

Mme. Albani will make a tour of the United States and Canada this autumn, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Langley, Mr. Braxton Smith and Mr. Lemprière Pringle.

The Italian Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Giannurco, a celebrated lawyer, composed a sonata for piano and violin which was lately played by his Excellency and Teresina Tua, the minuet being very charming.

The Musical Age says: In Milan, Miss Kellog, of New York (Mlle. Milka), sang in the theatre where Tamagno, Van Dyck and Galli Marié had sung. She was highly successful as Azucena in "Trovatore," and it is possible she will also sing in "Aida." Miss Kellog was engaged for a tour of the watering places in Germany last winter, with a celebrated star, but the plan fell through.

Prof. F. N. Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died Aug. 18th, at Portland, Me., aged eighty-eight years. Prof. Crouch was an Englishman by birth, but lived in the United States since 1849. He served in the Confederate Army throughout the War of the Rebellion. He was buried August 23rd, in the London Park Cemetery, Baltimore, Md. Although a talented musician and the author of a large number of songs, he will be remembered chiefly as the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." About this song the New York Musical Courier makes the following remarks: "The sentimentality of the words and the music—a maudlin sentimentality—caught the fancy of the people, and Kathleen Mavourneen was heard in every drawing-room and in public resorts where music for the crowd was given, and where Cockney singers told how 'The 'orn of the 'unter was 'eard hon the 'ill.' The song, we repeat, is a maudlin production, distinctly of an inferior style, but it chanced to tickle the taste of the public of those days."

The Toronto Conservatory of Music entered upon the tenth season of its work on the 1st inst., the prospects being very promising for another successful year. The annual Calendar comes out in very tasteful form, and contains much information respecting the work, aim, and success of the Conservatory, the oldest musical institution in Canada. It possesses excellent facilities for a liberal and comprehensive education in all branches of music and elocution; its system of instruction being designed to advance the pupil thoroughly, from the primary grades along to the highest standard of efficiency. The branches of study include piano, organ, voice, violin, theory (all branches), piano tuning, elocution, and physical culture, languages, etc. The staff includes musicians of eminence and well-known repute. Scholarships of the value of \$1,200 were awarded last season; gold and silver medals, diplomas and certificates, are also granted. Students have also many free advantages, such as elementary theory, sight-singing, violin, musical reference library, lectures, etc. The Conservatory is affiliated with the University of Toronto, and with Trinity University, which affords opportunity for degrees in music.

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An Appreciation of Modern French Art.

THE sense of exhilaration with which a visit to the Salon was wont to fill the visitor now yields to a weary feeling of sadness and unrest. All this effort—misplaced and futile, the greater part of it, vain and tasteless as Dead Sea fruit—what does it all express? The ineffectual striving of a nation for a year—ineffectual in the sum of its real achievement, though assuredly not in extent. When we think that in these two Salons are displayed about 7,000 works, and that these, estimating the rejections at the same proportion as in England, represent not fewer than 70,000 works produced, and that there are 19 other exhibitions of painting now open in Paris, there is enough in the thought, I think, to stagger the mind and depress the lightest heart. Contenting ourselves with a general impression of this vast conglomeration of art, we may form perhaps the truest judgment of all. Frankly, it is disappointment at the Champ de Mars, and, in spite of much good work, repugnance at the Champs Elysees. Repugnance; for here painters who know the

business of their craft and can draw and compose with admirable skill are permitted to disport themselves in a spirit that must tell grievously against the art of the country. Who is the better—artistically, ecstatically—for being shown M. Surand's conception of how Hamilear's elephants trampled his barbarian prisoners to a shapeless mass? When we come to M. Lemarquier's "Leper" picking at his scaling sores, or to M. Lix's "Medieval Tragedy," illustrative of baby burning—we ask if these painters really think their life's mission to be the wringing of our hearts and the turning of our stomachs. If this be art, how are we, whose lives are passed in urging the spread, the practice, and the love of it, to plead for it as a joy to be cherished, a delight to be encouraged in the land?

That sensuality and crime are matters not foreign to artistic treatment, whether in literature, painting, or poetry, the world has seen and wise men proved; but until artists have learnt to know what to present and what to pass over, they have no right to disport themselves in public, and rival, so to speak, the acts of Diogenes in the highway, or of King Prempeh in the sacred grove. The debasement of much of the artistic effort of the day is defilement and contagion; for not only do painters produce, but the public for the moment applauds the production. Art, it is true, has essentially nought to do with morals or ethics. But it must have nought to do *against* them. The thought that inspires it, be it rapid or insipid, must not be an outrage on taste, or it at once introduces an element entirely foreign to the true purpose of art. That, primarily, is to impart pleasure according to our individual notions of beauty, visual or intellectual. I care not, generally speaking, whether a picture have or have not a subject, provided that the picture is fine as paint, as design, as workmanship. But when a painter who can give us all these things uses them to thrust upon us a loathsome subject, he obliterates violently from our intellectual sight the impression of beauty which the general composition first presented to our eyes—nay more, by the filthy smear he makes he offends past all pardon those physical eyes themselves. The subjects, we are told, are symbolical; or they are historical. Neither excuse is good. Symbolism has a finer language than that to talk in. It legitimately may awe or, if need be, horrify us, solemnly and with dignity; but never disgust. As for history, the same test may be applied. Even when the scene represented is true, there is a limit to the subject—a line which may not be passed by art; for there literature comes in to take up the task of presenting discreetly to our imaginations what it cannot be permitted to art to portray.

Now, there is not, I admit, so large a proportion of such pictures as these as we are apt to believe; but they are vast and obtrusive, and are not to be escaped. Moreover, as Herbert Spencer and others have pointed out, it is characteristic of the human mind that the deepest impressions are made upon us by what is ugly, not by what is beautiful. So, when we leave the galleries of the Salon and recall the pictures we have examined, or quietly suffer our impressions to resolve themselves slowly, unassisted, in our memory, we find blood and violence paramount, exercising a strong hold on our mental vision, thrusting themselves, like a curtain streaked with blood and discordancy, across our memory of the most honest and poetical canvases that charmed us as we passed through this purgatory of art—in the shadow of this Valley of Crime and Death. Classicism, romanticism, idealism, realism, naturalism—such has been the march of art in the Old Salon of Paris. Impressionism, prismaticism, and the rest, but served to create a diversion, but not a revolution.

We may pass from the dismal and violent, and enjoy the exquisite poetic art of Messrs. Harpignies, Francais, and Gosselin; but while we acknowledge that here are true representatives of what is finest in French art, we cannot pretend to believe that as antidotes they are powerful enough to arrest the course or counteract the effect of what is bad: as soon might you hope to subdue the stench of offal and carrion with the scent of flowers and of the fields. But posterity will not endorse the extravagances of an artistically unscrupulous age. Future applause, be sure, like homage in the past, will be reserved for those who gave the best they had, and of all they felt within them put their noblest in their art.—*Magazine of Art.*