

men, and retarded reforms of all sorts for more than a generation.

Louis XVI. was a peaceable, unambitious man, and allied by marriage to the then German Emperor. His family also were unambitious. Had there been a healthy political growth we should now see Louis XX. on the French throne, and we should have had comparatively very few European wars, and those not so destructive. It is needless to say that the present excessive European armaments would have no existence.

Pitt was a free trader. We certainly should have had free trade in England at least fifty years earlier than it happened, and almost every one of our great reforms would have taken place a generation earlier. In 1789 the English national debt was about £250,000,000 and in the absence of great wars it is unlikely that it would have exceeded that sum at the present time. Of course, the war of 1812 with the United States would never have happened.

Napoleon III. was a born conspirator, and his restless plotting and his stealthy attacks compelled other nations to largely increase their armaments. His seizure of despotic power in December, 1851, caused England to reorganize her militia. His sudden war against Austria in 1859 led to the formation of the volunteers. His excessive increase of the French navy forced England also to increase her naval forces—and so it was with other nations. The huge European armaments of the present day clearly result from the French Revolution, for without that, on his own shewing, there would have been no Napoleon I. and certainly no Napoleon III.

Toronto.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

TRUE TALE.

(Concluded from last issue.)

IN due time, Horace received no less than *thirty-four* answers to his "ad." Some were vague, and he could almost see the perplexity in the faces of those of the cloth to whom the idea was new, if not monstrous. Meanwhile Horace, who by this time was living in comfortable rooms in Bayswater (east side) went quietly but determinedly about his novel scheme. In one of the many beautiful roads out by Campden Hill, he espied one day a Ladies' School, or rather Academy—a large, rambling old building set squarely in a tumble-down old garden, and flanked by a gymnasium—for sale. He looked up the agents and went down to Fetter Lane one fine morning in May. Messrs. Smithson and Jenkinson received him affably, Horace was so pleasant. He referred to the Campden Hill Seminary.

"I wish to know the price," he said.

"Precisely," said Mr. Smithson. The price was named. Horace thought it small, but did not divulge.

"It is quite a property," remarked Mr. Smithson. "Quite a little bit of property. Grounds go with it; tennis-court, gymnasium, chapel and all."

"There is a chapel then!" said Horace.

"Oh! yes, and nicely finished. The Misses Featherstonehaugh were highly ritualistic. The place is a bargain."

Horace thought he could not do better. "It is very cheap," he hazarded. "I—hope—you never know—these old places—I trust it isn't haunted."

Mr. Smithson smiled.

"No," he said. "It isn't haunted. But—excuse me—I will ring for the document—there is a curious condition attaching to the purchase of the place and mentioned in the will."

The document was brought. Horace, not allowed to look over the lawyer's shoulder, waited eagerly to hear it read. Mr. Smithson only read a portion however.

"This condition is—these two ladies were intensely ritualistic—that a theatre, or concert-room, shop, private dwelling, park, play-ground, cemetery—any secular building may be erected where 'Norfolk House' now stands, but no—"

"Church!" gasped Horace.

"Not so fast. No Evangelical or Dissenting place of worship. Whereas, it would be the dearest wish of these two ladies—deceased and amiable—that a church, conducted after the most approved Ritualistic manner though strictly Church of England, might eventually replace Norfolk House. And—in fact—a considerable sum of money stands, by this curious will, in trust for the person or persons should they ever exist, who would desire such a consummation."

Horace, delighted beyond measure at this preternatural ending to his dream, announced his intention of buying the place and converting it into a church.

"Ritualistic, of course," he said with a smile.

The bargain was made, and Horace pocketed the sum in trust. With that and his godmother's lucky legacy, he did not so much as feel the purchase of the Campden Hill property. He engaged workmen, architects and gardeners. The gymnasium became the church, small, but daintily and reverently appointed. The chapel, flanking the other side of the house, became the Sunday school. The house itself he refurbished and remodelled, and it included a refectory, a rectory and quarters for himself. The garden changed to velvety lawn and blooming bushes. In short, by September 1st, Horace had his church, his house, his Sunday school—everything but his rector. Oh—and his congregation. He made appointments with a good many clerical gentlemen and answered more letters, but it was not until well into the second week in September that the right man arrived. He proved to be a

splendid specimen of Oxford learning, English manhood and muscular Christianity. Maurice and Kingsley were his models. He also admired Haweis and Stopford Brooke. He met Horace in town.

"I don't like the look of your advertisement," he said. "Frankly, it reads so irreverently. But I'm not starched, you know, and quite willing to believe you are in earnest. However, the curious thing about it is that I have had three curacies and a chaplainship, but everywhere I go I seem to clash with the organist." His tone was so candid, his laugh so charming that Horace stretched out his hand and grasped his.

"I think—if you are willing to join in my scheme—you need not clash with me." The Rev. Marcus Freer assented. Horace made his plans known. The splendid young Oxonian agreed to them.

Six months afterward, "St. Hilda's, Campden Hill," was the most fashionable, the most earnest, the most enlightened and distinguished parish in the north of London. And it exists to-day as sweetly as when it was inaugurated. The parson does what he likes with his own share of the service, and the sermons, I believe, are models of careful preparation and masterly eloquence. The organist does precisely as he likes with his share of the service, chooses all his own music and makes every arrangement he wishes to without consulting his colleague. Each trusts each—perfectly. Both are gentlemen, and both know their own business best. Side by side, Horace Brunell and the Rev. Marcus Freer are working out a noble scheme for the amelioration of church choirs. And the ghosts of the two Misses Featherstonehaugh are, assuredly, pleased than otherwise at the beautiful ritual and dignified service that prevails where Norfolk House once stood.

ART NOTES.

HALF of the proceeds of the sale of Millet's "Angelus" have been given to the artist's widow. This generous gift amounts to over fifty thousand dollars.

THE Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of New York receives pictures from Oct. 28th to 30th, inclusive. It opens for visitors Nov. 18th and closes Dec. 14th.

CANADIAN artists are returning to their studios in Toronto. Already J. W. L. Forster, Mower Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Reed are at work. M. Matthews returns this week, and the season of 1889-90 is expected to be a busy one in art circles.

THE Anglo-Australian Society of Artists have held their first exhibition at Sydney. Over forty-four thousand people visited this exhibition during the first three weeks it was opened. The Society purchased Jacob Hood's "Triumph of Spring," "A Hampshire Waste" by H. Wilkinson, and a water colour, by J. M. Bromley, called "Bettws-y-coed."

THE English artists are dissatisfied with the distribution of honours at the great Paris Exhibition. In the first place, the number of medals awarded was so greatly in excess of the number given at the Exhibition of 1878 as to reduce the value of this form of honourable distinction. Then only two medals of honour for painting were awarded to English artists, viz., Alma Tadema and Henry Moore; two for sculpture were given to Sir F. Leighton and A. Gilbert; and one for etching to Seymour Haden. In addition, eleven medals of the first class, eleven of the second, and ten of the third class were awarded to English artists. A French painter, Dagnan-Bouveret was awarded the chief honour of the Exhibition for his picture "Bretonnes au Pardon," 217 of the jury of awards voting for it.

THE Ontario Society of Artists resumed its monthly meetings on the 8th of this month. The many friends of the Society will be glad to know that its affairs are now in good order again, and it is in a fair way to inaugurate a season of prosperity, both in the Art Union and the exhibitions, that will place Canadian art in its true position. It is reported that an Etching Club is to be started in connection with the above Society. There is no doubt that this would be a success if the difficulties connected with printing from the copper could be overcome. The old Society of Canadian Etchers, that held such a successful exhibition in the King Street Art Rooms some few years ago, seems to have been conquered by this difficulty as it was found too tedious and expensive to send the plates to New York to be proved, to say nothing of the twenty per cent. duty to be paid on all proofs entering Canada. Possibly Mortimer Mompes' advice in the August *Art Magazine* to artists to print their own etchings will be followed by the new club.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. H. B. FARNIE, the dramatic author, died suddenly quite recently in Paris, after a considerable period of ill-health. His name will be remembered chiefly in connection with the comic opera, of which he was a skilful adapter from the French; but in early life he was associated with journalism in Scotland, which profession he took up after a short University career at St. Andrews and Cambridge. It was as a journalist that he came to London, his first engagement there being the editorship of a musical weekly called the *Orchestra*. This brought him into contact with musicians, and a song of his, "The Last Stirrup Cup," being set to music by Signor Ardit and sung by Mr. Santley, became highly popular. The success of this casual attempt at song writing determined his theatrical career. The *Orchestra* being published by Messrs. Cramer

and Company, that firm engaged Mr. Farnie to prepare English librettos for various foreign operas, amongst others Gounod's *Reine de Saba*. He also collaborated with Balfe in an operetta called *The Sleeping Queen*, which had a long run, and his pen was in constant demand for verses on all subjects. He did not yet, however, abandon journalism, being appointed editor, first of a paper published in London under the title of the *Paris Times*, and afterwards of a theatrical organ, *Sock and Buskin*, neither of which had a long life. The popularity of some musical burlesques of his produced at the Strand Theatre about twenty years ago, finally determined Mr. Farnie to write exclusively for the stage. His original work in this direction was not very striking, and has long since been forgotten, but he developed an extraordinary knack of adapting French comic opera. Although not creative, this work requires somewhat uncommon gifts of versification and of dramatic instinct, and for many years, indeed, one might say until his death, Mr. Farnie was without a rival in this walk. Some of the operas that passed through his hands were very considerably altered and improved, notably *Rip Van Winkle*, *Nell Gwynne*, and *Paul Jones*. All of them were very felicitously Anglicized, and the list was a long one, comprising *La Mascotte*, *Olivette* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*. His dialogue was no mere translation, though it reproduced as a rule the spirit of the original with much of its piquancy of form. Equally valuable with his rhyming and dramatic gifts was his capacity for stage management, to which, no doubt, the success of his adaptations was largely due. The last piece produced under his direction was *Paul Jones*. Mr. Farnie, who was of Scotch parentage, claimed to be connected with the family of Lord Brougham, and was christened after the famous Whig Chancellor.

THE many friends and pupils of the late lamented Dr. Maas, of Boston, scattered throughout the Dominion, will be glad of the following short memoir taken from the *Musical Herald*.—

It is with a profound regret and sense of loss that we announce the death of Dr. Louis Maas. He went to Europe in July, at the close of the M. T. N. A. in Philadelphia, and visited Switzerland in company with Mr. Mahr and Emil Steinbach. In the middle of August he was taken ill during a visit to Paris, and after six days, which brought him no relief, he returned in the escort of friends to Boston, where, at his home in Jamaica Plain, he died September 17th. His disease was peritonitis, aggravated by the formation of an abscess, an operation upon which immediately preceded his death.

He was born June 21, 1852, in Wiesbaden, in which place his father, Theodore Maas, was the principal music teacher. Belonging to a musical family, it is natural to infer that in early youth he should manifest musical proclivities. Such, indeed was the case; and, when but six years of age, he began to play little pieces, and was receiving such instruction as his father, a judicious educator, deemed appropriate. When he was still a young child, his father emigrated to England, and settled in London, where he still resides. Notwithstanding the positive indications of superior musical abilities, his father was reluctant to have him make that his profession, and accordingly placed him in the schools. His literary talent may be inferred from the fact that, when but fifteen, he graduated at King's College with high class honours. During all this time he was making good progress in the study of music, and with such promise of pre-eminence that his father finally withdrew his opposition, his decision being largely influenced by the opinion of Joachim Raff, a life-long friend of both the elder and the younger Maas; and the young man was accordingly sent back to Germany in 1867, and entered as a student in the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig, where he was a pupil, until he graduated, of Carl Reinecke and Dr. Papperitz. The renowned pianist and composer, Moscheles, was also greatly interested in his career, and his friendship terminated only with his death in 1870. In the spring of 1868, his first overture was performed at the annual conservatory concert in Gewandhaus Hall, and his second overture was performed on a similar occasion the following year. In April, 1872, he produced his first symphony, a work which made so favourable an impression that it was performed by the Gewandhaus orchestra under the baton of the composer.

In this city he received honours equal to those conferred upon him in Leipzig. While here, he played by invitation at one of the court concerts, and was much complimented for his artistic rendering of Chopin's E minor concerto. During the latter year, he played in the principal cities of Germany; and, in 1875, he accepted a unanimous call of the directory to a vacant professorship in the Leipzig Conservatory, which he entered as a student only eight years previously. Here he remained five years, in which time he had over three hundred students under his instruction, two hundred of whom were Americans. In 1880, he resigned, to accept a lucrative concert engagement in this country, the fulfilment of which was prevented by a dangerous illness, from which his recovery was the work of months. Large inducements were offered him to return to Leipzig. Joachim Raff, director of the conservatory at Frankfurt, also offered him a first professorship in that institution; but he decided to settle in Boston, where he has conferred the ripe experience acquired in Leipzig and elsewhere upon the New England Conservatory. As pianist, composer and director of the Philharmonic concerts, he was at once accorded the high rank to which his professional attainments and social qualities entitled him.