

to see elected, just because there is another to whom you more strongly object, partakes very much of the nature of deception; and it is the more particularly to be condemned since the result of an election is, and should be, treated as something more than the mere appointment to office of one of the candidate—presumably the most eligible; for the figures are taken as an index to public sentiment, and on this assumption we see numerous comparisons made with the figures of previous elections, and deductions drawn therefrom. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that the figures should denote the state of public opinion as accurately as it is possible for figures to do.

To this end I would ask, and surely it is a modest request, for an additional half inch in the length of the ballot paper, wherein one might record an independent vote, and so, in fact, vote *against* all the candidates, instead of for any one of them.

Were voting made compulsory in Canada, as it is to-day in some European countries, something of this kind would seem imperatively necessary; but, in any case, under existing conditions, it could do no harm, and might be productive of much good.

It is a reform, moreover, against which, one would think, no opposition would be aroused, for it is impossible to conceive of any grounds on which such opposition could be based.

Yours truly,
INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

ART NOTES.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien has on exhibition at the studio of Messrs. Matthews Brothers, 95 Yonge Street, a collection of paintings representing recent brush work of this favorite and eminent artist. Our readers will enjoy a visit to these fine examples of the best Canadian art.

One of our best known artists is Mr. T. Mower Martin, who is, indeed, one of our pioneers in art, with all the word "pioneer" means in the overcoming of obstacles. Mr. Martin was born in the Inner Temple, London, England, and settled in Toronto in 1863 to find himself without confrères in this then inartistic atmosphere. He it was who originated, and for the first two years of its career was director of the Ontario School of art, when he resigned his office to devote his time more fully to painting. He joined the Ontario Society of Artists at its beginning and the Royal Canadian Academy at its first exhibition, to both of which he has since contributed yearly, besides sending pictures to the Water Color Society, the National Academy, and the Etching Club, all of New York. One of Mr. Martin's best known works, "The Northern Wilds" is in the national collection in Ottawa; another, "The Untouched Wilderness," is in Her Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle; two pictures of animal subjects are owned by Mr. Dobell, two by Mr. Drummond, of Montreal, and a large number in Quebec, in our own city, and by various owners of private collections throughout England. One of the latest, now in the rooms of the Ontario Society, has for its subject a group of lumbermen who are helping a comrade injured by a fallen tree. Mr. Martin has been a loyal Canadian in choosing Canadian subjects; he has travelled from ocean to ocean in his sketching tours and shown us examples of the varying scenery of our own land, and, although he has studied the works of the greatest masters, ancient and modern, he has always sought to preserve his own individually, to go to nature herself for his inspiration. To use his own words, "I believe an artist's mission is to interpret the beauties of nature into a language that all can understand irrespective of passing fashion in art, and I think that no impressionism, or any other *ism*, will make up for the lack of honest study and faithful attention to the truths of nature, and I am impressed with the fact that no one should attempt to pass his life as an artist who is not prepared to accept the love and delight of the work itself as a substitute for the *auri sacra fumes*." So say we all (perhaps even the impressionists themselves)! As may be inferred from observation of his

work, Mr. Martin has a preference for low-toned pictures, his feeling being that the harmonies to be found in the tertiaries appeal to a higher order of taste and intelligence than the more pretentious contrasts of the primary tints. To again quote his own words, "Although I have endeavored to meet the popular taste for brilliancy and vivid colors, I still continue to devote myself more to the subtler effects of nature's quiet moods—the twilight sky, the half-tones of the winter woods, the stretches of dew-colored meadows in early spring before the bright green appears, the leaf-covered ground of late autumn; while the weather-stained costume of the farmer, trapper, or backwoodsman, are more to my taste than the more gaudy and pretentious life and dress of cities." Many of Mr. Martin's pictures are now to be seen at R. J. Hovenden's, 88 King street west. Those who fail to see his late exhibition should go and judge for themselves.

In the course of one of the lectures which he is now delivering at the Metropolitan Museum, of New York, and which are so greatly and widely read and appreciated, Mr. John La Farge makes the following remarks: "To many, art is a trade merely more difficult than others. The artist, to them, would be a person who played with certain tools, delighting in the skill which he can display in using them. Art, then, would be the processes of art. It is true that the artist, more especially the sculptor and the painter, is a workman, and that view of himself is a healthy one for him, the more literally he holds it. It might save him, if he really believed in it, from frequenting the houses of the rich and the fashionable, and losing therein his personal dignity. Anything which will help his remaining humble will keep his work fresh as coming from himself alone. We can see what really happens when processes—methods—are separated from sentiment. How often have we heard, how often have we read, such and such a painting is in the first, the second, the third style of the artist? It is frequently possible to divide the periods of artistic production, and in its lower forms the life of the artist very often runs this way. In the first period he learns his methods, re-creating them for his own special use. In the second, more or less a master of them, through them he expresses himself, his life, his creation of the world in his mind. In the third—through some decadence of internal life, some loss of that vital faculty which exists in all men, and which in its highest sense we call genius, but which is simply the power of organizing ideas, images, signs, without employing the slow processes of apparently consecutive thought by some beginning of death—he no longer expresses himself, but repeats the methods he has invented, or which, in certain cases, he has partly assimilated from others. And these methods, having once been immediately connected with interior life, recall, through the ordinary action of memory, the impression of a vitality once connected with them, so that he is often unconscious of the fact that all he gives is these methods belonging to his own past, which no longer express him as he is to-day. He is then dead—emptied, as the French painters say—the exterior vase remains, the contents have run out. With the works produced at these moments of an artist's life the galleries and collections of the world are filled. Sometimes they puzzle us; sometimes we pass them by. And the history of art shows numbers of artists who, grouped around some greater men, imitate their processes in the full belief that all there is of art is process, or what is sometimes called technique. The greater man has made the dress he wears as the birds wear their plumage. The imitator imitates the dress. Often, for a short time, fame, success, fortune, attend the imitator. He is sometimes, for a time, more famous than the original he imitates. There are cases that are examples of works of art, which again fill spaces in museums, where there is no pleasure in the looking upon the process, where the process has been a pure one originally, and where we can hardly realize, so poor it is, that it is an imitation. In fact, we only realize that it is an imitation

because of the apparent impossibility that any strong feeling should not show even in a contradictory way to such a weak use of material."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Vocal Society concert, with the distinguished Canadian violiniste, Miss Norah Clench as soloist, has been postponed until the 21st inst.

The Orpheus Society concert, at which appeared the well known soloists, Mrs. Agnes Thompson, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mr. Pier Delasco, last Friday evening the 8th inst., had not a very full house, probably owing to the prevailing influenza. All of the soloists performed their numbers in excellent style, and were enthusiastically received.

Richard Hofmann, of Leipzig, has published his great work on Instrumentation, on which he has been engaged for several years past. It treats of (1) stringed instruments; (2) woodwind; (3) woodwind and strings together; (4) horns; (5) strings, wood and horns; (6) trumpets, cornets, trombones, tubas, and percussion instruments; (7) harp, mandolin, zither, guitar, piano, cymbals, organ and harmonium.

The forthcoming convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians, on the 27th and 28th December, to be held in the theatre of the Normal School, promises to be highly interesting. Several essays with discussions are to be heard, among which is one on "Wagner," by Mr. A. S. Vogt, and then there are to be four or five concerts by well known and excellent talent, the whole closing with a lecture by Louis C. Elson, the eminent critic and lecturer of Boston, and a reception on the same evening in the beautiful rooms of the Canadian Society of Artists, King street west. Tickets can be secured from the members of the Society, and at the Conservatory of Music, which entitle bearer to all concerts and lectures, and the reception as well.

It was unfortunate that Mr. H. M. Field's piano recital on Dec. 11th, in Association Hall, happened to be on such a stormy night, for it undoubtedly had considerable to do with the slim attendance. However, those who were there had no cause to regret, for the programme was attractive and on the whole was well rendered. Mr. Field's numbers were all chosen from the works of Liszt, and included "Mephisto Valse; Consolation; Valse Impromptu; Polonaise in E; Love's Dream; Etude; Venice and Naples; Chant-Polonaise, and the 14th Rhapsody. These numbers received a brilliant performance, some of them being played with great vigor and robustness of style, whilst others, again, received the most delicate and finished treatment. Mr. Field succeeded in pleasing his audience immensely. Mr. Dinelli played several solos on the violoncello with splendid tone and technic and was much appreciated. Miss Hibbard, of New York, sang Gounod's "Jewel Song" and two or three Liszt songs carefully, although she is by no means a concert singer, not having perfect command of her voice, which, by the way, is not of the most pleasing quality. Mr. Hewlett played the accompaniments with care and expression.

A stone around which happy memories cluster is the "witness-stone," a great boulder which stands on the bank of Niagara River within the lines of Paradise Grove. The grove used to be called Lovers' Lane, and upon the stone young couples used to plight their troth and make their mutual vows which were never broken.

Our measure of rewards and punishments is most partial and incomplete, absurdly inadequate, utterly worldly; and we wish to continue it into the next world. Into that next and awful world we strive to pursue men, and send after them our impotent party verdicts of condemnation or acquittal. We set up our paltry little rod to measure heaven immeasurable.—Thackeray.