

## Art Notes.

Mr. Walter S. Allward is now at work on his clay model for the statue that is to be erected in Queen's Park to our soldiers that were killed in the North-West rebellion.

"There is no special mystery," says Mr. Alfred Trumble, in the *Quarterly Illustrated*, "about the force which Dutch art exercised upon that part of the world of which Holland, geographically, is so small a part. It is the power of masterful simplicity. The Dutchmen turn to Nature for their inspiration, and they translate her without affectation or sensational technique. They do not paint exactly what they see, but they paint what they see in the spirit which it arouses in them, investing it with humanity, life, and the sentiment which existence communicates to those who study it with the double sight of eye and mind. They make no attempt to create sentimental subjects, but they find the sentiment in actuality, and, according to their powers, repeat it to us with whatever eloquence their brushes may have at command."

Mr. Eugene Auber tells of the following valuable discovery in the *London Art Journal*: "The artistic world of Rome has, of late, been greatly impressed by the discovery of an important work of the Roman artist, Bartholomeo Pinelli, which had remained entirely unknown. It is composed of two hundred and fifty-three pen-and-ink drawings, shaded with sepia, retracing as many scenes from the Greek mythology. It is a whole pantheon of gods and demigods, where one assists, by turns, at their heroic exploits and at their adventures of a more tender kind. The gallantries and the not very exemplary amours of the god of Olympus, of his sons and his court, are rendered with great delicacy. The athletic wrestlings of Hercules, Achilles, Ajax and Theseus furnish many noble attitudes. Certain dramatic subjects—for instance, Andromache weeping over Hector's tomb, and the death of Alcyone—are pages of true beauty where feeling rises to the height of the sublime."

The Palette Club has again spread before the public in this, its fourth exhibition, a feast of good things that cannot fail to please the most epicurean taste in the line of art. Then, too, they have been kind and considerate of the less fortunate of this same public in fixing the price of admission at ten cents, for which arrangement both artist and visitor will be the better in the long run we are sure. What a boon this will be to many on Thanksgiving Day—a whole afternoon with some of the best work Canadian art has produced! The walls of the two rooms of the Roberts' gallery, at 79 King Street West, are well covered, the arrangements tasteful and comfortable, the lighting highly satisfactory. Possibly no artificial light is equal to good daylight, but in the busy part of the city this wanes so early, that, on the whole, the present arrangement is much to be preferred. After glancing slowly and carefully about our first general impression is that we have more really fresh, new work than usual—fresh in treatment, new in subject; a dark Whistleresque canvas, an echo of Purvis de Chavannes, a suggestion of Troyon, a Japanese-like effect. The masterpiece of the collection is certainly Mr. Wyley Grier's portrait of the Hon. Edward Blake, which is given with great breadth and solidity. The slightly parted lips, the splendid flesh tones, the almost eager look of the face, and the easy posture all contribute to make a speaking likeness, a fine piece of characterisation. Perhaps the artist, in whose work we notice the greatest change, and the most advance on former work, is Mr. O'Brien. For one thing, this artist shows us that he has heretofore worked in water colors, because he wanted to, not because he could not do as well, or even better, in oils. For a charming marine, "Morning Mists, Bay of Fundy" is a misty harmony in green-greys—a yacht driven before the wind, a white break in the grey clouds, repeated in white reflections in the water, and a white gull fluttering low; but words do not begin to convey the soft charm of the whole. Something similar is "The Lifting of the Fog," which shows the tops of the sails of vessels as yet hidden. "Fishing Station, Grand Manan" is a clear sunshiny day, a sunlit sea, with a cluster of fishing houses in the foreground—all given with great tenderness of colour.

Miss Houghton has a marine sketch with wiry wiggle-waggles for reflections that scarcely gives a fair impression of what we know this artist can do. Mr. Jacobi has one of his landscapes that has the glow and richness of color along with the peculiar handling always to be found in his work. Miss Strickland Tully is represented by four—a pleasing, but in no way remarkable, portrait; a weird fanciful illustration of the words, "A wind came up out of the sea and said, O, mist, make room for me; it is a low toned bit of night, a face with tossing hair in profile against the dark sky; and "An Acolyte" pleases more through its colour scheme, a scarlet-clad figure with dull browns beyond, than for any idea expressed. Mr. Owen Staples has two bright farm scenes, "The Log Barns," and "Harvest," both in a very light key. The latter has some fine suggestiveness in the gleaned ground and the stacks of sheaves, and yet were this same suggestiveness carried further it might mean a carelessness of detail that would be a defect. The effect of hazy, noon-tide sunshine on the barns is well given. For the rest we shall have to await for another week.

## Music and the Drama.

At St. George's Hall, on the evening of November 14, Miss Millie Evison, a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, gave an invitation piano recital assisted by Miss Lina D. Adamson, violiniste. Considering that Miss Evison is a very young girl, and that she has studied such a comparatively short time, her mature performance of a difficult programme was indeed remarkable. Her playing of the Beethoven Sonata, op. 10, No. 3, was characterized by the very keen insight into the æsthetic side presented in the work, a gift of perception not usual in so young a player, and albeit a lapse of memory, due to nervousness in the first movement, the reading accorded was all that could have been desired. Miss Evison also played the following Chopin numbers: Preludes, Nos. 23, 4 and 3; Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1; Valses, op. 64, No. 3, and op. 42; also the Berceuse, Impromptu, one of the Mazurkas and the difficult black key, Etude. The young pianiste had full scope for the display of her poetic fancy in this rather daring addenda to the programme, but she was particularly successful and reflected the greatest credit upon her excellent and pains-taking teacher. Certainly there would seem to be no reason why Miss Evison should not attain to the appellation *Artist*, if she but continue in the path she has followed up to the present. Miss Adamson was rather over-weighted in Wieniawski's "Capriccio Valse" but was entirely successful in the "Cavatina" by Raff, which sugary composition seems to continue in popularity.

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In his clever and popular novel "Trilby" George Du Maurier has this to say of the divine art of fiddling: "One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes) for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love! Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle, too, for its symmetry, its neatness, its color, its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole gallery full of fiddles, to love in his innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or even care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them and take them down and try to put them in tune—pizzicato—and put them back again and call them ever such sweet little pet names: Viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give him back inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp, but he will never draw a bow across the strings or wake a single chord—or discord."

An amusing anecdote illustrative of Paderewski's genius is told in *Demorests' Magazine*. "A curious story is told of Paderewski's famous 'Minuet' perhaps the most popular of all his compositions. Paderewski, while still a professor at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, was one night at the house of Swietochowski, the Polish *littérateur*. The poet declared that no living composer could ever compare with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski at the moment simply shrugged

his shoulders, but on the following evening he returned to the same house and sat down at the piano. 'May I play you a little thing of Mozart's which perhaps you do not know?' he said. He played the Minuet. Swietochowski was enchanted, and exclaimed: 'Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time!' 'Well,' said Paderewski, 'that happens to be a minuet written by myself.'

"Gismonda" is the title of M. Sardou's new four act drama which has found recent public representation. The *London Public Opinion* speaks of it as an historical play. The subject was found in a fifteenth-century Greek chronicle and in the history by Buchon, M. Drummont's uncle, of the successive occupations by French knights and Italian *condottieri* of the Morea and Athens. Gismonda was Duchess of Athens, a title most people think existed only in the fancy of Shakespeare. Gismonda was wondrously personated by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The part exactly suits her. M. Guity was often and deservedly applauded as Almerio. M. Delval was a good Zaccaria. The other feminine parts are not of great interest, though necessary. M. Sardou would have been glad had the stage of the Renaissance been larger, but his stage decorators, by skilful effects of perspective, made the most of the space meted to them. The decorations and dresses were carefully looked after by the author and manageress, and as a revival of fifteenth-century modes are most interesting. Dressmakers, I expect (says a correspondent), will desert Mlle. Sanguene to borrow fashions from "Gismonda."

A new play by Mr. Grundy has been brought out at the Haymarket, London. It is called "A Bunch of Violets." An exchange says: "The play is well constructed, moves—in 'stageland' a little, of course—smoothly and swiftly, and holds the attention of the audience to the end. We do not quite believe that the swindling financier would make so much fuss about his daughter's daily offering, but we are willing to concede the point without cavilling. This and other flaws can be pardoned, thanks to the extreme cleverness of the dialogue and the admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Tree. Mr. Tree's Sir Philip is a masterpiece. The character is realized to the very finger-nails. In one sense, and a new one, he is a *factus homo ad unguem*. Mr. Tree's rendering of the adventurous and fair bigamist Mrs. Murgatroyd, is an admirable piece of dramatic art, and perfectly convincing. For the rest, Miss Hanbury is a little overweighted with her part, but is on the whole fairly satisfactory; whilst Mr. Baring Gould makes an eminently agreeable member of the aristocracy as the Viscount Mount-Sorrell.

"Vers la Joie" is the pretty name of M. Jean Richepin's latest play "a tale in five acts" which has been placed before the public at the Théâtre Français. A Paris correspondent of an English paper writes of it: "M. Richepin is pre-eminently a poet, although his drama, *Par le Glaire*, last year's success at the Comédie Française, was not lacking in constructive ability. For command of words and music of expression, M. Richepin will stand comparison with Victor Hugo himself, and, like this master, can go on turning out verses of sonorous ring and fine workmanship day after day without ever being exhausted. His style, too, is very personal, and the very first verses of *Vers la Joie* bear his hall-mark. He has endeavoured to bring out something very novel, but, I am afraid, with indifferent success. *Vers la Joie* is a sort of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, unreal, without the transcendent fancy of Titania's realm. The personages are a King's son, languid to death, dressed in a costume of the time of Hamlet; a buffoon Prime Minister, devoid, though, of a spark of real wit, in a George IV. Court costume; doctors of Molière's time, and shepherds and shepherdesses who might be of any time. All this would be tolerable if set to music by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The over-cerebral and sickly young Prince (Le Bargy) is taken out of the hands of the knavish Prime Minister (Coquelin Cadet) by an old shepherd (Bibus), who braces him up by a country life, and the Prince regenerates the whole of his posterity by carrying out the author's recommendation to royal princes at large—marrying a peasant girl, Jonvenette (Madame Laretta).