunity, and passed an hour on that occasion in the happiest manner. I remember it well. Manuscripts and music were lying on the piano, and scattered around on the table and floor were a few books and sheets of music paper. Grieg had been composing.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The concert in the School Room of the Church of the Redeemer, Tuesday, Feb. 26th, was greeted with a very large audience. The proceeds went to the funds of the newly established orchestra, this being its first concert. The orchestra was assisted by the choir of the church, both being under the direction of the choir master, Mr. Walter H. Robinson. The principal number by the orchestra was the overture, "La Nozze de Figaro," by Mozart, and in this, as well as in the other numbers, they showed a high state of proficiency for so young an organization, and if they continue together they will do real good work and continue to reflect credit on their conductor, Mr. Robinson. The chorus' numbers were nearly all unaccompanied and were very well sung, especially Gounod's anthem, "Send out Thy Light," and the part song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," by Stewart, a splendid quality of tone being produced, with a careful attention to the different shades of expression. Chief among the soloists was Mrs. Fred W. Lee, whose piano solo, "Variations," op. 34, by Beethoven, was performed with considerable brilliance and style. Mr. A. E. Semples' solo for flute was much admired, as was also the clarinet

playing of Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, of Hamilton, in Mozart's "Quartette for Clarinet and Strings." Miss Ivey Kerr's violin solo was likewise well played and applauded. The vocal solos by Mrs. Willson-Lawrence and Mr. J. W. H. Musson are especially worthy of mention, and deserved the applause bestowed on them.

The sixth recital by Mr. W. E. Fairclough for this season was presented to a fairly large audience on Saturday afternoon last, the 2nd inst., in All Saints Church. The organist performed a fine programme of works, by Bach, Smart, Merkel, Guilman, Widor, Schumann and Dubois, in his well-known scholarly style. Miss Mabel L. Langstaff, soprano, contributed Handel's "O Lord, Correct Me," and Gounod's "Forever with the Lord," in a manner which showed natural taste on her part, and a voice of considerable sweetness.

Miss Lina D. Adamson will give a recital in the Lecture Hall of the Normal School, on Tuesday evening, 12th March. She will be assisted by Mrs. Adamson, Miss Grassick, Miss K. Archer, Mrs. F. Lee, Miss E. Massey, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the tenor. A silver collection in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children will be accepted.

A piano recital of unusual interest was given by Miss Bella Geddes, F.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, in the Conservatory Music Hall, on Thursday evening of last week, before a fashionable and critical audience. This was the sixth recital in the series being given weekly by Mr. Fisher's pupils. Miss Geddes played an interesting programme, comprising selections from both the classical and romantic schools, displaying throughout good, technical ability, warmth of expression, and an intellectual grasp of the various compositions. Her numbers were Schubert's Sonata, A. Major, op. 120; (a) A Shepherd's Tale, (b) Shepherds All and Maidens Fair, by Nevin, (c) Greig's March of the Dwarfs; (a) Schumann's Novelette, E. Major, (b) Paderewski's Barcarolle, op. 10, No. 4, and (c) Vogrich's Staccato Caprice; Liszt's Rigoletto, closed the programme. Vocal selections were contributed by Miss Bessie Findlay and Mrs. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M., who displayed voices of good compass, sweet and sympathetic. Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., played on the Violin the "Allegro Moderato," from Wienawski's Concerto op. 22, showing admirable technique and phrasing, with good musical tone. Miss Ethel Tyner gave an excellent rendering of Scott's "Death of Marmion" in which she displayed much elocutionary ability and dramatic expression.

### \* \* \* Art Notes.

Of the associates of Stanhope Forbes (my theme of last week), the cleverest, perhaps, are Frank Bramley, Chevallier Tayler and Fred Hall. Bramley who was trained in Antwerp is influenced by the traditions of both Germany and France; and is, withal, a true Newlyn; the quality in his work which stamps him as a member of the Cornish School being a square touch, which, at the same time, is commonly accepted as being the Gallic sign manual. The traces of Antwerp are shown in his frequent choice of old people as models, and in his tendency toward a low key of colour. The familiar "mosaic" method of applying the pigment is a strong feature in the work of Bramley; and he is not guiltless of softening or blending his tones by the *flicking* process which results in a certain condition of things known as "wet cat"; by which term I mean that the margins or boundaries of objects in his pictures, or the transition between tones and colours is suggestive of the outline of a saturated feline. But the defects and exaggerations of a school are always most noticeable in the products of its weaker members. And it is not the powerful pictures from Bramley's hand that have brought into derision the obvious defects of the school. Always serious—serious almost to the pitch of gloominess—Bramley's canvases attract one first by their strength of execution and hold one by the interest of their theme. They invariably tell a story, and without waiting to go, for the hundredth time, into the vexed question of whether or not a picture

should tell a story, suffice it to say that Bramley's do so with extraordinary, graphic vigour. His "Hopeless Dawn" (bought by the Royal Academy) is as dramatically pathetic as the tear-provoking scenes in the works of Dickens.

Fred Hall is of quite another stamp. He seems to have little or nothing of melancholy, or, at least, exhibits it rarely; and after painting for some years amongst his *confreres* at Newlyn, and worthily helping to uphold the doctrines of the school, he has gradually developed into a caricaturist; and one finds his work alongside the sketches of Partridge and Phil May in those highly flavoured periodicals which divert the weariness of a dying century by recording the latest doings of the turf and the *corps de ballet*.

Chevallier Tayler imbibed with me the teachings of the Slade in the days when the austere Legros cooled the ardour of the young enthusiasts by telling them that nothing good had been done in art since Michael Angelo. His own paintings were a good deal touched by the spirit of Ribera and other bituminous old masters, who did not leave any drawings worthy of a place in the fine collection of autotypes of the Slade, but who influenced the work of our Professor though he did not hold them up as models to us. I met Tayler again when he was studying in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens—in fact I "swapped" a room in my hotel for his leaky little studio in the Quarter. Two years later he appeared on the horizon at Newlyn where he enrolled himself with the brotherhood and he still continues in the fore-front of the school. His pictures are of the sort known as *genre*: they are admirably painted, scientifically just in all their details, but one wishes he would let himself go, and do some irregular, incomplete failure with more fire and a little less precision. His "Last Sacrament" was modelled at the Salon; he is always well treated at the Academy; and he is on a smooth, well-defined road to success.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The seventieth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, is to open April 1st.

A collection of thirty-one water-colour drawings by Geo. H. Boughton is open at the Avery Gallery, New York. They are his illustrations of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

The annual exhibition of the Montreal Art Association is now open and a number of our Toronto artists have contributed: Messrs. M. Matthews, H. E. Atkinson, W. A. Sherwood, G. A. Reid, F. M. Bell-Smith, Carl Ahrens and others.

Some weeks ago mention was made of the purchase of a picture painted by Mr. Carl Ahrens, "After the Rain," for the city to form the nucleus of a permanent collection. The amount has not yet been raised, and Mr. G. A. Reid, Yonge Street Arcade, the treasurer of the fund, will be pleased to receive any subscriptions. This collection of pictures could not fail to be a boon to our city if for nothing else than for the benefit of art students. When we have this and a permanent art building we will have made a fair start in the right direction.

A very excellent portrait of Mr. C. C. Van Norman, retiring President of the Commercial Travellers' Association, was unveiled and presented to the original last Saturday. This is one of Mr. Forster's best portraits. He is now at work, and has almost completed, a portrait of Bishop Connor, of Peterborough, which, as well as the first mentioned, show

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