

A most remarkable notice was recently sent to the editor of a New York musical paper stating that Miss X.—the star of a travelling concert company—"is acknowledged by press and public to be the most wonderful vocal soloist this country has ever produced;" owing her unusual distinction to "her ability to sing clearly and accurately in four distinct voices," and to the possession of a "masculine tone of voice beyond all detection." Really, this leaves the web-footed boy and the two-headed girl quite out in the cold. But what a relief it would be to singing masters if such multiple voices were to be universally regarded as the most desirable. Many a pupil could be provided with perhaps even a larger assortment than Miss X. by merely developing a few of the most striking defects of the untrained voice.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

### Art Notes.

BY the time these notes appear to the public eye the Loan Exhibition at the Toronto Club, to which I have already prophetically referred, will probably be an accomplished fact. But I am tempted to make a further allusion to it because, when last I wrote on the subject, I had not had the advantage, which I now enjoy, of being in possession of the final list of painters to be represented. One picture to be exhibited will have an especial interest in this hour when England's attitude is the subject of somewhat free comment on the part of other powers. It is the portrait of the greatest opponent of what I may perhaps call the "Napoleon doctrine"—the author of the pungent criticism, dated June 18th, 1815. Sir Thos. Laurence, who painted the picture, was the most popular portrait painter of his day. He was especially in favour with the ladies of the court whom he painted with the brush of—a courtier. But he was capable of a vigorous portrayal of the aspect of a masculine subject; and the present portrait of the Duke of Wellington is a manly treatment of the outward and visible signs of those qualities in his sitter which earned him the title of the "Iron Duke."

Very unlike the Laurence portrait, but hardly less to be prized, is the "Henner" from the collection of Sir Donald Smith. "The Nymph at the Pool" is, I think, the title of the picture; but it matters little in this instance—in fact the necessity for a title is almost to be regretted in the case of a picture which is manifestly a vision of the painter's imagination. The form of the nymph glows in the twilight recesses of a grove. Her hair is of the hue dear to the women of Venice, and makes the climax of colour in a lovely harmony of amber and deep blue-green. Henner is one of the few men who can paint "softly" and yet be strong—can blend his colours without neutralizing their effect. And he can mould a beautiful form without damming it with definition. The great quality of simplicity is his too; and he is essentially original. I think that Henner will have his nich.

I do not know precisely what we are to expect from De Hooch, but I trust that it will be one of his inimitable court yards. As compared with Teniers and a host of Dutchmen who are given to perpetuating scenes amongst the coarse votaries of Bacchus, De Hooch is refreshingly wholesome. He must have been a simple-minded burgher—a teetotaler possibly, and eminently domesticated. He painted the good wife polishing her pots and pans at the kitchen doorway; and he gives us a glimpse of a courtyard in which red brick is a dominant feature, and a pretty one at that. The incident portrayed is never in the least dramatic; there is no appeal to the emotions; the people of his creation are only innocently at work—so innocently that he is able to introduce a child or two toddling about in ample grey shirts and white caps; and one can imagine how much they must have enjoyed plaguing the patient old De Hooch as he plodded on with his picture, lovingly developing it, brick by brick.

E. WYLY GRIER.

There has been a lull for some time in the Toronto art world broken only by the advent of "Studio Day" on Saturday last and by the deep interest taken in the coming exhibition at the Toronto Club. It seems a pity, however, that when it has cost so much trouble and expense that the exhibition should not be made available to a larger class of

people, who are, from the fact of its being limited to the friends of the Club members, cut off from such a rare chance of seeing good pictures. Would it not be possible to transfer these pictures to some more public place, for it is only in this way that public taste can become educated and a natural and general love for art can ever spring up amongst us. At present it is purely a social affair, and a wide-spread feeling of regret and disappointment exists amongst those who have not the privilege of being admitted to see this collection which promises to be one of if not the finest we have ever before had here.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Reid were to be seen for the last time in their studio, until next autumn, as they leave Toronto on the 18th and sail a few days later for Gibraltar. In the meantime the studio is being rapidly dismantled, to be re-let if possible during their absence, and many of the pictures are to be sent to Hamilton on exhibition and afterwards be sold. Mr. and Mrs. Reid intend spending several months in Spain, making Madrid their headquarters, and will proceed later to Paris and do some work there, and then on to London for the spring exhibitions.

The death of Mr. Thomas Francis Dicksee is reported. He is well known as a painter of Shakespearean and *genre* pictures and portraits. His son, Mr. F. Dicksee, is a well-known R.A.

Prof. Herkomer has just finished several portraits of very different characters. One is of the Regent of Bavaria, a prince of hurculean build. Another of Dr. Percival, the late head master of Rugby, is the result of a subscription got up by the present and old boys in commemoration of him. The last picture is a beautiful type of Southerner, with fair blue eyes, rich complexion, and black hair. It will probably be called "The Madonna."

### The Woman's Bible.\*

OF all possible books this is perhaps the most extraordinary possible. It is a commentary on all such texts of Scripture as "directly refer to women" or "in which women are made prominent by exclusion"; it is written entirely by women; and is based on a translation which was the work of a woman. The women who undertake it form a "Revising Committee," and on this Revising Committee are three "Reverends," fourteen "Mrs.'s," one "Miss," and four unclassified ladies. The holder of the copyright, and apparently the prime mover and general "boss" (as probably they denominate her), is Mrs. Elizabeth [sic] Cady Stanton—a personage not unknown in the polemical literature of woman suffrage. The translator's name is Julia Smith, daughter of Hannah Hickock and Zephaniah H. Smith, and in an Appendix we are told the names of Julia Smith's sisters—though what these had to do with her translation appears not; however, Julia Smith's sisters were Hancy Zephina Smith, Cyrintia Sacretia Smith, Laurilla Aleroyla Smith, and Abby Hadassah Smith. Julia Smith's translation of the Bible, as the "ultimate authority for the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew text," was chosen because "it stands out unique among all translations," and it stands out unique because "it is the only one ever made by a woman, and the only one, it appears, ever made by a man or woman without help," the sex and single-handedness of the translator apparently being claims for "ultimate authority" far above mere scholarship. The object of the Commentary seems to be to controvert the prevailing opinion—at least the Commentators (or is it Commentatresses?) seem to think it the prevailing opinion—that the Bible regards women as inferior to men. "Those," says Mrs. Elizabeth [sic] Cady Stanton, "who have the divine insight to translate, transpose, and transfigure this mournful object of pity [the Biblical woman *videlicet*] into an exalted, dignified personage, worthy our worship as the mother of the race, are to be congratulated as having a share of the occult mystic power of the eastern Mahatmas," for "the plain English to the ordinary mind admits of no such liberal interpretation. The unvarnished texts speak for themselves." Accordingly, it is to be presumed that the Revising Committee will varnish

\*"The Woman's Bible. Part I: The Pentateuch." New York: European Publishing Co. 1895. Paper, 8vo, pp. 152. Price 50 cts.