

MY THOUGHT.

My thought—like breezes blowing—
Floats whence? and whither flies?
Its coming and its going
Is heard through plaintive sighs.

It wakes not at my pleading,
Nor sleepeth at my will;
O whereto is it leading?
I can but follow still.

April 7, '92.

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea).

ART NOTES.

THE sculptor, Auguste Cain, has offered to the French Government the second casting in bronze of his large fountain called "Eagle and Vultures Disputing a Quarry," which was shown last year at the Old Salon. The first bronze is in private hands at Versailles.

THE 156 pictures sold by the American Art Association at auction in New York recently brought \$270,540. The highest price, \$27,000, was paid by C. P. Huntington for Troyon's "Le passage du bac," and the highest for an American artist's work was \$900 for F. A. Bridgman's "The Neighbours."

THE Italian Commissioner for the Chicago Fair, Alexander Del Nero, writes from Rome to the effect that there will be a fine exhibit of the mosaics, tapestries, Columbian relics, and other treasures of the Vatican which have never yet been on exhibition. He further reports that the Ethnographic Museum of Rome will probably loan many Columbian antiquities to the Exposition.

THE *Canadian Gazette*, of London, has the following anecdote: "Mr. John Colin Forbes, R.C.A., who painted the portrait of Mr. Gladstone which is to hang in the dining-room of the National Liberal Club, is sending to the Academy a large canvas to which a singular personal interest attaches. When a young man, Mr. Forbes was wrecked in mid-ocean, and it was largely due to his personal exertions that he and a few of his fellow-passengers were saved on a raft. It is this incident which the picture portrays."

THE late Mr. William J. Tempest, for many years connected with the Bank of Montreal, and who was a governor and counsellor of the Art Association of Montreal, by his will has, subject to the payment of a life rent of \$1,000 to his housekeeper, bequeathed a large legacy to that institution. The legacy to the Art Gallery includes Mr. Tempest's valuable collection of pictures, oil paintings and water colours and in addition to this, stocks and other assets amounting to from \$65,000 to \$70,000. The income from this sum is to be wholly applied to the purchase of foreign pictures, exclusive of American and modern British pictures, which the testator considered too costly in proportion to their merit. No portion of the money is to be applied to purchasing land, buildings or to meet expenses. The art collection is valued at \$20,000, and it is expected that when the whole legacy shall have been paid over to the Art Association it will practically reach \$100,000. Would that there were more wealthy Canadians imbued with the refined taste and patriotic spirit of this noble lover and benefactor of Canadian art.

THE world of art is a world of reflections. As in some magic mirror, phase after phase of human life and experience glitters across that polished surface and gives place to others, subtler and nobler as the ages proceed. For whatever the past has done, and to what extent soever certain aspects of expression, whether in words, or marble, or colour, have been carried to their limits, and exhausted in the entire range of their possibilities, yet to each perfected flower and fruit as it hangs and glows on the marvellous tree of time, another succeeds which touches deeper sensibilities, presents the story of the everlasting idea in a newer and more seductive guise, discloses depths of nature and heart and mind the earlier artists dreamed not of. All the ardours and glories of the imagination have disclosed themselves in the work of the landscape painter. To a Salvator Rosa nature is the reflection of moods sombre as the darkness of his own soul; to a Claude Lorraine, she is fresh with the joyousness of a soul to whom life was a scene of innocence and child-like gaiety. Very justly is he said to have been the first landscape painter who set the sun in the heaven of his creations; but that sun had first risen on the horizon of his own soul in the radiant view which his clear and joyous character took of the world and man. In Turner, on the other hand, all the tempestuous intellectual conflicts of his time are displayed; the attempt to believe what is no longer credible, the attempt to accept what is barely acceptable, the despair of doubt that disdains itself for the lack of power to allay its own torments, and exorcise its self-created ghosts, the moral struggle which leaps from stern asceticism to wildly ecstatic indulgence, and finds satisfaction in neither, with moments of transcendent peace, idyllic and serene as the golden age dreamed of by poets in the fore-world, all shine, and darken and fascinate in his incomparable portrayals of nature, made to be, as she is, the vehicle of the expression of thought in all its phases. But the great landscape painter above all perceives the total process of nature, how she perpetually destroys herself only to reproduce herself. He seizes all these aspects in their most permanent and essential form; the capricious, the

merely vague, the unimportant, by the instinct resident in his creative skill, he recognizes at once and drops from his picture. He sees how all nature is resumed and comprehended in the atmospheric process; how, as Emerson says, the mountains are dissolved into the air even as the waters are; how everything is engirt by the mist of its disintegration. Out of this marvellous medium the solidities of the earth are, so to speak, precipitated. The modern painter no longer portrays his object in clear isolation, in a medium crystalline and pure, but as it really is enveloped in the smoke and vapours of existence. The landscapes of Corot seem like dreams so pervaded by mists and exhalations are they; but the attempt is here distinctly made to reproduce that total process in which all things live and move and have their being, that dying into life and living into death to which everything sublunary is subject. These painters introduce the air into their pictures, and lo! the genetic processes of nature become their subject-matter and premeditated delineation. Such pictures, seeming irrational agglomerations of light and shade and colour, are gigantic efforts to throw upon canvas the whole movement of nature's life. No object in them has a definite outline; it flames up into the air, and seems gradually dissipating into space; the golden glow of the universal movement of all things suffuses the delineation, and one is confronted with nature as she really is, eternally passing away, eternally restoring herself. The art of the landscape painter, like music, is an essentially modern art, complex, capricious, various, but expressive of the deepest emotions, humane, ennobling.—*Louis J. Black, in the Open Court.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"DR. BILLS" little running accounts with the Toronto public, having been satisfactorily liquidated, Manager Sheppard proceeded on Monday last to receive the annual admiration beneficiary fees from hosts of his friends, a deserving tribute to indefatigable energy and a constant desire to please his patrons. Roland Reed's clever company provided the bill of fare, served up under the title of "A Club Friend," being in the opinion of many the chief hit, so far, of this versatile comedian. The same "menu" catered to the appetites of the Grand audiences throughout the week. "Hermann, the Wonderful," is to appear at the Grand next week, beginning Monday, April 25th.

THE ACADEMY.

THE airy, fairy form of Marie Tempest is well suited to sustain the character of Adam in "The Tyrolean," the latest comic opera composed by Carl Zeller, presented on Thursday and Friday at the Academy. The music is not above the average quality in this class of composition, much of it, indeed, being commonplace, yet there are several catchy airs, and a few well-concerted numbers. "The Nightingale" song, introduced by Miss Tempest in the second act, was deservedly encored. Miss Tempest is a striking exception to most comic opera prime donne, in that she never forces her tones, thereby leaving an altogether pleasant impression by her vocal efforts, as also by her graceful acting. The supporting artists sustained the standard of Mr. Aronson's companies, which are invariably well selected. Mr. Fred. Solomon as *Baron Wepps* created an abundance of fun by his high class comedy acting; Messrs. Figman and Stevens as *The Professors* caused continuous merriment in their low comedy acting on the lines of the two thieves in "Erminie." Little Louise Beaudet sang as sweetly as ever in the character of *Christel*. This charming favourite improves constantly, and will make her special mark in the near future. The Tyrolean quartette, in the first act, with choral support, was very effective, the bass, Mr. Hofer, being especially fine in his lower register. The plot, as is usual in this class of opera, fulfils the old adage that "all is well that ends well." "Nanon" was produced on Saturday evening and matinee; the old favourite drew large houses, giving delight to everyone. This week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the favourite Carleton Opera Company, with Mr. Carleton at its head, in a new work entitled "Indigo," will hold the Academy boards.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE final concert of this season of the Toronto Vocal Society, which takes place on Thursday next, April 28th, promises to fairly eclipse all previous efforts of this famous singing society. The choral selections are exceptionally fine and judiciously varied, being as follows: "Soldier Rest," Oliver King; "Matona, Lovely Maiden," a madrigal, composed by Lassus, A.D. 1530; "Lullaby of Life," Henry Leslie; "Duncan Gray," written for the Glasgow Select Choir; "My Lady Comes to Me," Pinsuti's (last work); "The Evening Hymn," solo and chorus, by Reinecke. The soloists, Miss Attalie Claire, formerly of Patti's Concert Company, and prima donna of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, London, England, etc., originally from Toronto, and Miss Mabel Glover, also a very young Toronto debutante, together with Mr. Fred. Boscovitz, the piano virtuoso, who will perform upon an ancient spinnett, that he recently used *en tour* in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, etc., also Mr. Harold Jarvis in solos. All combined should offer a musical feast that, judging by the appearance of the plan at Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer's music store, will fill the Pavilion to overflowing. The following interview with Albani will be read with interest:—

Madame Albani graciously accorded Miss Florence Mabel Glover a hearing in several vocal selections on Tuesday week. Miss Glover is a young Torontonion of but fourteen years of age; the great *prima donna* was enthusiastic over her singing, saying amongst many pleasant things: "You have a wonderful soprano voice, and a correct technique, and should at once go to either New York or preferably to Europe, to study for opera." On Wednesday morning Miss Glover received a flattering letter from Madame Albani, the following being an extract:—

QUEEN'S HOTEL, April 12, 1892.

DEAR MISS GLOVER,—I write to you just before leaving to tell you how delighted I was with your musical talent. If I can be of any service to you in London, I shall be very pleased to see you there. Wishing you success. Believe me, yours sincerely,

E. ALBANI-GYE.

Miss Glover, who is a member of the Society, will appear at the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society Thursday, April 28, of which her singing-master, W. Edgar Buck, is the musical director.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE famous English tenor, Edward Lloyd, is to make his re-entrée in the Pavilion on May 5, together with Miss Dora Becker, violiniste, and Miss Pinner, soprano. A large audience is anticipated; Mr. Lloyd's reputation as the leading English-speaking tenor of the world being sufficient in itself to attract all music lovers. The plan is rapidly filling at Suckling's.

EASTERTIDE MUSIC.

THE Easter festival season may be looked upon as inaugurating the paraphrase from Haydn's "Creation," "Straight opening her fertile womb, the earth obeyed the Word and teemed creatures numberless, etc." On Sunday last the various Christian congregations in this city of churches sent forth their peans of joy in token of their spiritual salvation. The services in the Protestant and Catholic churches were this year specially ornate, nature herself being heavily taxed to provide many beautiful floral offerings to assist in celebrating the rising from the tomb of the Conqueror of death, who proclaimed the loosening of the chains of slavery throughout Christendom. The bright green herbage, having shaken off the cloak of winter, seemed to smile under the influence of the genial noonday sun, in consonance with this festive season, offering up sweet Hallelujahs on the bright Easter morn.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SOME CHILDREN OF ADAM. By R. M. Manley. With Photogravure Illustrations. New York: Worthington Company.

The vague title of this book is not very alluring, and the story itself, although not without merit, is scarcely worthy of its attractive dress and the illustrations with which it is embellished. The author does not seem to have a proper sense of proportion, and his art, from inexperience, perhaps, rather than from want of ability, fails in the development of his characters and incidents into a well-wrought story. Most readers will consider the character of Uncle Plato, who could not have been such a fool as he is represented, a palpable exaggeration; and no good woman, however narrow and devoted to family interests, could have given even an implied consent to the wrong Franklin Raymond contemplated towards Desirée Renaud. The latter and her wicked, cynical, remorseless father are strongly-drawn characters, and add much to the interest of a story which, notwithstanding its defects, will doubtless have many readers and admirers.

BARRACKS, BIVOUACS AND BATTLES. By Archibald Forbes. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company. \$1.50.

One of the institutions of modern warfare is the War Correspondent. A consequence of the direct contact of the press with the people is that, as in great events, so in small, the people look to the press to provide them with ready and authentic accounts of the chequered course of events, whether in war or in peace. Among the band of resolute and intrepid men who by their genius and address have made the name "War Correspondent" one of distinction and honour, none have achieved greater fame than Archibald Forbes, the hero of "the ride from Ulundi." He who has "watched the conduct in the field of the armies of eight European nations" should be well qualified to tell many a tale of thrilling interest, and sketch many a stirring scene. In the volume before us of 328 pages Mr. Forbes has gathered together sixteen contributions, some of which are old favourites, and all of which will be heartily welcomed and read, and re-read with unabated interest. They all evidence the graphic power of their writer's pen, his copious command of clear and forcible English, his sturdy manliness and invincible pluck, and yet tender and humane spirit. English to the core are these sketches, whether they reveal the splendid heroism of British valour, in rank or file, or expose the perversity or incompetence which are the foils of the noblest virtues. The pathos of "How 'The Crayture' got on the Strength" and of "The Old Sergeant;" the humour of "Jellypod; alias The Muleteer;" the dash and cool-