



Jissen Women's University Rare Books
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. **1**

Jan 26
1883.

Post
THE MORNING

DOMESTIC ART.

A lecture on "Art in the House" was delivered yesterday evening by Mr. Robert W. Edis at the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, Conduit-street.

Mr. J. FORBES ROBERTSON, who presided, said that they were all aware of the insight which Mr. Edis possessed into the subjects they were there accustomed to discuss, and he felt sure that they would give him kindly attention.

Mr. EDIS, at the commencement of his lecture, insisted that art in association with our home belongings could not be treated in any way as a separate art. He held that every house might be made artistic and pleasant in colouring and arrangement by the exercise of good taste and careful thought, and that there was no reason why people should submit to ill-assorted colour and ungraceful furniture. The influence of the upholsterer and manufacturer could only be of service when they were real artists and sound and desirable teachers, or, in the words of Ruskin, "educational instruments." So long, however, as they were prepared to lend themselves to the taste of the more uneducated portion of their customers, they could hardly be said to be reliable teachers. The subject of house decoration and furnishing was gradually forcing its way to the front, and though at times fashions and crazes arose which tended to disgust sensible people, even they possessed elements of good, inasmuch as they fostered and encouraged taste. But while he could not too much condemn the conceited cant of æstheticism and the garish colours and eccentric furniture accepted by the extreme followers of the school, he acknowledged that it had aided a growing desire for better art, and had in some degree counteracted the vulgar anachronisms of the modern school of upholsterers. There fashion and caprice could not, in the nature of things, be lasting. He was aware that there must be, and always would be, great differences of opinion in matters of taste, but he argued that while it was not necessary to make show-places of our homes, it was surely desirable that, as far as possible, the art work there—the decoration of our walls and floors, and the furniture and fittings of our rooms—should not be vulgar and commonplace. An endeavour should be made to improve the education of the masses by surrounding them with beautiful and harmonious forms and colours; and the fact should never be lost sight of that the commonest articles in daily use might just as well possess those characteristics as be marked by vulgarity and crudeness. (Applause.) Fitness for the special purposes for which the various articles were intended and common sense treatment of their shape ought to be the true aim of all manufacturers. Our home need cost no more, though of good design, and our furniture need be no more expensive because it was graceful in form. Art, if it was worth having, must appeal to the noblest feelings of all. Æstheticism, the fashionable name for the new craze, was fast becoming a byword and a subject for scorn in the world; and he felt sure all his lady hearers would admit that washed-out colours and senseless affectation in form were not only ungraceful and unbecoming, but were morally and bodily unhealthy. (Applause.) He laid it down as a first principle, that all good decoration must be invariably associated with, and form an integral part of, the construction of the building, and in this bearing he heartily condemned what he called "constructional shams" of modern speculative builders and "ready-made clothing for household gods." The whole problem of house furnishing and decoration might, in fact be summed up in three words, "form, colour, composition." They wanted rooms that they could live and be at home in; not museums where they could walk about and admire but not touch. (Laughter.) Use and fitness ought to be the special attributes of the house, but they should not interfere with good artistic treatment; and if people started with the false idea that art meant quaintness and eccentricity they would never really progress. The art of our homes should speak the life of our own day, and not be a reproduction of the art, however beautiful, of other days when the conditions of life were different. He urged his hearers to avoid shams and pretentious conceits, so that with better and more educated taste, combined with truth and beauty of construction, they might help to raise up that grace and preciousness of refinement after which they were all seeking. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said he had done well to emphasise the fact that fashion did not necessarily mean taste. Fashion was a matter of to-day, while real taste was everlasting. It was true, also, that throughout the universe beauty and use were eternally allied; and further, as Mr. Edis had truly said, common sense ought to dominate everything that they effected in the æsthetic way. Whenever they found a fashion coming into use which had not a basis of common sense they might throw it aside and pooh-pooh it, for it could not last. (Hear, hear.)

The vote having been seconded by Mr. EDMESTON and adopted, thanks to the chairman closed the proceedings.

Bedford Park
Amateur Dramatic Club

PROGRAMME
OF SEVENTH PERFORMANCE.

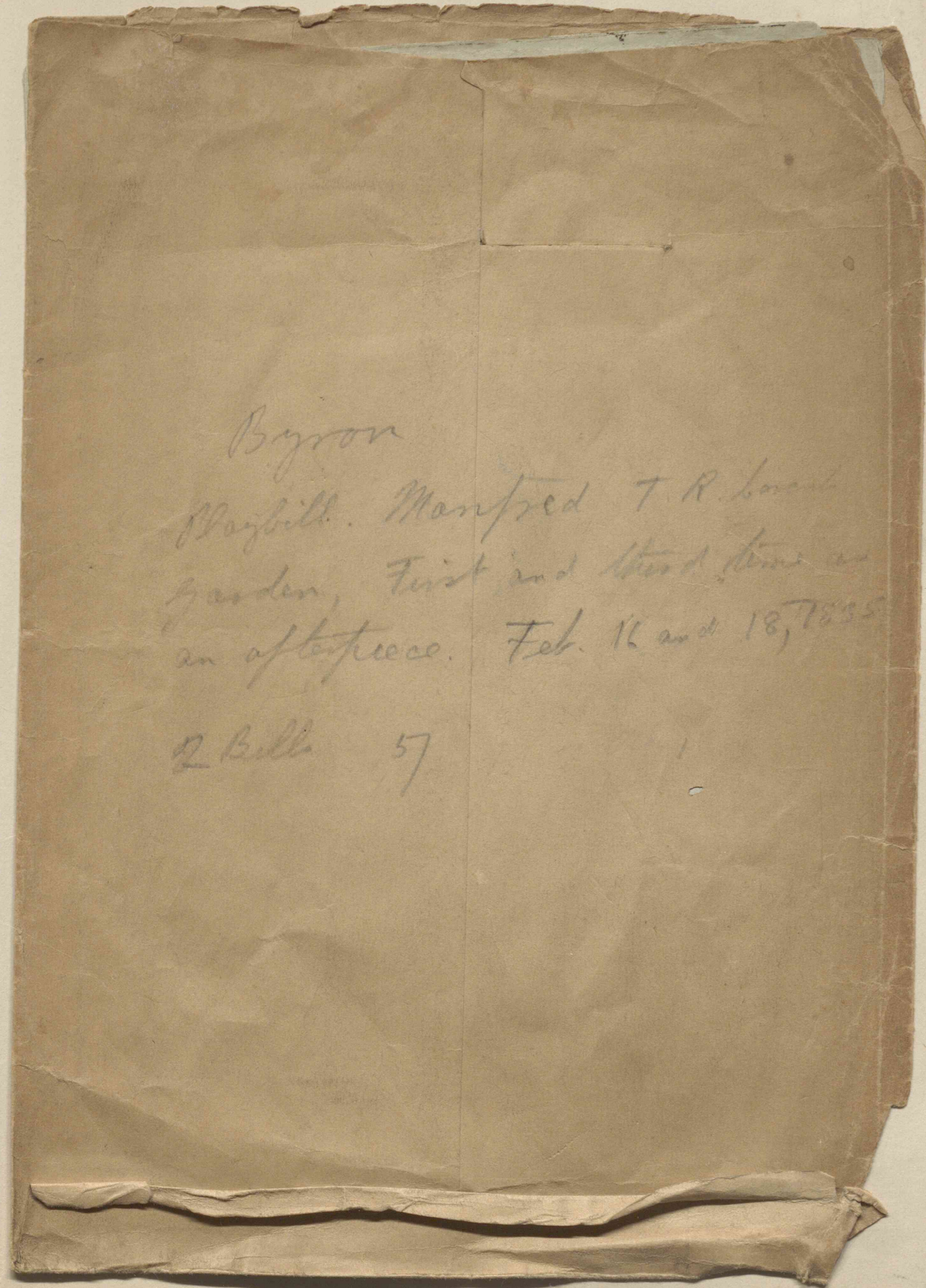
FRIDAY, 26th MAY,
AND
SATURDAY, 27th MAY, 1882.

Commence at 7.45. Doors Open at 7.15.

THE CLUB, BEDFORD PARK.

~~Tickets, price 2/6 each, to be obtained of the~~
~~Steward (or through members) of the Club.~~

~~The Committee, being most anxious to commence punctually,~~
~~hope that the Audience will kindly assist them to this end, by~~
~~being in their places before 20 minutes to 8.~~



On each evening the Performance will commence
at Quarter to Eight o'clock.

"SHADOWS,"

A Drama, by Sir CHARLES L. YOUNG, Bart.

Prologue—Period, 1660.

Charles II.	Mr. S. SEALY ALLIN.
Stephen Iredell	(a puritan)	Mr. A. GOLDSMID.
Roland Flemyng	(a royalist)	Mr. R. C. P. GETHIN.
Rochester	Mr. L. F. AUSTIN.
Buckhurst	Mr. LIONEL CALVERT.
Bandon	Mr. R. P. BARNES.
Lady Inez	Mrs. SEALY ALLIN.

The Drama—Period, the present day.

Martin Iredell	Mr. A. GOLDSMID.
Colonel Marwood	Mr. R. C. P. GETHIN.
Rochfort	Mr. L. F. AUSTIN.
Auberon	Mr. S. SEALY ALLIN.
Farquhar	Mr. LIONEL CALVERT.
Beatrice	Mrs. SEALY ALLIN.
Lady Etherege	Mrs. GETHIN.

Prologue—Reception Rooms at the Duke of Buckingham's.

Drama— Act I, Drawing Room in Lady Etherege's House.

(A year is supposed to elapse before)

Acts II. and III., Library at Westerleigh.

Act IV., Same as Act I.

N.B.—The Curtain will only be lowered for three minutes between
Acts II. and III.

Preceded by the Farce.

"MY TURN NEXT!"

By THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, Esq.

Taraxicum Twitters Mr. ERNEST GODFREE.
(a village apothecary)

Tim Bolus Mr. A. M. SMYTHE.
(his professional assistant)

Tom Trap (a commercial traveller) Mr. R. P. BARNES.

Farmer Wheatear (from Banbury) Dr. BECKINGSALE.

Lydia (Twitters' wife) .. Miss ROGERS.

Cicely (her niece) .. Miss L. ROGERS.

Peggy Mrs. A. GOLDSMITH.

Scene—Mr. Twitters' Shop Parlour.

Perruquier .. Mr. Fox.

Costumiers .. Messrs. J. SIMMONS & SONS.

Bedford Park Amateur Dramatic Club

PROGRAMME OF SEVENTH PERFORMANCE.

FRIDAY, 26th MAY,
AND
SATURDAY, 27th MAY, 1882.

Commence at 7.45. Doors Open at 7.15.

THE CLUB, BEDFORD PARK.

~~Tickets, price 2/6 each, to be obtained of the
Steward (or through members) of the Club.~~

~~The Committee, being most anxious to commence punctually,
hope that the Audience will kindly assist them to this end, by
being in their places before 20 minutes to 8.~~

On each evening the Performance will commence
at Quarter to Eight o'clock.

"SHADOWS,"

A Drama, by Sir CHARLES L. YOUNG, Bart.

Prologue—Period, 1660.

Charles II.	Mr. S. SEALY ALLIN.
Stephen Iredell	(a puritan)	Mr. A. GOLDSMID.
Roland Flemyng	(a royalist)	Mr. R. C. P. GETHIN.
Rochester	Mr. L. F. AUSTIN.
Buckhurst	Mr. LIONEL CALVERT.
Bandon	Mr. R. P. BARNES.
Lady Inez	Mrs. SEALY ALLIN.

The Drama—Period, the present day.

Martin Iredell	Mr. A. GOLDSMID.
Colonel Marwood	Mr. R. C. P. GETHIN.
Rochfort	Mr. L. F. AUSTIN.
Auberon	Mr. S. SEALY ALLIN.
Farquhar	Mr. LIONEL CALVERT.
Beatrice	Mrs. SEALY ALLIN.
Lady Etherege	Mrs. GETHIN.

Prologue—Reception Rooms at the Duke of Buckingham's.

Drama— Act I, Drawing Room in Lady Etherege's House.

(A year is supposed to elapse before)

Acts II. and III., Library at Westerleigh.

Act IV., Same as Act I.

N.B.—The Curtain will only be lowered for three minutes between
Acts II. and III.

Preceded by the Farce,

"MY TURN NEXT!"

By THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, Esq.

Taraxicum Twitters Mr. ERNEST GODFREE.
(a village apothecary)

Tim Bolus Mr. A. M. SMYTHE.
(his professional assistant)

Tom Trap (a commercial traveller) Mr. R. P. BARNES.

Farmer Wheatear (from Banbury) Dr. BECKINGSALE.

Lydia (Twitters' wife) .. Miss ROGERS.

Cicely (her niece) .. Miss L. ROGERS.

Peggy Mrs. A. GOLDSMITH.

Scene—Mr. Twitters' Shop Parlour.

Perruquier .. Mr. Fox.

Costumiers .. Messrs. J. SIMMONS & SONS.

Byron

Playbill. Manfred T. R. Louch
Garden, First and Third time in
an afterpiece. Feb. 16 and 18, 1835

2 Bills 57

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, **MONDAY**, February 16, 1835,

Will be performed Weber's Grand Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Ottocar, (the Prince) Mr. YARNOLD,
Bernhard, Mr. SEGUIN, Hermit, Mr. S. JONES, Kilian, Mr. TAYLEURE,
Adolph, Mr. TEMPLETON,
Caspar, Mr. H. PHILLIPS,
Zamiel, Mr. HOWELL, Witch of the Glen, Mr. WIELAND,
Linda, Miss BETTS,
Rose, Miss H. CAWSE.

Villagers, Mesdames ALLCROFT, BODEN, R. BODEN, CONNELLY, DALTON, GOODSON,
GOODWIN, MAPLESON, NEVILLE, PERRY, &c.

Huntsmen, &c. Messrs. ALLCROFT, BIRT, BUTLER, CHANT, NEWTON, HEALY, T. JONES,
S. JONES, MILLER, G. SMITH, T. SMITH, S. TETT, C. TETT, TOLKIEN, WHITE, &c.

Peasants, Messrs. BECKET, BRADY, J. COOPER, GOUGH, HEATH, JENKINS, KIRK, SMITH,
Mesdames BENNETT, FAIRBROTHER, F. FOSTER, HALL, HATTON, HILL, HUNT, JEANS,
JONES, LYDIA, MARCHANT, MARSANO, PAYNE, RYALS, THOMASIN, VALANCY, VIALS, &c.

In ACT II. **THE WOLF'S HOLLOW,**
AND INCANTATION.

After which the popular Farce of

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE !

Mr. Somerton, Mr. COOPER, Mr. Brown, Mr. MEADOWS, Mr. Smith, Mr. BARTLEY,
Mrs. Somerton, Miss LEE, Mrs. Brown, Miss KENNETH, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. H. CRAMER

To conclude with (First Time as an Afterpiece) Lord Byron's Grand Dramatic Poem of

MANFRED !

Count Manfred, Mr. DENVIL,
Chamois Hunter, Mr. MATHEWS, Abbot of St. Maurice, Mr. WARDE,
Manuel, Mr. AYLIFFE, Herman, Mr. DURUSET, Arimanes, (Principle of Evil) Mr. HOWELL,
Spirits and Destinies tributary to his will:
Vesper, Miss FENTON, Orcus, Mr. W. H. PAYNE, Thammuz, Miss KENNETH,
Baalim, Mr. F. COOKE, Nox, Mr. BECKETT, Omorades, Mr. G. BENNETT, Astaroth, Mr. F. SUTTON,
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, (the Three Destinies) Miss LEE, Miss SOMERVILLE, Mrs. NEWCOMBE,
The Witch of the Alps, Miss E. TREE,
Nemesis, Miss TAYLOR, The Phantom of Astarte, Mrs. H. CRAMER.

A HALL in the CASTLE of MANFRED. **INCANTATION of the WITCHES.**
The Jungfrau Mountain. Romantic Scene among the Glaciers, in which the Witches Sing

THE MALEDICTION !
Cataract in a Lower Valley of the Alps, with the appearance of the Witch of the Alps beneath its Sunbow

CARNIVAL OF THE WITCHES !
TERRACE OF COUNT MANFRED'S CASTLE. HALL OF ARIMANES, or

ABODE OF THE EVIL PRINCIPLE !
Wherein is introduced The Hymn of the Spirits!

THE INVOCATION, and Nocturnal REVEL of the DESTINIES !
A CHAMBER in the CASTLE of MANFRED, with the Embodiment of the Spirit of Earth.

The Glaciers of the Upper Alps, partly borne down by a violent Thunder Storm !

To-morrow, Bellini's celebrated Opera of **La Sonnambula.** Amina, Miss E. Romer.
With the **Last Act of the Revolt of the Harem.** And Scan. Mag.

On Wednesday, the Play of **PIZARRO.** And (Last Time at present) **FRA-DIAVOLO.**

On Thursday, (for the Last Time) Auber's Grand Opera of **Gustavus; or the Masked Ball.**

On Friday, (in consequence of the necessity for a Night Rehearsal of the New Grand Opera) this
Theatre will be Closed.

On Saturday, will be produced a New Grand Historical Opera, in three Acts, to be called

LESTOCK:

OR, THE **FÊTE OF THE HERMITAGE !**

With the whole of Auber's Music, New Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, Decorations, and incidental Dances,
on a novel and extensive Scale, in which the Musical Strength of the Two National Theatres will be
introduced, together with numerous Auxiliaries.

The extraordinary effect produced by the Performance
of the Opera of

LA SONNAMBULA

induces the Management to announce it for repetition

To-morrow Evening.

W. Wright, Printer Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, **WEDNESDAY**, February 18, 1835.

Will be performed Sheridan's Tragic Play of

PIZARRO.

PERUVIANS.

Ataliba, Mr. F. COOKE.	Orozembo, Mr. BARTLEY,
Rolla,	Mr. VANDENHOFF,
Hualpa, Mr. AYLIFFE,	Topac, Miss MARSHALL,
Orano, Mr. YARNOLD,	Huasca, Mr. F. SUTTON,
High Priest,	Mr. SEGUIN,
Cora,	Mrs. H. CRAMER.

SPANIARDS.

Pizarro, Mr. G. BENNETT,	Alonzo, Mr. COOPER,
as Casas, Mr. MATHEWS,	Sentinel, Mr. MEADOWS,
Valverde, Mr. BRINDAL,	Davilla, Mr. EATON,
Elvira,	Gomez, Mr. J. COOPER,
	Mrs. SLOMAN.

To conclude with (*Third Time as an Afterpiece*) Lord Byron's Grand Dramatic Poem of

MANFRED!

Count Manfred, Mr. DENVIL.

Chamois Hunter, Mr. MATHEWS.

Abbot of St. Maurice, Mr. WARDE.

Manuel, Mr. AYLIFFE, Herman, Mr. DURUSET. Arimanes, (*Principle of Evil*) Mr. HOWELL.

Spirits and Destinies tributary to his will:—

Vesper, Miss FENTON, Orcus, Mr. W. H. PAYNE, Thammuz, Miss KENNETH,

Baalim, Mr. F. COOKE, Nox, Mr. BECKETT, Omorades, Mr. G. BENNETT, Astaroth, Mr. F. SUTTON,

Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, (*the Three Destinies*) Miss LEE, Miss SOMERVILLE, Mrs. NEWCOMBE.

The Witch of the Alps, Miss E. TREE,

Nemesis, Miss MURRAY,

The Phantom of Astarte, Mrs. H. CRAMER.

A HALL in the CASTLE of MANFRED.
The Jungfrau Mountain.

INCANTATION of the WITCHES.
Romantic Scene among the Glaciers, in which the Witches sing

THE MALEDICTION!

Cataract in a Lower Valley of the Alps, with the Appearance of the Witch of the Alps beneath its Sunbow

CARNIVAL OF THE WITCHES!

TERRACE OF COUNT MANFRED'S CASTLE.

HALL OF ARIMANES, or

ABODE OF THE EVIL PRINCIPLE!

Wherein is introduced *The Hymn of the Spirits!*

THE INVOCATION;

And Nocturnal Revel of the Destinies!

A CHAMBER in the CASTLE of MANFRED, with the Embodiment of the Spirit of Earth.

The Glaciers of the Upper Alps, partly borne down by a violent Thunder Storm!

To-morrow, (*for the Last Time*) Auber's Grand Opera of **Gustavus**. Capt. Ankarstrom, Mr. H. Phillips

And (*Last Time at present*) **FRA-DIAVOLO**.

Fra Diavolo, Mr. Wilson.

On Friday, (*in consequence of the necessity for a Night Rehearsal of the New Grand Opera*) this Theatre will be Closed.

On Saturday, will be produced a New Grand Historical Opera, in three Acts, to be called

LESTOCK:

OR, THE

FETE OF THE HERMITAGE!

With the whole of Auber's Music, New Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, Decorations, and incidental Dances, on a novel and extensive Scale, in which the Musical Strength of the Two National Theatres will be introduced, together with numerous Auxiliaries.

LORD BYRON'S GRAND DRAMA OF MANFRED!

Having attracted one of the greatest Half-Prices of the Season, will be repeated this Evening, the only Night it can be played, owing to the production of the New Opera.

Under Reg. of Regime.

No Money returned

(W. Wright)

Royal, 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

[We gladly allow space for the discussion of matters of interest but we do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents. Letters cannot be inserted unless accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily for publication.]

To the Editor of the West Middlesex Advertiser.

In the first place, the word *Æstheticism* strictly means the philosophy of taste, being derived from the Greek verb *æsthanomai*, to perceive or apprehend by the senses, and thence comes *æstheîkos*, perceptive, and finally *æsthesis*, the art of perceiving, that is, the science which treats of the beautiful in Nature, in the fine arts and in literature; and Society may be aptly divided into the appreciative and non-appreciative classes in ever-varying degrees.

Let us take one subject of the controversy—the sunflower. It may be called the badge of the Aesthetic School—certainly they have raised it from obscurity and neglect. I sometimes hear the opponents of Aestheticism speak of it as “common,” or “vulgar,” or “ugly, and only fit for cottage gardens.” This, somehow or other, “was” *ton pip ou pris æuousid æuf*.

"The prisoner said he did not go to any other cottage gardens. This, however, was positive that she had not made a husband, and she could swear to him among a thousand neck. She wore a different coloured scarf round his head the candle. He had on the same hat cap, saw him in the Pullman-road as he was when he prisoner was dressed almost the same when she gave him in charge—By the Magistrate. The followed him until she saw a constable, and then pretending that she did not know him, she immediately glanced back at her. After immediately knew him. He looked at her prisoner in the Pullman-road that day, and recognised him as the prisoner. She saw the seeing the burglar, who held the candle, and she prisoner's own night. She had a good opportunity of prisoner's hand was at her back, and

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON



Brown (*Philistine*). "I HEARD IT WAS ALL 'OFF' BETWEEN YOU AND MISS ROWESHETT."

Wobbinson (*Æsthete*). "YA-AS. INCOMPATIBILITY OF COMPLEXION! — SHE DIDN'T SUIT MY FURNITCHAR!!"

Correspondence.

[We gladly allow space for the discussion of matters of interest but we do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents. Letters cannot be inserted unless accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily for publication.]

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT AND ITS CRITICS.

To the Editor of the West Middlesex Advertiser.

SIR,—The impartial notice which the Æsthetic movement meets with in your columns, induces me to offer a few considerations on the present aspect of the controversy, which, with your leave, I will place before your readers.

In the first place, the word Æstheticism strictly means the philosophy of taste, being derived from the Greek verb *aisthanomai*, to perceive or apprehend by the senses, and thence comes *aisthetikos*, perceptive, and finally *aisthesis*, the art of perceiving, that is, the science which treats of the beautiful in Nature, in the fine arts and in literature; and Society may be aptly divided into the appreciative and non-appreciative classes in ever-varying degrees.

If, on the one hand, Æstheticism has been unfairly attacked on account of its injudicious advocates, the term "Philistine," it seems to me, has been applied without sufficient discrimination to non-sympathizers with the movement. There is a large class of persons of naturally fine perceptions, but who fail to display them from sheer lack of cultivation. I have seen many such among the working classes (to use a wide term of which, however, the application is obvious.) But they are not strictly "Philistines" who are such from environment and not from instinct. The true Philistine is aggressive in his ignorance, and actively opposed to the progress of culture as offensive to himself. For intellectual people he has mingled dislike and contempt, glad if he can entrap some unwary, good-natured *sawney*, into an argument that he may contradict him flatly, although, perhaps, ignorant of the very terms of the controversy in which his opponent is an expert. By such, Æstheticism is continually assailed with ridicule and misrepresentation. Virtually, Mr. Matthew Arnold has long ago drowned the worst type of Philistine in inextinguishable laughter, but the true Philistine does not comprehend the situation; he sees very dimly the inevitable progress of humanity, and will fight his losing battle to the end. Æstheticism, it is true, requires the sobering hand of criticism to restrain morbid growths, but it must be done by fair and honest criticism and not by calumny.

Let us take one subject of the controversy—the sunflower. It may be called the badge of the Æsthetic School—certainly they have raised it from obscurity and neglect. I sometimes hear the opponents of Æstheticism speak of it as "common," or "vulgar," or "ugly, and only fit for cottage gardens." This, somehow or other, always reminds me of an anecdote of Hegel; when someone quoted to him the proverb, "That no man is a hero to his valet," that acute thinker replied, "That it was not because the hero was not a hero, but because the valet was a valet." This is an admirable illustration of the subjectivity of thought—a man's opinion of things, and people takes its tones from his personality. With regard to the discussion of objects' relative beauty or ugliness—the Latin proverb, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, must suffice for all time. But respecting the use of the sunflower as a decoration, I think the Æsthetes have shown the discernment of a fine perception, as this flower (the *Helianthus* of Botany), was too apt to be treated as a mere indigenous weed. It may not be generally known, or, at least, may be forgotten, that it is a native of tropical America, where it sometimes attains the height of 20 feet. Its seeds yield an oil little inferior to olive oil, and may be put to various uses. This, however, *en passant*, it is for its rich amber or orange ray-shaped florets that the sunflower has been brought into such prominent notice. The public taste is ever changing, but let education be directed towards the true principles of art, teach people the best thoughts of the best writers, and the taste of the age will become naturally elevated and refined.

Your obedient Servant,
H. A. B.

Sloane-street, September 4th.



HARMONY.

Brown (Philistine). "I HEARD IT WAS ALL 'OFF' BETWEEN YOU AND MISS ROWESHETT."

Wobbinson (Æsthete). "YA-AS. INCOMPATIBILITY OF COMPLEXION! — SHE DIDN'T SUIT MY FURNITCHAR!!"

sunflower

Correspondence.

[We gladly allow space for the discussion of matters of interest but we do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents. Letters cannot be inserted unless accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily for publication.]

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT AND ITS CRITICS.

To the Editor of the West Middlesex Advertiser.

SIR,—The impartial notice which the Æsthetic movement meets with in your columns, induces me to offer a few considerations on the present aspect of the controversy, which, with your leave, I will place before your readers.

In the first place, the word Æstheticism strictly means the philosophy of taste, being derived from the Greek verb *aisthanomai*, to perceive or apprehend by the senses, and thence comes *aisthetikos*, perceptive, and finally *aisthesis*, the art of perceiving, that is, the science which treats of the beautiful in Nature, in the fine arts and in literature; and Society may be aptly divided into the appreciative and non-appreciative classes in ever-varying degrees.

If, on the one hand, Æstheticism has been unfairly attacked on account of its injudicious advocates, the term "Philistine," it seems to me, has been applied without sufficient discrimination to non-sympathizers with the movement. There is a large class of persons of naturally fine perceptions, but who fail to display them from sheer lack of cultivation. I have seen many such among the working classes (to use a wide term of which, however, the application is obvious.) But they are not strictly "Philistines" who are such from environment and not from instinct. The true Philistine is aggressive in his ignorance, and actively opposed to the progress of culture as offensive to himself. For intellectual people he has mingled dislike and contempt, glad if he can entrap some unwary, good-natured *savant*, into an argument that he may contradict him flatly, although, perhaps, ignorant of the very terms of the controversy in which his opponent is an expert. By such, Æstheticism is continually assailed with ridicule and misrepresentation. Virtually, Mr. Matthew Arnold has long ago drowned the worst type of Philistine in inextinguishable laughter, but the true Philistine does not comprehend the situation; he sees very dimly the inevitable progress of humanity, and will fight his losing battle to the end. Æstheticism, it is true, requires the sobering hand of criticism to restrain morbid growths, but it must be done by fair and honest criticism and not by calumny.

Let us take one subject of the controversy—the sunflower. It may be called the badge of the Æsthetic School—certainly they have raised it from obscurity and neglect. I sometimes hear the opponents of Æstheticism speak of it as "common," or "vulgar," or "ugly, and only fit for cottage gardens." This, somehow or other, always reminds me of an anecdote of Hegel; when someone quoted to him the proverb, "That no man is a hero to his valet," that acute thinker replied, "That it was not because the hero was not a hero, but because the valet was a valet." This is an admirable illustration of the subjectivity of thought—a man's opinion of things, and people takes its tones from his personality. With regard to the discussion of objects' relative beauty or ugliness—the Latin proverb, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, must suffice for all time. But respecting the use of the sunflower as a decoration, I think the Æsthètes have shown the discernment of a fine perception, as this flower (the *Helianthus* of Botany), was too apt to be treated as a mere indigenous weed. It may not be generally known, or, at least, may be forgotten, that it is a native of tropical America, where it sometimes attains the height of 20 feet. Its seeds yield an oil little inferior to olive oil, and may be put to various uses. This, however, *en passant*, it is for its rich amber or orange ray-shaped florets that the sunflower has been brought into such prominent notice. The public taste is ever changing, but let education be directed towards the true principles of art, teach people the best thoughts of the best writers, and the taste of the age will become naturally elevated and refined.

Your obedient Servant,

H. A. B.



HARMONY.

Brown (Philistine). "I HEARD IT WAS ALL 'OFF' BETWEEN YOU AND MISS ROWESHETT."

Widow (Esther). "WELL, I DON'T THINK THERE WAS ANY INCOMPATIBILITY OF COMPLEXION! — SHE DIDN'T SUIT MY FURNITCHAR!"

2019-03-17

Jessen Women's University Library

81



“A NEW DEPARTURE.”

*This lying miserable cartoon followed the Saturday
morning edition of the Standard (May 6, 1882.)*

novel, a
way with
such, into
an able w
last being
elections,
a Conserv
and the A
whether c

It is p
appears t
Yesterday
the Queen
litigants t
they had r
observing
expressed
from time
likely to
rejoice if
sadly nec
years in t
has, on t
received
it. She
thies hav
bates st
table cou
upon her
herself,
afterwar

Mr.
extension
of the ge
much be
who wo
morning
Nationa
between
would l

This miserable
Cartoon followed the
Saturday of the
assassination of
Lord Z. Barends, the
1st of May.

Mr.
extension
of the ge
the audi
much be
who we
morning
Nations
between
would b

It is p
appears t
Yesterday
the Queen
illigant
they had
observing
expressed
from time
likely to
rejoice if
sadly nee
years in t
has, on t
yesterday
received
it. She
this hav
battles si
table cor
upon her
herself,
afterward

way whi
novelist, a
such, into
an able wr
last being
elections,
a Conserv
and the A
whether c



“A NEW DEPARTURE.”

*This lying miserable cartoon followed the Saturday
on which Lord T. Cairndrich was assassinated. (May 6. 1882.)*

The miserable
Cartoon of the
Saturday of the
assassination of
Lord of Barmish,
the 1st of May.



THE AESTHETIC SIRENS OF THE THAMES.

Page 4.

NOVEL. A
way with
novelists, a
such, into
an able wr
last being
elections,
a Conserv
and the A
whether co

Mr.
extension
of the ge
the audi
much be
who wo
mornin
Nationa
between
would b

It is p
appears t
Yesterday
the Queen
illigants t
they had
observing
expressed
from time
likely to
rejoice if
sadly nec
years in t
has, on t
received
it. She
thies hav
battles si
table cou
upon her
herself,
afterwar



THE ÆSTHETIC SIRENS OF THE THAMES.

Page 4.

NICE GIRLS.

Anything that is fashionable spreads apace nowadays, but there are, we believe, remote regions wherein the maiden of the day has never heard of Rossetti, and is guiltless of any knowledge of the anatomic eccentricities of Burne-Jones. It must have been in some such outlandish region that on a young gentleman asking a young lady if she were æsthetic, she said, "Oh dear no, Papa is a Protestant, but I have often thought it would be nice to go to a Roman Catholic service myself." In striking contrast, however, to the society in which this misguided person must have mixed are the circles which are supremely æsthetic, wherein all the young men and women have a kindly but too familiar habit of calling each other by their christian names, and wherein there is a great deal of "canoodling" carried on under the pretence of drawing or of painting, or of meeting to elucidate some obscure poet. In such coteries you will be astonished to hear the immortal Gubbins pronounced the poet of the day, and when you mildly ask "Who is Gubbins?" you are treated to a chorus of horror at your ignorance, and told that he is the author of "The Vampire's Vow," a poem so exceedingly improper, that it was at once voted "too utter," and Gubbins was installed as the Laureate of the society for ever. When you are



brought face to face with the gifted Gubbins you find him a fat bilious individual, with a greasy complexion and long hair, and you oscillate between an insane desire to kick him or send him to the wash.

We are wandering away, however, from our Æsthetic Girl, who may on the whole be recommended to those who, as the Americans would say, are "on the marry." Of course different men have different opinions, but unless you want to return to the days of stiff mahogany sideboards and red flock papers which come off in crimson clouds whenever the air is disturbed, there is something pleasant about an æsthetically ordered home, provided it be not overdone, and the Æsthetic Girl may be trusted to

manage this for you. There will be a sense of rest and relief to the eye in all the colours she chooses, and if there are too many blue plates about, it must be confessed that they have merits as decorative objects, and are much pleasanter to look upon than "The meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo," or "The Death of Nelson."

A propos of marriage, shall we ever forget the day, while memory holds a place in this havana-stained soul, when, wandering on the banks of sinuous Thames, and peeping up a bit of back-water, we beheld three Sirens, each one more distractingly beautiful than the others, while to two of them the epithet æsthetic might have been applied. We were not afraid of the fate of Actæon, but watched them on the water with feelings that were too deep for utterance. How sweet it would have been to take any one of the three home, we really did not care which, and then how she would illuminate the garret in the Temple, which was all the home we boasted! How she would hang up sage-green *portieres* and pretty wall papers with

"Here and there a China plate,
And here and there an etching."

But alas! how was such a transportation of any one of the girls in that punt to be effected? How is a man to marry, with the cheapest possible cigars at sixpence a-piece, and not too good at that, with stalls at the theatre half-a-guinea each, while no one who respects himself can dine in these days without his pint of Extra Dry? We were thoroughly ascetic; we never allowed ourselves anything more than these simple luxuries, but upon the pitiful income we possessed it was obviously impossible to instal an æsthetic angel in the house, because she would want feeding, æsthetic dresses cost money, and "Hawthorn blue" is as dear as it is effective. So the vision faded away, and leaving marital dreams to the Plutocrat of the period, who can afford to indulge in them, we went home to the Club, and the æsthetic beauties became only as the figures in a dream.

It will be conceded, that our Æsthetic Girl is very likely to take high rank among those young ladies who deserve the all-embracing epithet of "nice," a word which seems to apply equally well to pets and puddings. She will most probably be piquant, even if you don't know anything about Botticelli yourself, and her chatter will sound fresh after the everlasting cackle of fashion and frivolity which forms the staple of the conversation of the day. But remember, if she be a sham æsthete—and there are a good many of them about—if she mixes up her æstheticism with a desire for what are vaguely called Woman's Rights—if, in short, she is one of the "Shrieking Sisterhood"—then she is not a Nice Girl, and is to be avoided like the chance of catching the measles.

The Æsthetic Nice Girl is altogether different, and there are worse things in life than taking her in to dinner, especially if the *menu* is also the work of a sympathetic soul.

Publishing Monthly, Price Sixpence, THE SOCIAL ZOO. SATIRICAL, SOCIAL, AND HUMOROUS SKETCHES BY THE BEST WRITERS. COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED IN MANY STYLES BY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

No. 1. OUR GILDED YOUTH. By E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY.

No. 2. NICE GIRLS. By R. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

No. 3. NOBLE LORDS. By E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY.

TO BE FOLLOWED BY

BEHIND THE SCENES.—FLIRTS.—OUR YOUNG MEN.—THE TUNEFUL QUIRE.—BORES.—MILITARY MEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—YOUNG WIDOWS AND SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.—SWELLS.—CLUB MEN.—ON H. B. M.'s SERVICE.—JILTS.—THE SHODDY SET, &c., &c.

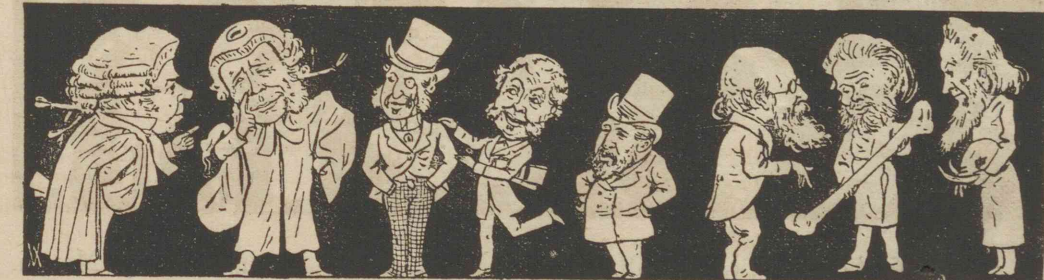
1.
WALK up, walk up, my Lords and Ladies!
Walk up, good folk, to our public view.
Beasts, Birds, Fish of these careless gay days
Are now on show in the SOCIAL ZOO.



3.
Just glance at this cage of Politicians—
How blooming some look, while others look blue;
All depends, as you know, on the positions
Each happens to hold in the SOCIAL ZOO.



5.
Parsons with plumage sombre as ravens,
High Church and Low Church, and Broad Church too,
Ranter and Romanist—all secure havens
Of rest (or of strife) in the SOCIAL ZOO.



2.
Birds you will find of every feather,
And fishes of strangest form and hue,
Beasts, big and little, chained-up together,
Or roaming at large through the SOCIAL ZOO.

4.
Our military and naval lions—
Edinburgh's Duke and his sailor crew,
With Cambridge and Connaught, those royal scions—
Like sucking doves roar in the SOCIAL ZOO.

6.
Barristers glib and Solicitors wary,
Judges who sternly bid us "kotoo,"
(Who find the New Courts a little too airy)
Shall bow to the law of the SOCIAL ZOO.

Anything that is fashionable spreads apace nowadays, but there are, we believe, remote regions wherein the maiden of the day has never heard of Rossetti, and is guiltless of any knowledge of the anatomic eccentricities of Burne-Jones. It must have been in some such outlandish region that on a young gentleman asking a young lady if she were æsthetic, she said, "Oh dear no, Papa is a Protestant, but I have often thought it would be nice to go to a Roman Catholic service myself." In striking contrast, however, to the society in which this misguided person must have mixed are the circles which are supremely æsthetic, wherein all the young men and women have a kindly but too familiar habit of calling each other by their christian names, and wherein there is a great deal of "canoodling" carried on under the pretence of drawing or of painting, or of meeting to elucidate some obscure poet. In such coteries you will be astonished to hear the immortal Gubbins pronounced *the* poet of the day, and when you mildly ask "Who is Gubbins?" you are treated to a chorus of horror at your ignorance, and told that he is the author of "The Vampire's Vow," a poem so exceedingly improper, that it was at once voted "too utter," and Gubbins was installed as the Laureate of the society for ever. When you are



brought face to face with the gifted Gubbins you find him a fat bilious individual, with a greasy complexion and long hair, and you oscillate between an insane desire to kick him or send him to the wash.

We are wandering away, however, from our Æsthetic Girl, who may on the whole be recommended to those who, as the Americans would say, are "on the marry." Of course different men have different opinions, but unless you want to return to the days of stiff mahogany sideboards and red flock papers which come off in crimson clouds whenever the air is disturbed, there is something pleasant about an æsthetically ordered home, provided it be not overdone, and the Æsthetic Girl may be trusted to

manage this for you. There will be a sense of rest and relief to the eye in all the colours she chooses, and if there *are* too many blue plates about, it must be confessed that they have merits as decorative objects, and are much pleasanter to look upon than "The meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo," or "The Death of Nelson."

A propos of marriage, shall we ever forget the day, while memory holds a place in this havana-stained soul, when, wandering on the banks of sinuous Thames, and peeping up a bit of back-water, we beheld three Sirens, each one more distractingly beautiful than the others, while to two of them the epithet æsthetic might have been applied. We were not afraid of the fate of Actæon, but watched them on the water with feelings that were too deep for utterance. How sweet it would have been to take any one of the three home, we really did not care which, and then how she would illuminate the garret in the Temple, which was all the home we boasted! How she would hang up sage-green *portieres* and pretty wall papers with

"Here and there a China plate,
And here and there an etching."

But alas! how was such a transportation of any one of the girls in that punt to be effected? How is a man to marry, with the cheapest possible cigars at sixpence a-piece, and not too good at that, with stalls at the theatre half-a-guinea each, while no one who respects himself can dine in these days without his pint of Extra Dry? We were thoroughly ascetic; we never allowed ourselves anything more than these simple luxuries, but upon the pitiful income we possessed it was obviously impossible to instal an æsthetic angel in the house, because she would want feeding, æsthetic dresses cost money, and "Hawthorn blue" is as dear as it is effective. So the vision faded away, and leaving marital dreams to the Plutocrat of the period, who can afford to indulge in them, we went home to the Club, and the æsthetic beauties became only as the figures in a dream.

It will be conceded, that our Æsthetic Girl is very likely to take high rank among those young ladies who deserve the all-embracing epithet of "nice," a word which seems to apply equally well to pets and puddings. She will most probably be piquant, even if you don't know anything about Botticelli yourself, and her chatter will sound fresh after the everlasting cackle of fashion and frivolity which forms the staple of the conversation of the day. But remember, if she be a sham æsthete—and there are a good many of them about—if she mixes up her æstheticism with a desire for what are vaguely called Woman's Rights—if, in short, she is one of the "Shrieking Sisterhood"—then she is not a Nice Girl, and is to be avoided like the chance of catching the measles.

The Æsthetic Nice Girl is altogether different, and there are worse things in life than taking her in to dinner, especially if the *menu* is also the work of a sympathetic soul.

Publishing Monthly, Price Sixpence,

THE SOCIAL ZOO.

SATIRICAL, SOCIAL, AND HUMOROUS SKETCHES BY THE BEST WRITERS.

COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED IN MANY STYLES BY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

No. 1. OUR GILDED YOUTH. By E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY.

No. 2. NICE GIRLS. By R. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

No. 3. NOBLE LORDS. By E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY.

TO BE FOLLOWED BY

BEHIND THE SCENES.—FLIRTS.—OUR YOUNG MEN.—THE TUNEFUL QUIRE.—
BORES.—MILITARY MEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—YOUNG WIDOWS AND
SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.—SWELLS.—CLUB MEN.—ON H. B. M.'s SERVICE.—
JILTS.—THE SHODDY SET, &c., &c.

1.

WALK up, walk up, my Lords and Ladies!
Walk up, good folk, to our public view.
Beasts, Birds, Fish of these careless gay days
Are now on show in the SOCIAL ZOO.

2.

Birds you will find of every feather,
And fishes of strangest form and hue,
Beasts, big and little, chained-up together,
Or roaming at large through the SOCIAL ZOO.

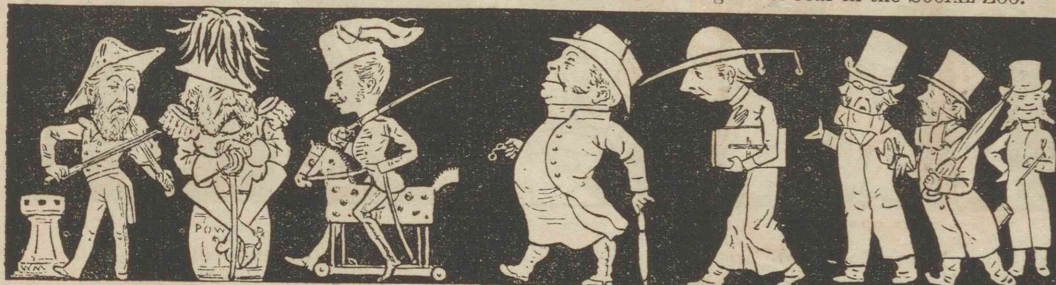


3.

Just glance at this cage of Politicians—
How blooming some look, while others look blue;
All depends, as you know, on the positions
Each happens to hold in the SOCIAL ZOO.

4.

Our military and naval lions—
Edinburgh's Duke and his sailor crew,
With Cambridge and Connaught, those royal scions—
Like sucking doves roar in the SOCIAL ZOO.



5.

Parsons with plumage sombre as ravens,
High Church and Low Church, and Broad Church too,
Ranter and Romanist—all secure havens
Of rest (or of strife) in the SOCIAL ZOO.

6.

Barristers glib and Solicitors wary,
Judges who sternly bid us "kotoo,"
(Who find the New Courts a little too airy)
Shall bow to the law of the SOCIAL ZOO.



May 21, 1881.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION.

COLLAPSE OF POSTLETHWAITE, MAUDLE, AND MRS. CIMABUE BROWN, ON READING IN A WIDELY-CIRCULATED CONTEMPORARY JOURNAL THAT THEY ONLY EXIST IN *Mr. Punch's* VIVID IMAGINATION. THEY HAD FONDLY FLATTERED THEMSELVES THAT UNIVERSAL FAME WAS THEIRS AT LAST.

78

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

[FEBRUARY 19, 1881.]



ÆSTHETIC LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Miss Bilderbogie. "YES, DEAREST JOCONDA! I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUNG PETER PILCOX! WE SHALL BE VERY, VERY POOR! INDEED HOW WE ARE GOING TO LIVE, I CANNOT TELL!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MARIANA, HOW NOBLE OF YOU BOTH! NEVER MIND HOW, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?"

Miss Bilderbogie. "OH, IN DEAR OLD KENSINGTON, I SUPPOSE—EVERYTHING IS SO CHEAP THERE, YOU KNOW!—PEACOCK FEATHERS ONLY A PENNY A-PIECE!"

885.

Mr. the audi extension of the ge much be who wo morning Nations would be

It is p Yesterday the Queen litigants they had observing expressed from time likely to rejoice if ready nee has, on t yesterday received it. She this hav battles si table cou upon her herself, afterward

NOVEL. way whi novel, a such, into an able w last being a Collections, a Conserv and the A whether co

MAY 21, 1881.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION.

COLLAPSE OF POSTLETHWAITE, MAUDLE, AND MRS. CIMABUE BROWN, ON READING IN A WIDELY-CIRCULATED CONTEMPORARY JOURNAL THAT THEY ONLY EXIST IN *MR. PUNCH'S* V2019-03-17 NATION. *Uissen Women's University Library* THEMSELVES THAT 92 NIVERSAL FAME WAS THEIRS AT LAST.



ÆSTHETIC LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Miss Bilderbogie. "YES, DEAREST JOCONDA! I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUNG PETER PILCOX! WE SHALL BE VERY, VERY POOR! INDEED HOW WE ARE GOING TO LIVE, I CANNOT TELL!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MARIANA, HOW NOBLE OF YOU BOTH! NEVER MIND HOW, BUT WHERE ARE YOU TO LIVE?"

Miss Bilderbogie. "OH, IN DEAR OLD KENSINGTON, I SUPPOSE—EVERYTHING IS SO CHEAP THERE, YOU KNOW!—PEACOCK FEATHERS ONLY A PENNY A-PIECE!"

三寸五分
文字共全部
以下

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Churchwarden.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, a City Churchwarden?

Churchwarden. I am.

O. C. Of what Parish?

C. I would rather not mention the name.

O. C. Certainly. Is it a fair average specimen of a City Parish?

C. Yes, quite so, as regards the Parishes within the City gates; that is, from Aldgate, in the East, to Newgate, in the West.

O. C. How many inhabitants have you?

C. About two hundred.

O. C. Do they reside?

C. Oh, no; nearly the whole of them sleep out of town.

O. C. What Parish Officers have you?

C. We have a Rector, three Churchwardens, three Overseers, one Poor Law Guardian, a Vestry Clerk, an Organist, an Organblower, a Sexton, a Beadle, and two Pew Openers.

O. C. What an establishment! Is your church well attended?

C. Pretty well.

O. C. What may be the average number?

C. About twelve.

O. C. That's less than the number of officials. Have you many poor?

C. When the City was divided into several Unions, we used to keep a couple of Paupers, to prevent our being united to some poor parish, but now that there is but one Union we do not find it necessary.

O. C. Have you any Parochial Funds?

C. Oh yes, certainly. We have about £1000 a year.

O. C. £1000 a year, and no Poor! What do you do with it?

C. A considerable portion goes in paying the officials.

O. C. How much?

C. About a third.

O. C. How about the rest?

C. Some portion we devote towards payment of the Poor Rate.

O. C. Whose pocket does that save?

C. Well, of course, it reduces the charge to the Rate Payers, but we really don't know what else to do with it.

O. C. Continue, Sir.

C. It has been the custom from time immemorial to serve wine and light refreshments at all meetings of Vestries and of Parish Officers, and once a year, sometimes oftener, we have a Parish Dinner at the Crystal Palace or Greenwich, paid for out of these funds, which we find very conducive to good will and harmony; occasionally too we visit our Parish Estates to see that they are in good condition; and the Carriages, and then Banquet, come to a considerable sum.

O. C. Anything further of the same kind?

C. Yes. At certain periods we perambulate the Parish, what is technically called, "beating the bounds," and on those occasions our labours are rewarded by a banquet at Greenwich or Richmond.

O. C. Is the income that you administer in so very extraordinary

FROM THE RANKS.

IV.—A Cabman's Troubles.



SIR,—The law's a rum thing in this free country of ours. If you go into a baker's shop and steal a loaf you'll be given in charge and punished. If you get into my cab and steal a drive from me you can enjoy yourself with your boots on the cushion, and snap your fingers in my face.

A sensible driver never summons a fare, for, even if he finds him, he gets no satisfaction. He loses his whole day's work, perhaps 2 or 3, and is never paid for the valuable time during which

he should have been earning his living. Even when the Beak convicts, he only makes the defendant pay the amount claimed, the cost of the summons, and one-and-sixpence for Cabby's loss of time. Isn't that a genuine grievance, now?

And here's another thing as happened to me once which helped to make me lose my faith in human nature. Oh! The dirty, paltry, disreputable things as mean low miscreants are capable of! What do you think of a respectable-looking chap laying snares to steal my twopenny halfpenny traps? This is how it was. A genteel-looking person engaged me one evening and ordered me about from place to place and gave me a cigar, as many of 'em will, to put you off the scent and make you cheerful, and asked after the Missus and the family, and said as how he had little 'uns of his own, till I was quite took in by his blarney. Well! We got on as jolly as sandboys, had a glass here and a glass there until I felt that if I didn't look out I should appear before the Beak, not of my own accord, and git my licence endorsed.

So says I, "Look here, old chap. It's very kind of you, and I'm much obliged by your hospitality, but I'd rayther have no

Mr. J. extension of the ge much be who wo Nations morning between would t

afterwar herself, upon her table cou bates si thies hav it. She received yesterday has, on t years in t sadly nec rejoice if likely to from time expressed they had t the Queer Yesterday appears t It is p

whether co and the A a Conserv elections, last being an able we such, into novel, a way with novel.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

*The Churchwarden.**Our Commissioner.* You are, I believe, a City Churchwarden?*Churchwarden.* I am.*O. C.* Of what Parish?*C.* I would rather not mention the name.*O. C.* Certainly. Is it a fair average specimen of a City Parish?*C.* Yes, quite so, as regards the Parishes within the City gates; that is, from Aldgate, in the East, to Newgate, in the West.*O. C.* How many inhabitants have you?*C.* About two hundred.*O. C.* Do they reside?*C.* Oh, no; nearly the whole of them sleep out of town.*O. C.* What Parish Officers have you?*C.* We have a Rector, three Churchwardens, three Overseers, one Poor Law Guardian, a Vestry Clerk, an Organist, an Organblower, a Sexton, a Beadle, and two Pew Openers.*O. C.* What an establishment! Is your church well attended?*C.* Pretty well.*O. C.* What may be the average number?*C.* About twelve.*O. C.* That's less than the number of officials. Have you many poor?*C.* When the City was divided into several Unions, we used to keep a couple of Paupers, to prevent our being united to some poor parish, but now that there is but one Union we do not find it necessary.*O. C.* Have you any Parochial Funds?*C.* Oh yes, certainly. We have about £1000 a year.*O. C.* £1000 a year, and no Poor! What do you do with it?*C.* A considerable portion goes in paying the officials.*O. C.* How much?*C.* About a third.*O. C.* How about the rest?*C.* Some portion we devote towards payment of the Poor Rate.*O. C.* Whose pocket does that save?*C.* Well, of course, it reduces the charge to the Rate Payers, but we really don't know what else to do with it.*O. C.* Continue, Sir.*C.* It has been the custom from time immemorial to serve wine and light refreshments at all meetings of Vestries and of Parish Officers, and once a year, sometimes oftener, we have a Parish Dinner at the Crystal Palace or Greenwich, paid for out of these funds, which we find very conducive to good will and harmony: occasionally too we visit our Parish Estates to see that they are in good condition; and the Carriages, and then Banquet, come to a considerable sum.*O. C.* Anything further of the same kind?*C.* Yes. At certain periods we perambulate the Parish, what is technically called, "beating the bounds," and on those occasions our labours are rewarded by a banquet at Greenwich or Richmond.*O. C.* Is the income that you administer in so very

FROM THE RANKS.

IV.—A Cabman's Troubles.



SIR,—The law's a rum thing in this free country of ours. If you go into a baker's shop and steal a loaf you'll be given in charge and punished. If you get into my cab and steal a drive from me you can enjoy yourself with your boots on the cushion, and snap your fingers in my face.

A sensible driver never summons a fare, for, even if he finds him, he gets no satisfaction. He loses his whole day's work, perhaps 2 or 3, and is never paid for the valuable time during which

he should have been earning his living. Even when the Beak convicts, he only makes the defendant pay the amount claimed, the cost of the summons, and one-and-sixpence for Cabby's loss of time. Isn't that a genuine grievance, now?

And here's another thing as happened to me once which helped to make me lose my faith in human nature. Oh! The dirty, paltry, disreputable things as mean low miscreants are capable of! What do you think of a respectable-looking chap laying snares to steal my twopenny halfpenny traps? This is how it was. A genteel-looking person engaged me one evening and ordered me about from place to place and gave me a cigar, as many of 'em will, to put you off the scent and make you cheerful, and asked after the Missus and the family, and said as how he had little 'uns of his own, till I was quite took in by his blarney. Well! We got on as jolly as sandboys, had a glass here and a glass there until I felt that if I didn't look out I should appear before the Beak, not of my own accord, and git my licence endorsed.

So says I, "Look here, old chap. It's very kind of you, and

grateful by your hospitality, but I'd rayther have no



"NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

Smith (meeting the Browns at the Station on their return from the Continent). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BACK, MY BOY! BUT—WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE ITALY?"

Mrs. B. (who is "artistic"). "OH, CHARMING, YOU KNOW, THE PICTURES AND STATUES AND ALL THAT! BUT CHARLES HAD TYPHOID FOR SIX WEEKS AT FEVERENZE (OUR HOTEL WAS CLOSE TO THAT GLORIOUS MELFIZZI PALAZZO, Y' KNOW), AND AFTER THAT I CAUGHT THE ROMAN FEVER, AND SO," &c., &c. [They think they go to Ramsgate next year.]

THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

By JESTIN' MACHEARTY.

CHAPTER ONE.

1837.—"A Jove principium." (Mem.—Always bring in quotations where possible, especially Latin ones: shows one knows Latin. How about a few Greek ditto? Must really buy a Greek Grammar.) On the decease of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the youthful Princess VICTORIA ascended the throne. She had been excellently brought up, and was a most admirable and accomplished young lady. (Query—does this sound too patronising?) At her very first Council, this juvenile Sovereign of an Empire on which the sun never sets—(Query—hackneyed?)—behaved with an extraordinary degree of self-possession. Everybody, of course, stared at her: Lord MELBOURNE got on a chair, with an opera-glass, and stared through that, until WELLINGTON pulled him down by the coat-tails. WELLINGTON was heard to remark, "MELBOURNE has no manners." MELBOURNE was not a great Statesman. MELBOURNE was not a strong man. MELBOURNE was not the sort of man to "make good grow where it wasn't growing before"—to quote a great writer, whose name I've

Next few: Cabul. Lord figures in it. He had a good Lord ELLENOR came the "was repealed me!—Mustn't

On the dea minent Engl serious topics knew a good foreign states was immorte holder." So I may as well damaging to politically.

PAM was bu ex necessitate to lead the Ho young States for myself—lo polish W. E. GLADSTONE h so much tact while DISRAEL called a politi well)—so he w in italics—(wl —so he did!

This was to gave Mr. Bri Very kind of l polish him off Mr. BRIGHT w Mr. BRIGHT w might with ac debater, and a

All this was of further det tionary of Da work, HAYDN LAY'S Essays Own Times,— of course.)

When Rus: GLADSTONE st Colloquial sty tude of troub Lowe was its character) of triumph. Hi presence; his very short, ar compared wit or with Mr. B humour? No

Bother this To cut it sho Bill in 1867 Radical type away with t Don't know. In 1868 Mi Church Reso Dizzy fell. Then came



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Young Milkington Sopley (a follower of Postlethwaite's). "A—YOU WERE NOT AT THE CIMABUE BROWN'S LAST NIGHT, MISS DIANA?"

Miss Diana (who does not like Esthetes). "No. WERE YOU?"

Sopley. "OH YES, INDEED."

Miss Diana. "AND WAS IT A PLEASANT PARTY?"

Sopley. "MOST CONSUMMATELY SO!"

Miss Diana. "AND WERE YOU VERY MUCH ADMIRER?"

Mr. the aud extension of the ge who wo much be morning Nationa between would b

afterwar herself. upon her table cov battles si thies hav it. She received yesterday has, on t years in t sadly nec rejoice if likely to from time expressed observing they had i litigants t the Queer Yesterday appears t It is p

whether co and the A a Conserv elections, last being an able wr such, into novelists, a way with NOVEL.



"NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

Smith (meeting the Browns at the Station on their return from the Continent). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BACK, MY BOY! BUT—WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE ITALY?"

Mrs. B. (who is "artistic"). "OH, CHARMING, YOU KNOW, THE PICTURES AND STATUES AND ALL THAT! BUT CHARLES HAD TYPHOID FOR SIX WEEKS AT FEVERENZE (OUR HOTEL WAS CLOSE TO THAT GLORIOUS MELFIZZI PALAZZO, Y' KNOW), AND AFTER THAT I CAUGHT THE ROMAN FEVER, AND SO," &C., &C.

[They think they go to Ramsgate next year.]

THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

By JESTIN' MACHEARTY.

CHAPTER ONE.

1837.—"*A Jove principium.*" (Mem.—Always bring in quotations where possible, especially Latin ones: shows one knows Latin. How about a few Greek ditto? Must really buy a Greek Grammar.) On the decease of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the youthful Princess VICTORIA ascended the throne. She had been excellently brought up, and was a most admirable and accomplished young lady. (Query—does this sound too patronising?) At her very first Council, this juvenile Sovereign of an Empire on which the sun never sets—(Query—hackneyed?)—behaved with an extraordinary degree of self-possession. Everybody, of course, stared at her: Lord MELBOURNE got on a chair, with an opera-glass, and stared through that, until WELLINGTON pulled him down by the coat-tails. WELLINGTON was heard to remark, "MELBOURNE has no manners." MELBOURNE was not a great Statesman. MELBOURNE was not a strong man. MELBOURNE was not the sort of man to "make good grow where it wasn't growing before,"—to quote a great writer, whose name I've

Next few
Cabul. Lord
figures in ti
He had a go
Lord ELLEN
came the "
was repealed
me!—Mustn'

On the dea
minent Engl
serious topics
knew a good
foreign states
was immorte
holder." So
I may as wel
damaging to
politically.

PAM was bu
ex necessitate
to lead the Ho
young States
for myself—lo
polish W. E.
GLADSTONE h
so much tact
while DISRAEL
called a politi
well)—so he w
in italics—(w
—so he did!

This was to
gave Mr. BAR
Very kind of l
polish him off
Mr. BRIGHT w
Mr. BRIGHT w
might with ac
debater, and a

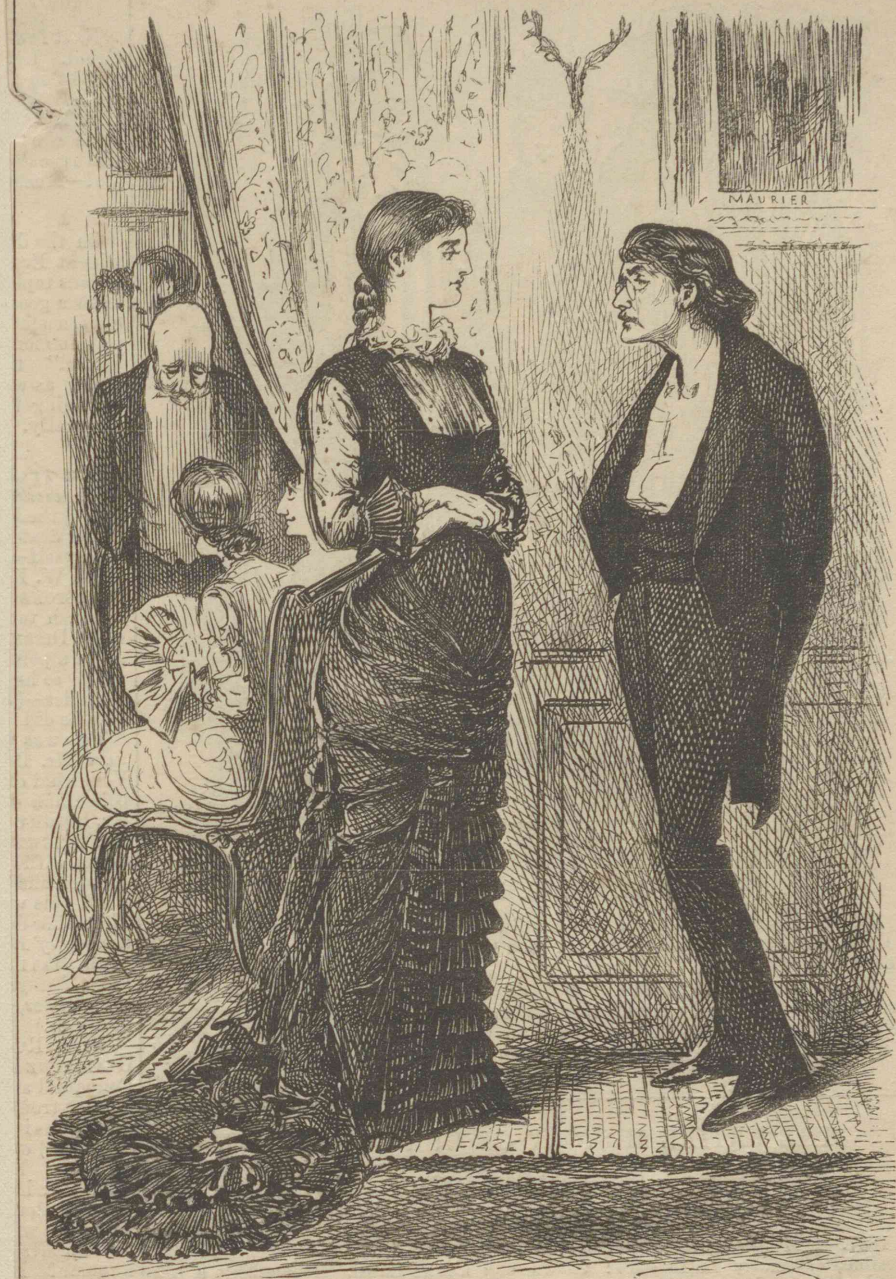
All this wa
of further det
tionary of Da
work, HAYDN
LAY'S *Essays*
Own Times,—
of course.)

When RUS
GLADSTONE st
Colloquial sty
tude of troub
Lowe was its
character) of
triumph. He
presence; his
very short, ar
compared wit
or with Mr. B
humour? No

Bother this
To cut it sho
Bill in 1867
Radical type
away with t
Don't know.

In 1868 Mr
Church Reso
Dizzy fell.

Then came
Leon ditto



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Young Milkington Sopley (a follower of Postlethwaite's). "A—YOU WERE NOT AT THE CIMABUE BROWN'S LAST NIGHT, MISS DIANA?"

Miss Diana (who does not like Æsthetes). "No. WERE YOU?"

Sopley. "OH YES, INDEED."

Miss Diana. "AND WAS IT A PLEASANT PARTY?"

Sopley. "M2019-03-17 Jissen Women's University Library

Miss Diana. "AND WERE YOU VERY MUCH ADMIRRED?"

THE sale of the late Mr. GRAHAM's pictures at CHRISTIE'S will probably be the most interesting sale of the year. King-street is crowded with carriages as if some great afternoon entertainment were being given. The pictures now on view are certainly of great interest in the history of modern art. Here are the first stammerings, as it were, of the genius of Mr. BURNE JONES, and here are his mature successes. ROSETTI is extremely well represented, in all his monotonous intensity and glow of colour. There is an early HOLMAN HUNT which exhibits the Scape Goat in a very lurid light, and there are two of Sir JOHN MILLAIS's greatest masterpieces, "Apple Blossoms," and "The Valley of Rest." In the former the painting of the green orchard with the white and pink blossom is unsurpassed and marvellous. The latter is probably the best and most poetic work of the artist. But, even where these are found, the examples of FREDERICK WALKER have a stronger claim to attention. Here are his "Gipsies," a noble and poetical piece, and here, fresh in all its

APRIL 2, 1886.

ed. original glow and sunlight, is the beautiful nd group called "The Bathers." We believe that se the national collection has no example of this no artist, the KEATS of English painting, like r- KEATS in his colour, and in his sense of the be beauty of the Greek world. His bathers are ne shaped as if they had been born by the Ilissus, re or the Eurotas, rather than beside the Thames as or Lea. Probably an attempt, and we trust a o successful attempt, will be made to secure one t of the WALKERS for the nation. Without an v example of this artist at his best, our beautiful - collection remains incomplete. One WALKER l is surely worth a wilderness of CRIVELLIS.

Literature and Art.

[From PUNCH.]

RICHARD WAGNER.

BORN, MAY 22nd, 1813. DIED, FEBRUARY 13th, 1886.

In Music-World arch-revolutionist,
Titan-assailant of its elder gods,
For him the menace of the Jovian nods,
The thunders and the rock-storm. Yet he kist
With climbing crest the empyrean's crown,
Out-nodding old Olympus in his mood
Of most aggressive mastery. Of the brood
Of Demiurgus militant, whose frown,
Like that of mailed Mars amidst the boys,
Frightens away Convention's chirrupers,
And to wild cackle as of goose-flights stirs
Pale Peace's pretty flutters of small joys
And fine factitious sorrows. Then what wonder
He brought the sword into mild Music's sphere,
And in the clangour of the hurdling spear,
The clashing mail, and the loud battle-thunder,
Missed, sometime, of the finer harmony
The still small voice, known of the subtle ear,
Which outlives all War's clarions? Year on year
May pass ere he is measured. Yet we see
The work of a strong shaper, one whose part
Was with new light to show a newer way.
He stripped the gewgaw'd shams of Opera,
Lord of two spheres, he wedded Art with Art,
And Music, sunned in brighter, larger fame,
May date its nobler dawn from Wagner's mighty name.

DEATH OF WAGNER

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

VENICE, FEB. 13.

Richard Wagner, the celebrated composer, died here at 4 o'clock this afternoon

Richard Wagner, whose death is announced in the above telegram, was born at Leipsic on the 22nd of May, 1813. He had thus almost completed his 70th year. After being educated in Dresden he studied at the University of Leipsic. His talent for music was manifested while he was still very young. He became Director of the Royal Theatre of Dresden, and produced his earliest works there. In 1848 he had to quit Germany for political reasons, and took refuge in Switzerland. His fame as a composer was of slow growth, and his compositions have given rise to endless controversy. Among his principal works may be cited *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Ring of the Nibelungen*. The last named was brought out in London last year, having been originally produced at the theatre in Baireuth erected expressly for the performance of the composer's productions. Richard Wagner was an author as well as a musician, and wrote the books of his operas. He also wrote in defence of his own theories.

THE WRECK OF THE CUMBER

would be
between
National
morning
who we
much be
the audi
of the ge
extension
Mr.
afterward
herself,
upon her
table cou
battles st
bles hav
it. She
received
yesterday
has, on t
years in t
sady nec
rejoice it
likely to
from time
expressed
observing
they had
littigants
the Queen
Yesterday
appears to
It is p
whether co
and the A
a Conserv
elections,
last being
an able w
such, into
novelist, a
way with
NOVEL

Mr. Graham's
Pictures.

THE sale of the late Mr. GRAHAM'S pictures at CHRISTIE'S will probably be the most interesting sale of the year. King-street is crowded with carriages as if some great afternoon entertainment were being given. The pictures now on view are certainly of great interest in the history of modern art. Here are the first stammerings, as it were, of the genius of Mr. BURNE JONES, and here are his mature successes. ROSSETTI is extremely well represented, in all his monotonous intensity and glow of colour. There is an early HOLMAN HUNT which exhibits the Scape Goat in a very lurid light, and there are two of Sir JOHN MILLAIS'S greatest masterpieces, "Apple Blossoms," and "The Valley of Rest." In the former the painting of the green orchard with the white and pink blossom is unsurpassed and marvellous. The latter is probably the best and most poetic work of the artist. But, even where these are found, the examples of FREDERICK WALKER have a stronger claim to attention. Here are his "Gipsies," a noble and poetical piece, and here, fresh in all its

APRIL 2, 1886.

ed. original glow and sunlight, is the beautiful
nd group called "The Bathers." We believe that
se the national collection has no example of this
no artist, the KEATS of English painting, like
r- KEATS in his colour, and in his sense of the
he beauty of the Greek world. His bathers are
ne shaped as if they had been born by the Ilissus,
ne or the Eurotas, rather than beside the Thames
as or Lea. Probably an attempt, and we trust a
o successful attempt, will be made to secure one
t of the WALKERS for the nation. Without an
v example of this artist at his best, our beautiful
- collection remains incomplete. One WALKER
l is surely worth a wilderness of CRIVELLIS.

Literature and Art.

[From PUNCH.]

RICHARD WAGNER.

BORN, MAY 22nd, 1813. DIED, FEBRUARY 13th, 1883.

In Music-World arch-revolutionist,
Titan-assailant of its elder gods,
For him the menace of the Jovian nods,
The thunders and the rock-storm. Yet he kist
With climbing crest the empyrean's crown,
Out-nodding old Olympus in his mood
Of most aggressive mastery. Of the brood
Of Demiurgus militant, whose frown,
Like that of mailed Mars amidst the boys,
Frightens away Convention's chirrupers,
And to wild cackle as of goose-flights stirs
Pale Peace's pretty flutters of small joys
And fine factitious sorrows. Then what wonder
He brought the sword into mild Music's sphere,
And in the clangour of the hurtling spear,
The clashing mail, and the loud battle-thunder,
Missed, sometime, of the finer harmony
The still small voice, known of the subtle ear,
Which outlives all War's clarions? Year on year
May pass ere he is measured. Yet we see
The work of a strong shaper, one whose part
Was with new light to show a newer way.
He stripped the gewgaw'd shams of Opera,
Lord of two spheres, he wedded Art with Art,
And Music, sunned in brighter, larger fame,
May date its nobler dawn from Wagner's mighty name.

DEATH OF WAGNER

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

VENICE, FEB. 13.

Richard Wagner, the celebrated composer, died here at 4 o'clock this afternoon

Richard Wagner, whose death is announced in the above telegram, was born at Leipsic on the 22nd of May, 1813. He had thus almost completed his 70th year. After being educated in Dresden he studied at the University of Leipsic. His talent for music was manifested while he was still very young. He became Director of the Royal Theatre of Dresden, and produced his earliest works there. In 1848 he had to quit Germany for political reasons, and took refuge in Switzerland. His fame as a composer was of slow growth, and his compositions have given rise to endless controversy. Among his principal works may be cited *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Ring of the Nibelungen*. The last named was brought out in London last year, having been originally produced at the theatre in Baireuth erected expressly for the performance of the composer's productions. Richard Wagner was an author as well as a musician, and wrote the books of his operas. He also wrote in defence of his own theories.

Jissen 2019-03-17 University Library

THE WRECK OF THE GIMBRIA

14/4/83

THE death of RICHARD WAGNER, which took place at Venice yesterday, will create a general sense of loss throughout the artistic world. He was in his seventieth year, yet his enthusiastic admirers believed that his work as a composer was not yet done. His first opera *Rienzi* was written at Paris in 1841, and performed at Dresden two years later, and his great opera of *Tannhäuser* was produced in 1845. In this opera he appeared before the world as a musical reformer. It gained speedy popularity in Germany, and of all his works it has attained the greatest permanent popularity in this country. It is regarded as the complete expression of the musical revolution which its gifted author proclaimed, and which his enthusiastic admirers believe that he has accomplished. Driven from Germany by the revolution, he brought out *Lohengrin* in Switzerland, where he had taken the direction of the orchestra at the theatre of Zurich. *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Nibelung* were produced in 1855. His own view was that the fullest development of his musical ideas was contained in the great serial work which was performed in its entirety in London for the first time in the spring of last year. The four *Nibelung* "opera-dramas" showed his system of treatment in its extremest development. In them the music is almost throughout the least prominent element, except in occasional orchestral passages of marvellous power. The singers, as such, are subordinate to declamation and action and orchestral surroundings. WAGNER was his own librettist, and from the extreme on one side, which is represented by the sarcasm that "what is too silly to be said may be sung," he went to the other extreme of subordinating music, poetry, and action to his dramatic purpose. The performance of the cycles was not successful in England, where the "music of the future," as WAGNER's has been called, is not likely to supersede the music of the past. WAGNER is essentially German, and he has never attained any popularity in France. His orchestral music has a magnificence of its own. It is full of the great sounds of nature—the roaring of the wind in the trees and the sound of the waves. His harmonies have a sort of vastness. The imagination is overwhelmed, but only to be relieved by the gentle flow of soft and charming movements, which "take the prisoned soul," as MILTON says, "and lap it in Elysium." All this may be admitted by those who do not regard him as in any degree the founder of a new style of music or the indicator of the music of the future. WAGNER will always occupy a high place among composers, whatever be the verdict posterity may pass upon his more extravagant claims. His admirers have already set him up upon a pedestal, and challenged for him the homage which is paid to SHAKESPEARE, or DANTE, or BEETHOVEN; but the world at large has refused to render him this homage. It may be, indeed, that the extreme claims of his enthusiastic admirers have produced, by a natural reaction, an extreme and unnecessary depreciation. But even though he should descend in future to a place much below that which is claimed for him, he will probably always be regarded as a true artist and poet, who has made a valuable and permanent contribution to the music of the nineteenth century, whatever effect his teaching and example may have on the music of the future.

On sait que Richard Wagner a juré de ne pas laisser profaner son *Parsifal* par des représentations plus ou moins faïques. En dehors de la scène de Bayreuth. Cependant, les wagnériens espèrent que le maître ne sera pas inexorable, et que certains grands théâtres puiseront dans leurs caisses des arguments capables de vaincre les scrupules artistiques de l'infailible pape musical.

Dans cet espoir, la direction de l'Opéra Impérial de Vienne a déjà fait des démarches auprès de Wagner, en vue de monter *Parsifal*, pendant la saison de 1882 à 1883.

Les principaux interprètes de l'œuvre, qui actuellement enchantent le public réuni à Bayreuth, appartiennent ou appartiendront, à partir de l'été prochain, à la scène impériale de Vienne.

Ce sont Mme Materna, et MM. Scaria, Reichmann et Winkelman, pour ne citer que les noms les plus illustres. Tous ces artistes insistent auprès de Wagner pour que l'interdit dont il a frappé son dernier chef-d'œuvre soit levé.

Constatons encore que le succès financier des représentations de *Parsifal*, à Bayreuth, est déjà assuré, les recettes encaissées jusqu'ici couvrant largement les frais de mise en scène, et promettant, pour la fin de ce mois, un assez joli bénéfice net.

MAURICE ORDONNEAU

A GREATER effort has seldom been made by the human intellect and will than that of which the result has just been considered by the English public at Her Majesty's Theatre with attention amounting at times to veneration and enthusiasm. Whether or not WAGNER's theory will succeed in gaining a firmer resting place for the musical drama, fast slipping from its hold on human sympathy, is not just now the point. We moderns are losing the enjoyment of illusion. The enjoyment of impersonation is a born gift, and that, happily, we shall never lose. The dramatic representation of human woes, joys, passions, and actions will never lose its interest for us while we remain the creatures we are. But in the manner of portrayal in all the arts the pressure after truth is sensibly winning the race over pleasure in deception. Realism, we may call it, or a return upon nature or what we will, but it is the same spirit which informs research, which ardently inspires men of science, which leads artists to abandon merely visionary fancies, and which when it goes wrong, as being of humanity it is certain now and again to do, breaks out

DAILY NEWS, WEL

10 MAY 1882

into the "fleshy school" of poetry and morbid novels. One of the first artistic bubbles to burst at the touch of the spear of natural truth would evidently appear to be the thing we have named Opera. ROMEO and JULIET, speaking to each other as SHAKESPEARE makes them do, are a moving spectacle. But ROMEO and JULIET screaming in numbers, expressing their anguish in beautiful tunes, raving over the footlights in competition with the orchestra, singing both at the same moment and as loud as they possibly can, no longer appear artistic in any other sense than the artificial. Yet, after spoken words, what medium is fitter for conveying human emotion than music? It can tell the tale of passion so well that poets have deemed language faint and weak before its spell. This is the incongruity, this the chasm between opera and natural truth which WAGNER has with heroic vigour attempted to bridge.

WAGNER abandons the imbecility of making people communicate with each other in set airs, and of subordinating sense to melody to such an extent that it matters little to the audience what nonsense was sung so long as the music was lovely and the voice well produced. He transfers the emotional utterance to the orchestra and makes his personages declaim their sentiments in noble recitative, while the "motive" of each is hinted by vivid recurrent phrases from the instruments. He disuses concerted singing, only introducing an occasional chorus under conditions which might possibly occur, such as the joyous jangling of the maidens at the opening of the third act of the *Walcyrie*, or a duet when the joint ecstasy of two individuals prompts common utterance, as in the first meeting of SIGEFRIED and BRÜNNHILDE. He uses no poetic rhyme, but employs alliteration's artful aid without stint. He prefers myth to historical subject, for the logical reason that extraordinary and supernatural beings are not to be judged by human standards of opinion, and may properly be supposed to conduct themselves in ways which would be inappropriate to ordinary men and women. This in itself is almost a concession of the disputed point whether musical drama can treat satisfactorily human history, at a time when myths are going out of fashion. It is certain that the interest in his great trilogy from the purely human point of view is continually being checked and thwarted by the intercession of magical arts and extra-human deeds. Still we must feel, whether or not his road is the right one, that the great musician stalks in it with the steps of a giant. He builds up vast edifices of musical harmonies, pile upon pile, till the imagination aches at the effort to follow, only to be freshly charmed by soft and lovely phrases, breathings of divine beauty, which penetrate the soul and enchant the heart. Fervent believers in his music claim for WAGNER a place where DANTE, BEETHOVEN, MICHAEL ANGELO, and SHAKESPEARE sit. It is a bold verdict, and one the world has not yet adopted. Time only can decide it. 10 May 1882.

147/83

THE death of RICHARD WAGNER, which took place at Venice yesterday, will create a general sense of loss throughout the artistic world. He was in his seventieth year, yet his enthusiastic admirers believed that his work as a composer was not yet done. His first opera *Rienzi* was written at Paris in 1841, and performed at Dresden two years later, and his great opera of *Tannhäuser* was produced in 1845. In this opera he appeared before the world as a musical reformer. It gained speedy popularity in Germany, and of all his works it has attained the greatest permanent popularity in this country. It is regarded as the complete expression of the musical revolution which its gifted author proclaimed, and which his enthusiastic admirers believe that he has accomplished. Driven from Germany by the revolution, he brought out *Lohengrin* in Switzerland, where he had taken the direction of the orchestra at the theatre of Zurich. *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Nibelung* were produced in 1855. His own view was that the fullest development of his musical ideas was contained in the great serial work which was performed in its entirety in London for the first time in the spring of last year. The four *Nibelung* "opera-dramas" showed his system of treatment in its extremest development. In them the music is almost throughout the least prominent element, except in occasional orchestral passages of marvellous power. The singers, as such, are subordinate to declamation and action and orchestral surroundings. WAGNER was his own librettist, and from the extreme on one side, which is represented by the sarcasm that "what is too silly to be said may be sung," he went to the other extreme of subordinating music, poetry, and action to his dramatic purpose. The performance of the cycles was not successful in England, where the "music of the future," as WAGNER's has been called, is not likely to supersede the music of the past. WAGNER is essentially German, and he has never attained any popularity in France. His orchestral music has a magnificence of its own. It is full of the great sounds of nature—the roaring of the wind in the trees and the sound of the waves. His harmonies have a sort of vastness. The imagination is overwhelmed, but only to be relieved by the gentle flow of soft and charming movements, which "take the prisoned soul," as MILTON says, "and lap it in Elysium." All this may be admitted by those who do not regard him as in any degree the founder of a new style of music or the indicator of the music of the future. WAGNER will always occupy a high place among composers, whatever be the verdict posterity may pass upon his more extravagant claims. His admirers have already set him up upon a pedestal, and challenged for him the homage which is paid to SHAKESPEARE, or DANTE, or BEETHOVEN; but the world at large has refused to render him this homage. It may be, indeed, that the extreme claims of his enthusiastic admirers have produced, by a natural reaction, an extreme and unnecessary depreciation. But even though he should descend in future to a place much below that which is claimed for him, he will probably always be regarded as a true artist and poet, who has made a valuable and permanent contribution to the music of the nineteenth century, whatever effect his teaching and example may have on the music of the future.

On sait que Richard Wagner a juré de ne pas laisser profaner son *Parsifal* par des représentations plus ou moins « laïques » en dehors de la scène de Bayreuth. Cependant, les wagnériens espèrent que le maître ne sera pas inexorable, et que certains grands théâtres puiseront dans leurs caisses des arguments capables de vaincre les scrupules artistiques de l'infailible pape musical.

Dans cet espoir, la direction de l'Opéra Impérial de Vienne a déjà fait des démarches auprès de Wagner, en vue de monter *Parsifal*, pendant la saison de 1882 à 1883.

Les principaux interprètes de l'œuvre, qui actuellement enchantent le public réuni à Bayreuth, appartiennent ou appartiendront, à partir de l'été prochain, à la scène impériale de Vienne.

Ce sont Mme Materna, et MM. Scaria, Reichmann et Winkelmann, pour ne citer que les noms les plus illustres. Tous ces artistes insistent auprès de Wagner pour que l'interdit dont il a frappé son dernier chef-d'œuvre soit levé.

Constatons encore que le succès financier des représentations de *Parsifal*, à Bayreuth, est déjà assuré, les recettes encaissées jusqu'ici couvrant largement les frais de mise en scène, et promettant, pour la fin de ce mois, un assez joli bénéfice net.

A GREATER effort has seldom been made by the human intellect and will than that of which the result has just been considered by the English public at Her Majesty's Theatre with attention amounting at times to veneration and enthusiasm. Whether or not WAGNER's theory will succeed in gaining a firmer resting place for the musical drama, fast slipping from its hold on human sympathy, is not just now the point. We moderns are losing the enjoyment of illusion. The enjoyment of impersonation is a born gift, and that, happily, we shall never lose. The dramatic representation of human woes, joys, passions, and actions will never lose its interest for us while we remain the creatures we are. But in the manner of portrayal in all the arts the pressure after truth is sensibly winning the race over pleasure in deception. Realism, we may call it, or a return upon nature or what we will, but it is the same spirit which informs research, which ardently inspires men of science, which leads artists to abandon merely visionary fancies, and which when it goes wrong, as being of humanity it is certain now and again to do, breaks out

DAILY NEWS, WED 10 MAY 1882

g into the "fleshly school" of poetry and morbid
a novels. One of the first artistic bubbles
to burst at the touch of the spear of
natural truth would evidently appear to
be the thing we have named Opera.
s ROMEO and JULIET, speaking to each other as
SHAKESPEARE makes them do, are a moving
spectacle. But ROMEO and JULIET scream-
s ing in numbers, expressing their anguish
in beautiful tunes, raving over the footlights in
competition with the orchestra, singing both at
the same moment and as loud as they possibly
can, no longer appear artistic in any other sense
than the artificial. Yet, after spoken words, what
medium is fitter for conveying human emotion
than music? It can tell the tale of passion so
well that poets have deemed language faint and
weak before its spell. This is the incongruity,
this the chasm between opera and natural truth
which WAGNER has with heroic vigour at-
tempted to bridge.

WAGNER abandons the imbecility of making people communicate with each other in set airs, and of subordinating sense to melody to such an extent that it mattered little to the audience what nonsense was sung so long as the music was lovely and the voice well produced. He transfers the emotional utterance to the orchestra and makes his personages declaim their sentiments in noble recitative, while the "motive" of each is hinted by vivid recurrent phrases from the instruments. He disuses concerted singing, only introducing an occasional chorus under conditions which might possibly occur, such as the joyous jangling of the maidens at the opening of the third act of the *Walkeyrie*, or a duet when the joint ecstasy of two individuals prompts common utterance, as in the first meeting of [SIEGFRIED and BRÜNHILDE. He uses no poetic rhyme, but employs alliteration's artful aid without stint. He prefers myth to historical subject, for the logical reason that extraordinary and supernatural beings are not to be judged by human standards of opinion, and may properly be supposed to conduct themselves in ways which would be inappropriate to ordinary men and women. This in itself is almost a concession of the disputed point whether musical drama can treat satisfactorily human history, at a time when myths are going out of fashion. It is certain that the interest in his great trilogy from the purely human point of view is continually being checked and thwarted by the intercession of magical arts and extra-human deeds. Still we must feel, whether or not his road is the right one, that the great musician stalks in it with the steps of a giant. He builds up vast edifices of musical harmonies, pile upon pile, till the imagination aches at the effort to follow, only to be freshly charmed by soft and lovely phrases, breathings of divine beauty, which penetrate the soul and enchant the heart. Fervent believers in his music claim for WAGNER a place where DANTE, BEETHOVEN, MICHAEL ANGELO, and SHAKESPEARE sit. It is a bold verdict, and one the world has not yet adopted. Time only can decide it.

1126 WAGNER and the Music of the FUTURE,
History and Aesthetics by, Hueffer, Svo, cl.
6s 6d 1874
1127 WAGNER, Richard. Real Moments of the

It is said that not long ago an impresario offered ~~the great~~
~~man~~ 80,000 dollars for one hundred concerts
to be given in the United States, and that Rubinstein's reply
was something like this, "If my bankers fail I may consider
it, but not otherwise. I do not care to play at all now. When
a few showed any desire to listen. Now that I do not,
everybody seems anxious to hear me." ~~It is with~~
musicians as with ~~actors~~ and painters. To become truly
great they must become truly fashionable.

EARLY IN AUGUST WILL BE READY FOR ISSUE.

THE ACTOR'S ART:

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON
Stage Declamation, Public Speaking,
and Deportment,

FOR THE USE OF
ARTISTS, STUDENTS,
AND
AMATEURS,

BY
GUSTAVE GARCIA,

PROFESSOR OF SINGING AND DECLAMATION AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, ETC., ETC.

Illustrated by
A. FORESTIER.



"Action, *and* utterance, *and* the power of speech."
—SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

LONDON:
T. PETTITT & CO., 23, FRITH STREET, SOHO, W.

1882.

[P.T.O.]

1126 WAGNER and the
History and Aesthet
6s 6d
1107 WARD (R. Phelan

A New Work on the Art of Acting,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. FORESTIER.

23, FRITH STREET, SOHO SQUARE, W.

MESSRS. T. PETTITT & CO. beg to call the attention of all interested in the Dramatic Art and in Elocution and Public Speaking to the Work they are publishing, entitled

THE ACTOR'S ART;

A Practical Treatise on Stage Declamation, Public Speaking, and Deportment,

FOR THE USE OF

ARTISTS, STUDENTS AND AMATEURS.

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

The Author of the Book, SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA, has in this volume supplied a want that has long been felt by Dramatic Students and others by providing them with a Book clearly explaining the Principles of Acting and Declamation, and giving ample Instructions and Exercises for Self-Tuition. The proper methods of indicating the various passions and emotions represented by the Actor and Orator are set forth in a Series of Practical Lessons, which, together with minute instructions for the effective use of speech on the stage or the platform, on any public occasion, will form a **Complete Manual** of the Elocutionary Dramatic Art.

This Treatise will be of great interest to Barristers, Clergymen and Public Speakers in general, inasmuch as it contains important Notes on the Formation of the Voice and the Management of it in Speaking.

The very moderate price at which this work is published will, it is hoped, bring it within the reach of every one interested in the subject, viz. :—

IN COLOURED WRAPPER, FIVE SHILLINGS;

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, GILT, SEVEN SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE.

FORM OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Gentlemen,—

Please place my name on the List of Subscribers to Signor

Gustave Garcia's Work, "THE ACTOR'S ART," and forward to me

Copies, in Paper Wrapper, at 5s.

Copies, Bound in Cloth, Gilt Edges, at 7s. 6d.

Yours faithfully,

Name

Address

Messrs. T. PETTITT & CO.,

23, Frith Street, Soho Square, W.,

London.

* * All orders must be accompanied by a Remittance.

Post Office Orders and Cheques should be crossed and made payable to T. PETTITT & Co.

It is said that not long ago a
man, of the name of 80,000 dol
to be given in the United State
was something like this, "If m
it, but not otherwise. I do not
did few showed any desire to
everybody seems anxious to h
musicians as with ~~and~~ and
Great they must become truly

885.

Mr. 7
extension
of the ge
the audie
much be
who wo
morning
Nationa
between
would b

It is p
appears to
Yesterday
the Queen
littigants l
they had i
observing
expressed
from time
likely to
rejoice if
sady nec
years in t
has, on t
yesterday
received
it. She
this hav
table cou
upon her
herself,
afterward

NOVEL, a
way with
novelist, a
such, into
an able w
last being
elections,
a Conserv
and the A
whether co

UICB

Jisser20101010's10UniversityLibrary

1126

WAGNER and the MUSIC of the FUTURE,

History and Aesthetics by, Hueffer, 8vo, cl.

6s 6d

1874


1107

WADD (P) Plimmer Food Mammals of the

* * *

It is said that not long ago an impresario offered ~~the great~~
~~pianist, Rubinstein~~, 80,000 dollars for one hundred concerts
to be given in the United States, and that Rubinstein's reply
was something like this, "If my bankers fail I may consider
it, but not otherwise. I do not care to play at all now. When
I did few showed any desire to listen. Now that I do not,
everybody seems anxious to hear me." ~~It is with~~
~~musicians as with actors and painters.~~ It is with
great they must become truly fashionable.

1231a-03
Jesse-03
Women's University Library

EARLY IN AUGUST WILL BE READY FOR ISSUE. 

THE ACTOR'S ART:

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON
Stage Declamation, Public Speaking,
and Deportment,

FOR THE USE OF
ARTISTS, STUDENTS,

AND

AMATEURS,

BY

GUSTAVE GARCIA,

PROFESSOR OF SINGING AND DECLAMATION AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, ETC., ETC.

Illustrated by

A. FORESTIER.



"Action, and utterance, and the power of speech."
—SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

LONDON:

T. PETTITT & CO., 23, FRITH STREET, SOHO, W.

1882.

[P.T.O.]

A New Work on the Art of Acting,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. FORESTIER.

23, FRITH STREET, SOHO SQUARE, W.

MESSRS. T. PETTITT & CO. beg to call the attention of all interested in the Dramatic Art and in Elocution and Public Speaking to the Work they are publishing, entitled

THE ACTOR'S ART;

A Practical Treatise on Stage Declamation, Public Speaking, and Deportment,

FOR THE USE OF

ARTISTS, STUDENTS AND AMATEURS.

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

The Author of the Book, SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA, has in this volume supplied a want that has long been felt by Dramatic Students and others by providing them with a Book clearly explaining the Principles of Acting and Declamation, and giving ample Instructions and Exercises for Self-Tuition. The proper methods of indicating the various passions and emotions represented by the Actor and Orator are set forth in a Series of Practical Lessons, which, together with minute instructions for the effective use of speech on the stage or the platform, on any public occasion, will form a **Complete Manual** of the Elocutionary Dramatic Art.

This Treatise will be of great interest to Barristers, Clergymen and Public Speakers in general, inasmuch as it contains important Notes on the Formation of the Voice and the Management of it in Speaking.

The very moderate price at which this work is published will, it is hoped, bring it within the reach of every one interested in the subject, viz. :—

IN COLOURED WRAPPER, FIVE SHILLINGS;
HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, GILT, SEVEN SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE.

FORM OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Gentlemen,—

Please place my name on the List of Subscribers to Signor
Gustave Garcia's Work, "THE ACTOR'S ART," and forward to me

Copies, in Paper Wrapper, at 5s.

Copies, Bound in Cloth, Gilt Edges, at 7s. 6d.

Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address.....

Messrs. T. PETTITT & CO.,

23, Frith Street, Soho Square, W.,

London.

* * All orders must be accompanied by a Remittance.

Post Office Orders and Cheques should be crossed and made payable to T. PETTITT & Co.

are experimenting in the arts of designing for or embroidering on textile fabrics.

The group of figures around "Musica," designed by Mr. Burne Jones (see Fig. 2), is seen to far greater advantage, since the linen

occupies the former premises of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Sloane Street, and that called the Decorative Art Needlework Society has premises in George Street, Portman Square. The Ladies' Work Society in Sloane Street is

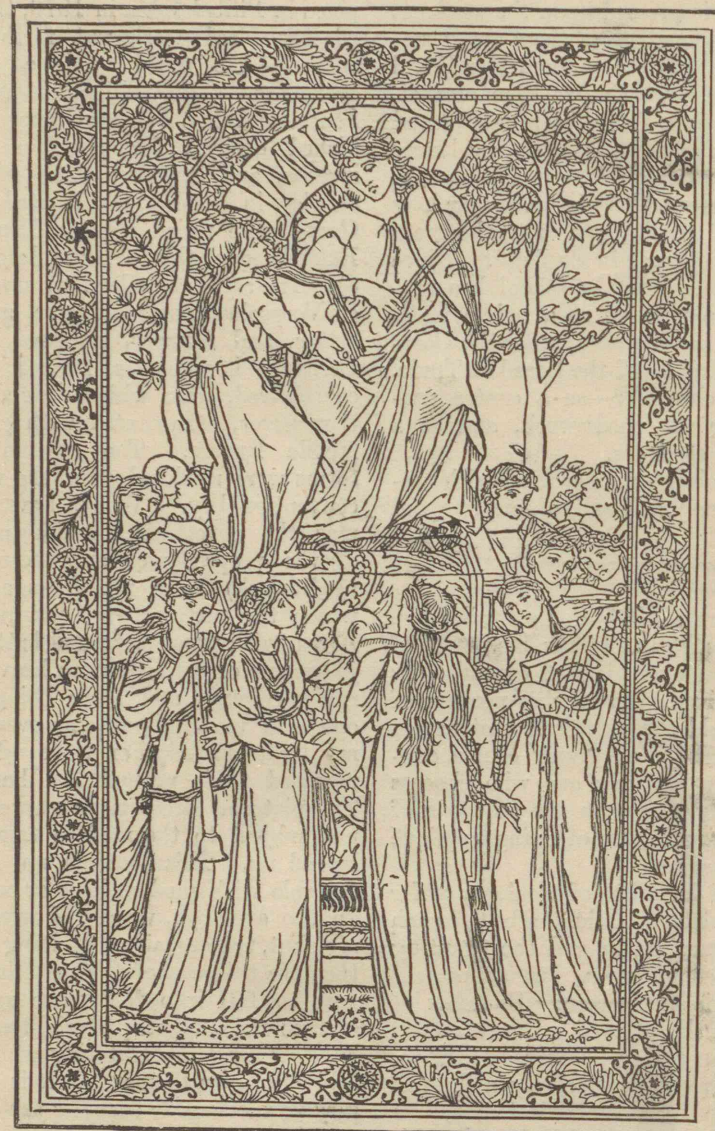


Fig. 2.—"MUSICA."

(Designed by E. Burne Jones. Worked in brown crewel on linen by the Royal School of Art Needlework.)

on which the brown crewel lines are worked is strained in a screen frame. But we must return to the schools of needlework, and leave notes on considerations like these for a future time.

Two schools, or societies, are, in a measure, connected with the Kensington school. That called the "Ladies' Work Society" now occu-

under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. It aims almost entirely at obtaining commissions for needlework of all kinds—decorative and plain—to be executed by the members of the society at their own homes. The society, through its officers, exercises a considerable surveillance of the

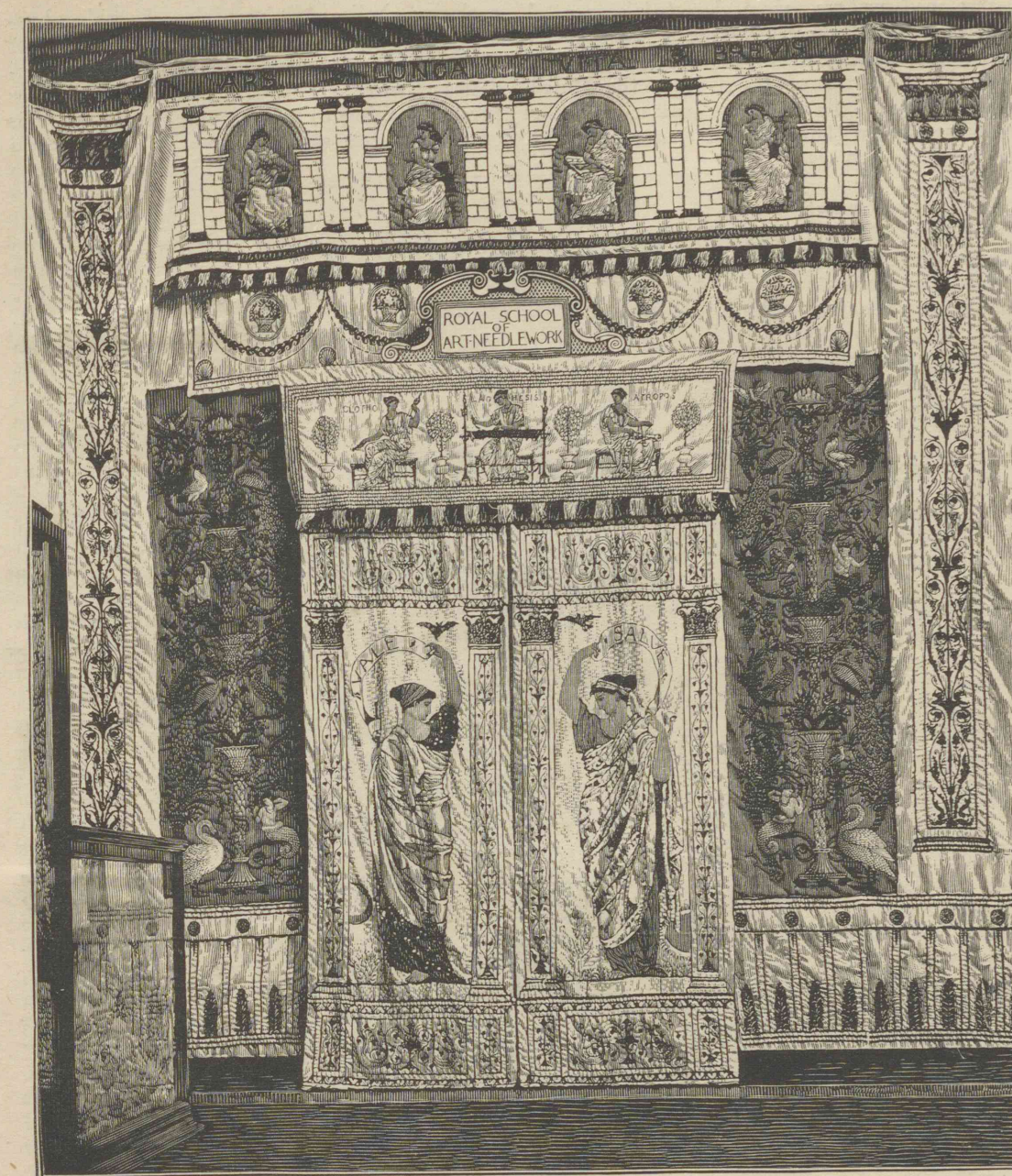


Fig. 3.—ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876.

(Designed by Walter Crane, and worked by the School.)

designs and their execution in embroidery; and, as far as customers permit, tempers the taste of the commissions. Arrangements can be made for the giving of lessons. The society's chief object, however, is to provide work of a useful, artistic, and elevating character for ladies who are dependent on their own exertions.

On the occasion of the Paris Exhibition in 1878, the society wrought a set of elaborate hangings for a room in the pavilion of the Prince of Wales. The work was principally of the appliqué class. In the design, mixed in character, at times vivacious like a Japanese composition, at others betraying a tendency to

are experimenting in the arts of designing for or embroidering on textile fabrics.

The group of figures around "Musica," designed by Mr. Burne Jones (see Fig. 2), is seen to far greater advantage, since the linen

pies the former premises of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Sloane Street, and that called the Decorative Art Needlework Society has premises in George Street, Portman Square. The Ladies' Work Society in Sloane Street is



Fig. 2.—"MUSICA."

(Designed by E. Burne Jones. Worked in brown crewels on linen by the Royal School of Art Needlework.)

on which the brown crewel lines are worked is strained in a screen frame. But we must return to the schools of needlework, and leave notes on considerations like these for a future time.

Two schools, or societies, are, in a measure, connected with the Kensington school. That called the "Ladies' Work Society" now occu-

under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. It aims almost entirely at obtaining commissions for needlework of all kinds—decorative and plain—to be executed by the members of the society at their own homes. The society, through its officers, exercises a considerable surveillance of the

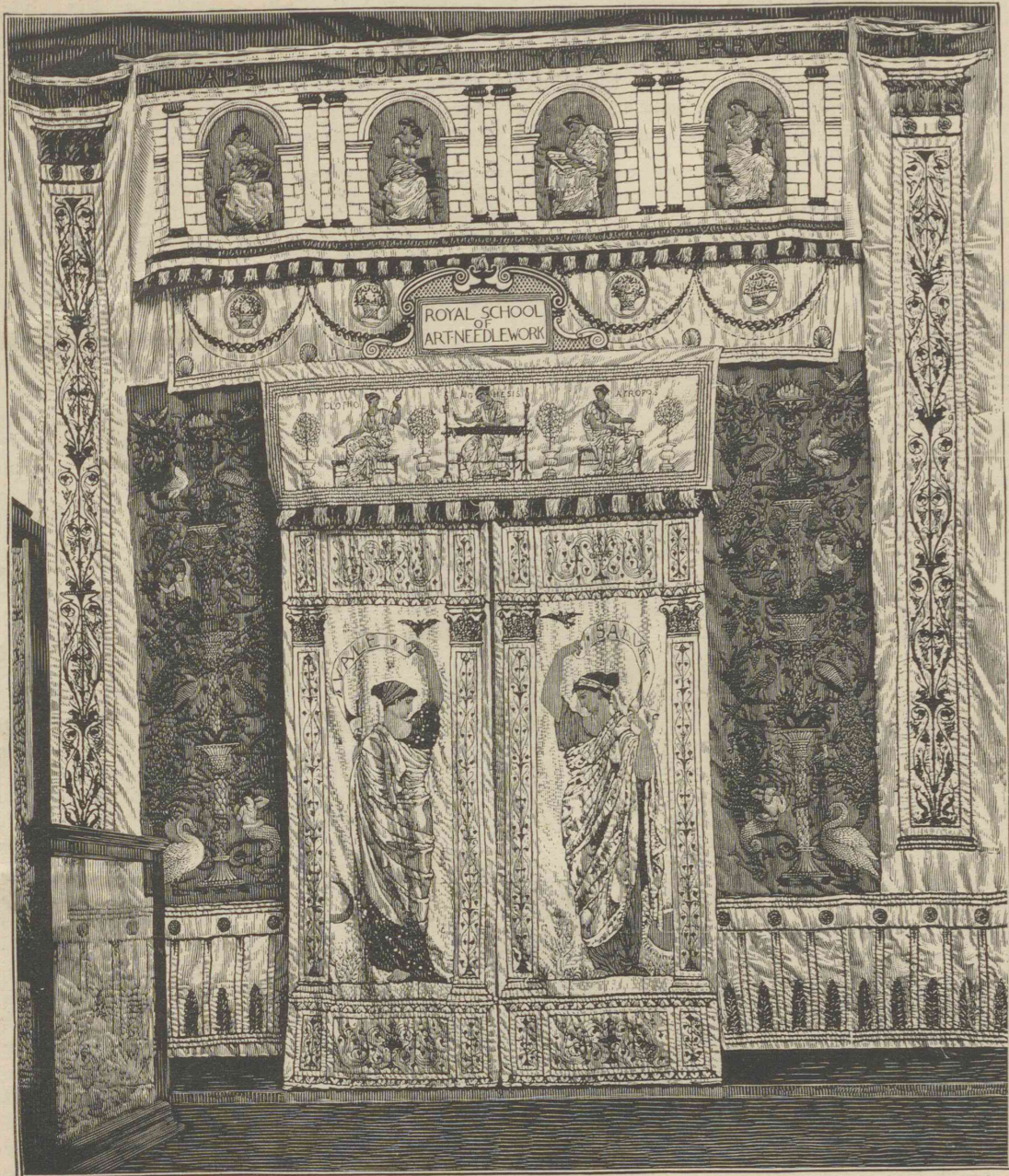


Fig. 3.—ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876.

(Designed by Walter Crane, and worked by the School.)

designs and their execution in embroidery; and, as far as customers permit, tempers the taste of the commissions. Arrangements can be made for the giving of lessons. The society's chief object, however, is to provide work of a useful, artistic, and elevating character for ladies who are dependent on their own exertions.

On the occasion of the Paris Exhibition in 1878, the society wrought a set of elaborate hangings for a room in the pavilion of the Prince of Wales. The work was principally of the appliqué class. In the design, mixed in character, at times vivacious like a Japanese composition, at others betraying a tendency to

ART AND SCIENCE GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in succession to the late Sir Francis Grant.



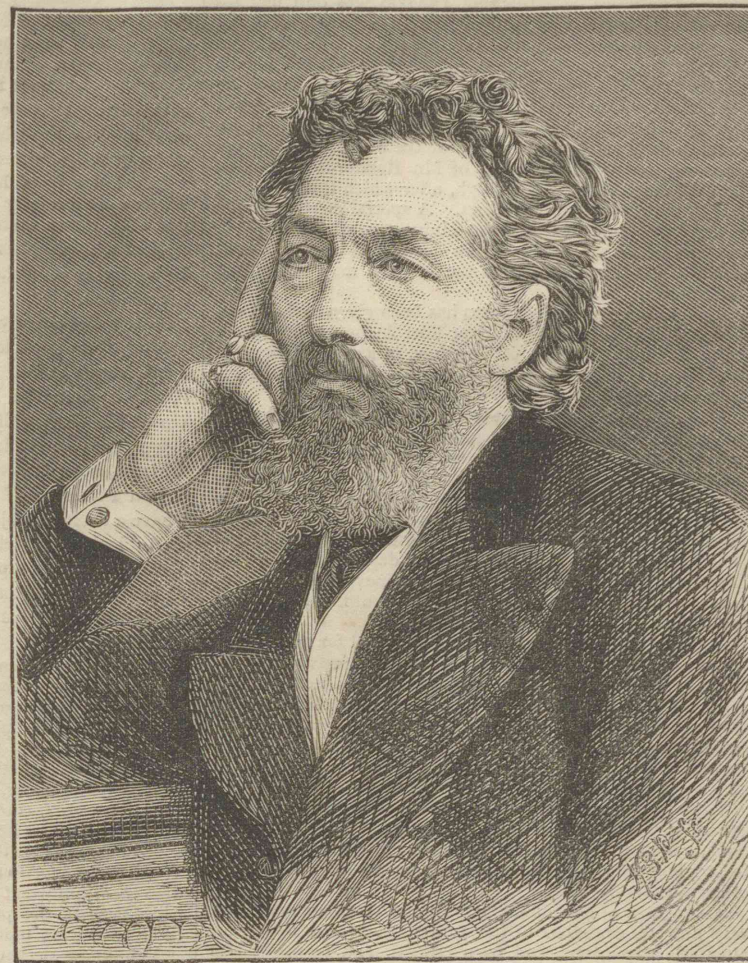
Mr. Leighton was born at Scarborough, in December, 1830. He spent much of his early life in studying the schools of painting in Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, making his headquarters at Florence, Frankfurt, Brussels, and Paris. In 1851 he visited Rome, where he finished his first important painting of the Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence, which was one of the most generally admired subjects exhibited at the Academy in 1855. This was followed by "The Triumph of Music," in 1856; "Count Paris and Juliet," in 1858; "La Nanna," &c., 1860; "Paolo and Francesca," 1861; "Odalisque" and "The Star of Bethlehem," 1862; and "Dante in Exile," 1864. The latter painting secured his election among the Associates of the Royal Academy, and he was admitted to the full honors of that body in 1868. From the time of his admission to the Royal Academy he has been a constant exhibitor on its walls; and a mere catalogue of the productions of his fertile pencil would be equally long and superfluous. In 1869 he made an expedition to Egypt, and some years ago he notified his intention to bequeath the sketches which he made in Egypt to the distinguished society of which he has now been elected President. In conformity with the usual practice, it is expected that the honor of knighthood will be conferred upon him shortly.

THE self-denying ordinance of the Academy will be universally applauded by all who do not think the Academy a body of "fiends in human shape." The Academicians had the right to exhibit eight pictures. They now restrict themselves to four. Perhaps the numerical test is not the most useful here. If every Academician painted pictures as big as CECIL LAWSON's largest, even four would take up too much room; while space might easily be found for a dozen of the President's heads of girls. The public, too, are anxious to see as much as possible of the work of several Academicians. They do not wish to see the work of other R.A.'s at all, except by way of a joke, a broad farce. They would rather see eight LEIGHTONS, or TADEMAS, or MILLAISES, or HOOKS, and go without any examples of some other Academicians whom it would be unkind to name. Still, the change is an improvement. There will be room for more works of outsiders on the line; fewer young artists will be "skied" or rejected, as CECIL LAWSON was more than once or twice. But as long as there is an Academy at all, people who do not belong to it will murmur and make their moan, and shoot epigrammatic arrows. To

IMPORTANT SALE OF MODERN PICTURES.—Several very fine works of the English school were sold by Messrs. Christie on Saturday last, belonging to different collections, the most valuable being those from Mrs. Gibbons's and the late Mr. H. Woods. Two early pictures by Mr. Millais, in his pre-Raphaelite style—"Isabella," called also "The Kick," and "Mariana of the Moated Grange," were included in the sale, and created much interest, bringing high prices. Of the other pictures: G. Romney, Portrait of Lady Austin, the friend of the poet Cowper, 105*l.*—Colnaghi, T. Gainsborough, R.A., Portrait of General Wolfe, 225*l.*—Mr. Woolner, Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., General Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, 304*l.*—Agnew, T. Gainsborough, R.A., A Landscape, with ruined abbey and a village, and peasants and donkeys, 315*l.*—Agnew, J. Lunell, sen., Milking Time, 320*l.*—Agnew, W. Mulready, R.A., The Smithy, 147*l.*—Agnew, P. Nasmyth, Harrow Weald Common, 18 by 20, 357*l.*—10*s.*—Vokins, R. Wilson, R.A., An Italian River Scene, with figures, 85*l.*—Smith, W. Collins, R.A., A Lane near Eton, with cottage on the edge of a pond, with boats, 92*l.*—8*s.*—Agnew, C. R. Leslie, R.A., Charles Dickens in the character of Captain Boladil, 105*l.*—Smith, F. Danby, A.R.A., Winter: Red Sunset, a Slide, 84*l.*—Smith, John Lunell, sen., Arcadian Shepherdess, 28 by 35, 430*l.*—10*s.*—Polak, W. Etty, R.A., Bathers Surprised, 60*l.*—8*s.*—Polak, C. Stansfield, R.A., On the Zuyder Zee, 18 by 27, 735*l.*—Agnew, Dordrecht, by the same, 735*l.*—Agnew, C. R. Leslie, R.A., Scene from "Roderick Random," 37 by 54, 525*l.*—Hine, T. Creswick, R.A., a River Scene in Yorkshire, 10 by 12, 63*l.*—2*s.*—Agnew, P. Nasmyth, View of an Old Watermill, with figure and a dog, 162*l.*—15*s.*—Hine, J. E. Millais, R.A., Mariana, from the collection of Mr. B. G. Windus, 24 by 18, 850*l.*—10*s.*—Agnew, J. Constable, R.A., A View on the Stour, with boats and figures and children angling, 36 by 54, 1,240*l.*—10*s.*—Mr. Martin, A. C. Gow, A.R.A., A Flattering Likeness, 162*l.*—15*s.*—Dowdeswell, W. L. Wyllie, The Herring Fishery, 141*l.*—1*s.*—By E. Long, R.A., Grey School-Boys Going to Vespers, Andalucia, 54 by 90, 1,050*l.*—Wigzell, J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., Early Spring, 34*l.*—10*s.*—White, By T. Sand, R.A., Early Spring, 34*l.*—10*s.*—White, By T. Sand, R.A., The First Sense of Sorrow, 141*l.*—188*l.*—

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE art loving public will unanimously endorse the selection of the Royal Academicians in their choice of Mr. Frederick Leighton to fill the office of President of that important body rendered vacant by the recent death of Sir Francis Grant. Mr. Leighton's election is due not only to his qualities as a painter, which in the powerful mastery of his style are distinguished by those attributes which bring to mind the traditions and examples of the Venetian School of painting, but also to his ready kindness and courtesy of manner, not only to the successful aspirant in art, but to the struggling student. Indeed his social qualities and scholastic attainments have long pointed him out as the successor of Sir Francis Grant. The position which Mr. Leighton holds to-day has not been gained without severe study. Born at Scarborough on the 3rd December, 1830, he began to study art at Rome under Francesco Meli before he was twelve years of age, and in 1843 he entered the Royal Academy of Berlin; from here he went to Frankfurt, and during the winter of 1845-6 to Florence. In this latter year his father, who was a physician, consulted Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, as to the probable success of young Leighton in the walks of art. After examining the youthful aspirant's sketches, the sculptor gave it as his opinion that Frederick Leighton might become as eminent as he pleased. From 1846 to 1848 Mr. Leighton remained at Frankfurt under the guidance of Professors Becker and Steinli, occasionally visiting Brussels for the purpose of enlarging his studies. At Frankfurt, when seventeen years of age, he produced his first oil painting—"Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields." After this he went to Paris



MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., THE RECENTLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

AN ARTIST'S BOYHOOD. Sir John Everett Millais was, says a writer in the *London Society*, born on June 8th, 1829, at the seaport town of Southampton, the son of a Jersey officer, whence his French cognomen. He was extraordinarily precocious with the use of his pencil, and when in 1835 the family moved their residence to Dinan in Brittany, young Millais's sketches of the French officers stationed in the town were the talk and wonder of the place. His parents, recognising his marked talents, thought it well to have advice about his future, and to this end, when the boy was eight years old, they took him to London to consult with the then President of the Academy what they should do about their infant prodigy. Sir Martin Shee was a man who had not found art a successful career, and, as a rule, he discouraged all aspirants to his profession. But when the untutored efforts of the little Millais were put before him he at once recognised their uncommon ability. "The parents of a child so gifted," he said to Mr. and Mrs. Millais, "should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to spread him on the career for which Nature has evidently intended him." His parents, following the advice thus authoritatively given, at once placed their boy in an academy, and Millais may boast that he is, perhaps, of contemporary painters, the one who took up his profession at the tenderest age. At nine he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts, at 13 one for drawing from the antique. Indeed, before he was 16 he had carried off every academic prize for which he exhibited his first picture, which was pronounced in a contemporary French criticism as on a level with the best French work of the year. The theme was "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro." Its treatment showed a knowledge of composition and effect that was more than creditable considering the youth of the artist, and what was perhaps yet more remarkable was that the last adjective one would have applied to it was immature. As an English writer has well said, "One might rather take it for a spirited and successful work of a ripe painter of that time when English art was somewhat conventional and not too particular about minute historical accuracy." His next pictures, "The Widow's Mite," and "Elgiva," also attracted notice, but as yet they showed no signs of that rebellion against established modes of procedure that was soon after to make Millais's name one of a school that for long had to bear many attacks of obloquy and derision, and which to this day has its detractors and defenders, who dispute its demerits and merits with acrimony and heat. Of these early pictures there is one at the Grosvenor Gallery representing Mr. Wyatt, a frame-maker and print-seller of Oxford-street, with his grandchild. It is a picture brilliant in colouring, careful in finish, with a certain Dutch-doll-like stiffness about it that is rather funny to note, and is a good example of the artist's early literalism.

Notes from

IN the contest for the Lord-Aberdeen, the primrose and the blue had its usual good fortune, but of three; the figures being 30, 1876 declared itself by a very of a Conservative represent it would almost seem as if the literature upon a little oatm Liberalism, but when they tak time to Conservatism. Now th it is of but little use trying to all that can be said is that he forward, and that had he had have won. On the other ha clare that their majority was been owing to the fact that (i class-hours) several of their v in time to see the doors of t faces. But surely on such a with the fate of Caesar and of lazy laggards could not have l If, as has been often hinte proud of our first snow, and much fuss and self-gratulat arrival of their first-born, in I announce that the first gar played on a pond at Blythwa last, and celebrated with all t and hot whisky-toddy. Fro through the summer-time, a clasp each other's hand, th idolatry is golf, but when th cast down from his pedestal until the revenges of time b time the thaws of spring and The steady fall in the valv times. Since the 1st of O suffered a depreciation of £1: selling price ranges from th to £50 less than it stood at Following the example set the matter of the little urch papers, the Edinburgh police street-preachers who every S

would be between National morning who woi much bef the audien of the gen extension. Mr. Au afterward herself, i upon her table cou battles su this have it. She b received s yesterday, has, on th years in t sadly need rejoice if likely to from time expressed observing they had n litigants b the Queen Yesterday, appears to It is pe whether co and the Ac a Conserva elections, n last being a an able wi such, into t novelists, at way whil

Nov. 20, 1878.
ART AND SCIENCE GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in succession to the late Sir Francis Grant.



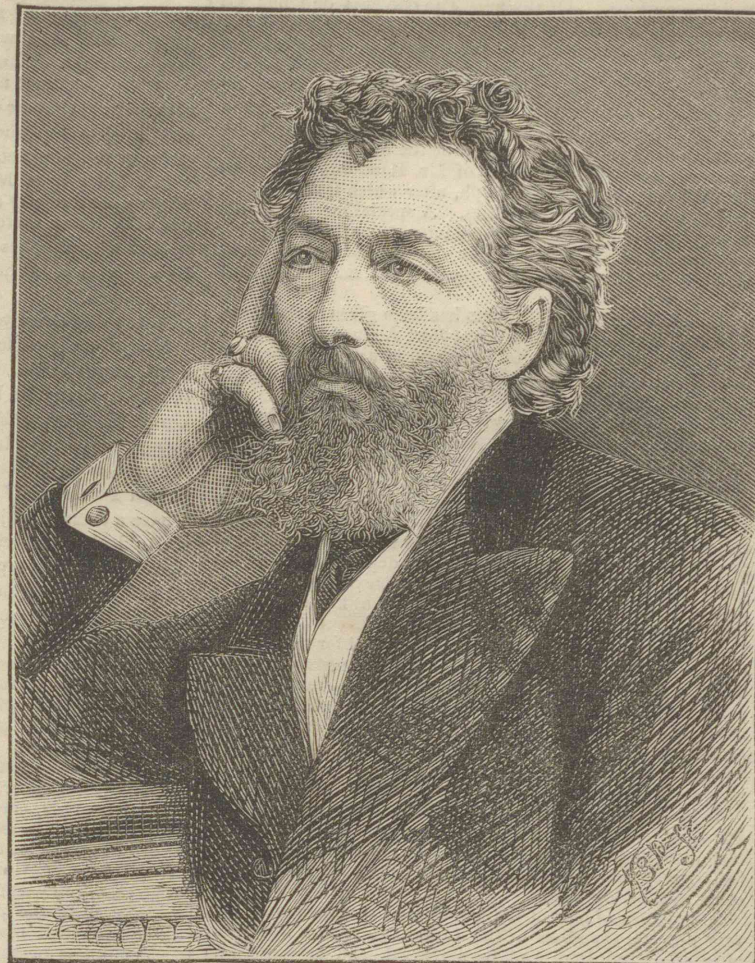
Mr. Leighton was born at Scarborough, in December, 1830. He spent much of his early life in studying the schools of painting in Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, making his headquarters at Florence, Frankfurt, Brussels, and Paris. In 1851 he visited Rome, where he finished his first important painting of the Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence, which was one of the most generally admired subjects exhibited at the Academy in 1855. This was followed by "The Triumph of Music," in 1856; "Count Paris and Juliet," in 1858; "La Nanna," &c., 1860; "Paolo and Francesca," 1861; "Odalisque" and "The Star of Bethlehem," 1862; and "Dante in Exile," 1864. The latter painting secured his election among the Associates of the Royal Academy, and he was admitted to the full honors of that body in 1868. From the time of his admission to the Royal Academy he has been a constant exhibitor on its walls; and a mere catalogue of the productions of his fertile pencil would be equally long and superfluous. In 1869 he made an expedition to Egypt, and some years ago he notified his intention to bequeath the sketches which he made in Egypt to the distinguished society of which he has now been elected President. In conformity with the usual practice, it is expected that the honor of knighthood will be conferred upon him shortly.

THE self-denying ordinance of the Academy will be universally applauded by all who do not think the Academy a body of "fiends in human shape." The Academicians had the right to exhibit eight pictures. They now restrict themselves to four. Perhaps the numerical test is not the most useful here. If every Academician painted pictures as big as CECIL LAWSON's largest, even four would take up too much room; while space might easily be found for a dozen of the President's heads of girls. The public, too, are anxious to see as much as possible of the work of several Academicians. They do not wish to see the work of other R.A.'s at all, except by way of a joke, a broad farce. They would rather see eight LEIGHTONS, or TADEMAS, or MILLAISES, or HOOKS, and go without any examples of some other Academicians whom it would be unkind to name. Still, the change is an improvement. There will be room for more works of outsiders on the line; fewer young artists will be "skied" or rejected, as CECIL LAWSON was more than once or twice. But as long as there is an Academy at all, people who do not belong to it will murmur and make their mean, and shoot epigrammatic arrows. To

IMPORTANT SALE OF MODERN PICTURES.—Several very fine works of the English school were sold by Messrs. Christie on Saturday last, belonging to different collections, the most valuable being those from Mrs. Gibbons's and the late Mr. H. Woods. Two early pictures by Mr. Millais, in his pre-Raphaelite style—"Isabella," called also "The Kick," and "Mariana of the Moated Grange," were included in the sale, and created much interest, bringing high prices. Of the other pictures: G. Romney, Portrait of Lady Austin, the friend of the poet Cowper, 105*l.*—Comaghi, T. Gainsborough, R.A., Portrait of General Wolfe, 225*l.*—Mr. Woolner, Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., General Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, 304*l.*—Agnew, T. Gainsborough, R.A., A Landscape, with ruined abbey and a village, and peasants and donkeys, 315*l.*—Agnew, J. Linnell, sen., Milking Time, 320*l.*—Agnew, W. Mulready, R.A., The Smithy, 147*l.*—Agnew, P. Nasmyth, Harrow Weald Common, 18 by 20, 367*l.*—Vokins, R. Wilson, R.A., An Italian River Scene, with figures, 85*l.*—Smith, W. Collins, R.A., A Lane near Eton, with cottage on the edge of a pond, with boats, 92*l.*—Agnew, C. R. Leslie, R.A., Charles Dickens in the character of Captain Boladil, 105*l.*—Smith, F. Danby, A.E.A., Winter: Red Sunset, a Slide, 84*l.*—Smith, John Linnell, sen., Arcadian Shepherd, 28 by 36, 430*l.*—Polak, W. 24*l.*—R.A., Bathers Sunbathed, 50*l.*—Polak, C. Stansfield, R.A., On the Zuyder Zee, 18 by 27, 735*l.*—Agnew, Dordrecht, by the same, 735*l.*—Agnew, C. R. Leslie, R.A., Scene from "Roderick Random," 37 by 54, 525*l.*—Hine, T. Creswick, R.A., a River Scene in Yorkshire, 10 by 12, 65*l.*—Agnew, P. Nasmyth, View of an Old Watermill, with figure and a dog, 162*l.*—Hine, J. E. Millais, R.A., Mariana, from the collection of Mr. B. G. Windus, 24 by 18, 850*l.*—Agnew, J. Constable, R.A., A View on the Stour, with boats and figures and children angling, 36 by 54, 1,240*l.*—Mr. Martin, A. C. Gow, A.R.A., A Flattering Likeness, 162*l.*—Dowdeswell, W. L. Wyllie, The Herring Fishery, 141*l.*—By D. Long, R.A., Gipsy Schools Going to Vespers, Andalucia, 54 by 90, 1,050*l.*—Wigzell, J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., Early Spring, 346*l.*—White, By J. Sant, R.A., The First Sense of Sorrow, 141*l.*—Shepherd, W. F. Yenners, R.A., La Reine, Malheureuse, 100*l.*—Germann, By E. H. Womersley, Sebastian Gomez Found Painting in Murillo's Studio, 106*l.*—Vokins, F. W. Topham, R.A., Interior of an Irish Cabin, by the same, 86*l.*—Agnew, T. Faed, R.A., Faults on both sides, the engraved picture, 630*l.*—Agnew, E. Long, R.A., an Easter Vigil in a Cathedral at Seville, 1,165*l.*—Vokins, By W. Shayer, a Coast Scene with a donkey and fish, 84*l.*—Agnew, A. Solomon, The Departure of the Diligence at Biarritz, 451*l.*—Mr. Martin, Keckley Halswelle, R.S.A., Contadini Waiting for the Blessing of Pius IX. at St. John Lateran, Rome, 1,730*l.*—Bell, Say Yes—Rome, 1869, 304*l.*—Agnew, F. Holl, R.A., Hush, 14 by 18, and Hushed—a pair, 210*l.*—Agnew, R. Ansdell, R.A., A Bogged Pony; Scene near Balmoral, 351*l.*—Corbett, A Greek Ode, 250*l.*—Permain, 125*l.*—Halse, R. P. Bonington: View on the South Coast, with boats and figures, 105*l.*—Permain, Z. Frère: Children before a Toy-shop, Winter, 150*l.*—Agnew, Boys Snowballing, 170*l.*—Agnew, H. Morle: The Ontonst, 180*l.*—McLean, E. W. Cooke, R.A.: Dutch Trawlers at Anchor off Scheveningen, waiting for the Flood Tide, 36in. by 54in., 255*l.*—Cunliffe, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.: An English Landscape, with cattle (finished by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., from the Knott, Bicknell, and Duncan Fletcher collection, 72in. by 54in., 1,470*l.*—Agnew, C. Stanfield, R.A.: On the Coast of Normandy, near Gonville, 72in. by 54in., 945*l.*—Agnew, D. Macleod, R.A., 60in. by 98in., 388*l.*—Mr. Martin, J. Constable, R.A.: Salisbury Cathedral, from the collection of John Hough, 36in. by 42in., 89*l.*—Brooks, J. M. W. Turner, R.A.: Van Tromp's Ship at the Entrance of the Scheldt, 30in. by 37in., about, 3,675*l.*—Mr. Martin. MAY 1883.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE art loving public will unanimously endorse the selection of the Royal Academicians in their choice of Mr. Frederick Leighton to fill the office of President of that important body rendered vacant by the recent death of Sir Francis Grant. Mr. Leighton's election is due not only to his qualities as a painter, which in the powerful mastery of his style are distinguished by those attributes which bring to mind the traditions and examples of the Venetian School of painting, but also to his ready kindness and courtesy of manner, not only to the successful aspirant in art, but to the struggling student. Indeed his social qualities and scholastic attainments have long pointed him out as the successor of Sir Francis Grant. The position which Mr. Leighton holds to-day has not been gained without severe study. Born at Scarborough on the 3rd December, 1830, he began to study art at Rome under Francesco Meli before he was twelve years of age, and in 1843 he entered the Royal Academy of Berlin; from here he went to Frankfurt, and during the winter of 1845-6 to Florence. In this latter year his father, who was a physician, consulted Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, as to the probable success of young Leighton in the walks of art. After examining the youthful aspirant's sketches, the sculptor gave it as his opinion that Frederick Leighton might become as eminent as he pleased. From 1846 to 1848 Mr. Leighton remained at Frankfurt under the guidance of Professors Becker and Steinli, occasionally visiting Brussels for the purpose of enlarging his studies. At Frankfurt, when seventeen years of age, he produced his first oil painting "Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields." After this he went to Paris



MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., THE RECENTLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

AN ARTIST'S BOYHOOD. Sir John Everett Millais was, says a writer in *London Society*, born on June 8th, 1829, at the seaport town of Southampton, the son of a Jersey officer, whence his French cognomen. He was extraordinarily precocious with the use of his pencil, and when in 1835 the family moved their residence to Dinan in Brittany, young Millais's sketches of the French officers stationed in the town were the talk and wonder of the place. His parents, recognising his marked talents, thought it well to have advice about his future, and to this end, when the boy was eight years old, they took him to London to consult with the then President of the Academy what they should do about their infant prodigy. Sir Martin Shee was a man who had not found art a successful career, and, as a rule, he discouraged all aspirants to his profession. But when the untutored efforts of the little Millais were put before him he at once recognised their uncommon ability. "The parents of a child so gifted," he said to Mr. and Mrs. Millais, "should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which Nature has evidently intended him." His parents, following the advice thus authoritatively given, at once placed their boy in an academy, and Millais may boast that he is, perhaps, of contemporary painters, the one who took up his profession at the tenderest age. At nine he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts, at 13 one for drawing from the antique. Indeed, before he was 16 he had carried off every academic prize for which he had competed. In 1846, when he was barely 17, he exhibited his first picture, which was pronounced in a contemporary French criticism as on a level with the best historical work of the year. The theme was "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro." Its treatment showed a knowledge of composition and effect that was more than creditable considering the youth of the artist, and what was perhaps yet more remarkable was that the last adjective one would have applied to it was immature. As an English writer has well said, "One might rather take it for a spirited and successful work of a ripe painter of that time when English art was somewhat conventional and not too particular about minute historical accuracy." His next pictures, "The Widows' Mite," and "Elgiva," also attracted notice, but as yet they showed no signs of that rebellion against established modes of procedure that was soon after to bear many attacks of obloquy and denunciation, and which to this day has its detractors and defenders, who dispute its denieris and merits with acrimony and heat. Of these early pictures there is one at the Grosvenor Gallery representing Mr. Wyatt, a frame-maker and print-seller of Oxford-street, with his grandchild. It is a picture brilliant in colouring, careful in finish, with a certain Dutch-doll-like stiffness about it that is rather funny to note, and is a good example of the artist's early literalism.

Notes from

IN the contest for the Lord-Aberdeen, the primrose and red had its usual good fortune, having of the Home Secretary, but of of three; the figures being 30, 1876 declared itself by a very of a Conservative representation it would almost seem as if the literature upon a little oatm Liberalism, but when they take time to Conservatism. Now th it is of but little use trying to all that can be said is that he forward, and that had he had have won. On the other ha clare that their majority was been owing to the fact that (i class-hours) several of their vo in time to see the doors of ti faces. But surely on such a with the fate of Caesar and of lazy laggards could not have l If, as has been often hinte proud of our first snow, and much fuss and self-gratulation arrival of their first-born, in I announce that the first gar played on a pond at Blythsw last, and celebrated with all t and hot whisky-toddy. Fro through the summer-time, a clasp each other's hand, th idolatry is golf, but when the cast down from his pedestal until the revenges of time b time the thaws of spring and The steady fall in the valti times. Since the 1st of O suffered a depreciation of £1:1 selling price ranges from th to—£50 less than it stood at Following the example set the matter of the little urch papers, the Edinburgh police street-preachers who every S

extension. Mr. A. between morning who not much be the audier of the gen. afterward herself, i upon her table cou battles str this have it. She l received s yesterday, has on th years in ti sady nece rejoice it likely to from time expressed observing they had r litigants b the Queen yesterday, appears to It is pe whether co and the Ac a Conserv elections, a last being a able wri such into novelish, at way whir

ART AND SCIENCE GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in succession to

the late Sir Francis Grant. Mr. Leighton was born at Scarborough, in December, 1830. He spent much of his early life in studying the schools of painting in Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, making his headquarters at Florence, Frankfort, Brussels, and Paris. In 1851 he visited Rome, where he finished his first important painting of the Madonna car-



ried in procession through the streets of Florence, which was one of the most generally admired subjects exhibited at the Academy in 1855. This was followed by "The Triumph of Music," in 1856; "Count Paris and Juliet," in 1858; "La Nanna," &c., 1860; "Paolo and Francesca," 1861; "Odalisque" and "The Star of Bethlehem," 1862; and "Dante in Exile," 1864. The latter painting secured his election among the Associates of the Royal Academy, and he was admitted to the full honors of that body in 1868. From the time of his admission to the Royal Academy he has been a constant exhibitor on its walls; and a mere catalogue of the productions of his fertile pencil would be equally long and superfluous. In 1869 he made an expedition to Egypt, and some years ago he notified his intention to bequeath the sketches which he made in Egypt to the distinguished society of which he has now been elected President. In conformity with the usual practice, it is expected that the honor of knighthood will be conferred on him.

1883

Feb'y 83

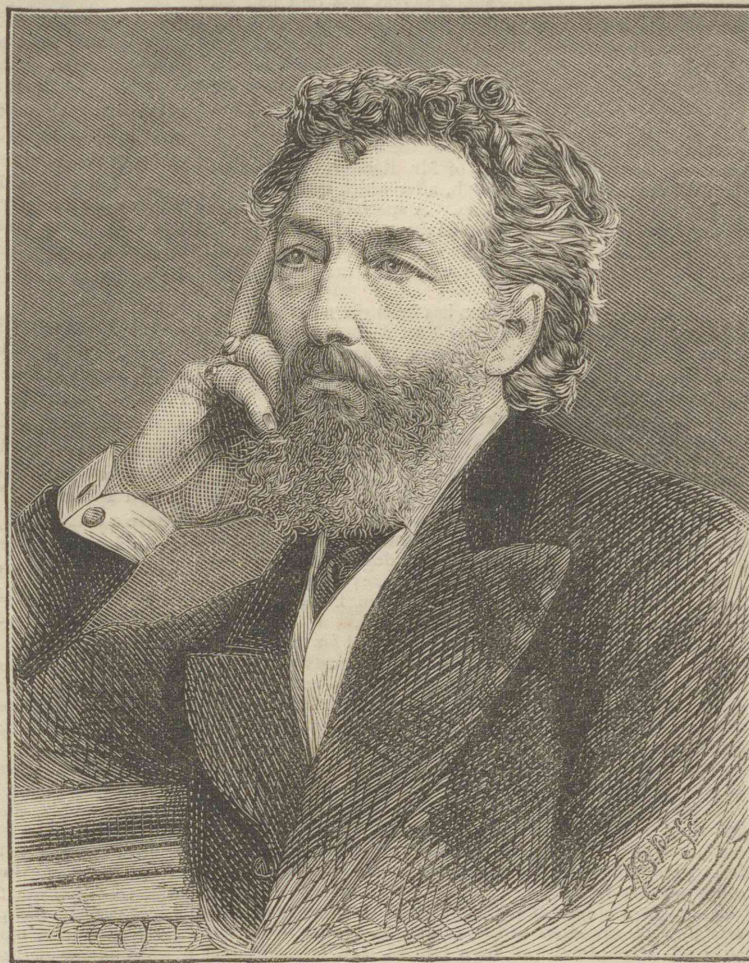
THE self-denying ordinance of the Academy will be universally applauded by all who do not think the Academy a body of "fiends in human shape." The Academicians had the right to exhibit eight pictures. They now restrict themselves to four. Perhaps the numerical test is not the most useful here. If every Academician painted pictures as big as CECIL LAWSON's largest, even four would take up too much room; while space might easily be found for a dozen of the President's heads of girls. The public, too, are anxious to see as much as possible of the work of several Academicians. They do not wish to see the work of other R.A.'s at all, except by way of a joke, a broad farce. They would rather see eight LEIGHTONS, or TADEMAS, or MILLAISES, or HOOKS, and go without any examples of some other Academicians whom it would be unkind to name. Still, the change is an improvement. There will be room for more works of outsiders on the line; fewer young artists will be "skied" or rejected, as CECIL LAWSON was more than once or twice. But as long as there is an Academy at all, people who do not belong to it will murmur and make their mean, and shoot epigrammatic arrows. To suffer

IMPORTANT SALE OF MODERN PICTURES.—

Several very fine works of the English school were sold by Messrs. Christie on Saturday last, belonging to different collections, the most valuable being those from Mrs. Gibbons's and the late Mr. H. Woods. Two early pictures by Mr. Millais, in his pre-Raphaelite style—"Isabella," called also "The Kick," and "Mariana of the Moated Grange," were included in the sale, and created much interest, bringing high prices. Of the other pictures: G. Romney, Portrait of Lady Austin, the friend of the poet Cowper, 105*l*.—Coinaghi. T. Gainsborough, R.A., Portrait of General Wolfe, 225*l*. 15*s*.—Mr. Woolner. Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., General Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, 90*l*. 6*s*.—Agnew. T. Gainsborough, R.A., A Landscape, with ruined abbey and a village, and peasants and donkeys, 315*l*.—Agnew. J. Linnell, sen., Milking Time, 320*l*. 5*s*.—Agnew. W. Mulready, R.A., The Smithy, 147*l*.—Agnew. P. Nasmyth, Harrow Weald Common, 18 by 20, 367*l*. 10*s*.—Vokins. R. Wilson, R.A., An Italian River Scene, with figures, 85*l*.—Smith. W. Collins, R.A., A Lane near Eton, with cottage on the edge of a pond, with boats, 92*l*. 8*s*.—Agnew. C. R. Leslie, R.A., Charles Dickens in the character of Captain Bobadil, 105*l*.—Smith. F. Danby, A.R.A., Winter: Red Sunset, a Slide, 84*l*.—Smith. John Linnell, sen., Arcadian Shepherds, 28 by 35, 430*l*. 10*s*.—Polak. W. Etty, R.A., Bathers Surprised, 50*l*. 8*s*.—Polak. C. Stansfield, R.A., On the Zuyder Zee, 18 by 27, 735*l*.—Agnew; Dordrecht, by the same, 735*l*.—Agnew. C. R. Leslie, R.A., Scene from "Roderick Random," 37 by 54, 525*l*.—Hine. T. Creswick, R.A., a River Scene in Yorkshire, 10 by 12, 65*l*. 2*s*.—Agnew. P. Nasmyth, View of an Old Watermill, with figure and a dog, 162*l*. 15*s*.—Hine. J. E. Millais, R.A., Mariana, from the collection of Mr. B. G. Windus, 24 by 18, 850*l*. 10*s*.—Agnew. J. Constable, R.A., A View on the Stour, with boats and figures and children angling, 36 by 54, 1,249*l*. 10*s*.—Mr. Martin. A. C. Gow, A.R.A., A Flattering Likeness, 162*l*. 15*s*.—Dowdeswell. W. L. Wyllie, The Herring Fishery, 141*l*. 15*s*. By E. Long, R.A., Gipsy Schools Going to Vespers, Andalusia, 54 by 90, 1,050*l*.—Wigzell. J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., Early Spring, 346*l*. 10*s*.—White. By J. Sant, R.A., The First Sense of Sorrow, 141*l*. 15*s*.—Shepherd. W. F. Yeames, R.A., La Reine, Malheureuse, 100*l*. 16*s*.—Germain. By E. H. Wehnert, Sebastian Gomez Found Painting in Murillo's Studio, 105*l*.—Vokins. F. W. Topham, Rory: Interior of an Irish Cabin, by the same, 86*l*.—Agnew. T. Faed, R.A., Faults on both sides, the engraved picture, 630*l*.—Agnew. E. Long, R.A., an Easter Vigil in a Cathedral at Seville, 1,165*l*. 10*s*.—Vokins. By W. Shayer, a Coast Scene with a donkey and fish, 84*l*. 5*s*.; and the Timber Waggon, the companion, 126*l*. 5*s*.—Vokins. By A. Solomon, The Departure of the Diligence at Biarritz, 451*l*. 10*s*.—Mr. Martin. Keeley Halswelle, R.S.A., Contadini Waiting for the Blessing of Pius IX. at St. John Lateran, Rome, 1,730*l*.—Bell; Say Yes—Rome, 1869, 304*l*. 10*s*.—Agnew. F. Holl, R.A., Hush, 14 by 18, and Hushed—a pair, 210*l*. 5*s*.—Agnew. R. Ansdell, R.A., A Bogged Pony; Scene near Balmoral, 351*l*. 15*s*. Corbett; A Greek Ode, 250*l*.—Permain; * * * *, 125*l*.—Halse. R. P. Bonington: View on the South Coast, with boats and figures, 105*l*.—Permain. E. Frère: Children before a Toy-shop, Winter, 150*l*.—Agnew; Boys Snowballing, 170*l*.—Agnew. H. Merle: The Outcast, 160*l*.—McLean. E. W. Cooke, R.A.: Dutch Trawlers at Anchor off Scheveningen, waiting for the Flood Tide, 36in. by 54in., 255*l*.—Cunliffe. Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.: An English Landscape, with cattle (finished by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., from the Knott, Bicknell, and Duncan Fletcher collection, 72in. by 54in., 1,470*l*.—Agnew. C. Stanfield, R.A.: On the Coast of Normandy, near Gonville, 72in. by 54in., 945*l*.—Agnew. D. MacLise, R.A.: * * * *, 60in. by 96in., 388*l*. 10*s*.—Mr. Martin. J. Constable, R.A.: Salisbury Cathedral, from the collection of John Russell, 36in. by 42in., 89*l*. 5*s*.—Brooks. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.: Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt, 30in. by 37in. about, 3,675*l*.—Mr. Martin.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE art loving public will unanimously endorse the selection of the Royal Academicians in their choice of Mr. Frederick Leighton to fill the office of President of that important body rendered vacant by the recent death of Sir Francis Grant. Mr. Leighton's election is due not only to his qualities as a painter, which in the powerful mastery of his style are distinguished by those attributes which bring to mind the traditions and examples of the Venetian School of painting, but also to his ready kindness and courtesy of manner, not only to the successful aspirant in art, but to the struggling student. Indeed his social qualities and scholastic attainments have long pointed him out as the successor of Sir Francis Grant. The position which Mr. Leighton holds to-day has not been gained without severe study. Born at Scarborough on the 3rd December, 1830, he began to study art at Rome under Francesco Meli before he was twelve years of age, and in 1843 he entered the Royal Academy of Berlin; from here he went to Frankfort, and during the winter of 1845-6 to Florence. In this latter year his father, who was a physician, consulted Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, as to the probable success of young Leighton in the walks of art. After examining the youthful aspirant's sketches, the sculptor gave it as his opinion that Frederick Leighton might become as eminent as he pleased. From 1846 to 1848 Mr. Leighton remained at Frankfort under the guidance of Professors Becker and Steinli, occasionally visiting Brussels for the purpose of enlarging his studies. At Frankfort, when seventeen years of age, he produced his first oil painting "Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields." After this he went to Paris



MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A.,

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON.
(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

Notes from

IN the contest for the Lord-Aberdeen, the primrose and red had its usual good fortune, having elected the Home Secretary, but of three; the figures being 30, 1876 declared itself by a very of a Conservative representation it would almost seem as if the literature upon a little oatmeal Liberalism, but when they take time to Conservatism. Now that it is of but little use trying to all that can be said is that he forward, and that had he had have won. On the other hand, declare that their majority was been owing to the fact that (the class-hours) several of their votes in time to see the doors of the faces. But surely on such a with the fate of Cæsar and of lazy laggards could not have been

If, as has been often hinted, proud of our first snow, and much fuss and self-gratulation arrival of their first-born, in 1841 I announce that the first game played on a pond at Blythswater last, and celebrated with all the and hot whisky-toddy. From through the summer-time, a clasp each other's hand, the idolatry is golf, but when the cast down from his pedestal until the revenges of time bring time the thaws of spring and

The steady fall in the value of tin. Since the 1st of October suffered a depreciation of £1; selling price ranges from the to—£50 less than it stood at

Following the example set the matter of the little urchin papers, the Edinburgh police street-preachers who every Sunday

AN ARTIST'S BOYHOOD.

Sir John Everett Millais was, says a writer in *London Society*, born on June 8th, 1829, at the seaport town of Southampton, the son of a Jersey officer, whence his French cognomen. He was extraordinarily precocious with the use of his pencil, and when in 1835 the family moved their residence to Dinan in Brittany, young Millais's sketches of the French officers stationed in the town were the talk and wonder of the place. His parents, recognising his marked talents, thought it well to have advice about his future, and to this end, when the boy was eight years old, they took him to London to consult with the then President of the Academy what they should do about their infant prodigy. Sir Martin Shee was a man who had not found art a successful career, and, as a rule, he discouraged all aspirants to his profession. But when the untutored efforts of the little Millais were put before him he at once recognised their uncommon ability. "The parents of a child so gifted," he said to Mr. and Mrs. Millais, "should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which Nature has evidently intended him." His parents, following the advice thus authoritatively given, at once placed their boy in an academy, and Millais may boast that he is, perhaps, of contemporary painters, the one who took up his profession at the tenderest age. At nine he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts, at 13 one for drawing from the antique. Indeed, before he was 16 he had carried off every academic prize for which he had competed. In 1846, when he was barely 17, he exhibited his first picture, which was pronounced in a contemporary French criticism as on a level with the best historical work of the year. The theme was "The Capture of the Inca by Pizzaro." Its treatment showed a knowledge of composition and effect that was more than creditable considering the youth of the artist, and what was perhaps yet more remarkable was that the last adjective one would have applied to it was immature. As an English writer has well said, "One might rather take it for a spirited and successful work of a ripe painter of that time when English art was somewhat conventional and not too particular about minute historical accuracy." His next pictures, "The Widow's Mite," and "Elgiva," also attracted notice, but as yet they showed no signs of that rebellion against established modes of procedure that was soon after to make Millais's name one of a school that for long had to bear many attacks of obloquy and derision, and which to this day has its detractors and defenders, who dispute its demerits and merits with acrimony and heat. Of these early pictures there is one at the Grosvenor Gallery representing Mr. Wyatt, a frame-maker and print-seller of Oxford-street, with his grandchild. It is a picture brilliant in colouring, careful in finish, with a certain Dutch-doll-like stiffness about it that is rather funny to note, and is a good example of the artist's early literalism.

-26/6/82

National Gallery. Total of the day's sale, 26,802*l.* 10*s.*

le of the Illinois R.R.

Copyright © 1987 by The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc.

26/6/1972

1 1 1 1 1 1 1

acquired for some time 41-2-1901

Mr. And
extension.
of the gene
the audien
much bet
who wor
morning.
National
between
would be

1992

THE second portion of the Hamilton sale began on Saturday with part of the Italian pictures of the collection; and though the sum reached for the total was considerably less than that of the corresponding day of the week before last, it was still very considerable. It so

happens, too, that the sale on this occasion was of far more general interest than the previous one, except to those who care only for big pictures. Some twenty-seven thousand pounds were required to bring down the various knocks of the hammer on Saturday, and of this more than a third was public money. It has to be remembered that these two instalments by no means exhaust the treasures now to be dispersed. The first portion realised not much less than a hundred thousand pounds, of which nearly half was earned by the pictures, the rest being made up by furniture, porcelain, and *bric-à-brac* of one kind and another, the most remarkable items of the latter being the three pieces of MARIE ANTOINETTE'S furniture, which were bought for something like fifteen thousand pounds. The new division, like the last, consists of pictures and of miscellaneous furniture; but the pictures, though probably of less uniform merit, are in some cases of even greater interest and value than those sold on the previous Saturday. Italian art has never lost, as far as "old masters" go, its pre-eminence in the favour both of the general and the few. The only drawback to it is that in no department of painting is there so great a danger of buying names only. This accounts for the much greater variation of prices on Saturday last as compared with the previous Saturday. But Mr. BURTON bought no rubbish; indeed there is very little danger of Mr. BURTON ever committing that error. The three "crack" names of the sale were BOTTICELLI, GIORGIONE, and TINTORET, for, though there were pictures "after" MICHAEL ANGELO, nothing but a catalogue could venture to authenticate them as that great artist's. Of the three, BOTTICELLI is unmistakable by anybody who has mastered the very grammar of connoisseurship. The great picture which the nation has now acquired for some five thousand pounds is one of the most important examples of that unique painter that exist, and by succeeding in wresting it from his French competitor Mr. BURTON has completed in a very satisfactory manner the already remarkable collection of the master's work which we possess. A GIORGIONE at something less than fifteen hundred pounds cannot be called dear, especially as genuine work of his is decidedly rare. Even the charming little "Knight in Armour" which the National Gallery already possesses has been questioned. Two admirable MANTEGNAS, a picture which may be FELIPPO LIPPI'S, and the "Head of a Gentleman," wrongly attributed to LIONARDO, but certainly worth the money paid for it, complete Mr. BURTON'S selection, and it is not likely to be found fault with. With few exceptions—the TINTORET "Admiral" being the chief—the rest of the sale was much less interesting, and the prices tell tales. When a TINTORET worth having is sold for a hundred guineas or a TITIAN for a hundred and fifty, then cockle-shells will turn silver bells, or else social affairs and the value of money will have altered considerably. We are glad to see that Mr. DOYLE secured an excellent picture—though of dubious authorship—for the Dublin Gallery. The skill with which this gentleman has at comparatively small expenditure secured an excellent collection has recently won a most striking testimony from a French critic of eminence, and deserves to be more widely recognised than it is. Of the *bric-à-brac* still for sale there are many pieces doubtless which are excellent specimens of their class. But the enormous prices which by inference from those paid in the early part of last week they will probably fetch cannot be said to be reasonable expenditure of money in the same way that expenditure of the same sums on pictures is reasonable. RIESENER and GOUTHIERE were no doubt furniture makers of genius; but between their art and the art of BOTTICELLI or of TINTORET there is a great gulf fixed, the gulf between skilful knack and poetical imagination.

THE HAMILTON PALACE SALE.

— 26/6/82 —

The sale of the Italian pictures on Saturday was of great interest, as it was known that the Trustees of the National Gallery would certainly purchase some of the most important. The greatest excitement prevailed as the Titian, the Mantegna, and the two Botticellis came before the audience, and as each of these six fine examples became the property of the nation, the most cordial satisfaction was evinced in loud applause, and there was much congratulation offered to the two trustees, Mr. Howard and Mr. Gregory, who were present with Mr. Burton, the director. The following were the principal pictures:— By P. Veronese: A Sacrifice, 16 by 21, 304*l.* 10*s.*— Casella. By A. De Messina, Portrait of a Gentleman, in a black dress and cap, 15½ by 11, panel 136*l.* 5*s.*—Christy. By Leonardo Da Vinci: Portrait of a Gentleman in a black dress, in ebony frame, 12 by 9 in panel, 525*l.*—The National Gallery. By Tintoretto: The Descent from the Cross, with Donors, 43 by 60in., 189*l.*—Mr. Heseltine; Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet, by the same painter, 79 by 160in., 157*l.* 10*s.*—The National Gallery. Fra Angelico: Heads of the Virgin and Announcing Angel, a pair, 14½ by 10in., 1,312*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. Winkworth. By Giorgione: The Resurrection, 2ft. 3in. by 5ft., 157*l.* 10*s.*—Dyer. A Mantegna: St. Sebastian and St. George, a pair of wings of a Triptych, in one frame, 14 by 10in., 426*l.*—Mr. J. E. Taylor. Marcello Venusti: The Madonna and Child, with St. Joseph and St. John, from the Borghese Gallery, 17in. by 11in., panel, 430*l.* 10*s.*—Agnew and Sons. G. A. Pordenone: The Holy Family, with the Magdalen, 48in. by 30in., 451*l.* 10*s.*—Lord Leconfield. F. Francia: The Madonna and Child with a Monk and a Nun, 19in. by 14in., 262*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. Doyle, for National Gallery of Ireland. Giorgione: The Story of Myrrha, 31in. by 52in., panel, 1,417*l.* 10*s.*—The National Gallery. Titian: Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman, 26in. by 22in., 84*l.*—Agnew and Sons. Tintoretto: Moses striking the Rock, 46in. by 70in., 110*l.* 5*s.*—Butler. By A. Mantegna: Portraits of Luigi Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, and his wife, Barbara of Brandenburg, 27in. by 40in., engraved, 210*l.*—Cernuschi, of Paris. Pietro della Vecchia: The Four Fathers of the Church, 60in. by 78in., 472*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. Mainwaring. G. B. Cima: The Madonna, with the Infant Christ in her lap, holding a bird, landscape in background, 13in. by 10in., panel, from the Collection of the Nuncio di Verona, at Venice, 1770, from Fonthill, 651*l.*—Agnew and Sons. Bassano: A Pair of Wings of a Triptych, representing the journey of the Israelites, 33in. by 15in., from Fonthill, 609*l.*—Agnew and Sons. S. Botticelli: The Adoration of the Magi; in distant landscape, with procession of the kings and pilgrims, 22in. by 33in., panel, from the Beckford Collection, and exhibited at Burlington House 1873, 1,627*l.* 10*s.*—The National Gallery. A. Mantegna: A pair of upright panels, painted with figures of summer and autumn in monochrome, on painted agate ground, 28in. by 18in., 1,785*l.*—The National Gallery. Bronzino: Portrait of Leonora de Toledo, wife of Cosmo di Medici, and her son at her side, 48in. by 39in., 1,837*l.* 10*s.*—Vokins. Sasso-Ferrato: The Madonna in Prayer, 383*l.* 5*s.*—Davis. Marcello Venusti (from the design of M. Angelo): Christ driving out the Money-changers, 23in. by 15½in., from the Borghese Gallery and the collection of Sir T. Lawrence, 1830, 1,427*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. Mainwaring; by the same painter, The Adoration of the Magi, 20in. by 13in., from Fonthill, 1,210*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. Mainwaring. Perugino: The Madonna, her hands clasped in prayer, 19in. by 11in., 480*l.*—Radley. Titian: The Artist's Daughter, carrying a basket of fruit, 39in. by 30in., 735*l.*—Whitehead. By Tintoretto: Portrait of an Admiral in armour with crimson scarf, holding a baton in his right hand, and his helmet on a pedestal on the left, 64in. by 43in., 1,155*l.*—P. and D. Colnaghi. Giorgione: A Venetian General in half armour and trunk hose, standing full length, 66in. by 47in., 505*l.*—Davis. By Pannini: Roman ruins, with figures sacrificing, 26in. by 22in., 215*l.* 5*s.*—Mr. Denison. Raffaele (after): Portrait of a Cardinal, 18in. by 13½in., 141*l.* 5*s.*—Nathan. By G. Sansovino, Decorations of the Church of S. Maria del Fiore, Florence, at the visit made to that city by Pope Leo X., 1514; a drawing in pen and bistre, 40½in. by 25in., from the collection of Sir T. Lawrence, 315*l.*—Thibaudau. Sandro Botticelli: The Assumption of the Virgin, painted for the Church of S. Pietro Maggiore, Florence, on the commission of Matteo Palmieri, on thick panel, 147½in. by 89in., 4,777*l.* 10*s.*, for the National Gallery. Total of the day's sale, 26,802*l.* 10*s.*

THE HAMILTON SALE.

The sale of the Hamilton Palace collection was resumed on Saturday afternoon by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The second instalment of art treasures, comprising paintings by Italian masters, French and Italian art furniture and decorative objects, bronzes, and articles in silver, silver gilt, and other precious materials, old Sevres porcelain, and Chinese and Japanese porcelain and enamels is, as a whole, fully equal to its predecessor, whilst the crowded attendance during the three days on which it was open to public inspection is a proof that the interest in the sale continues unabated. Some of the pictures, however, have suffered from neglect, and are by no means in good condition, whilst others afford a striking example of the absurd practice of attributing works of art of unknown origin to the most illustrious masters. Indeed, prior to commencing to dispose of them, Mr. Wood admitted that the printed descriptions were in several cases erroneous, but stated that, in drawing up the catalogue, the auctioneers had preferred to follow the one already in use at Hamilton Palace, though conscious that it contained errors, rather than make a hasty attempt to correct its mis-statements at the risk of further blunders. Saturday afternoon was entirely occupied by the disposal of the paintings, a noteworthy fact being the high prices obtained for examples of those early Italian masters most in favour with the modern æsthetic school. An "Assumption of the Virgin," by Botticelli, took the post of honour, being put up at 1,000 guineas, and secured for the National Gallery by Mr. Burton for 4,550 guineas. The same artist's

THE admirably judicious set of purchases which Mr. BURTON has made for the National Gallery at the Hamilton sale was crowned on Saturday by the securing of the great VELASQUEZ portrait of PHILIP IV. of Spain for 6,000 guineas, the highest price paid for any picture during the proceedings. As the pictures, with the exception of miniatures, &c., are now exhausted, it is possible to say that the whole cream of this great collection has been obtained for Trafalgar-square. No picture on which Mr. BURTON set his heart has failed, despite formidable competition, to be obtained, and private English buyers have distinguished themselves by a most creditable abstinence from "running up" those items which were desired for the nation. In the case of two of the greatest of painters, GIORGIONE and VELASQUEZ, the National Gallery has now for the first time secured capital and undoubted examples. The MANTEGNAS and BOTTICELLIS of the Gallery, already remarkable, have been strengthened notably, and if the remarkable ruin of a TINTORET, which Mr. BURTON bought for a song, proves restorable (and there are not many judges in Europe more to be depended upon than he as to what is restorable and what is not), the English nation will have made about the cheapest bargain recently recorded in the way of picture buying. Even the most greedy of critics could hardly from a study of the collection beforehand have added anything to the list of desirable purchases except the LIONARDO (or LUINI) "Laughing Boy," the ANTONELLI DA MESSINA, a MARCELLO VENUSTI, and perhaps a VANDYCK; but on all these there might be difference of opinion, while as to the pictures actually bought there can be none. There are many VELASQUEZ portraits of PHILIP IV., but none, perhaps, finer than Saturday's purchase. In looking at it, one may perhaps remember Mr. RUSKIN's pregnant sentence, "VANDYCK had nobler subjects;" but certainly no subject ever had a nobler painter.

Mr. Augustus Harris's latest magnificent idea is capable of indefinite extension. He has arranged for the telegraphic transmission of the results of the general election to Drury Lane Theatre, and these are read out to the audience between the acts. As the telegrams do not as a rule arrive much before midnight, there are doubtless many of Mr. Harris's patrons who would wait on, if they dared, until one or two o'clock in the morning. Obviously there should be a club in connection with the National Theatre. And why not make this announcement of news between the acts a regular thing, and so "dish" the newspapers? There would be no hostile criticism then, and what is now the dreary time at

It is possible to have too much of even a good thing, and Mrs. Weldon appears to have realized this fact. She is at last weary of litigation. Yesterday, in the case of Weldon v. Riviere, which came on for trial in the Queen's Bench Division, an arrangement was agreed upon between the litigants by which all proceedings came to an end, and all imputations they had respectively made against each other were withdrawn, Mrs. Weldon observing that "she was sick of these courts." The Lord Chief Justice expressed his satisfaction at this happy ending of a dispute which has likely to be interminable. Everybody with any good feeling will rejoice if Mrs. Weldon now finds herself able to take that rest she must so sorely need after the almost superhuman exertions she has made of late years in the many actions in which she has been engaged. Her success has, on the whole, been truly remarkable. Her sanity has, as she stated yesterday, been now completely established; and she has, moreover, received substantial damages from those who ventured to cast a doubt upon it. She has also earned a kind of popularity with the public, whose sympathy has been excited by the spectacle of a woman fighting her own battles single-handed with a perseverance and energy that bemoaned indomitable courage and no slight ability. Mrs. Weldon acts wisely by reposing upon her laurels; and, having effectually done the work she cut out for herself, it will be generally hoped that she may "live happy for ever afterwards."

novel, "L'AMOUR BLANC" not to be published until the end of the year. Jules Sandeau was the first novelist, and Prevost-Paradol the first journalist, who were admitted, as such, into the fellowship of the "Immortals." M. Hervé is not merely an able writer: he has made more than one appearance in public life; his last being as one of the Conservative candidates for the Seine at the late elections, when he polled the highest number of votes recorded in favour of a Conservative. M. Hervé is a "personnalité marquante," a celebrity; and the Academy has always been disposed to look kindly on celebrities, whether connected with letters or not.

reproach. But with that exception my friend appeared to command the sympathy of "Liberal!" "Liberal!" which they appeared to think a term of cheers for Square Jolly. Some boys pursued us back to our house with hostile cries of "Liberal!" "Liberal!" which they appeared to think a term of reproach. But with that exception my friend appeared to command the sympathy of "Liberal!" "Liberal!" which they appeared to think a term of

As we left the room our hearers found their voices, and gave several hearty typifies the loss of wages as well as the acquisition of land. and the labourers are now growing suspicious of her when they find that she and the cow. This animal, I fancy, has been milked dry by the Radicals, beaten faces which did not augur altogether well for the three-acre programme as "bosh" and "rot" produced a gleam of amused intelligence in those weather-characterized certain high-down sentiments, lately enunciated by the other side, showed that he understood his audience; and the freedom with which he continuous speech. The chairman, however, who was a shrewd man enough, the most part men of few words and unaccustomed to clothe their ideas in the exception of the chairman, they took no part in the proceedings, being for two of the principal farmers, and the chief miller of the district; but, with papers. On the platform behind us were the magistrates of the village, one or different from what I had been led to anticipate by the reports in the news-evening dress may possibly have contributed, but which was something very to one who had a favour to ask of them: an illusion to which Jolly's was more as if they thought themselves in church than as if they were listening party for the latter had been done for all. The expression of their countenances towns as all one class and to recognize that what had been done by the Tory and the appeal to them to consider themselves and their fellow-workmen in the ment for preventing aged couples from being separated in the workhouse, speech was mention of the Act passed by the Conservative Government the two things that "fetched" them most effectually in my own short a serious effort to understand and digest what was said to them. I found that men who had come there with a genuine desire for information, and were making dict or to ridicule what they heard. They were for the most part the faces of betrayed either indifference or weariness or the slightest disposition to contra-him, I found myself looking down on a sea of upturned faces, not one of which loud and long-continued clattering of iron-shod heels. When I got up to follow against Disestablishment and the adulteration of beer were received with the was said to him. Jolly spoke for upwards of an hour; and his earnest protests mere matter of form, but only when he fully understood and appreciated what on this occasion that he did not signify his approval of our sentiments as a prefers the use of his feet to the use of his tongue for that purpose. It was clear But the agricultural labourer does not applaud indiscriminately; and he to touch their wearers was uninterrupted by a single hiss. stamping of nailed shoes upon the floor when any particular remark happened misconstrued their intentions, the meeting went off very quietly; and the decided red: these men, it was thought, would interfere with our proceedings. over from the neighbouring manufacturing town, which I understood to be of Copsforthorpe was very well attended, both by the genuine labourers and the small rural artisans. A certain number of enlightened townsmen had driven not take the trouble to go in person. The meeting, however, in the main, was

thies of the whole place; and I heartily hope he will get in, if only for the sake of the jollification with which that event will be celebrated.

As we drove home in the evening through a richly wooded country, the moonlight fell on neat cottages and gardens, and lodges leading up to old manorial halls, silvering their gables and chimneys "and many an oak that grew thereby;" and as I looked out of the carriage-window I fell into a train of reflection on the old rural life of England, and wondered whether the scene we had just quitted was the beginning of the end. I thought of the happy old days when no ill-blood had come between the different classes of which the rural community consists; and gradually I began to dream of Hay-pole, and to fancy myself listening to Master Poyser as he proposed the young Squire's health. I was awake with a jerk, however, as we pulled up at the door of the Swan, and was not sorry to hear that the mock-turtle, the saddle of mutton, and the brace of pheasants were awaiting our arrival. Here, at all events, was something tangible and real of which no Radical could rob us; and in the pleasures of the table and the deep sleep that followed I forgot my temporary sadness.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
November 25.

PAGANUS.

ÆSTHETIC SOCIALISM.

(By AN INQUIRING PHILISTINE.)

THE most curious phase that Socialism has yet developed is represented by the Fabian Society; of which Mrs. A. Besant is a prominent member, although the gentleman with whom she is usually associated is understood to be opposed to Socialism. Why the society should be called Fabian I have not yet ascertained. It must be admitted, however, that "Fabian" has a flattering smack of subtlety, and a grateful promise of success—some time or other.

A few days ago I received an invitation to attend one of the meetings of this society, and to that end was provided with a passport. The typography of this document was of the kind known as æsthetic; but there is nothing æsthetic in bloodshed, and yet my ticket of admission was in colour delightfully like the stream that runs in slaughter-houses on killing day. To my disappointment, there was nothing in the meeting that corresponded with this sanguinary ticket of introduction. I have attended Socialist meetings in the East-end, both in halls and in the open air; and from these I have often come away with the impression that, however misguided the proletariat might be, the misery of their lives afforded some justification for the applause they lavished upon their ministering demagogues. The members of the Fabian Society made no such appeal to my feelings. Culture, real or sham, was stamped upon nearly every person present at the meeting I attended. There were about a hundred and fifty of us, including the Philistine scribe who writes this, and only one appeared to be of the artisan class. The rest of the company was made up of men and women who, whatever their social status might be, were well-clad, apparently well-fed, and, so far as observation could be carried, correct in the application of the aspirate; while the ability of several of the speakers to quote untranslated French authors testified to education and reading. Ladies were present; most of them attired in no mere frivolous fashion, but in the garb of Art and Thought as selected by the modern apostles of the same. Young men there were, whose respective heads of hair, brushed up from the brow to cliff-like altitudes, spoke aloud to all and sundry of German Materialism lodging within. Some of these—those, I presume, with a vein of poesy running through their otherwise adamant minds—allowed their locks to hang about their shoulders; while one overwrought but still eager philosopher had bound his brows with a cambric kerchief: thus alone was he able to tackle the feast of reason to which he had come. Nearly all these young men wore glasses of the *pince-nez* kind: and it is obvious that the Muses find them very "fetching." Much care and neatness, too, I observed in the surroundings of the Fabians. Their headquarters are, I believe, in Regent's Park; but meetings are held all over London. The gathering I attended assembled at the Social Science Rooms, in the Adelphi, overlooking the Victoria Embankment. The well-carpeted rooms, the morocco-covered furniture, the smirking well-satisfied malcontents about me—these things contrasted strangely with some other Socialist gatherings I have attended.

In due time the chairman announced that the society would discuss the rival claims of Positivism and Socialism to regenerate mankind. Unfortunately, however, the great authority who was to have championed the Positivist cause had sent a regretful message expressing his complete inability to keep his appointment. I was so sorry. But even amongst the priests of Humanity there are lesser and greater lights, and a lesser light was not beyond the conjurations of the chairman. The substitute Positivist spoke at some length, attacking Socialism right manfully. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that he could have shown more conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that the lot of downtrodden humanity could only be bettered by the establishment of a new religion, while there was no new religion except Positivism that was worth a tinker's curse. (So I understood the gentleman.) It may be so; for my part, indeed, I am more willing to believe than to discuss the assertion. More interesting to me at the time was the attack made upon the Positivist by a number of Fabians, including Mrs. Besant herself: an attack from which I gathered some cloudy information (as trees in November gather mist) upon the views held and preached by the society. The capitalist system, I understood, has failed. There is no good in going on with it any longer: a very comforting discovery at a time when there seems to be so much less capital to keep the system up. In the place of this system, the Fabians propose to set up a system of "scientific collectivism." The competitive system of commerce is cruel; but, when all capital becomes "scientifically collected," competition will vanish. Nevertheless a passage in the Fabian manifesto announces "that, since competition among producers admittedly secures to the public the most satisfactory products, the State should compete with all its might in every department of production." I suppose this

is all right. If it seems difficult for the State to compete with itself, it is only because it has never tried. Although the principles of Fabianism differ nothing from those advocated by Messrs. Hyndman and Morris, yet the candour of those gentlemen is much deprecated by Fabians. Let it not be supposed, however, that Æsthetic Socialism is a meaningless form of intellectual dissipation. Anybody may see that it is more than that by dipping into the authorized publications of the Fabian Society, where many suggestions of actual intention may be found. I don't know, however, that I myself have found in this literature anything more amusing than a footnote in a pamphlet addressed to landowners and advocating the apportionment of waste lands, at a rental, to labourers. Thus reads the footnote:—"Great care should be taken to keep this tract out of the hands of Radical workmen, Socialist demagogues, and the like, as they are but too apt to conclude that schemes favourable to landlords cannot be permanently advantageous to the labouring class." Too apt? It is their distinction and their glory. The "tract" in which this note appears is so moderate in tone as to suggest that the Fabians are not, after all, so very crazy; but this comfortable thought is dispelled when we find the society demanding "that the State shall compete with parents in providing happy homes for children, so that every child may have a refuge from the tyranny of its natural custodians." The Positivist lecturer was not wrong when he accused Socialism of striking at the very base of civilization, the unit of society—the family. In another Fabian tract it is stated that Socialism means "nothing less than the compulsion of all members of the upper class, without regard to sex or condition, to work for their living. In such a state of society not even noble or royal birth would enable a delicately nurtured lady to obtain the most menial service from a vulgar person without suffering the humiliation of rendering an equivalent service in exchange." Why, how's this? Isn't Socialism meant to abolish delicately nurtured ladies and vulgar persons at the same time? This sentence looks like backsliding, like a persistence of the Old Adam. It can't be that, however, for elsewhere I read these awful words:—"We would rather face a civil war than such another century as the present one has been." So that in the year 1900 (only fifteen years hence!) we may expect the forces of Fabianism to be hurled at Hannibal Capitalist.

THE THEATRE.

"ANDY BLAKE; or, the Irish Diamond," the once familiar comic drama now played before "The Great Pink Pearl" at the Prince's Theatre, is one of Mr. Boucicault's characteristically adroit adaptations from the French. It is very easy to imagine a version of "Le Gamin de Paris," which, albeit pains-taking and accurate, would miss altogether the dramatic point of the original without attaining any new significance of its own. Such are a large majority of the adapted plays which yearly see the English footlights—efforts which rise very little above the level of mere translation. Mr. Boucicault, however, nearly always handles with sympathetic art the materials which he borrows from other people's work. In the present instance, therefore, he was not content simply to reproduce as his hero the French *gamin*, or even to turn him nominally into the London urchin. He chose in the merry mischievous warm-hearted Irish lad—as accepted in Hibernian fiction—a corresponding type of character easily recognizable by the new audience of the piece. In his Andy the combination of boyish fun and manly chivalry seems perfectly natural; and the final glorification of the high-spirited young monkey is achieved without any obtrusive breach of congruity. Miss Clara Jecks, the new representative of the part which Mrs. Boucicault used to play so brightly, makes the mistake of giving a cockney tone to her impersonation of the troublesome printer's boy who is for ever getting into scrapes and getting out of them with credit. Andy's sentiments sound best when they are expressed in quite another accent; but in other respects Miss Jecks's sketch leaves little to be desired. She looks a likely "boy," which is more than can be said for most soubrettes when they don masculine attire: and she has a real sense of humour. As Andy's pretty sister Mary, Miss Gabrielle Goldney acts more sympathetically than usual; and Mr. A. M. Denison is an excellent General Daly. Altogether, therefore, the little drama is better worth seeing than the average curtain-raiser.

Miss Minnie Palmer, the most popular exponent of the American "variety entertainment" who has yet appeared before the London public, has, we should think, very little to fear from the rivalry of Miss Bertie Crawford, who has just introduced the same kind of performance at the Standard Theatre. In virtue partly of her youthfulness and partly of her position as first in the field, Miss Palmer more than held her own here against Miss Lotta, who in her own country is recognized as a far more accomplished actress in this particular line. In Miss Crawford, who desires to be known as the Tennessee Nightingale, she has a competitor whose singing and dancing are decidedly inferior to her own and whose powers of impersonation are quite as limited. Of course the new-comer presents herself in the character of a romping hoyden much addicted to vulgar practical jokes. Of course, too, she wears skirts phenomenally short for a young lady who, though still at boarding-school, has a serious love affair on hand; and she attempts to fascinate her spectators by boldly taking them into her confidence, and by addressing herself to them rather than to her colleagues on the stage. It need hardly be added that her career as heroine of a long-winded musical farce is an unbroken triumph, and that no pity is allowed for the victims of her wayward humour. These things are characteristic of the school of drama to which "Capers" belongs; and if only the irresponsible fun of the production were amusing and the actress's piquancy and charm were irresistible, the rest would not much matter. Unluckily the invention of Mr. Stahl, the author and composer of "Capers," does not enable him to suggest any comic "business" that has not been done to death by countless clowns in innumerable harlequinades; while Miss Crawford's vocal and other achievements are not of a very taking kind. She and her companions work hard in song and dance and pantomimic rally; but their

thies of the whole place; and I heartily hope he will get in, if only for the sake of the jollification with which that event will be celebrated.

As we drove home in the evening through a richly wooded country, the moonlight fell on neat cottages and gardens, and lodges leading up to old manorial halls, silvering their gables and chimneys "and many an oak that grew thereby;" and as I looked out of the carriage-window I fell into a train of reflection on the old rural life of England, and wondered whether the scene we had just quitted was the beginning of the end. I thought of the happy old days when no ill-blood had come between the different classes of which the rural community consists; and gradually I began to dream of Hay-plope, and to fancy myself listening to Master Poyser as he proposed the young Squire's health. I was awake with a jerk, however, as we pulled up at the door of the Swan, and was not sorry to hear that the mock-turtle, the saddle of mutton, and the brace of pheasants were awaiting our arrival. Here, at all events, was something tangible and real of which no Radical could rob us; and in the pleasures of the table and the deep sleep that followed I forgot my temporary sadness.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

November 25.

PAGANUS.

ÆSTHETIC SOCIALISM.

(BY AN INQUIRING PHILISTINE.)

THE most curious phase that Socialism has yet developed is represented by the Fabian Society; of which Mrs. A. Besant is a prominent member, although the gentleman with whom she is usually associated is understood to be opposed to Socialism. Why the society should be called Fabian I have not yet ascertained. It must be admitted, however, that "Fabian" has a flattering smack of subtlety, and a grateful promise of success—some time or other.

A few days ago I received an invitation to attend one of the meetings of this society, and to that end was provided with a passport. The typography of this document was of the kind known as æsthetic; but there is nothing æsthetic in bloodshed, and yet my ticket of admission was in colour delightfully like the stream that runs in slaughter-houses on killing day. To my disappointment, there was nothing in the meeting that corresponded with this sanguinary ticket of introduction. I have attended Socialist meetings in the East-end, both in halls and in the open air; and from these I have often come away with the impression that, however misguided the proletariat might be, the misery of their lives afforded some justification for the applause they lavished upon their ministering demagogues. The members of the Fabian Society made no such appeal to my feelings. Culture, real or sham, was stamped upon nearly every person present at the meeting I attended. There were about a hundred and fifty of us, including the Philistine scribe who writes this, and only one appeared to be of the artisan class. The rest of the company was made up of men and women who, whatever their social status might be, were well-clad, apparently well-fed, and, so far as observation could be carried, correct in the application of the aspirate; while the ability of several of the speakers to quote untranslated French authors testified to education and reading. Ladies were present; most of them attired in no mere frivolous fashion, but in the garb of Art and Thought as selected by the modern apostles of the same. Young men there were, whose respective heads of hair, brushed up from the brow to cliff-like altitudes, spoke aloud to all and sundry of German Materialism lodging within. Some of these—those, I presume, with a vein of poesy running through their otherwise adamant minds—allowed their locks to hang about their shoulders; while one overwrought but still eager philosopher had bound his brows with a cambric kerchief: thus alone was he able to tackle the feast of reason to which he had come. Nearly all these young men wore glasses of the *pince-nez* kind: and it is obvious that the Muses find them very "fetching." Much care and neatness, too, I observed in the surroundings of the Fabians. Their headquarters are, I believe, in Regent's Park; but meetings are held all over London. The gathering I attended assembled at the Social Science Rooms, in the Adelphi, overlooking the Victoria Embankment. The well-carpeted rooms, the morocco-covered furniture, the smirking well-satisfied malcontents about me—these things contrasted strangely with some other Socialist gatherings I have attended.

In due time the chairman announced that the society would discuss the rival claims of Positivism and Socialism to regenerate mankind. Unfortunately, however, the great authority who was to have championed the Positivist cause had sent a regretful message expressing his complete inability to keep his appointment. I was so sorry. But even amongst the priests of Humanity there are lesser and greater lights, and a lesser light was not beyond the conjurations of the chairman. The substitute Positivist spoke at some length, attacking Socialism right manfully. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that he could have shown more conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that the lot of downtrodden humanity could only be bettered by the establishment of a new religion, while there was no new religion except Positivism that was worth a tinker's curse. (So I understood the gentleman.) It may be so; for my part, indeed, I am more willing to believe than to discuss the assertion. More interesting to me at the time was the attack made upon the Positivist by a number of Fabians, including Mrs. Besant herself: an attack from which I gathered some cloudy information (as trees in November gather mist) upon the views held and preached by the society. The capitalist system, I understood, has failed. There is no good in going on with it any longer: a very comforting discovery at a time when there seems to be so much less capital to keep the system up. In the place of this system, the Fabians propose to set up a system of "scientific collectivism." The competitive system of commerce is cruel; but, when all capital becomes "scientifically collected," competition will vanish. Nevertheless a passage in the Fabian manifesto announces "that, since competition among producers admittedly secures to the public the most satisfactory products, the State should compete with all its might in every department of production." I suppose this

is all right. If it seems difficult for the State to compete with itself, it is only because it has never tried. Although the principles of Fabianism differ nothing from those advocated by Messrs. Hyndman and Morris, yet the candour of those gentlemen is much deprecated by Fabians. Let it not be supposed, however, that Æsthetic Socialism is a meaningless form of intellectual dissipation. Anybody may see that it is more than that by dipping into the authorized publications of the Fabian Society, where many suggestions of actual intention may be found. I don't know, however, that I myself have found in this literature anything more amusing than a footnote in a pamphlet addressed to landowners and advocating the apportionment of waste lands, at a rental, to labourers. Thus reads the footnote:—"Great care should be taken to keep this tract out of the hands of Radical workmen, Socialist demagogues, and the like, as they are but too apt to conclude that schemes favourable to landlords cannot be permanently advantageous to the labouring class." Too apt? It is their distinction and their glory. The "tract" in which this note appears is so moderate in tone as to suggest that the Fabians are not, after all, so very crazy; but this comfortable thought is dispelled when we find the society demanding "that the State shall compete with parents in providing happy homes for children, so that every child may have a refuge from the tyranny of its natural custodians." The Positivist lecturer was not wrong when he accused Socialism of striking at the very base of civilization, the unit of society—the family. In another Fabian tract it is stated that Socialism means "nothing less than the compulsion of all members of the upper class, without regard to sex or condition, to work for their living. In such a state of society not even noble or royal birth would enable a delicately nurtured lady to obtain the most menial service from a vulgar person without suffering the humiliation of rendering an equivalent service in exchange." Why, how's this? Isn't Socialism meant to abolish delicately nurtured ladies and vulgar persons at the same time? This sentence looks like backsliding, like a persistence of the Old Adam. It can't be that, however, for elsewhere I read these awful words:—"We would rather face a civil war than such another century as the present one has been." So that in the year 1900 (only fifteen years hence!) we may expect the forces of Fabianism to be hurled at Hannibal Capitalist.

THE THEATRE.

"ANDY BLAKE; or, the Irish Diamond," the once familiar comic drama now played before "The Great Pink Pearl" at the Prince's Theatre, is one of Mr. Boucicault's characteristically adroit adaptations from the French. It is very easy to imagine a version of "Le Gamin de Paris," which, albeit pains-taking and accurate, would miss altogether the dramatic point of the original without attaining any new significance of its own. Such are a large majority of the adapted plays which yearly see the English footlights—efforts which rise very little above the level of mere translation. Mr. Boucicault, however, nearly always handles with sympathetic art the materials which he borrows from other people's work. In the present instance, therefore, he was not content simply to reproduce as his hero the French *gamin*, or even to turn him nominally into the London urchin. He chose in the merry mischievous warm-hearted Irish lad—as accepted in Hibernian fiction—a corresponding type of character easily recognizable by the new audience of the piece. In his Andy the combination of boyish fun and manly chivalry seems perfectly natural; and the final glorification of the high-spirited young monkey is achieved without any obtrusive breach of congruity. Miss Clara Jecks, the new representative of the part which Mrs. Boucicault used to play so brightly, makes the mistake of giving a cockney tone to her impersonation of the troublesome printer's boy who is for ever getting into scrapes and getting out of them with credit. Andy's sentiments sound best when they are expressed in quite another accent; but in other respects Miss Jecks's sketch leaves little to be desired. She looks a likely "boy:" which is more than can be said for most soubrettes when they don masculine attire: and she has a real sense of humour. As Andy's pretty sister Mary, Miss Gabrielle Goldney acts more sympathetically than usual; and Mr. A. M. Denison is an excellent General Daly. Altogether, therefore, the little drama is better worth seeing than the average curtain-raiser.

Miss Minnie Palmer, the most popular exponent of the American "variety entertainment" who has yet appeared before the London public, has, we should think, very little to fear from the rivalry of Miss Bertie Crawford, who has just introduced the same kind of performance at the Standard Theatre. In virtue partly of her youthfulness and partly of her position as first in the field, Miss Palmer more than held her own here against Miss Lotta, who in her own country is recognized as a far more accomplished actress in this particular line. In Miss Crawford, who desires to be known as the Tennessee Nightingale, she has a competitor whose singing and dancing are decidedly inferior to her own and whose powers of impersonation are quite as limited. Of course the new-comer presents herself in the character of a romping boyden much addicted to vulgar practical jokes. Of course, too, she wears skirts phenomenally short for a young lady who, though still at boarding-school, has a serious love affair on hand; and she attempts to fascinate her spectators by boldly taking them into her confidence, and by addressing herself to them rather than to her colleagues on the stage. It need hardly be added that her career as heroine of a long-winded musical farce is an unbroken triumph, and that no pity is allowed for the victims of her wayward humour. These things are characteristic of the school of drama to which "Capers" belongs; and if only the irresponsible fun of the production were amusing and the actress's piquancy and charm were irresistible, the rest would not much matter. Unluckily the invention of Mr. Stahl, the author and composer of "Capers," does not enable him to suggest any comic "business" that has not been done to death by countless clowns in innumerable harlequinades; while Miss Crawford's vocal and other achievements are not of a very taking kind. She and her companions work hard in song and dance and pantomimic rally; but their

has four
in the 1
disciples

Mdlin
in the 'Conserv
prize, and
s it ha
raised h
the favor
formance
day with
century.
years' en
as the T
services o
can at an

The
constitue
and inde
concealed
the speed
of the lib
or doing
imprison
to scatter
when Lon
unfortuna
accession
platform,
round.
unfortuna
contest."
that quest

M. E.
vacancy c
Noailles.
body, M.
Forty sinc
conservati
two most

the graves of Cyprus. Mr. GREGORY is best known as a portrait painter of vigour and originality, though his sitters usually seem to be "wordings of the world," like Sir TRISTRAM. He has exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, we think, much more than at the Academy. Both artists are comparatively young men and young men are always useful in a body like the Academy, which has a tendency to be stereotyped, and stand on ways so ancient that they threaten to crumble into ruin. Perhaps if Mr. CECIL LAWSON had lived, he might have been an Associate by this time. Landscape painters never seem to have their fair share of the Academy's good things, though landscape painting is an art so charming and so English. But the R.A.'s, like the poet, seem to say "he "is but a landscape painter,"" with an emphasis on the word italicised, when a candidate who is not great in figures appears before them. Even the most judicious elections to the Academy must make English men of letters glad that they have no such institution among them. Conceive the English Academy, conceive the jealous poets, playwrights, historians, journalists, preachers; the envyings, the hatreds, the cabals, the disappointed hopes, the agony of waiting for election, and of getting paid much worse for your "copy" than if you were an Academician! Never may this French institution divide English men of letters into periwigged non-entities and toadies on one side, and ferocious dishevelled Bohemians on the other. The *genus vatum* is *irritabile* enough without an Academy of Letters.

[illegible]

May 4. 1882

THE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It has been apparently agreed by the critics that the Exhibition of English Painting this season at Burlington House is peculiarly rich in portraiture. There are portraits of men, women, and children of widely-different rank, pursuits, and appearance—grey-haired warriors and divines and baby princesses; peers, statesmen, and philosophers; college dons and comic rhymesters, diplomats and electricians, surgeons, self-made men, and dainty heiresses. Besides these there are now at the Royal Academy the portraits of three representatives of journalism who happen to be very well known to the readers of the *Daily News*, and whose method and manner of writing, speaking, and working are as dissimilar from each other as the treatment and handling of the artists who have depicted them. On one side of the door by which the spectator passes from Gallery IV. into the next room, and balancing by its rich colour the red gown of Mr. Russell Lowell on the other side, is the portrait of Mr. O'Donovan, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* who penetrated through the heart of Central Asia to the almost unknown city of Merv, the "Queen of the World," as it is called, in Oriental extravagance of hyperbole, by persons who have never seen real cities, "Londons, Yorks, and Derbies." It has pleased Mr. Archer, the excellent artist who has painted Mr. O'Donovan, to represent that clever and adventurous gentleman in his costume as one of the Turcoman Triumvirate who rule over Merv, a dignity to which he indeed owed, together with his own fertility of resource, his emancipation from what was becoming unpleasantly like captivity. Mr. O'Donovan, bating a slight smile on his delicately-cut features, just indicating his appreciation of the exquisite quality of the joke, bears himself with sufficient dignity. A cloak of scarlet and gold only covers in part a long robe of deeper red girt round his waist by a white sash, wherein repose lethal weapons auxiliary to the sabre which hangs by his side. Mr. O'Donovan's head is covered with a black lambskin conical cap of the Turcoman shape, and so far as human imagination can form an ideal of what a Turcoman Triumvir ought to be, he looks one every inch of him.

In Gallery VI. appears a lifelike portrait of another kind of Special Correspondent altogether, Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P. Mr. A. Baccani has succeeded in catching his model in a thoroughly characteristic attitude. The member for Northampton is seated in a comfortable arm-chair, red in colour, and vast in dimensions. He is clad in his favourite garment for morning and eve for evening wear, a black frock coat, and he is smoking one of his favourite cigarettes. The expression of the face is admirably caught. It is not the inscrutable expression which comes over the writer of "The Diary of a Besieged Resident" in Paris when he is listening attentively or thinking earnestly; but that which indicates the "intellectual amusement" derived from following the dark and mysterious evolutions of a tortuous mind. It is easy to see that Mr. Labouchere is listening to an exceedingly tough, but not "over true" tale. The expulsion of intense inward enjoyment is most subtly indicated by the eyelids, which just hint a possible smile by no means promised by the mouth. One can fancy the current of thought passing through his mind. The man who is telling him the story to which he is listening with quiet delight is one of a genus he understands right well—"the noble foreigner" who has, according to his own account, been ever strong upon the weaker side. Mr. Labouchere has recognised him. The noble victim to his natural enthusiasm for oppressed nationalities is known *de longue main*, and the quiet man with the grey beard and courteously attentive face is inwardly noting "I saw you twenty years ago. You were the son of a barber in Belgrade, and were yourself a waiter of go-between proclivities in one of the principal hotels of that dissipated town. Ten years later you stood at the tables at German watering-places, posted behind a woman who raked up other people's louis and five-franc pieces while you were ready to take her part if they objected. You have been at least twice in prison for cheating at cards. But I do not hate you; only I shall keep a sharp lookout for my overcoat and umbrella. In fact I pity you, for you will not suppose upon me, and you are wasting your time, O my friend."

In Gallery VIII., next to Mr. Gow's picture of "A Jesuit Proclamation," hangs Mr. Hubert Herkomer's portrait of "Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent." Mr. Herkomer, who can paint a strong picture when he likes, has put forth his full strength in the portrait of Mr. Forbes, who appears in his favourite garment when in the field in warm weather, a greenish drab jean Norfolk shirt, as it is called. His head is bare, and the square massive face looks squarely out of the picture and at the spectator. The skin has the hard, weatherbeaten look only to be acquired by exposure, and the shoulders thrown back and head erect speak of smart drill while among the "Green Horses," as the regiment of Dragoon Guards in which Mr. Forbes served is called from the colour of its facings. There is just a faint indication, and a very truthful one, of a smile on the great square forehead, the true smile of the man himself which always appears to have fought its way through the stern lineaments which hardly do justice to their owner except as showing the unalterable firmness and steadiness of purpose with which the sometime medical student and dragoon fought his way to the front when he had thrown aside the scalpel and the sword to take up his true weapon, the pen. It is easy to picture the man who looks out of Mr. Herkomer's canvas, dismounting in the dark and feeling for the rails which should tell him that he had not lost his way from Ulundi, or, covered with the dust and sweat of the battlefield, mounting a fresh horse at the close of the day, and riding furiously till dawn found him utterly tired and worn-out, but at one of his centres for communicating with London. Without discussing the technical qualities of Mr. Herkomer's picture it is certain that Mr. Forbes's many friends will congratulate him on the production of a really grand and characteristic portrait.

1/2/80

the graves of Cyprus. Mr. GREGORY is best known as a portrait painter of vigour and originality, though his sitters usually seem to be "wordlings of the world," like Sir TRISTRAM. He has exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, we think, much more than at the Academy. Both artists are comparatively young men, and young men are always useful in a body like the Academy, which has a tendency to be stereotyped, and stand on ways so ancient that they threaten to crumble into ruin. Perhaps if Mr. CECIL LAWSON had lived, he might have been an Associate by this time. Landscape painters never seem to have their fair share of the Academy's good things, though landscape painting is an art so charming and so English. But the R.A.'s, like the poet, seem to say "he is but a *landscape painter*," with an emphasis on the word italicised, when a candidate who is not great in figures appears before them. Even the most judicious elections to the Academy must make English men of letters glad that they have no such institution among them. Conceive the English Academy, conceive the jealous poets, playwrights, historians, journalists, preachers; the envyings, the hatreds, the cabals, the disappointed hopes, the agony of waiting for election, and of getting paid much worse for your "copy" than if you were an Academician! Never may this French institution divide English men of letters into periwigged non-entities and toadies on one side, and ferocious dishevelled Bohemians on the other. The *genus vatium* is *irritabile* enough without an Academy of Letters.

May 4 1882

THE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It has been apparently agreed by the critics that the Exhibition of English Painting this season at Burlington House is peculiarly rich in portraiture. There are portraits of men, women, and children of widely-different rank, pursuits, and appearance—grey-haired warriors and divines and baby princesses; peers, statesmen, and philosophers; college dons and comic rhymesters, diplomats and electricians, surgeons, self-made men, and dainty heiresses. Besides these there are now at the Royal Academy the portraits of three representatives of journalism who happen to be very well known to the readers of the *Daily News*, and whose method and manner of writing, speaking, and working are as dissimilar from each other as the treatment and handling of the artists who have depicted them. On one side of the door by which the spectator passes from Gallery IV. into the next room, and balancing by its rich colour the red gown of Mr. Russell Lowell on the other side, is the portrait of Mr. O'Donovan, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* who penetrated through the heart of Central Asia to the almost unknown city of Merv, the "Queen of the World," as it is called, in Oriental extravagance of hyperbole, by persons who have never seen real cities, "Londons, Yorks, and Derbies." It has pleased Mr. Archer, the excellent artist who has painted Mr. O'Donovan, to represent that clever and adventurous gentleman in his costume as one of the Turcoman Triumvirate who rule over Merv, a dignity to which he indeed owed, together with his own fertility of resource, his emancipation from what was becoming unpleasantly like captivity. Mr. O'Donovan, bating a slight smile on his delicately-cut features, just indicating his appreciation of the exquisite quality of the joke, bears himself with sufficient dignity. A cloak of scarlet and gold only covers in part a long robe of deeper red girt round his waist by a white sash, wherein repose lethal weapons auxiliary to the sabre which hangs by his side. Mr. O'Donovan's head is covered with a black lambskin conical cap of the Turcoman shape, and so far as human imagination can form an ideal of what a Turcoman Triumvir ought to be, he looks one every inch of him.

In Gallery VI. appears a lifelike portrait of another kind of Special Correspondent altogether, Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P. Mr. A. Baccani has succeeded in catching his model in a thoroughly characteristic attitude. The member for Northampton is seated in a comfortable arm-chair, red in colour, and vast in dimensions. He is clad in his favourite garment for morning and eke for evening wear, a black frock coat, and he is smoking one of his favourite cigarettes. The expression of the face is admirably caught. It is not the inscrutable expression which comes over the writer of "The Diary of a Besieged Resident" in Paris when he is listening attentively or thinking earnestly; but that which indicates the "intellectual amusement" derived from following the dark and mysterious evolutions of a tortuous mind. It is easy to see that Mr. Labouchere is listening to an exceedingly tough, but not "over true" tale. The expulsion of intense inward enjoyment is most subtly indicated by the eyelids, which just hint a possible smile by no means promised by the mouth. One can fancy the current of thought passing through his mind. The man who is telling him the story to which he is listening with quiet delight is one of a genus he understands right well—"the noble foreigner" who has, according to his own account, been ever strong upon the weaker side. Mr. Labouchere has recognised him. The noble victim to his natural enthusiasm for oppressed nationalities is known *de longue main*, and the quiet man with the grey beard and courteously attentive face is inwardly noting "I saw you twenty years ago. You were the son of a barber in Belgrade, and were yourself a waiter of go-between proclivities in one of the principal hotels of that dissipated town. Ten years later you stood at the tables at German watering-places, posted behind a woman who raked up other people's louis and five-franc pieces while you were ready to take her part if they objected. You have been at least twice in prison for cheating at cards. But I do not hate you; only I shall keep a sharp lookout for my overcoat and umbrella. In fact I pity you, for you will not impose upon me, and you are wasting your time, O my friend."

In Gallery VIII., next to Mr. Gow's picture of "A Jesuit Proclamation," hangs Mr. Hubert Herkomer's portrait of "Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent." Mr. Herkomer, who can paint a strong picture when he likes, has put forth his full strength in the portrait of Mr. Forbes, who appears in his favourite garment when in the field in warm weather, a greenish drab jean Norfolk shirt, as it is called. His head is bare, and the square massive face looks squarely out of the picture and at the spectator. The skin has the hard, weatherbeaten look only to be acquired by exposure, and the shoulders thrown back and head erect speak of smart drill while among the "Green Horses," as the regiment of Dragoon Guards in which Mr. Forbes served is called from the colour of its facings. There is just a faint indication, and a very truthful one, of a smile on the great square forehead, the true smile of the man himself which always appears to have fought its way through the stern lineaments which hardly do justice to their owner except as showing the unalterable firmness and steadiness of purpose with which the sometime medical student and dragoon fought his way to the front when he had thrown aside the scalpel and the sword to take up his true weapon, the pen. It is easy to picture the man who looks out of Mr. Herkomer's canvas, dismounting in the dark and feeling for the ruts which should tell him that he had not lost his way from Ulundi, or, covered with the dust and sweat of the battlefield, mounting a fresh horse at the close of the day, and riding furiously till dawn found him utterly tired and worn-out, but at one of his centres for communicating with London. Without discussing the technical qualities of Mr. Herkomer's picture it is certain that Mr. Forbes's many friends will congratulate him on the production of a really grand and characteristic portrait.

has found
in the
disciples

Mdill
in the
Conserv
prize, an
s it ha
raised h
the favo
formance
day with
century.
years' en
as the T
services
can at an

The e
constitue
and inde
concealed
the speed
of the lib
or doing
imprison
to scatter
when Lor
unfortuna
accession
platform
toward.
unfortuna
confest."
that quest

M. E
vacancy
Noailles.
body, M.
Forty sinc
conservati
two most

the
kn
ori
be
TRA
lery
Bot
and
like
ster
they
Mr.
beer
pain
the
pain
But
" is
on
is n
Ever
Acad
lette
tutio
Acad
wrig
envy
point
electi
your
Never
Engl
entiti
dishe
vatum
of Le

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The curious attitude assumed by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the night of the production of his new play, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' tempts me to indulge in a few recollections. It is to me such an utter revelation to see the changed condition of things within the walls of a theatre between yesterday, when authors and managers alike were courteous, submissive, and deferential to "our kind friends in front," and to-day, when, undeterred by manager, unchecked by public voice, unreprimanded by men, and tacitly encouraged by women, an author lounges in front of the footlights without any becoming deference of attitude, takes no trouble to fling aside his half-smoked cigarette, and proceeds to compliment the audience on its good sense in liking what he himself has condescended to admire! Mr. William Archer told us the other day in his own half-humorous and half-cynical fashion that the names of Leicester Buckingham and of Frederic Guest Tomlins always grated on his sensitive ears. I don't see why it should be so, as neither the one nor the other is of very much account in the dramatic history of our times. They were both harmless and hard-working gentlemen. The one who makes poor Mr. Archer gnash his teeth was the son of a celebrated Radical politician, Silk Buckingham, and he divided his time between writing fiery leaders, scribbling dramatic and musical criticisms, and adapting French plays. He was not a giant even in his own days: he did not come up to the knees of George Henry Lewes, for whose criticisms I am surprised to find Mr. Archer has not much good to say. But Tomlins was a man of a sturdier and manlier type. He, too, was a violent politician, a political leader-writer, the clerk to an old City company, a learned Shaksperian scholar, and a dramatic critic. But to my tale. Years and years ago George Augustus Sala and Robert Brough wrote a most remarkable and brilliant poem, that professed to prophesy the ultimate fate of the leading literary men of their time. There was a remarkable prophecy anent old Tomlins. He was humorously depicted as reduced, in his old age, to selling "ginger pop" at the back of the pit of a London theatre, and slaying an offensive manager with one of his own stone bottles. The Tomlins stanza concluded somewhat in this fashion: "Him with a stout stone bottle slew! He hurled it from the pit!" By the most curious coincidence in the world, this prophecy was within an ace of becoming true, so far as the assault on the manager was concerned. I was present on the first night of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" at the old Princess's, and the scene where the boy Josephs was lashed up to be flogged roused the whole house to indignation. Old Tomlins, feeling instinctively that the passion of the house was with him, sprang up in his stall and protested against the brutality and inartistic quality of the exhibition. An unseemly wrangle took place between the manager and the critic, but the public sympathised with Tomlins. I was present at the Adelphi on the first night of a play by Wilkie Collins, when Anson impetuously rushed to the front and lectured the audience for daring to dislike the work of so able an author and dramatist as Wilkie Collins. But Anson had reckoned without his host. They wanted to rend Anson and to scatter him about in little bits.

But supposing, after all, Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cynic of deeper significance than we take him to be. Supposing he intends to reform and revolutionise society at large by sublime self-sacrifice. There are two sides to every question, and Mr. Oscar Wilde's piety in social reform has not as yet been urged by anybody. His attitude has been so extraordinary

that I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is possible that he may have said to himself, "I will show you and prove to you to what an extent bad manners are not only recognised but endorsed in this wholly free and unrestrained age. I will do on the stage of a public theatre what I should not dare do at a mass meeting in the Park. I will uncover my head in the presence of refined women, but I refuse to put down my cigarette. The working-man may put out his pipe when he spouts, but my cigarette is too 'precious' for destruction. I will show no humility, and I will stand unrebuked. I will take greater liberties with the public than any author who has ever preceded me in history. And I will retire scatheless. The society that allows boys to puff cigarette-smoke into the faces of ladies in the theatre-corridors will condone the originality of a smoking author on the stage." This may be the form of Mr. Oscar Wilde's curious cynicism. He may say, "I will test this question of manners and show that they are not nowadays recognised."

Having proved by a test so strong as this the indifference of society to what used to be called good manners and good breeding, Mr. Oscar Wilde may say, "I will show you also how unsentimental is the age in which we live. I cannot help it. I am not responsible for it, but there it is. I can only write for people as they are, not for people as they ought to be. I will prove to you by my play that the very instinct of maternity—that holiest and purest instinct with women—is deadened in the breasts of our English mothers. I will paint for you a young English mother who adores her husband, who has a firstborn child scarcely yet weaned from the breast, who has been brought up in a strictly decorous society, who has high views on religion and honour, and I will show how, without seeking reflection at her child's bedside, she will leave her husband, her home, her firstborn, her character, her reputation—and for what? For the arms of a man she does not profess to love. And for what reason? Because she has learned from the tittle-tattle of her friends that her husband has been false to her! This shall be accepted as the Gospel truth. I tell you that the mothers in society will not consider that I have outraged their sex or expressed anything but the truth. But this is not the only type of mother I will paint for you. You have seen how the good mother can desert her new-born infant without a pang. You shall see how the worldly mother shall, having recognised her lost child, part from her as she parts from the atelier of a Bond Street milliner. I will show you a mother who leaves her daughter for ever, unvisited, and goes downstairs to accept the hand of a roué admirer on her deserted daughter's doorstep. I tell you that society will not say one word except that it is all very amusing. Amusing they will consider it, but unnatural—never. It is society that is at fault, not I. I paint what I see; I am not a sentimentalist, but a cynic. The best test of the justice of my picture is found in the fact that Society does not reprimand it." And then Mr. Oscar Wilde, pursuing this train of thought, may go on to say, "And I will prove to you also how inartistic are these people for whom I write. They have no nice sense of proportion. They don't understand balance of effect or light and shade. They are quick, and they will laugh at what is clever. They love 'smart people' and 'smart things.' They have canonised the word 'smart.' They don't care one brass farthing if the elderly man talks like the callow boy or the innocent girl like the blasée woman. They must all be up to date and smart. 'To be intelligible is to be found out.' I have never since I left Oxford and won the Newdigate with my poem on 'Ravenna' been wholly intelligible. And I have never been found out." Thus might argue Mr. Oscar Wilde in his own defence. Meanwhile, society at large will rush to see his play.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The curious attitude assumed by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the night of the production of his new play, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' tempts me to indulge in a few recollections. It is to me such an utter revelation to see the changed condition of things within the walls of a theatre between yesterday, when authors and managers alike were courteous, submissive, and deferential to "our kind friends in front," and to-day, when, undeterred by manager, unchecked by public voice, unreprimanded by men, and tacitly encouraged by women, an author lounges in front of the footlights without any becoming deference of attitude, takes no trouble to fling aside his half-smoked cigarette, and proceeds to compliment the audience on its good sense in liking what he himself has condescended to admire! Mr. William Archer told us the other day in his own half-humorous and half-cynical fashion that the names of Leicester Buckingham and of Frederic Guest Tomlins always grated on his sensitive ears. I don't see why it should be so, as neither the one nor the other is of very much account in the dramatic history of our times. They were both harmless and hard-working gentlemen. The one who makes poor Mr. Archer gnash his teeth was the son of a celebrated Radical politician, Silk Buckingham, and he divided his time between writing fiery leaders, scribbling dramatic and musical criticisms, and adapting French plays. He was not a giant even in his own days: he did not come up to the knees of George Henry Lewes, for whose criticisms I am surprised to find Mr. Archer has not much good to say. But Tomlins was a man of a sturdier and manlier type. He, too, was a violent politician, a political leader-writer, the clerk to an old City company, a learned Shaksperian scholar, and a dramatic critic. But to my tale. Years and years ago George Augustus Sala and Robert Brough wrote a most remarkable and brilliant poem, that professed to prophesy the ultimate fate of the leading literary men of their time. There was a remarkable prophecy anent old Tomlins. He was humorously depicted as reduced, in his old age, to selling "ginger pop" at the back of the pit of a London theatre, and slaying an offensive manager with one of his own stone bottles. The Tomlins stanza concluded somewhat in this fashion: "Him with a stont stone bottle slew! He hurled it from the pit!" By the most curious coincidence in the world, this prophecy was within an ace of becoming true, so far as the assault on the manager was concerned. I was present on the first night of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" at the old Princess's, and the scene where the boy Josephs was lashed up to be flogged roused the whole house to indignation. Old Tomlins, feeling instinctively that the passion of the house was with him, sprang up in his stall and protested against the brutality and inartistic quality of the exhibition. An unseemly wrangle took place between the manager and the critic, but the public sympathised with Tomlins. I was present at the Adelphi on the first night of a play by Wilkie Collins, when Anson impetuously rushed to the front and lectured the audience for daring to dislike the work of so able an author and dramatist as Wilkie Collins. But Anson had reckoned without his host. They wanted to read Anson and to scatter him about in little bits.

But supposing, after all, Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cynic of deeper significance than we take him to be. Supposing he intends to reform and revolutionise society at large by sublime self-sacrifice. There are two sides to every question, and Mr. Oscar Wilde's piety in social reform has not as yet been urged by anybody. His attitude has been so extraordinary

that I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is possible that he may have said to himself, "I will show you and prove to you to what an extent bad manners are not only recognised but endorsed in this wholly free and unrestrained age. I will do on the stage of a public theatre what I should not dare do at a mass meeting in the Park. I will uncover my head in the presence of refined women, but I refuse to put down my cigarette. The working-man may put out his pipe when he spouts, but my cigarette is too 'precious' for destruction. I will show no humility, and I will stand unrebuked. I will take greater liberties with the public than any author who has ever preceded me in history. And I will retire scatheless. The society that allows boys to puff cigarette-smoke into the faces of ladies in the theatre-corridors will condone the originality of a smoking author on the stage." This may be the form of Mr. Oscar Wilde's curious cynicism. He may say, "I will test this question of manners and show that they are not nowadays recognised."

Having proved by a test so strong as this the indifference of society to what used to be called good manners and good breeding, Mr. Oscar Wilde may say, "I will show you also how unsentimental is the age in which we live. I cannot help it. I am not responsible for it, but there it is. I can only write for people as they are, not for people as they ought to be. I will prove to you by my play that the very instinct of maternity—that holiest and purest instinct with women—is deadened in the breasts of our English mothers. I will paint for you a young English mother who adores her husband, who has a firstborn child scarcely yet weaned from the breast, who has been brought up in a strictly decorous society, who has high views on religion and honour, and I will show how, without seeking reflection at her child's bedside, she will leave her husband, her home, her firstborn, her character, her reputation—and for what? For the arms of a man she does not profess to love. And for what reason? Because she has learned from the tittle-tattle of her friends that her husband has been false to her! This shall be accepted as the Gospel truth. I tell you that the mothers in society will not consider that I have outraged their sex or expressed anything but the truth. But this is not the only type of mother I will paint for you. You have seen how the good mother can desert her new-born infant without a pang. You shall see how the worldly mother shall, having recognised her lost child, part from her as she parts from the atelier of a Bond Street milliner. I will show you a mother who leaves her daughter for ever, unvisited, and goes downstairs to accept the hand of a roué admirer on her deserted daughter's doorstep. I tell you that society will not say one word except that it is all very amusing. Amusing they will consider it, but unnatural—never. It is society that is at fault, not I. I paint what I see; I am not a sentimentalist, but a cynic. The best test of the justice of my picture is found in the fact that Society does not reprimand it." And then Mr. Oscar Wilde, pursuing this train of thought, may go on to say, "And I will prove to you also how inartistic are these people for whom I write. They have no nice sense of proportion. They don't understand balance of effect or light and shade. They are quick, and they will laugh at what is clever. They love 'smart people' and 'smart things.' They have canonised the word 'smart.' They don't care one brass farthing if the elderly man talks like the callow boy or the innocent girl like the blasée woman. They must all be up to date and smart. 'To be intelligible is to be found out.' I have never since I left Oxford and won the Newdigate with my poem on 'Ravenna' been wholly intelligible. And I have never been found out." Thus might argue Mr. Oscar Wilde in his own defence. Meanwhile, society at large will rush to see his play.

OBITUARY

SIR RICHARD DE CAPELL-BROOKE, BART.

Sir Richard Lewis de Capell-Brooke, Bart., of Great Oakley Hall, Northamptonshire, and of Aghadoe, county Cork, died, on Feb. 3, at his residence, The Elms, near Market Harborough. He was born on April 7, 1831, the eldest son of Sir William de Capell-Brooke, third baronet, by the Hon. Catherine Watson, his wife, youngest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, proceeding in 1854 to the degree of M.A., and in 1858 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He was a magistrate for the counties of Leicester and Northampton, and was some time a captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. In October 1867 he married Mary Grace, elder daughter of the Right Rev. Edward Trollope, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, brother of the 1st Lord Kesteven, and leaves, with other issue, an elder son, now Sir Arthur Richard de Capell-Brooke, fifth baronet, lieutenant in the Northamptonshire Regiment, who was born Oct. 12, 1869, and is unmarried.

SIR GEOFFREY PALMER, BART.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer, eighth baronet, of Carlton, Northamptonshire, died on Feb. 10, at his seat near Rockingham, aged eighty-two. He was the eldest son of Sir John Henry Palmer, seventh baronet, by the Honourable Mary Grace Mosson, his wife, eldest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1830, and in 1838 was called to the Bar. He was a magistrate for Leicester and Northampton, and served the office of High Sheriff for the latter county in 1871. He unsuccessfully contested, in the Liberal interest, Leicester borough in 1852. The baronet whose death we announce was formerly captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, and was unmarried. He is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Lewis Henry Palmer, ninth baronet, who was lately Rector of East Carlton, and was born in 1818.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WALLER, BART.

Major-General Sir George Henry Waller, third baronet, of Braywick Lodge, Berks, formerly Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Eastern District, died on Feb. 10 from the effects of a paralytic seizure. He was born in September 1837, the elder son of Sir Thomas Wathen Waller, second baronet, for some time Secretary of Legation at Brussels (who died only a fortnight ago), by his wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, Warwick. In August 1854 he entered the Army as ensign in the 7th Fusiliers, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, April 1886. He served throughout the Crimean campaign of 1854, including the siege of Sebastopol, the attack and capture of the Quarries, June 7, and the assault of the Redan, June 18; at the latter engagement he was wounded. He had a medal with clasp, the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish medal. The baronet whose death we record married June 21, 1870, Beatrice Katharine Frances, daughter of Mr. Christopher Tower, of Huntsmore Park. He is succeeded in the title by Francis Ernest Waller, born June 11, 1880, the elder son.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The curious attitude assumed by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the night of the production of his new play, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' tempts me to indulge in a few recollections. It is to me such an utter revelation to see the changed condition of things within the walls of a theatre between yesterday, when authors and managers alike were courteous, submissive, and deferential to "our kind friends in front," and to-day, when, undeterred by manager, unchecked by public voice, unreprimated by men, and tacitly encouraged by women, an author lounges in front of the footlights without any becoming deference of attitude, takes no trouble to fling aside his half-smoked cigarette, and proceeds to compliment the audience on its good sense in liking what he himself has condescended to admire! Mr. William Archer told us the other day in his own half-humorous and half-cynical fashion that the names of Leicester Buckingham and of Frederic Guest Tomlins always grated on his sensitive ears. I don't see why it should be so, as neither the one nor the other is of very much account in the dramatic history of our times. They were both harmless and hard-working gentlemen. The one who makes poor Mr. Archer gnash his teeth was the son of a celebrated Radical politician, Silk Buckingham, and he divided his time between writing fiery leaders, scribbling dramatic and musical criticisms, and adapting French plays. He was not a giant even in his own days: he did not come up to the knees of George Henry Lewes, for whose criticisms I am surprised to find Mr. Archer has not much good to say. But Tomlins was a man of a sturdier and manlier type. He, too, was a violent politician, a political leader-writer, the clerk to an old City company, a learned Shaksperian scholar, and a dramatic critic. But to my tale. Years and years ago George Augustus Sala and Robert Brough wrote a most remarkable and brilliant poem, that professed to prophesy the ultimate fate of the leading literary men of their time. There was a remarkable prophecy anent old Tomlins. He was humorously depicted as reduced, in his old age, to selling "ginger pop" at the back of the pit of a London theatre, and slaying an offensive manager with one of his own stone bottles. The Tomlins stanza concluded somewhat in this fashion: "Him with a stout stone bottle slew! He hurled it from the pit!" By the most curious coincidence in the world, this prophecy was within an ace of becoming true, so far as the assault on the manager was concerned. I was present on the first night of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" at the old Princess's, and the scene where the boy Josephs was lashed up to be flogged roused the whole house to indignation. Old Tomlins, feeling instinctively that the passion of the house was with him, sprang up in his stall and protested against the brutality and inartistic quality of the exhibition. An unseemly wrangle took place between the manager and the critic, but the public sympathised with Tomlins. I was present at the Adelphi on the first night of a play by Wilkie Collins, when Anson impetuously rushed to the front and lectured the audience for daring to dislike the work of so able an author and dramatist as Wilkie Collins. But Anson had reckoned without his host. They wanted to rend Anson and to scatter him about in little bits.

But supposing, after all, Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cynic of deeper significance than we take him to be. Supposing he intends to reform and revolutionise society at large by sublime self-sacrifice. There are two sides to every question, and Mr. Wilde's piety in social reform has not as yet been urged by anybody. His attitude has been so extraordinary

that I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is possible that he may have said to himself, "I will show you and prove to you to what an extent bad manners are not only recognised but endorsed in this wholly free and unrestrained age. I will do on the stage of a public theatre what I should not dare do at a mass meeting in the Park. I will uncover my head in the presence of refined women, but I refuse to put down my cigarette. The working-man may put out his pipe when he spouts, but my cigarette is too 'precious' for destruction. I will show no humility, and I will stand unrebuked. I will take greater liberties with the public than any author who has ever preceded me in history. And I will retire scatheless. The society that allows boys to puff cigarette-smoke into the faces of ladies in the theatre-corridors will condone the originality of a smoking author on the stage." This may be the form of Mr. Oscar Wilde's curious cynicism. He may say, "I will test this question of manners and show that they are not nowadays recognised."

Having proved by a test so strong as this the indifference of society to what used to be called good manners and good breeding, Mr. Oscar Wilde may say, "I will show you also how unsentimental is the age in which we live. I cannot help it. I am not responsible for it, but there it is. I can only write for people as they are, not for people as they ought to be. I will prove to you by my play that the very instinct of maternity—that holiest and purest instinct with women—is deadened in the breasts of our English mothers. I will paint for you a young English mother who adores her husband, who has a firstborn child scarcely yet weaned from the breast, who has been brought up in a strictly decorous society, who has high views on religion and honour, and I will show how, without seeking reflection at her child's bedside, she will leave her husband, her home, her firstborn, her character, her reputation—and for what? For the arms of a man she does not profess to love. And for what reason? Because she has learned from the tittle-tattle of her friends that her husband has been false to her! This shall be accepted as the Gospel truth. I tell you that the mothers in society will not consider that I have outraged their sex or expressed anything but the truth. But this is not the only type of mother I will paint for you. You have seen how the good mother can desert her new-born infant without a pang. You shall see how the worldly mother shall, having recognised her lost child, part from her as she parts from the atelier of a Bond Street milliner. I will show you a mother who leaves her daughter for ever, unvisited, and goes downstairs to accept the hand of a roué admirer on her deserted daughter's doorstep. I tell you that society will not say one word except that it is all very amusing. Amusing they will consider it, but unnatural—never. It is society that is at fault, not I. I paint what I see; I am not a sentimentalist, but a cynic. The best test of the justice of my picture is found in the fact that society does not reprimand it." And then Mr. Oscar Wilde, pursuing this train of thought, may go on to say, "And I will prove to you also how inartistic are these people for whom I write. They have no nice sense of proportion. They don't understand balance of effect or light and shade. They are quick, and they will laugh at what is clever. They love 'smart people' and 'smart things.' They have canonised the word 'smart.' They don't care one brass farthing if the elderly man talks like the callow boy or the innocent girl like the blasée woman. They must all be up to date and smart. 'To be intelligible is to be found out.' I have never since I left Oxford and won the Newdigate with my poem on 'Ravenna' been wholly intelligible. And I have never been found out." The women in society will find in his own defence. Meanwhile, society at large will rush to see his play.

OBITUARY

SIR RICHARD DE CAPELL-BROOKE, BART.

Sir Richard Lewis de Capell-Brooke, Bart., of Great Oakley Hall, Northamptonshire, and of Aghadoe, county Cork, died, on Feb. 3, at his residence, The Elms, near Market Harborough. He was born on April 7, 1831, the eldest son of Sir William de Capell-Brooke, third baronet, by the Hon. Catherine Watson, his wife, youngest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, proceeding in 1854 to the degree of M.A., and in 1858 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He was a magistrate for the counties of Leicester and Northampton, and was some time a captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. In October 1867 he married Mary Grace, elder daughter of the Right Rev. Edward Trollope, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, brother of the first Lord Kesteven, and leaves, with other issue, an elder son, now Sir Arthur Richard de Capell-Brooke, fifth baronet, lieutenant in the Northamptonshire Regiment, who was born Oct. 12, 1869, and is unmarried.

SIR GEOFFREY PALMER, BART.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer, eighth baronet, of Carlton, Northamptonshire, died on Feb. 10, at his seat near Rockingham, aged eighty-two. He was the eldest son of Sir John Henry Palmer, seventh baronet, by the Honourable Mary Grace Mosson, his wife, eldest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1830, and in 1838 was called to the Bar. He was a magistrate for Leicester and Northampton, and served the office of High Sheriff for the latter county in 1871. He unsuccessfully contested, in the Liberal interest, Leicester borough in 1852. The baronet whose death we announce was formerly captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, and was unmarried. He is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Lewis Henry Palmer, ninth baronet, who was lately Rector of East Carlton, and was born in 1818.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WALLER, BART.

Major-General Sir George Henry Waller, third baronet, of Braywick Lodge, Berks, formerly Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Eastern District, died on Feb. 10 from the effects of a paralytic seizure. He was born in September 1837, the elder son of Sir Thomas Wathen Waller, second baronet, for some time Secretary of Legation at Brussels (who died only a fortnight ago), by his wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, Warwick. In August 1854 he entered the Army as ensign in the 7th Fusiliers, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, April 1886. He served throughout the Crimean campaign of 1854, including the siege of Sebastopol, the attack and capture of the Quarries, June 7, and the assault of the Redan, June 18; at the latter engagement he was wounded. He had a medal with clasp, the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish medal. The baronet whose death we record married June 21, 1870, Beatrice Katharine Frances, daughter of Mr. Christopher Tower, of Huntsmore Park. He is succeeded in the title by Francis Ernest Waller, born June 11, 1880, the elder son.