

# FINE ARTS

**MEDALS AWARDED.**—The Société des Beaux Arts has awarded medals to Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb and Mr. E. Wylly Grier, whose pictures, "Primitive Methodists in St. Ives," and "Bereft," now exhibiting in the Paris Salon, were hung in last year's Academy. Mr. Grier's picture was "skied" in London, but, being on the line at the Salon, has met with deserved recognition there.

**MR. WHISTLER'S DEFINITION OF A FINISHED PICTURE.**—A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared. To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. Industry in Art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work. The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning.—*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, (William Heinemann).

**RUBENS UNDER THE HAMMER**—The Crabbe collection which has just been sold at Seldemeyer's Gallery in Paris brought in a total of 1,590,000 francs. The highest price, 177,000 francs, was given for Meissonier's "Guide." "A Holy Family," by Rubens, brought 112,000 francs; a "Portrait of an Admiral," by Rembrandt, 106,500 francs; 63,000 francs was paid for a "Matin" by Corot, and 60,000 francs for a "Soir" by the same artist. Delacroix's "Chasse au Tigre" reached 76,000 francs; and Miller's "Famille de Paysans" 20,500 francs. Fromentin's "Halte de Cavaliers Arabes" rose from 30,000 francs, the first bid, to 42,000 francs. "Ophelie," by Alfred Stevens, fetched 29,100 francs, and 95,000 was given for a set of small drawings by Rubens, and 190,000 francs for three of Troyon's sketches. During the last two months a single auctioneer at the Hôtel Drouot has sold pictures to the amount of over 8,000,000 francs, a sign that art amateurs in France still have plenty of money.

**PRICES OF PICTURES.**—In a recent London sale of pictures the following prices were realized: Lord A. Hamilton, in blue silk Vandyck dress, with lace collar and sleeves, in an oval, 30 inches by 25 inches, signed by T. Gainsborough, R.A., from the Duke of Hamilton's collection, 4,200 guineas (Agnew); Alexander, Duke of Hamilton, in black Vandyck dress, with lace collar, the same size as the previous one, by the same master, 1,500 guineas (Agnew); "The Dairy Farm," by Paul Potter, 19½ inches by 24½ inches, signed, and dated, 1646, 5,800 guineas (Agnew); a woody landscape, 23½ inches by 32½ inches, signed by M. Hobbema, 2,600 guineas (Agnew); "The Bashful Child," 21 inches by 17 inches, by Romney, 950 guineas (Agnew); Lady Hamilton as Circe, whole length, 93 inches by 58 inches, by Romney, 3,850 guineas (Gibbs). The statue known as the "Tinted Venus," by J. Gibson, R.A., ornamented with gold by Castellan, was sold for 1,750 guineas to Mr. McLean.

**MODERN ENGLISH ART.**—The Duke of Marlborough does not mince matters in expressing his contempt for English contemporary art. Referring, we presume, to the Duke's article in the *New Review* for July, the *Daily News* says: "Sir F. Leighton, Mr. H. H. Moore, Mr. Swan, and a few animal painters only excepted, he doubts whether a collection of modern English pictures could be sold at all in a Continental auction room. 'Millais, Watts, Burne-Jones, Orchardson, and various other artists' are, it is admitted, able to command high prices; but this is attributed to the fact that in our large manufacturing towns there are a few enthusiasts with money, who, under the advice of one or two of our Bond Street prophets, are willing to buy anything. Put them up for sale abroad, says the Duke, alongside works by Cazin, L'Hermittes, and others, and see what the foreigners would say to them.' Our portrait painters fare no better at his Grace's hands. 'Who,' he asks, 'except an Englishman of mature years would ever go to Sir J. Millais, to Herkomer, to Orchardson, or even the late F. Holl, to be painted? And when we come to the Colliers, the Hallés, the Shannons, I simply ask, will any human being, male or female, ever cross the Channel to be painted by one of these English artists?'"

**THE ART OUTPUT OF THE YEAR.**—A writer in *London* says:—"In summing up the art output of the year, so far as the various summer exhibitions enable one to judge of it, it must be admitted that taken *en bloc* there is only too little vital and original work. But this has always been so—and it will always continue to be so. To step out of any of the larger galleries where current art forms the staple of the pictures into the Dowdeswell Galleries, where, until recently, the work of the great French and Dutch romanticists were exhibited, is like stepping out of the vitiated atmosphere of a theatre into fresh air of the open street. And yet at the Royal Academy, and at the overflow galleries affiliated to it, there are plenty of pictures full of effort, full of achievement; pictures which have cost their creators infinite pains to think out, infinite pains to evolve. Mythological, classical, historical subjects, often treated

with great skill, and built up with conspicuous ingenuity—at ever so great a pecuniary sacrifice, too, for models cannot be hired for nothing, neither can *bric à brac* and other stage properties. It is to be regretted that the result of all this forethought and the rest fall so far short of success. Compared with the simple, spontaneous works of the Barbizon painters—works which, brimful of learning as they are, bear upon them no impress of cleverness nor of labour in that their painters have been concerned with concealing rather than with parading their knowledge—the unsatisfactory nature of the great bulk of the pictures of the year becomes at once apparent. They are, with the few exceptions which I have pointed out, so far as I have been able, vulgar and valueless, in that they are at the best merely the achievement of clever artificers, painting to meet a market. The pictures of the great romantic painters of France and Holland live, and will continue to live, because they owed their being to poetic enthusiasm; they were the resultants of the soul's overflowing. The only concern of the men who painted them was to perfect their methods from within themselves, that in so doing they might satisfy the longings of strongly defined individuality or temperament, and give outward expression to beautiful conceits and images beyond the ken of, and hidden away from the sight of ordinary mortals. In England we have but few such artists. In the busy commercialism of our every day life, the young artist is taught that his first business is to learn how best to please and attract patrons, whereas his only thought must be how he may add something to the sum total of the beautiful things of this world. But, as I have said, we have in our midst to day a small band of romantic painters whose art proves incontestably that they are inspired by the nobler ideal. If determination and patience be theirs too, as, judging by all I have seen of their work during the past years, I believe them to be; if they can bravely endure the bitter heartburnings which the laws of human nature decree must fall to the lot of men highly individual, keenly sentient, who are denied the full recognition of their powers, and who are brushed into obscurity by bustling mediocrities armed *cap-à-pie* with the tricks and devices of the tradesman and huckster, then they will go on as they have begun until they end by making the name of England glorious wherever art is valued throughout the world."

## Reverie

OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

Recently, in answering those personal, not to say perplexing, questions, so ingeniously arranged in mental photograph albums, I stated my favourite object in nature to be a brook; and still more recently have I been permitted to realize my ideal conception of the beautiful in nature.

Spending a short holiday in Ottawa, I was fortunate in becoming acquainted with some of the officers of the O. F. N. Club, and, through them, was invited to join the inaugural excursion for the season. The tickets indicated that "Butternut Grove, Old Chelsea," was to be our field of action, but our pleasure was only limited by the hours of meeting and parting. Shortly after nine o'clock we were under way, having arranged the company into happy groups; and the cavalcade of eight comfortable busses, drawn by as many burly teams, and furnished in all with about a hundred smiling faces, must have been a sore temptation to the friends who from circumstances could not accompany us.

Across by the Chaudiere Falls and off to the banks of the Gatineau we roll. Under bowers of maple and pine we slowly ascend the heights, as, leaving the Ottawa Valley, we approach the Laurentides. On the way we get a glimpse of the Gatineau Falls, and we muse over the tales their noisy waters tell. Long has the lumberman plied his course, and many thousand kingly logs has its bosom born from the giant woods above, where the wolf and deer roam secure in the perfect wildness of their surroundings. Thus on our right we hear these stories of the past, while turning to the left we almost hear the voice of progress, so evident is its coming. Already is the road levelled waiting only those parallels of steel, along which shall wondrously career the "fire-wagon" with its terrifying scream and foreboding knell. But we are now at Chelsea, and soon reach the grove. It is noon and the morning air has quickened our appetites till lunch suggests itself, as of first importance. A short struggle with the sandwiches and *et ceteras*, prepares us for the programme which follows. Section one will weed the country round, and many volunteers offer for the work. The next party, net in hand, will follow the dizzy flight of insects; and a host of boys are glad of the opportunity thus offered to run, jump and climb. Those lovers of our feathered friends form a third detachment, while the austere members, whose desire is satisfied with the drudgery of dragging about a load of stones, constitute a small select company.

The rendezvous in the evening is very pleasant, with its happy and instructive addresses from the several leaders of divisions, and more pleasant still the conversations which merrily ring as the busses trundle homeward. Each tells merrily of his or her delight as from mountain top or lonely vale of his or her delight as from mountain top or lonely vale of the view was taken of nature in her rare, beauteous garb of spring, and thus is sketched again the picture of the brook by Chelsea.

Driving across the bridge the features of the little stream are hidden with a wealth of foliage, which, however, is only the setting of this gem of nature, and it is the vein

from below the falls which we would describe. Following the path of the Walking Fern (*camptosorus rhoizophyllus*), we find ourselves descending a sharp bluff, heading us by every step to rarer scenes of verdure. We have reached the banks of a tiny watercourse, and under the shade of gently waving leaves, in the cool of this musical retreat, we find ourselves bewitched as if by siren voices. One view is bounded by the sturdy stems holding aloft that drapery of tender green which, closing over us, admits small glints of sunshine, and anon discovers a little of azure and lets our thoughts escape heavenward. Before us is the Cascade—foaming and circling in falls and eddies—laughingly, playfully making its way over the rocky bed. What music it does make, as with glee it jumps and splashes, while perched on graceful swinging bow, the oriole leads the concert. By our feet the laving of the rills freshens the ferns that bow their gratitude, while the eye almost dazzles with the glow of colour greeting it. The brown and bronzed moss beds, the white and silvery grey of lichens, the green of fresh unfolded leaves, the golden petals toned by white and blue of violets or the sombre purple of the trillium, and the mottled leaf of adder tongue, and for a background we have, under the rustic bridge, the soft shades of the distant sky, while in the pools is mirrored the harmony of all, and we seem to behold the Master's palette.

H. T. M.

## "Bank Chat."

The first number of *Bank Chat*, a monthly periodical, edited by Mr. G. Harcourt Verney, and devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the banking profession in Canada, contains a fine portrait of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, who is known to our readers through instructive and vigorous articles on matters directly or indirectly connected with Imperial Federation. The following brief biography accompanies the portrait:

The subject of this sketch was born in April, 1864, and entered the service of the Imperial Bank in January, 1882. Mr. Hopkins evidently took to his profession from the start, as he was promoted from the position of "Junior" to that of teller in the Ingersoll branch. In August, 1888, he was transferred to the Toronto office, and at present holds the position of "Correspondence."

Even as a boy Mr. Hopkins took an intense interest in the political welfare of our country, for in 1886 he organized the first branch of the Imperial Federation League in Ontario, at Ingersoll, and was its honorary secretary until removed to Toronto. He was Secretary of the Ingersoll Young Men's Association, and since going to Toronto has taken an active part in the proceedings of the association there, having been alternately Premier and Opposition leader in its Mock Parliament. He has been a joint-honorary secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada for a year and a half, and also secretary of the organized committee, but retired in April last. As a platform speaker Mr. Hopkins has dealt with Commercial Union, Imperial Federation and kindred topics in western Ontario. He has contributed to the *London Times*, written largely in *The Week*, *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *Colonies and India*, of London, and other periodicals upon Canadian and Imperial topics.

In 1888 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, Eng., a member of the Council of the Imperial Federation League in England in 1887, and of the Council of the British Union Association of Manchester in 1886.

He has recently issued a pamphlet entitled "Links of Union between Canada and Australia," which has attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Hopkins is still a young man yet he sets an example, among the more thoughtful men in the profession, that is highly creditable to himself and well worthy of imitation by his fellow clerks throughout the country.

## The "Dominion Illustrated" Out West.

The *Manitoba Evening Express* (Winnipeg) of July 9 announces that Mr. R. La Touche Tupper would leave for Lake Winnipeg in the following week to make the annual treaty payments in Treaty No. 5. He will be gone for two or three months and will be accompanied by Mr. McKay. A contribution from Mr. Tupper's pen appears in this issue. The same paper of the same date records the arrival in Winnipeg from Brandon of Mr. J. H. Brownlee, the western manager of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. The *ILLUSTRATED*, adds the *Express*, has just issued splendid special editions for British Columbia and Calgary, which are highly creditable to the publishers.

## A Jolly Canoe Cruise.

In the interesting sketch published in our last issue entitled "A Jolly Canoe Cruise," the passage beginning "Leaving this delightful locality," in the third paragraph, should have read as follows: "Leaving this delightful locality, so well known to Kingston picnickers, we soon passed the quarries, where the famous petrified trees are to be seen, etc." By inadvertence the word "garrison" was inserted instead of "quarries." In the final paragraph also, the clause "from the day we left Kingston" should have been "from the time we left Kingston."