

ART NOTES.

OF English art at the Paris Exhibition we read in the *Art Magazine*: "There is great dignity and great refinement about many of these English pictures—the great and striking fact that comes home to one after examining this English collection is, that the British painters who uphold the reputation of our school are the men who have not gone to France for their artistic training. The reputation of the English school is upheld in France to-day by the men who are distinctly British, not by virtue of birth only but because their tastes, their feeling, their modes of expression have never been subordinated to the teaching of men whose taste and feeling and modes of expression are not British and which can never be made to adapt themselves to minds that think, to souls that feel, and to hands that work in ways peculiar to the English people."

The Exhibition called the New Gallery, in London, England, seems to have attracted a great deal of notice as a new rival to the Grosvenor, and, to a certain extent, to the Royal Academy. We hear that it contains more strikingly able works for its size than any other gallery in London. Mr. Watts, R.A., is represented therein by some of his best works, as is Mr. Alma Tadema, who, diverging from his own peculiar field of art, exhibits three portraits which have much distinction of charm and colour. Among landscapes, Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Wet West Wind," a somewhat difficult subject, is much admired as very truthful and unaffected. Homer Watson is also represented. Among portraits Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" seems to have carried off the palm, "no portrait has been exhibited for some years which excels this in grandeur of pose, fineness of modelling, and magnificence of colour" and the usual praise is given to portraits by Herkomer, Shannon, and Arthur Melville.

At the Grosvenor, Mr. Briton Rivière has a new rendering of the legend of Prometheus, and J. M. Swan a fine study of a dead lion: there are also portraits by such well-known men as Millais, S. J. Solomon, Jacob-Hood, and landscapes by Keeley Halswelle, who sends a picture of a "Blasted Heath," MacWhirter, J. B. Knight, Hook, Boughton, and Mark Fisher.

Last week we took occasion to allude to the fact that the heavy duty on pictures precludes the sending of our artists' work to the States; we are glad to see in the current number of the *Nation* that in a circular issued by the National Free Art League it is stated that "the present tariff on works of art is not in the nature of a protective tax, for the price of a work of art depends on the individual reputation of the artist, and a cause which enhances the price of foreign works of art has no beneficial effect on domestic productions." The article goes on to say that the reverse is the fact as the works of foreign artists being thus artificially advanced and the question not being one of quantity, the price of Corot's or Meissonier's picture being enhanced does not raise the price of the native artist's works, but more distinctly marks the latter as the cheaper and, presumably, to the uninitiated the inferior; the effect being that the abolition of the tax is "demanded by the class sought to be protected, the artists of America."

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Vocalion organ, manufactured by Messrs. Mason & Risch, Toronto, is achieving much success. The directors of the Toronto Philharmonic and Choral Societies' concerts have issued a report, in the course of which they say: "During the present musical season the Vocalion organ has been a new and welcomed factor in the success of our concerts, doing the work assigned to the pipe organ under the hands of the talented organists of these societies, in the oratorios of "The Messiah" and "Samson," supporting most satisfactorily a chorus of over 250 voices, and an orchestra of over sixty, and "The Creation," on April 4th, also with a large chorus and orchestra.

THE Vocalion is winning golden opinions at the Paris Exposition, and thereby adds another to Canada's already numerous musical laurels. The Vocalion is now manufactured at Worcester, Mass., and has resulted in the placing upon the market of a *media* between the reed and pipe organs at once appreciable.

THE July number of the *Musical Times* fairly bristles with correspondence referring to the presence of ladies' surpliced choirs in both England and the Colonies. It transpires that there is a fine surpliced choir in Melbourne Cathedral. There are twelve ladies, fourteen boys and sixteen men. The former wear surplices with black stoles, black velvet collars and round black mortar-boards with silk tassels. At the new church of Skelton near Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, there are, or were, four ladies forming an addition to a very good male choir. The surplices were pleated in at the back—says a correspondent—"to fit the figure," they were accompanied by violet velvet Tam O'Shanter caps (sic) and no gloves were worn. For the information of Canadian readers, it may be useful to know that Messrs. Nathan, Hardman Street, Liverpool, make the surplices and caps alluded to. Dr. Bromley, the fearless though probably eccentric official of Melbourne Cathedral, says: "It cannot be denied that considering the extraordinary caprices of fashion in the matter of female attire, it would offend the taste to see the simple uniformity of surpliced men and boys disturbed by the intrusion of the grotesque and daily changing inventions of the Paris

milliner." On the other hand, Why introduce the women at all?

THE following item from a London paper furnishes some idea of the musical activity in New Zealand: "The Auckland Choral Society, in the report of its proceedings, gives an interesting list of works performed during the past year, under the conductorship of Herr Carl Schmitt: Handel's 'Messiah,' Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' and 'Christus,' Spohr's 'Calvary,' Schubert's 'Mass in E Flat,' Barnby's 'Rebekah,' and Sullivan's 'Martyr of Antioch,' altogether a very creditable record. The Society has a chorus of over two hundred and a band of forty-two performers. The solos have been taken chiefly by members of the Society. The financial position shows a large balance of funds in hand. The scheme for the season now in progress includes such works as, "The Messiah" (two performances, one of which is open free to the public), 'Jephtha,' Gade's 'Erl-King's Daughter,' Stanford's 'Revenge,' Cowen's 'Rose Maiden,' and Rossini's 'Moses, in Egypt.' The significant fact about these performances is that the soloists are all local people. Here, the proximity of the musical and persevering Republic prevents our executants from achieving the position some of them are undoubtedly fit for—or soon would be, if they chose to study hard and make distinct progress.

THE new "first part" in German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall—buffaree or buffareta, as it is called—was produced on the 24th ult. with a large amount of success. It is called "Tuppins and Co.," and the chief humour of the story turns upon the baseless jealousy of "Tuppins" (Mr. Alfred Reed). His wife (Miss Fanny Holland) is an ex-lady's maid, with a lingering love for "le bong tong." These artists have rarely appeared to greater advantage. There are other cleverly drawn characters in the piece, such as a dainty little hoyden (Miss Tully), an Irishman (Mr. Walter Browne), and a tenor singer (Mr. Duncan Young), all represented most efficiently. The book, by Mr. Malcolm Watson, is well written; and the music, bright and melodious, is by Mr. Edward Solomon.

"THE MESSIAH," rarely performed in Paris, was given on the 10th ult., at the Trocadéro, for the benefit of the Société Philanthropique, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, and realised the sum of 45,000 francs. The last preceding Paris performance of the work was in January, 1875, under the auspices of M. Lamoureux, when Madame Patey sang the contralto solos, the French translation being that of M. Wilder. An interesting and sympathetic article on the *chef d'œuvre* of the Saxon master will be found in *L'Art Musical*, of the 15th ult.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS. By Helen Campbell. Ticknor & Co.

This is a reprint of a clever story well told some time ago in a leading American periodical. It is too well known to need analysis, the author being one of the recognized contributors to leading magazines across the line.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Camelot Series. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: Gage & Co.

This revered classic appears in a cheap and neat form, though not entirely free from typographical errors, and will be found a refreshing *pabulum* after Tolstoi and Meredith. The humour, the candour, the healthy religious fervour, the manly sentiment are all as new and *naïf* as when Oliver Goldsmith conceived it one hundred and twenty-three years ago.

A CROOKED PATH. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The prolific authoress mentioned writes steadily on, and writes, it would seem, for a large circle of readers, notwithstanding the claims put forward by more modern novelists. Happily, her books are sober, healthy pictures of English life, and are always interesting in the quiet, thorough-bred way that makes them so delightful. "A Crooked Path" is fully equal to Mrs. Alexander's best known works.

PRINCIPLES OF PROCEDURE IN DELIBERATE BODIES. By George Glover Crocker. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This useful little manual furnishes a systematic statement of such principles and such rules as are found necessary on almost all occasions of public assembly. While the foundation of all such matters is unquestionably English Parliamentary Law, several modifications have been made in "Crocker's Manual" to suit the exigencies of the United States, and the book will be found eminently useful to members of Provincial, Local and Artistic Societies.

BY LEAFY WAYS. By Francis A. Knight. Boston: Roberts' Bros. Illustrated by E. T. Compton.

Another venture of a similar kind being a volume of sketches that originally appeared in the *Daily News*. The interest attached to the Old-World landscape enhances the description of forest and field, and many are the charming passages devoted to the delineation of those sights and sounds, which along her shores, or in her flowery meadows, make of Old England truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The book is embellished with several fine photographic illustrations of English scenery.

ACROSS LOTS. By Horace Lunt. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

The author of this readable book is following in the path originally marked out by Thoreau, and continued by Burroughs. These essays—for the volume is made up of nine papers on certain aspects of nature—suggest the best in both these older writers, and as we read the carefully-prepared descriptions of nest and pond-life, bird and tree and stream, we feel that there cannot be too many books of this kind, fresh, cultured, instructive disquisitions on all interesting and many beautiful natural objects. The essays have appeared in various first-class American magazines, *Outing*, the *American Naturalist*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, and others, which attests perhaps better to their merit than any later remarks.

PUDDINGS AND PASTRY: A LA MODE. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

It is confessedly new to have to associate a cookery manual with the well-known house of Longman, yet when the little book in question is exquisitely bound and printed, and contains mouth-watering recipes for delightful dishes that have nothing gross in their composition—for from this manual are Ye Meates and Ye Souppes banished—the departure does not seem so great. A specialist in such matters would doubtless pronounce upon the recipes themselves, that they are all they pretend to be, and that many of them are very new and valuable indeed, but that certain technical terms in use in England, and not as yet introduced here, threaten to make the work less popular than it deserves to be.

THE WRONG BOX. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Criticism, in the case of this singular book, is forewarned though not forearmed by the opinions which it has already provoked. There are who see more of Mr. Stevenson's unique strength and manner in it than in any late tale of his. There are who insist that its chief characteristics proclaim it to be mainly the work of the *collaborateur*, and one of these is Mrs. Stevenson, the poet's mother, according to several critical journals. What the reading public knows is this—that whoever wrote it—the book is clever, enthrallingly, absurdly, brilliantly clever, with situations absolutely new, with dialogue that is as clean-cut, and retort as spontaneous as if poor old Maddison Morton, in the Charterhouse, had suddenly grown young and written it all, with sentences that are epigrams, polished to a degree, with whole paragraphs that are collections of such sentences. A three-act farce "written up," and improved into a tale is candidly, from a literary point of view, what the book is, and yet "The Wrong Box" may still be regarded as a distinct and valuable addition to light literature, the style being so incisive, the matter so new. Despite the extravagant nature of the fun, it will be a hard matter to make the public believe that it is not R. Louis Stevenson but the tyro Lloyd Osbourne, who has contributed to their amusement. Should it indeed prove to be the latter, it can only be said that he is a worthy pupil of a worthy master. Michael Finsbury may be accepted as a distinct creation, and his semi-drunken scene is capitally conducted. The affair of the grand piano and the corpse is, of course, slightly dubious, and will detract, to some minds, from the pleasure of reading the book, yet how cautiously, how *politely* it is managed! It takes all Mr. Stevenson's tact—or Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's—to manage it—the ponderous body of poor Uncle Joseph—but the result is admirable, and will, we fancy, jar on very few. The book must be appreciatively read to be fully understood.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEN. LLOYD BRICE has succeeded the late Allen Thorndike Rice, as editor of the *North American Review*.

A "LIFE" of Father Damien will be ready in a few weeks, issued by Messrs. MacMillan & Co. The author is Mr. Edward Clifford.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., announce a new serial, to be devoted to the reproduction of selected works by the foremost photographers of the day.

MR. SPURGEON'S latest work bears the novel title of "Salt-Cellars. Being a collection of Proverbs, together with homely notes thereon." The publishers are Passmore and Alabaster, 14 Paternoster Buildings.

R. D. BLACKMORE'S brilliant novel of "Kit and Kitty," which begins in next number of *Harper's Bazar*, will run for several months. The same number will contain portraits of the Princess Louise and her *fiancé*, the Earl of Fife.

WE reprint this week an excellent article from the pen of James W. Bell, on "The Future of Canada," which originally appeared in the July number of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Review*, an English publication of merit, and one which is not often encountered on Canadian tables or in reading-rooms.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, known as "Ik Marvel," is one of the attractions at Chautauqua this week. Though seventy years of age, his rural life at Edgewood, Conn., has enabled him to retain his health and vigour. His eyes are a bright blue, his complexion fresh, and his step elastic. He is said to look like a "condensed edition of George William Curtis."