

ture with Lord Bristol reminds me of your conversation with Napoleon on this very subject. Was not Talleyrand there, too?" "He was present," replied Goethe. "But I could not complain of Napoleon. He was exceedingly amiable to me, and treated the subject as might have been expected from so grandiose an intellect."—*Translated for The Week from Eckermann.*

### THERE IS A SPEECH.

THERE is a speech whose seat is not the tongue.  
From Love, and Hope, and Happiness 'tis wrung,  
Or from their opposites. Therein express'd,  
Can all the feelings of the human breast  
Find wider language than in mere words lies.  
'Tis in the curtain'd oriel of the eyes.

Montreal.

D. MCK. MACARTHUR.

### ART NOTES.

#### THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

THIS League availed itself last week of the spring season, now almost the universal harvest time of art work, to display in the old rooms of the Board of Trade in the Imperial Bank building the results of its members' winter study. It was strictly speaking an artists' exhibition, full of substantial work, evidently undertaken in earnest endeavour for improvement and knowledge, and included landscape, still life, and figure studies with many careful and loving sketches of wild flowers, so essential to the designer and illustrator. In fact it was very apparent to the visitor that this little band of workers have chosen well their title, for it is no mere sketch club formed for social enjoyment. The models used have been well varied and posed in a way to be of use. The rooms are not very acceptable, but the character of the exhibit proved sufficiently attractive to create a very fair attendance. The members represented by work are: Misses Adams, Macklin, Hancock, Spurr, Winterbottom; Messrs. Blatchly (Brigden), Cotton, Crouch, Howard, Jefferys, Holmes, D. Thomson, C. M. Manly, G. Staples, Cruikshank, Alexander, W. Thomson. It is sincerely to be hoped that the spirit evinced by this Society will be sufficiently lasting to provide the means for study until we obtain the long-looked-for Institute of Fine Arts which may combine all the efforts of the different art bodies in one, in which way greater convenience and facilities may be obtained as well as greater respect for the profession as a whole.

#### ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

IN noticing the oil paintings exhibited we begin with Miss G. Spurr, one of the later recruits of the Society, and though her pictures are not numerous or large they certainly are important factors in the attractive elements of the exhibition; of her six paintings, though all are evidently conscientious studies from outdoor nature, perhaps No. 127, "Sunny Days, Weston," is the best. Mr. Cutts confines himself to portraiture this year, and, to visitors unacquainted with his subjects, of course they are not as interesting as are the story-telling painters of genre, the morning hymn being only a partial departure from this line. Mrs. Dignam's works this year show a decided change in subject, she having abandoned the garden and orchard scenes of former seasons for figure study. "Her daily Bread," "Mother wants Me," and "Boys in the Meadow," carry her colours well up in the battle for public favour. Mr. P. G. Wickson's "Bridesmaid" we noticed at the R. C. A. Exhibition; it is very well placed here. Mr. F. L. Foster's oils have not been very favourably hung; perhaps he would have fared better had he used the lighter medium as he did so successfully last year. Mr. T. Mower Martin's "Coming down the Hill" is a genuine bit of outdoor nature, as also is "The Bed of a Creek;" but one of the most important landscapes on the walls is his "Summer in Ontario," a scene bearing evidence of honest intention very well carried out. As a colour group it is quiet, and true, the sandy banks of the summer stream affording pleasant contrast with the green of the foliage. Mr. Martin must have had a pleasant experience while painting in such a spot. His "Village Politician," badly hung, seems to be the portrait of one on the losing side, to judge by the lugubrious and pinched expression of the old man as he reads the news in an interval snatched from the labour of the farm or workshop. Mr. Martin's sporting scenes "Waiting," "Putting out the Dogs," and "In Charge," we reviewed when at Ottawa; the last of these three is a striking picture, and the dead deer lying on the beach opposed to the thoroughly living and watchful hound can hardly fail to interest the sportsman. The quiet and harmonious colouring would allow of its being placed in almost any position without fear of serious discord. Mr. O. R. Jacobi's name is another equally familiar to the Toronto public, and we are pleased to see that he has sent some beautiful sunset scenes in water colours quite in his old style which will be noticed later on. His two oil paintings are "Rivière du Loup" and "On the Georgian Bay," both in his well-known style. Mr. Verner occupies a large share of the line space; he exhibits cattle and autumnal effects which prove attractive to visitors. We come now to the painter of the largest and most ambitious pictures of the year, Mr. Geo. Reid, whose "Berry Pickers" has returned from the Paris salon and forms a point of interest on the South wall. Mr. Reid's

portrait of a lady in a dark purple dress is more strong than graceful, and many would apply the same remark to his large work of the year, "Foreclosing the Mortgage." Strong it undoubtedly is, vivid and impressive in effect, while the light is managed with realistic effect; sad and unpleasant too of course it is, and many people think only pleasant things should be painted, arguing that there is enough sadness in life without introducing it in art; that may be true, but might we not apply the same remark to all study and teaching? Where would be the light, if not relieved by shadow? Where the joy, without pain? Mr. Reid evidently thinks that art should be universal in its themes and should reflect life in all its phases. Mrs. Reid cannot be accused of any intention of giving us the blues; her subjects are full of beauty, lovingly, and tenderly treated. Her "Roses" (No. 201) is more than an ordinary still life picture; it is poetry on canvas, and it is pleasing to know that the Montreal Committee awarded it the prize when exhibited there. There are several other flower groups and still life studies in this exhibition, some of much merit, but the palm here must again be awarded to Mrs. Reid. We have heard so much of Mr. Carl Ahrens and his "Cradled in a Net" that it would have been a pity for the Toronto public not to have an opportunity of seeing a picture so well received in the Eastern cities; they will not be disappointed in the picture or its merits. "A Modern Cherub" is also a successful picture. Mr. J. Colin Forbes has returned from Europe after his successful season there, just in time to place four of his favourite marine studies on view. They are a welcome addition, as sea pieces are rather scarce this year. Mr. Henry Martin's two oil paintings, though not perhaps his best work, are quite creditable. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's four portraits on the line form certainly the best exhibit he has yet made, that of Mr. Verner being the best. Mr. Bell-Smith has sent from Europe some twenty pictures, only two, however, in oil. "Evening" is a pleasing picture, the wet beach, the curling wave, the thin opalescent wash, the broad and simple sky with the sun weakly striving to pierce the cloudbank and sparkling faintly on the lifting wave—all combine to soothe the mind and delight the eye. In this picture Mr. Bell-Smith has come very near to greatness. The other picture is hardly so good. A new member is Mr. Atkinson, whose work is decidedly French in feeling as well as in subject. We should like to see this painter turn his attention, as he doubtless will, to the many traits of his own country, susceptible of being treated in a manner congenial to his taste and training. There is no question as to his ability, and Toronto will expect much from him. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is not behindhand by any means, and has surpassed himself; of his four portraits, though all are good, certainly "Miss Maude" is the most attractive; for graceful prose and sentiment there is nothing equal to it in the exhibition. It is seldom we see the hands so well managed, the whole tone of the picture so soft and harmonious and in keeping with the expression. Mr. Forster has never before shown so decidedly the influence of his master Bouguereau. First among the non-members exhibiting should be mentioned Mr. Wyly Grier, an artist so clever that we greatly regret he is not likely to remain with us. There is a mastery of brushwork, light, shade and texture in his portrait of Mrs. J. K. Kerr not equalled by many painters, but for modelling of the head his portrait of "Father" is generally acknowledged to be best. Miss Tully's heads, both in oil and pastel, have been much admired, the former particularly. Miss McConnell's "Meadow Stream" shows she can paint and feel in landscape as well as in figures. Miss M. A. Bell, of Montreal, could have sent a better exhibit had she chosen, as the merit of her work testifies. Mr. Staples' "On Duty" is partially good, but is faulty in the hind-quarters. Mr. Lisence, Misses Wilkes, Palin, Smith, McGillivray and Stennett, and last not least, Mr. J. M. Kidd—all add their welcome contributions towards the most satisfactory exhibition the Ontario Society has given us for several years.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy's bust of Professor Williamson, of Queen's University, is an instance of a grand opportunity well availed of. It is not every day that a sculptor obtains such a subject and still more seldom that better justice is done to it; the kind and benevolent though slightly sad expression tells the story of a life. It is to be executed in bronze and placed in Convocation Hall of the College. The marble bust of Professor George Paxton Young, intended as a memorial to be placed in Toronto University, is a good likeness, both as regards the head and bust. As we seldom see the executed marble in a Toronto exhibition this is a chance to see the completed work which is very acceptable. Mr. Frith exhibits a sketch model for an equestrian statue of the Queen, which he suggests as suitable for the front of the new Parliament Buildings in the Park. It would be unfair to criticize the anatomy of the figure under these circumstances; *en passant* it is earnestly to be hoped that Canadian talent may be found equal to the occasion when the commission for the memorial to Sir John A. Macdonald is finally awarded. In our next issue we hope to notice the watercolours, designs and decorative work which form by no means the weakest portion of the collection.

THE studio of the professional artist who has achieved distinction in the practice of his art affords an insight into the methods of the creative art which receive but casual notice, but which have a significance that, to some minds, is peculiarly attractive. This attraction is enhanced if one

has the good fortune to come into intimate relations with the artist, and into such companionship as shall reveal somewhat of the artist nature. Best of all, if he is permitted to observe and study at leisure in the studio both the artist and his work. The ideality of the artist is in fullest activity when he is engaged in looking for the key that shall unlock the tangled medley, and reveal the man, the predominating characteristics that overlays the whole, as the atmosphere the landscape. Choice must necessarily be made for the intrinsic quality that the effigy shall present, for one only can appear. It is in this direction the artist with high aspirations addresses himself. He aims at something beyond the merely mechanical effects of correct contour and accurate lines. He would snatch the soul from the stone, like Pygmalion of old, to illuminate it. When Michael Angelo modelled a beggar, he showed to the world the typical being of its own conception, which lives as such for all time. So supreme is the rank of the statue here referred to that it has happily received the distinctive title of the Patriarch of Poverty. The innermost nature of such a man is necessarily enigmatic to most of his fellows. He is regarded by the passer-by as an inexplicable personage altogether, as an idealist with unaccountably curious whims with his oddities of dress and demeanour. These views of him are not to be gainsaid, it is true, and they serve to make up what in mundane phrase is a puzzling compound. The solution of this common idea may be found in the fact that the artist class composes only a small minority of the race, and is incomprehensible to the multitude as being both unlike and strange. In the thronged walks of great cities one can easily single out the artist if he have an observant eye. A certain nonchalance of gait and manner distinguishes him from the passing throng. In him you remark none of the haste and bustle of the eager man. If not overworn he may wear a regardful joined to a contemplative air. The oatloaf, carelessly wrapped under the arm of one, designates him as the crayon artist, for this is an indispensable adjunct to his work when the pencil is in hand. To enjoy the society of a coterie of artists is to see and enjoy society under a new and enlightening phase. But, in the meantime, they idolize as it is their nature to do, and lead a life quite aside from the generality of their fellows. They appreciate sport and recreation, life on the sea, as a yachting cruise, or in the woods and mountains, their sketching at hand. The idealist is no imitator, and variation from the common theme marks his every mood and action. To this factor in his composition we may trace his occasional departure from the accepted styles of costume, or of wearing the hair, a trivial matter, except as it becomes an occasion of misapprehension. The studio of the artist in colour exhibits the characteristic methods observed in the studio of the sculptor. The portraiture in this department of the art is susceptible of more animative, and to most sensibilities becomes, with its fidelity to tone and colour, the truer to nature. Admiration is not so much heightened here as enjoyment and delight. It is one of the curious idiosyncrasies of painters where the most eminent that they have favoured tints and hues which they are sure to reproduce continually. Where the ancient painter delights in reds, moderns have felt its flaring effects even to the degree of finding the brilliant scarlets of nature distasteful, as in the tulip or the poppy. Some such have affected the tanny and tan shades with fine effects, as in the satins of drapery and other accessories.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

CLEVELAND's clever band of minstrels entertained a large audience at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last, when, startling as it may appear in these days of semi-effete minstrelsy, some new witticisms were actually dispensed for the delectation of the apparently highly-amused audience. Mr. Leonard Somers is the possessor of a round, full baritone voice, which he uses without forcing. Mr. Harry Leighton, a male soprano of great sweetness, sang the pretty ballad, "Sitting in the Twilight," most effectively. The choruses and orchestral accompaniments were fairly well done, the company having evidently been dismembered recently. Mr. Frank Cushman gave several very good imitations of negro, Irish and Dutch characters, which were loudly applauded by the less discriminating portion of the audience. Mr. Cane, who has a sonorous bass voice, was very acceptable in the concerted numbers.

#### THE ACADEMY.

THE St. Alphonsus Club appears this Friday evening at the Academy of Music in the New York success, "Esmeralda," with a strong local cast of amateur aspirants for Thespian honours. The stage management is in the able hands of Mr. H. S. Clark.

#### MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE reappearance of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous English tenor, in a concert of sacred song in the Metropolitan Church, on Monday evening, June 7, and for which the plan is now open at Mason and Risch's Music Store, King Street West, should be the signal to crowd this spacious structure to the doors. Sacred music has always been Mr. Lloyd's forte, in which he has for years past succeeded in drawing vast audiences in England, including several Handel festivals.