

# Literature Music Art

## HIGH PRICES FOR BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Not long ago a portrait painter from the Old Country was heard to express much surprise and no little dissatisfaction at the small demand there is here in the West for the class of work which she makes her specialty. "I had heard of the wealth of this part of the world and supposed," said she, "that the market for really meritorious portrait-painting would be a large one. But people, though they express appreciation at a display of my pictures and are very eager to have themselves or their children painted, when they learn that the price is somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty pounds, suddenly lose all interest in the subject and yet, the amount is less than that asked at home." She shrugged her shoulders slightly and did not voice her opinion of those whom she discussed, but her expression betrayed her, and we frankly agreed with her. The West has not attained the age yet at which one really appreciates the most beautiful in art. There are a dozen reasons for this, and we shall give only two or three. In the first place, art-worshippers, as a rule, belong to the leisure class, and we are too happily engrossed in living the busiest of lives to try to cultivate a taste which for the present is satisfied with the loveliness round about us—a loveliness that surfeits the eyes in the boundless beauty of earth and sea and sky; and then again, for the most part, we are an unsettled people. We have our homes, but they are transient homes. We may sell them today, tomorrow, and build again. We do not know what it means to live upon an estate, the trees of which our great-great grandfathers planted, the house of which is several hundred years old, the traditions of which are part of our blood and bone and sinew, the sale of which would be as great a sacrilege as bartering the bones of our ancestors. It is all very well to pay a large price for a picture or a portrait and hang it where you know it will hang forever along with a few score of others, which, if not great works of art, have at least the honor of an unquestionable old age, but to give two or three hundred dollars for something that will have no worthy associates and no particular niche which can be made its shrine—well, there is something inconsistent about it which makes us hesitate, and to hesitate is usually to decide in the negative, and to "have one's likeness took" instead.

But happily God has blessed with talent and who have cultivated it until with Him they serve they have become co-creators, the vast majority of mankind in the older nations have learned to understand the value of art. When we read that the other day in London a little scrap of a panel 27x33 inches sold for over \$60,000, and that another a few inches larger brought only \$10,000 less, it is quite evident that the price of some works of art to connoisseurs is really far above rubies. The admirer who bought the second picture paid \$30,000 for a second, and another painting, Botticelli's "Nativity of the Saviour" was "knocked down" to him for \$10,000. At this particular sale of which we speak the prices paid for all of the pictures totalled nearly \$350,000.

But, after all, the delight of doing one's best in art as in everything else is not in receiving the remuneration or hearing appreciation voiced, it is simply in the consciousness that we have done our best. If this were not the case are would have become wholly decadent long ago, for it is posthumous fame only that has come to most of the greatest creators in painting, poetry, music and all kindred arts, and yet genius is just as inspiring, just as compelling today as it was a few hundred years ago.

## WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Arthur Schopenhauer

**The Human Will.**—Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which exists this passing into nothing—our nature—is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will and know nothing beside it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates; then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills—we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which is the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished.

Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints—whom it is certainly rarely granted to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art—we must banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we

discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its Suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

## On Books and Reading

In regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hand any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read. Consider rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'er top the rest of humanity—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct.

You can never read bad literature too little nor good literature too much.

Bad books are intellectual poison, they destroy the mind.

Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

## On the Value of Personality

No one can get beyond his own individuality. An animal under whatever circumstances it is placed, remains within the narrow limits to which nature has irrevocably consigned it; so that our endeavors to make a pet happy must always keep within the compass of its nature, and be restricted to what it can feel. So it is with man; the measure of the happiness he can attain is determined beforehand by his individuality. More especially is this the case with the mental powers, which fix once for all his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure. If these powers are small no efforts from without, nothing that his fellowmen or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half-animal though it be: his only resources are his sensual appetite—a cosy and cheerful family life at the most, low company and vulgar pastime; even education on the whole can avail little if anything for the enlargement of his horizon.

For the highest, most varied and lasting pleasures are those of the mind; however much our youth may deceive us on this point; and the pleasures of the mind turn chiefly on the powers of the mind. It is clear then that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we are, upon our individuality; whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we have, or our reputation. Our lot in this sense may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich; on the other hand, a fool remains a fool, a dull blockhead to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by hours in Paradise. This is why Goethe in the "Westlicher Divan" says that every man, whether he occupy a low position in life or emerge as its victor, testifies to personality as to the greatest factor in happiness.

## IN THE BOOK WORLD

Phrynette in London

This story is like a glass of champagne, delightfully reviving, evanescently inspiring, easily assimilated, soon forgotten. It is well worth reading, it is needless to add, a pleasant little interlude in the day's work, and all such little diversions do good simply by diverting. For the rest Phrynette is a vain, unmoral, warm-hearted, fascinating little piece of humanity, frankly frivolous and naively philosophical. That she is a French girl goes without saying, and she comes to live in London at the house of a thoroughly conventional English aunt. Her criticisms of London life are delightful, the mistakes that she commits through incomplete knowledge of English customs and the English language no less so.

Here is a little bit of Phrynette's philosophy: "How very, very happy my childhood must have been, and I never knew it. It gives me no retrospective happiness to think of it now. People speak of 'sweet memories'; there are no sweet memories, the sweeter the things remembered the more poignant the regrets. Memory is responsible for half the discomforts of heart and mind. I have a horror of everything that is yesterday's—from cold mutter to dead flirtations."

This is an impression of the London streets. "Nowhere have I seen poverty under such a pitiful aspect as in London. The pauvre honteux does not seem to exist here. The poor seem unconscious that patched rags, buttonless boots and unwashed faces add to one's degradation. Their ghastly finery, too, renders their poverty more poignant—the women with their velvet jackets under which shows the lining, their pathetic hats with their spectral feathers; the men with their bowler hats and remnants of frock coats. There seems to be no class distinction in the matter

of clothing, and this renders the aspect of the poor more ignoble. Judging by her silk fur-belt torn and stained, the old dame who sells you matches at the street corner might be a down-at-heel duchess. This does not apply only to the "submerged" thousands; the shopgirl, the artisan's wife, the little slavey, all display naively this love of false elegance. We passed hundreds of shopgirls going to lunch, not a few were pretty, but hardly any looked neat, at least what we call bien arrangee."

Foreigners are struck with the hushed melancholy like a moral fog, hanging over London and its inhabitants. But for the traffic the streets would be almost silent—no laugh, no song, no impetus. Imagine dolls with the spring inside them broken and you will have a good idea how London first appears to the stranger. And the stranger seeing all those people with the sober faces, say to himself, "This is indeed a serious race." The stranger is wrong. They are not a serious race, they are a resigned race. I am not speaking of the wealthy or the aristocracy. They cannot be called Londoners who spend only three or four months in town—

Here is Phrynette's account of her first proposal. "Who would have thought it? I have received a proposal, my first, isn't it enchanting? But by Monty, of all men. I haven't recovered from my astonishment yet. It was yesterday morning when we were playing croquet together, he had been watching me for some time, and then he said in a funny raucous voice:

"Phrynette, will you stop it a moment, please, I want to speak to you."

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, but you are quite mistaken. I did not cheat, only your ball was—"

"No, it is not about the game. I only wanted to say I love you. And will you marry me?"

It came as such a shock I had to sit down on the grass. The idea. Picture the scene, standing there in the broiling sun, playing a stupid game, and then being asked in marriage without any warning. It quite took my breath away, but still I was very glad, and I became all red with surprise and pleasure.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked.

"Mean it, I have wanted to ask you for ever so long—I remember very well when I first began to love you, it was at the Zoo opposite the lion's cage."

"Perhaps it was my contrasting mildness," I suggested.

"Oh, don't talk that! Every time I saw you I thought 'Now I'll tell,' but you never gave a fellow a chance; you always laughed at everything I said. But I am going back to town tomorrow, so I had to risk it today. I have no wish to play the dog in the manger like—like some fellows."

I clasped my hands. "Oh, Monty, I am so glad, but do you know, I save not a penny."

"Yes, I don't care." I have quite a beastly lot of money myself—

"And that I am very fond of pretty clothes and things; in fact that I am rather expensive."

"So much the better. I hate dowdy girls."

"And do you know I am not at all domesticated though I am a French girl?"

"Oh, what next? I don't want you to cook my dinner for me."

"Then you know all my drawbacks, and you want to marry me all the same? Monty I adore you."

"Then it is, 'Yes?'"

"Certainly not. Oh, Monty, don't look like that. You are an angel, but it is 'No.' I haven't the slightest wish to marry—"

which was not true, but one does not expect girls to be truthful, only to be womanly.

"But you seemed so pleased when I proposed—"

"And so I am. Its very nice of you, and very chivalrous, and its a pity you are not a girl, because I would kiss you. No, please don't, you are not a kiss you see, and it might be misinterpreted. Don't be sad, bon ami, you'll fall in love again one of these days, and you'll forget all about me, but I shall never forget my first proposal."

Phrynette and London.—Marthe Trolly-Curtin.

Macmillan & Co., Toronto, Can.

## FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE GALLYNAUD

A little book of great interest has recently appeared in London and Paris, from which we quote a few extracts. The first one strikes a very modern note.

"Last evening, Sept. 21, 1831, I was at Holland House where the ministry seemed to be in a state of consternation. I think it feels a little guilty, for, if this country is threatened with revolutionary scenes, it is through its own fault.

To intimidate the House of Lords and snatch the reform bill from it, the ministry brought on the agitation and the threatening movements which are in preparation.

Now for an account of a dinner party given by the king, which could only have been related by one who was present. Any number of healths were proposed by his majesty, who addressing the Duchess of Kent, gave that of Princess Victoria, as being the only one who, by divine providence and the laws of the land, ought to succeed him, and to whom he meant to leave the three kingdoms, with their rights,

privileges, and constitution intact, as he had received them.

Everybody wondered whether he intended to please or to wound the Duchess of Kent, "who was as pale as death," or whether this was aimed at the Duke of Sussex, who had been forbidden the court.

## M. and Madame Thiers

A little sketch of M. Thiers' early married life. This was in Paris, in December, 1833. The writer had dined, in the company of Talleyrand, with the Thiers.

Madame Thiers, who is only 16, looks 19. She has a pretty complexion, fine hair, an elegant figure, big eyes, as yet without expression, a disagreeable mouth, a graceless smile, and too prominent a forehead. She does not speak; she hardly answers; and she seemed to find us all a burden. He has no manners, no training, for society; but all this may come, and she will, perhaps, be more anxious to please others than her little husband, who is very loving and very jealous, absurdly so, as he has confessed to me. His wife looks very coldly at him. She is not shy, but wears a sulky expression, and absolutely no style.

Comments on men and things are diversified with gossip, not invariably good-natured. Here is a sample:

People are amusing themselves with spreading the report that Lord Palmerston is going to marry Miss Jerminham. She was at the Russian embassy yesterday, decked out as usual, and was the object of the mockery of Madame de Lieven, who could not help inviting her. Perhaps to average herself for this she said rather loud that Miss Jerminham reminded her of an advertisement in the newspapers, running, "A housemaid wants a situation in a family where a footman is kept." Not bad, but uncharitable. She added complacently that the comic papers had dubbed Lord Palmerston "the venerable Cupid."

Some kind lines on the Duke of Wellington: He has a very exact memory, and never quotes incorrectly. He forgets nothing, and exaggerates nothing, and if his conversation is a little dry and military it attracts by its fairness and perfect propriety. His tone is excellent, and no woman has ever to be on her guard against the turn that the conversation may take. In this respect he is much more reserved than Lord Grey, although the latter has in many ways had a much more careful training and has a more cultivated mind.

A queer tale about Lady Londonderry, "well known for her oddities," who, making sure that her baby would be a boy, "orders a little hussar costume, the uniform of her husband's regiment." When giving the order she says to the tailor, "For a child of six days."

"Your ladyship means six years," the tailor replies. "Not at all," she answers, "for a child six days old, and to be worn at the christening."

Here is an opinion by that excellent judge, the writer, which is well worth noting. She expressed admiration of springtime in London, with the verdure of its squares, parks, and balconies, and related her impression of a drawing-room held by the queen.

It is the fashion to reproach Englishwomen with lack of style. They do not walk well, it is true, but when in repose there is grace about their nonchalance. They are usually well made, less pinched in than French women. Their figures are more developed and finer. They sometimes dress without much taste, but at least they follow their own inclinations; and there is a diversity in their toilettes which brings each one out better. The girls' bare shoulders and long tresses would be out of place in France, where the very young persons are nearly all small, black, and lean. And I am tempted to apply what I say about the gardens and the beauty of the women morally to the English men. . . . I should like the English women never to attire themselves according to Paris fashion books. . . . Detestable caricaturists when they copy, the English are excellent when they are themselves.

Now for an amusing account of a drawing-room, at which the Princess Victoria was present.

Her manners are perfect, and some day she will be agreeable enough to be almost pretty. She will, like all the princesses, have the gift of keeping a long time on her legs without fatigue or impatience. Yesterday we women all succumbed in turn, except the wife of the new Greek minister, who is accustomed to long standing at church, and therefore well endured this ordeal. She was, moreover, kept up by curiosity and surprise. She is astonished at everything, puts naïf questions and makes comical remarks and mistakes. When she saw the Chancellor pass in a grand robe and a wig, bearing the embroidered bag containing the seals, she took him for a bishop carrying the gospels, which applied to Lord Brougham, was particularly amusing."

## MUSICAL NOTES

### Coronation Choir and Orchestra

The choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, St. James, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, form the nucleus of the choral force; but representatives from the principal London churches, country cathedrals, and the choirs of several colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are included, as well as some members of the Bach Choir and the madrigal societies. Several well-known professional singers have given in their names, among them Mr. Edward Lloyd, who, though

he has retired for some years, asked to be allowed to end the career begun as a chorister of the Abbey by singing there in the Coronation choir. Sir Frederick Bridge has arranged that Mr. Lloyd shall sing the short solo in the Homage Anthem.

The orchestra will consist of the King's Band, that of the Royal Choral Society, and members of other London orchestras, and the whole will be conducted by Sir Frederick Bridge, with the single exception that Sir Walter Parratt, as Master of the King's Music, will conduct his own composition and some of the orchestral pieces.

## Coronation Music

The service opens with Psalm cxxii., from which the words of the anthem "I was glad" are taken. This Psalm is set to a chant by James Turle, a former organist of Westminster Abbey, and as an alternative to it Sir Hubert Parry's anthem with which the King is to be greeted on his entrance to the Abbey is offered. The Litany follows to Tallis' music, but with regard to this it is worthy of notice that the arrangement differs in some important points from the better-known one which was sung at King Edward's Coronation. In editing this, Sir Frederick Bridge has followed an old set of books in the library of the Abbey choir, which make use of some beautiful modifications in the melodic inflexions, the rhythm, and the harmony. The setting included in the Form of Prayer is for four voices, that in the Coronation Service for five, but the two are exactly similar in respect to these modifications, and it may be remarked that Jebb believed this to be the original form of Tallis' Litany. The fragment from Purcell, "Let my prayer come up into Thy presence," which forms the Introit to the Communion of the Coronation, is included in the Form of Prayer. This, too, is simplified into a version for four voices, but it has been possible to do this without any serious sacrifice in the harmony, and Sir Frederick Bridge has restored several of the composer's most characteristic harmonic effects which had been altered in corrupt modern editions.

In the Communion Office the Nicene Creed by Merbecke, the "Offertorium" by Sir Edward Elgar, the "Sanctus" by Dr. W. G. Alcock, the Lord's Prayer by Merbecke, and the final "Amen" by Gibbons are all included, just as they are to be sung at the Coronation itself, but instead of Sir Charles Stanford's "Gloria" and Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum," both of which might be considered too elaborate for the purpose, settings by Stainer (in F) and Smart (in F) are given. One other musical feature is found in this book which is not a part of the Coronation Office—namely, Dr. Armitage Robinson's hymn "The King, O Lord." For this Sir Frederick Bridge has arranged a vigorous tune which occurred in the march written by Mr. Percy Godfrey for the Coronation of King Edward, and which won the prize offered by the Worshipful Company of Musicians. A similar prize was offered this year; but out of about 200 compositions sent in the judges were unable to find one which deserved the award, so the use of the older tune requires no apology.

Somebody ought really to compile a list of musical "howlers" that find their way by accident into newspapers. For some of them that useful but not infallible invention, the telegraph, is responsible. For example, it must have puzzled not a few music-lovers who followed the doings of the Sheffield Festival last week to read that the choir's "entrees" were excellent. A reference elsewhere apropos of the "Ring" to the "White Maidens" music must surely have given some readers a furious tingle; while the admirable Sheffield chorus surely rejoiced when they read that their singing was of the "virtuous" kind. And who can have resisted a smile in lightning upon an allusion to Wagner's "trill" music from "Parsifal"? It reminds one of the criticism which said that every note ever written by Mozart was "immortal."

It is announced that Max Reger, whose new String Sextet (Op. 118) was recently produced at Leipzig, has definitely accepted the conductorship of the famous dual orchestra at Meiningen, the appointment to date from December 1. For some five years, from 1880 to 1885, the Meiningen Court Orchestra was under the control of Hans van Bulow, who won for it a world-wide celebrity. During his regime a frequent visitor to Meiningen was Brahms, who conducted there on special occasions. It was in this town of many musical memories that Richard Strauss first made his mark as a chef d'orchestre, for he lived there for some years as a pupil of Bulow, who, in 1885, appointed him assistant Musikdirektor."

## SMART DETECTIVE

"You're late!" exclaimed the bucolic inspector in an awful voice. "Very late! Half an hour late! Too late!" He glared fiercely over his spectacles. "Why didn't you bring me your report at eleven o'clock, as I told you to?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the defaulting detective; "but I—I didn't know the time."

"Didn't know the time?" shouted the inspector, very red in the face. "Nonsense, sir. You must have known the time! A detective should know everything! And, besides, you have your watch!"

"Pardon me, sir, but I haven't!" stammered the detective. "One of the thieves I was shadowing stole it."