

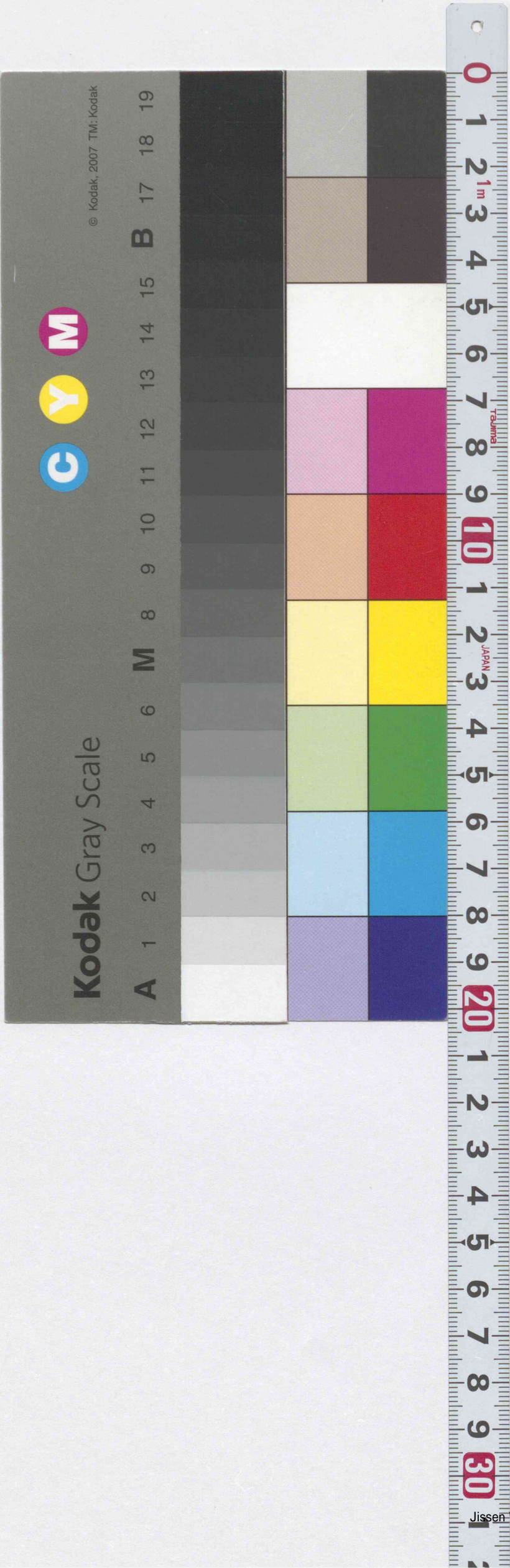


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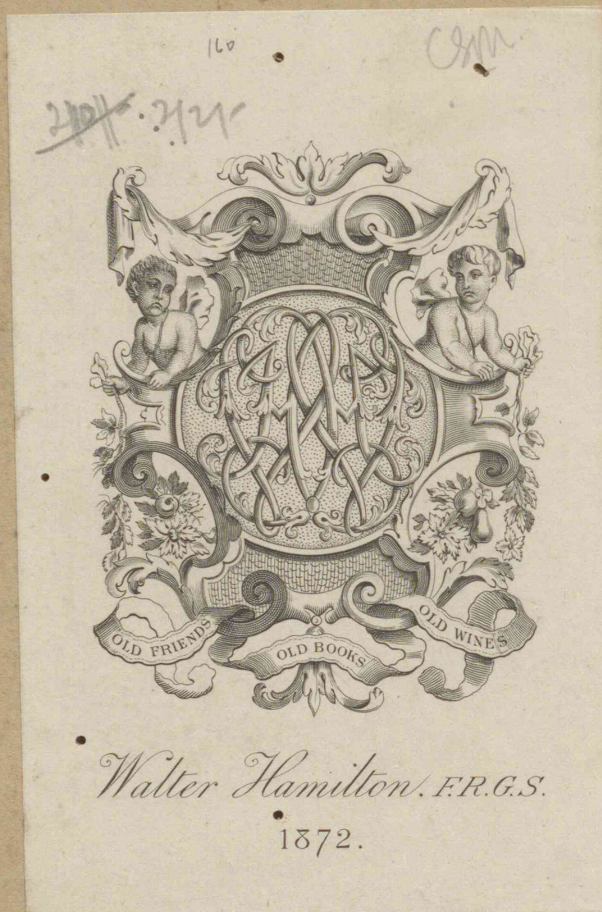
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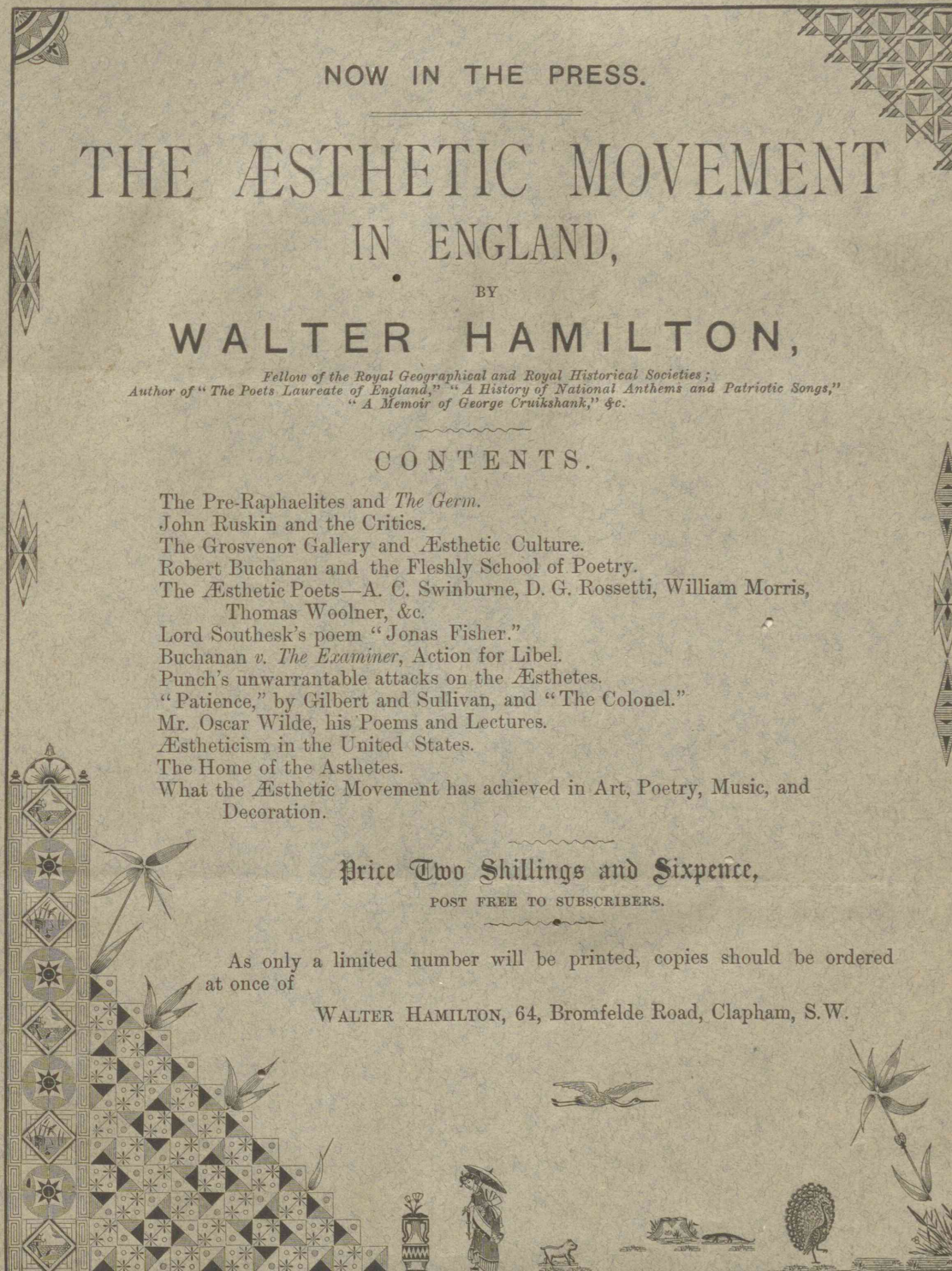
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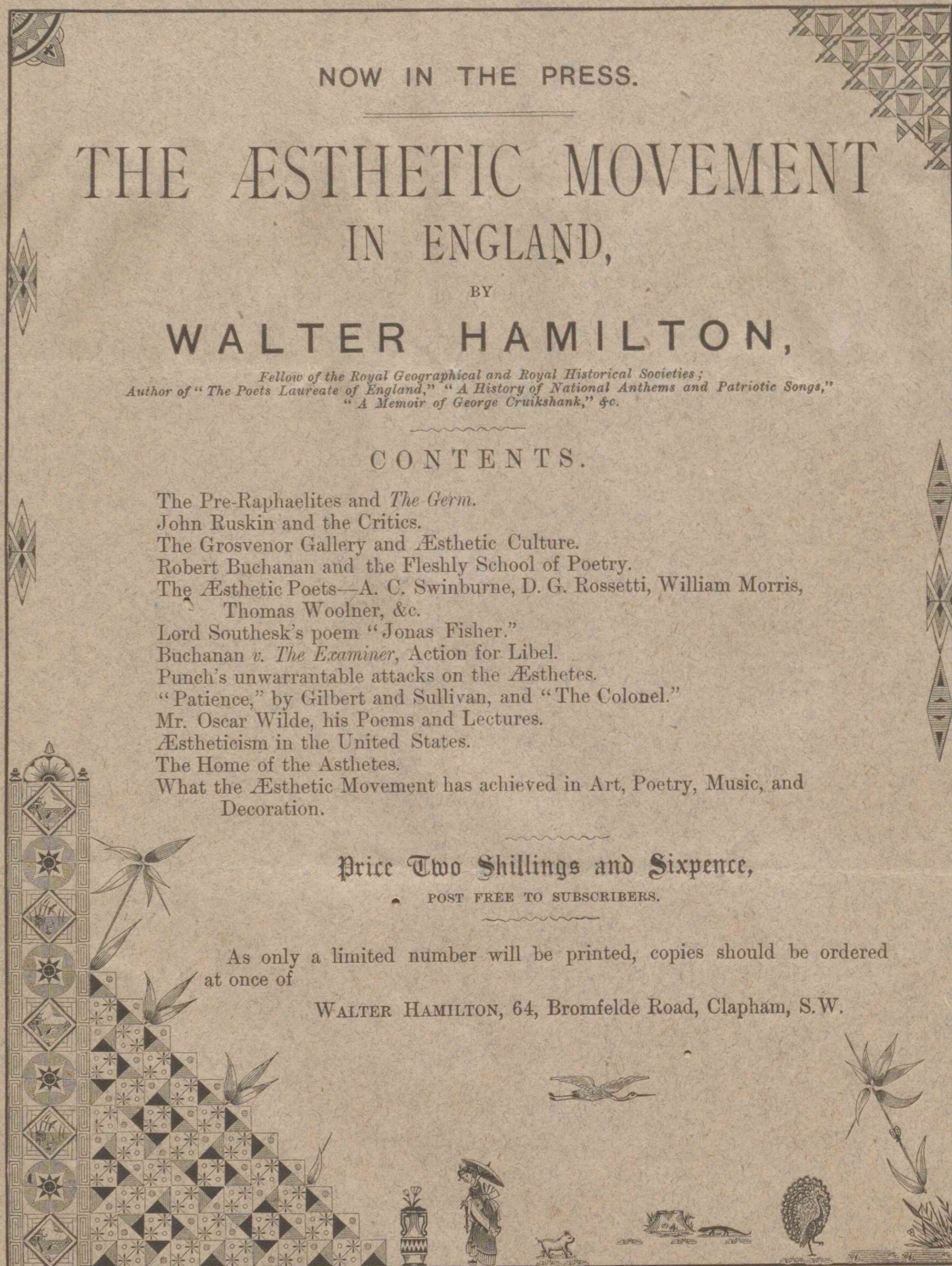
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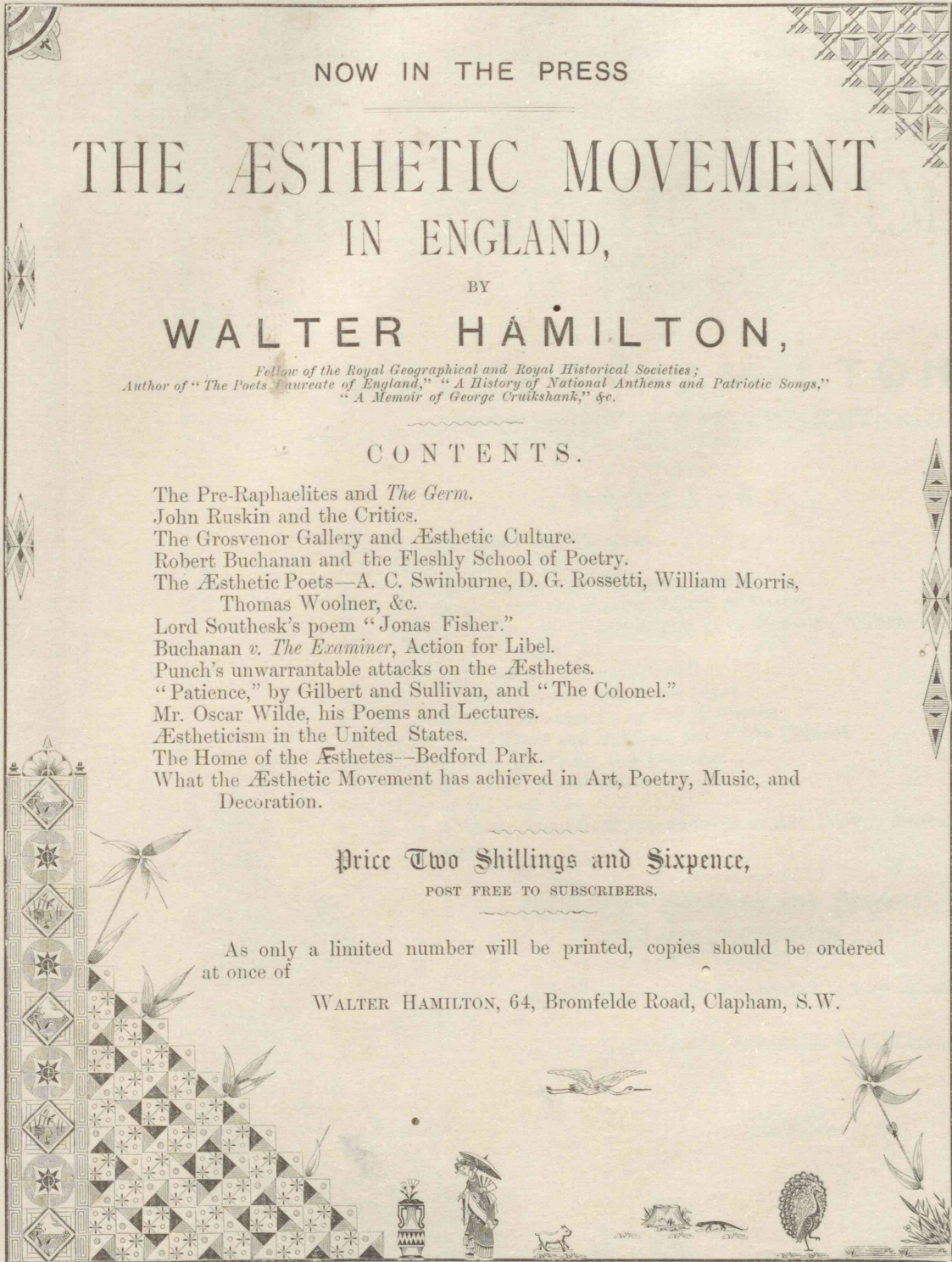
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188

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LES ÆSTHETICS

Il s'est formé depuis quelque temps en Angleterre, et surtout à Londres, une classe d'individus, particuliers tenant à la fois des fous inconscients, irresponsables, et des gens de mauvaise foi, qui se jouent de la crédulité humaine.

C'est sous le bénéfice de l'art qu'ils ont formé leur secte. Leur exagération rappellerait peut-être l'époque du Directoire, mais je soupçonne dans leur affaire une perturbation qui va plus loin. Aussi je ne les envisagerai que sous leur côté apparent, eux, et leur doctrine.

Ce mot « æsthétic, » qui veut dire : métaphysique du Beau, ayant perdu son sens propre dans le sujet qui nous intéresse aujourd'hui, j'ai besoin de donner quelques explications : ce fut Baumgarten qui créa le vocable pour signifier : la science du Beau. Puis, le mot devint familier en France et en Europe. Les Anglais l'écrivent *Æsthetic* : écrivons le comme eux.

Les premiers æsthetics anglais furent d'abord ces gens puissamment riches, dont les collections d'objets d'art ne sont pas rares en Angleterre. Quelques-uns de ces lords ont un goût particulier pour une école de peinture étrange, mais dont la distinction et le goût ne peuvent être niés, — je veux parler des Mantegna, des Quintin Metzis, des Botticelli, des Tarrochi, de tous les amants du contour et de la recherche dans la draperie.

Il y a quelques années déjà, qu'à Londres, on a pu remarquer aux expositions de l'*Academy* et de *Grosvenor Gallery*, des imitateurs d'une grande valeur de ces maîtres. J'ai cité les noms de Burne Jones et de Dante Rosetti ; ce dernier, mort il y a seulement un an. Le public passait en riant, comme on fait chez nous, pour les impressionnistes, devant les toiles ; mais cependant les nouveaux

1882.02 Gaultois - 15 août 1882

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82
THERE appears to be room for a new dictionary, a dictionary of Culture. Many persons have "got culture," as some sects in America speak of "getting religion." But many more are anxious to get it. They do their level best, we admit; they read magazine articles on brass fenders and ebonized coal skuttles, and they try

to furnish their houses on the most modern principles. Here a twopenny Birmingham Japanese fan, there a bit of modern lacquer; on the early English what-not from Tottenham-court-road a piece of yellow Val-lauris ware. This is something, but this is not quite culture. The neophyte finds, with pain, that there are people and things commonly alluded to by persons of culture of which he knows nothing. He furtively consults Encyclopedias, but these things came up after most Encyclopedias were written, and the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" has only got about as far as M. Besides, as "they didn't know" everything down in Judee," so there are facts, important to men of culture, which are unknown to the Encyclopaedia. To take some examples, there is JEAN CHAPERON and his works. Only people of culture know about them, and they are unfortunately very scarce. Again, there is GASPARD DE LA NUIT; you may buy brass fenders and live at Turnham green, but these things are vanity if you have not a saving knowledge of GASPARD DE LA NUIT. Once more there is the Villa Lemmi. "For what is it famous?" as examination papers say. Without this knowledge culture is but a tinkling cymbal. Or, again, there is the *Cymbalum Mundi*. To know all about that is to be getting culture. Once more, we observe that a puzzled correspondent of *Notes and Queries* asks who POLIA and POLIPHILE were? Why, if a man does not make the *Hypnerotomachia* his companion, how can he associate with the cultured? Examples might be given at any length. There are particularly some new French sculptors, and some very obscure minor poets of the Renaissance, whom it is absolutely essential to be able to converse about. What we propose, then, is that some high priest of culture should write a dictionary of this lore, arranged alphabetically, and containing only information about things not generally known and not to be found in ordinary manuals and conversation books. The dictionary should be in several pocket volumes, bound in morocco turned the wrong way out, the very newest thing. No one who has not seen morocco turned outside in can imagine the effect. It is

the three previous years: 1881-82, 1882-83, 1883-84, 1884-85, 1885-86, 1886-87, 1887-88, 1888-89, 1889-90, 1890-91, 1891-92, 1892-93, 1893-94, 1894-95, 1895-96, 1896-97, 1897-98, 1898-99, 1899-00, 1900-01, 1901-02, 1902-03, 1903-04, 1904-05, 1905-06, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10, 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17, 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20, 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24, 1924-25, 1925-26, 1926-27, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1931-32, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1934-35, 1935-36, 1936-37, 1937-38, 1938-39, 1939-40, 1940-41, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1945-46, 1946-47, 1947-48, 1948-49, 1949-50, 1950-51, 1951-52, 1952-53, 1953-54, 1954-55, 1955-56, 1956-57, 1957-58, 1958-59, 1959-60, 1960-61, 1961-62, 1962-63, 1963-64, 1964-65, 1965-66, 1966-67, 1967-68, 1968-69, 1969-70, 1970-71, 1971-72, 1972-73, 1973-74, 1974-75, 1975-76, 1976-77, 1977-78, 1978-79, 1979-80, 1980-81, 1981-82, 1982-83, 1983-84, 1984-85, 1985-86, 1986-87, 1987-88, 1988-89, 1989-90, 1990-91, 1991-92, 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1997-98, 1998-99, 1999-00, 2000-01, 2001-02, 2002-03, 2003-04, 2004-05, 2005-06, 2006-07, 2007-08, 2008-09, 2009-10, 2010-11, 2011-12, 2012-13, 2013-14, 2014-15, 2015-16, 2016-17, 2017-18, 2018-19, 2019-20, 2020-21, 2021-22, 2022-23, 2023-24, 2024-25, 2025-26, 2026-27, 2027-28, 2028-29, 2029-30, 2030-31, 2031-32, 2032-33, 2033-34, 2034-35, 2035-36, 2036-37, 2037-38, 2038-39, 2039-40, 2040-41, 2041-42, 2042-43, 2043-44, 2044-45, 2045-46, 2046-47, 2047-48, 2048-49, 2049-50, 2050-51, 2051-52, 2052-53, 2053-54, 2054-55, 2055-56, 2056-57, 2057-58, 2058-59, 2059-60, 2060-61, 2061-62, 2062-63, 2063-64, 2064-65, 2065-66, 2066-67, 2067-68, 2068-69, 2069-70, 2070-71, 2071-72, 2072-73, 2073-74, 2074-75, 2075-76, 2076-77, 2077-78, 2078-79, 2079-80, 2080-81, 2081-82, 2082-83, 2083-84, 2084-85, 2085-86, 2086-87, 2087-88, 2088-89, 2089-90, 2090-91, 2091-92, 2092-93, 2093-94, 2094-95, 2095-96, 2096-97, 2097-98, 2098-99, 2099-00, 2100-01, 2101-02, 2102-03, 2103-04, 2104-05, 2105-06, 2106-07, 2107-08, 2108-09, 2109-10, 2110-11, 2111-12, 2112-13, 2113-14, 2114-15, 2115-16, 2116-17, 2117-18, 2118-19, 2119-20, 2120-21, 2121-22, 2122-23, 2123-24, 2124-25, 2125-26, 2126-27, 2127-28, 2128-29, 2129-30, 2130-31, 2131-32, 2132-33, 2133-34, 2134-35, 2135-36, 2136-37, 2137-38, 2138-39, 2139-40, 2140-41, 2141-42, 2142-43, 2143-44, 2144-45, 2145-46, 2146-47, 2147-48, 2148-49, 2149-50, 2150-51, 2151-52, 2152-53, 2153-54, 2154-55, 2155-56, 2156-57, 2157-58, 2158-59, 2159-60, 2160-61, 2161-62, 2162-63, 2163-64, 2164-65, 2165-66, 2166-67, 2167-68, 2168-69, 2169-70, 2170-71, 2171-72, 2172-73, 2173-74, 2174-75, 2175-76, 2176-77, 2177-78, 2178-79, 2179-80, 2180-81, 2181-82, 2182-83, 2183-84, 2184-85, 2185-86, 2186-87, 2187-88, 2188-89, 2189-90, 2190-91, 2191-92, 2192-93, 2193-94, 2194-95, 2195-96, 2196-97, 2197-98, 2198-99, 2199-00, 2200-01, 2201-02, 2202-03, 2203-04, 2204-05, 2205-06, 2206-07, 2207-08, 2208-09, 2209-10, 2210-11, 2211-12, 2212-13, 2213-14, 2214-15, 2215-16, 2216-17, 2217-18, 2218-19, 2219-20, 2220-21, 2221-22, 2222-23, 2223-24, 2224-25, 2225-26, 2226-27, 2227-28, 2228-29, 2229-30, 2230-31, 2231-32, 2232-33, 2233-34, 2234-35, 2235-36, 2236-37, 2237-38, 2238-39, 2239-40, 2240-41, 2241-42, 2242-43, 2243-44, 2244-45, 2245-46, 2246-47, 2247-48, 2248-49, 2249-50, 2250-51, 2251-52, 2252-53, 2253-54, 2254-55, 2255-56, 2256-57, 2257-58, 2258-59, 2259-60, 2260-61, 2261-62, 2262-63, 2263-64, 2264-65, 2265-66, 2266-67, 2267-68, 2268-69, 2269-70, 2270-71, 2271-72, 2272-73, 2273-74, 2274-75, 2275-76, 2276-77, 2277-78, 2278-79, 2279-80, 2280-81, 2281-82, 2282-83, 2283-84, 2284-85, 2285-86, 2286-87, 2287-88, 2288-89, 2289-90, 2290-91, 2291-92, 2292-93, 2293-94, 2294-95, 2295-96, 2296-97, 2297-98, 2298-99, 2299-00, 2300-01, 2301-02, 2302-03, 2303-04, 2304-05, 2305-06, 2306-07, 2307-08, 2308-09, 2309-10, 2310-11, 2311-12, 2312-13, 2313-14, 2314-15, 2315-16, 2316-17, 2317-18, 2318-19, 2319-20, 2320-21, 2321-22, 2322-23, 2323-24, 2324-25, 2325-26, 2326-27, 2327-28, 2328-29, 2329-30, 2330-31, 2331-32, 2332-33, 2333-34, 2334-35, 2335-36, 2336-37, 2337-38, 2338-39, 2339-40, 2340-41, 2341-42, 2342-43, 2343-44, 2344-45, 2345-46, 2346-47, 2347-48, 2348-49, 2349-50, 2350-51, 2351-52, 2352-53, 2353-54, 2354-55, 2355-56, 2356-57, 2357-58, 2358-59, 2359-60, 2360-61, 2361-62, 2362-63, 2363-64, 2364-65, 2365-66, 2366-67, 2367-68, 2368-69, 2369-70, 2370-71, 2371-72, 2372-73, 2373-74, 2374-75, 2375-76, 2376-77, 2377-78, 2378-79, 2379-80, 2380-81, 2381-82, 2382-83, 2383-84, 2384-85, 2385-86, 2386-87, 2387-88, 2388-89, 2389-90, 2390-91, 2391-92, 2392-93, 2393-94, 2394-95, 2395-96, 2396-97, 2397-98, 2398-99, 2399-00, 2400-01, 2401-02, 2402-03, 2403-04, 2404-05, 2405-06, 2406-07, 2407-08, 2408-09, 2409-10, 2410-11, 2411-12, 2412-13, 2413-14, 2414-15, 2415-16, 2416-17, 2417-18, 2418-19, 2419-20, 2420-21, 2421-22, 2422-23, 2423-24, 2424-25, 2425-26, 2426-27, 2427-28, 2428-29, 2429-30, 2430-31, 2431-32, 2432-33, 2433-34, 2434-35, 2435-36, 2436-37, 2437-38, 2438-39, 2439-40, 2440-41, 2441-42, 2442-43, 2443-44, 2444-45, 2445-46, 2446-47, 2447-48, 2448-49, 2449-50, 2450-51, 2451-52, 2452-53, 2453-54, 2454-55, 2455-56, 2456-57, 2457-58, 2458-59, 2459-60, 2460-61, 2461-62, 2462-63, 2463-64, 2464-65, 2465-66, 2466-67, 2467-68, 2468-69, 2469-70, 2470-71, 2471-72, 2472-73, 2473-74, 2474-75, 2475-76, 2476-77, 2477-78, 2478-79, 2479-80, 2480-81, 2481-82, 2482-83, 2483-84, 2484-85, 2485-86, 2486-87, 2487-88, 2488-89, 2489-90, 2490-91, 2491-92, 2492-93, 2493-94, 2494-95, 2495-96, 2496-97, 2497-98, 2498-99, 2499-00, 2500-01, 2501-02, 2502-03, 2503-04, 2504-05, 2505-06, 2506-07, 2507-08, 2508-09, 2509-10, 2510-11, 2511-12, 2512-13, 2513-14, 2514-15, 2515-16, 2516-17, 2517-18, 2518-19, 2519-20, 2520-21, 2521-22, 2522-23, 2523-24, 2524-25, 2525-26, 2526-27, 2527-28, 2528-29, 2529-30, 2530-31, 2531-32, 2532-33, 2533-34, 2534-35, 2535-36, 2536-37, 2537-38, 2538-39, 2539-40, 2540-41, 2541-42, 2542-43, 2543-44, 2544-45, 2545-46, 2546-47, 2547-48, 2548-49, 2549-50, 2550-51, 2551-52, 2552-53, 2553-54, 2554-55, 2555-56, 2556-57, 2557-58, 2558-59, 2559-60, 2560-61, 2561-62, 2562-63, 2563-64, 2564-65, 2565-66, 2566-67, 2567-68, 2568-69, 2569-70, 2570-71, 2571-72, 2572-73, 2573-74, 2574-75, 2575-76, 2576-77, 2577-78, 2578-79, 2579-80, 2580-81, 2581-82, 2582-83, 2583-84, 2584-85, 2585-86, 2586-87, 2587-88, 2588-89, 2589-90, 2590-91, 2591-92, 2592-93, 2593-94, 2594-95, 2595-96, 2596-97, 2597-98, 2598-99, 2599-00, 2600-01, 2601-02, 2602-03, 2603-04, 2604-05, 2605-06, 2606-07, 2607-08, 2608-09, 2609-10, 2610-11, 2611-12, 2612-13, 2613-14, 2614-15, 2615-16, 2616-17, 2617-18, 2618-19, 2619-20, 2620-21, 2621-22, 2622-23, 2623-24, 2624-25, 2625-26, 2626-27, 2627-28, 2628-29, 2629-30, 2630-31, 2631-32, 2632-33, 2633-34, 2634-35, 2635-36, 2636-37, 2637-38, 2638-39, 2639-40, 2640-41, 2641-42, 2642-43, 2643-44, 2644-45, 2645-46, 2646-47, 2647-48, 2648-49, 2649-50, 2650-51, 2651-52, 2652-53, 2653-54, 2654-55, 2655-56, 2656-57, 2657-58, 2658-59, 2659-60, 2660-61, 2661-62, 2662-63, 2663-64, 2664-65, 2665-66, 2666-67, 2667-68, 2668-69, 2669-70, 2670-71, 2671-72, 2672-73, 2673-74, 2674-75, 2675-76, 2676-77, 2677-78, 2678-79, 2679-80, 2680-81, 2681-82, 2682-83, 2683-84, 2684-85, 2685-86, 2686-87, 2687-88, 2688-89, 2689-90, 2690-91, 2691-92, 2692-93, 2693-94, 2694-95, 2695-96, 2696-97, 2697-98, 2698-99, 2699-00, 2700-01, 2701-02, 2702-03, 2703-04, 2704-05, 2705-06, 2706-07, 2707-08, 2708-09, 2709-10, 2710-11, 2711-12, 2712-13, 2713-14, 2714-15, 2715-16, 2716-17, 2717-18, 2718-19, 2719-20, 2720-21, 2721-22, 2722-23, 2723-24, 2724-25, 2725-26, 2726-27, 2727-28, 2728-29, 2729-30, 2730-31, 2731-32, 2732-33, 2733-34, 2734-35, 2735-36, 2736-37, 2737-38, 2738-39, 2739-40, 2740-41, 2741-42, 2742-43, 2743-44, 2744-45, 2745-46, 2746-47, 2747-48, 2748-49, 2749-50, 2750-51, 2751-52, 2752-53, 2753-54, 2754-55, 2755-56, 2756-57, 2757-58, 2758-59, 2759-60, 2760-61, 2761-62, 2762-63, 2763-64, 2764-65, 2765-66, 2766-67, 2767-68, 2768-69, 2769-70, 2770-71, 2771-72, 2772-73, 2773-74, 2774-75, 2775-76, 2776-77, 2777-78, 2778-79, 2779-80, 2780-81, 2781-82, 2782-83, 2783-84, 2784-85, 2785-86, 2786-87, 2787-88, 2788-89, 2789-90, 2790-91, 2791-92, 2792-93, 2793-94, 2794-95, 2795-96, 2796-97, 2797-98, 2798-99, 2799-00, 2800-01, 2801-02, 2802-03, 2803-04, 2804-05, 2805-06, 2806-07, 2807-08, 2808-09, 2809-10, 2810-11, 2811-12, 2812-13, 2813-14, 2814-15, 2815-16, 2816-17, 2817-18, 2818-19, 2819-20, 2820-21, 2821-22, 2822-23, 2823-24, 2824-25, 2825-26, 2826-27, 2827-28, 2828-29, 2829-30, 2830-31, 2831-32, 2832-33, 2833-34, 2834-35, 2835-36, 2836-37, 2837-38, 2838-39, 2839-40, 2840-41, 2841-42, 2842-43, 2843-44, 2844-45, 2845-46, 2846-47, 2847-48, 2848-49, 2849-50, 2850-51, 2851-52, 2852-53, 2853-54, 2854-55, 2855-56, 2856-57, 2857-58, 2858-59, 2859-60, 2860-61, 2861-62, 2862-63, 2863-64, 2864-65, 2865-66, 2866-67, 2867-68, 2868-69, 2869-70, 2870-71, 2871-72, 2872-73, 2873-74, 2874-75, 2875-76, 2876-77, 2877-78, 2878-79, 2879-80, 2880-81, 2881-82, 2882-83, 2883-84, 2884-85, 2885-86, 2886-87, 2887-88, 2888-89, 2889-90, 2890-91, 2891-92, 2892-93, 2893-94, 2894-95, 2895-96, 2896-97, 2897-98, 2898-99, 2899-00, 2900-01, 2901-02, 2902-03, 2903-04, 2904-05, 2905-06, 2906-07, 2907-08, 2908-09, 2909-10, 2910-11, 2911-12, 2912-13, 2913-14, 2914-15, 2915-16, 2916-17, 2917-18, 2918-19, 2919-20, 2920-21, 2921-22, 2922-23, 2923-24, 2924-25, 2925-26, 2926-27, 2927-28, 2928-29, 2929-30, 2930-31, 2931-32, 2932-33, 2933-34, 2934-35, 2935-36, 2936-37, 2937-38, 2938-39, 2939-40, 2940-41, 2941-42, 2942-43, 2943-44, 2944-45, 2945-46, 2946-47, 2947-48, 2948-49, 2949-50, 2950-51, 2951-52, 2952-53, 2953-54, 2954-55, 2955-56, 2956-57, 2957-58, 2958-59, 2959-60, 2960-61, 2961-62, 2962-63, 2963-64, 2964-65, 2965-66, 2966-67, 2967-68, 2968-69, 2969-70, 2970-71, 2971-72, 2972-73, 2973-74, 2974-75, 2975-76, 2976-77, 2977-78, 2978-79, 2979-80, 2980-81, 2981-82, 2982-83, 2983-84, 2984-85, 2985-86, 2986-87, 2987-88, 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4/8
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It is not very long since Monsieur Chose found a mine of amusement in the choice of colours made by English ladies. The witty man might have discovered bad taste enough at home, but nothing, to tell the truth, so vulgar and glaring as that which the fogs of Albion mercifully softened. Even when Gallic fashions were imitated they were improved, as a third-rate Italian dauber would improve a Tintoretto. The raw blues, the metallic violets, the coarse reds, the flaunting greens of those days—how unpleasant they were singly, how hideous in combination! And what chilly tints those people wore who could not tolerate the more "crying" hues. To-day how altered all this is! Monsieur Chose is disappointed of his jest; the Englishwoman, when she does not submit herself unconditionally to the yoke of a Parisian *modistes*, is arrayed in refined and subdued colours. The result is that at the present time a knot of ladies can assemble without much risk of suggesting the staring diagrams of a professor of chromatics. A similar change has passed over the fancy work that employs so many agile fingers. The crude colours of the old Berlin wools would not be tolerated in the newer needlework, which is full and low in tone, and does not give one an idea that the pattern is endeavouring to walk out of the background. The interiors of our rooms witness to a like alteration: the emerald ferns and florid roses of the Brussels carpets are seldom seen now. Our rugs and floor coverings have the soft bloom of Oriental colour upon them; our window-hangings are warmly tinted when of half-transparent material, and, when heavy, are figured with a mellow polychrome. The wall-paper has been subdued to art, or its place is taken by washes of colour that harmonise with the general tone of the room. Harmony, in truth, is the precise key-note of the newer colour decoration. Each hue has to fall into its ordered place in contributing to the general effect; none are employed that would assert their independence or war against the others. Like the detailed hues of a distant hill-side they sink, without being lost in dividually, into a gentle diffused tint. There are of course not many houses where such a scheme of colour decoration is thoroughly carried out, but there are a great many where an approximation is made to it. There are those who cannot part with their old surroundings; there are others who are unwilling to do so because of a very healthy sentimental regard they have for them. But where new things are bought, new establishments are set up, or houses re-decorated, the tendency of taste is clearly in the direction indicated. The reform in colour, however, does not stop at dress, or at the decoration of house interiors. It has reached the streets, and London on a day of cloud and east wind is, thanks to red brick and warm-toned paint, no longer a spectacle of grimy wanness. It visited the studios long ago, and English colour is no longer a byword among Continental artists for its garishness and obtrusiveness. Its operation is even visible in church; much of the stained glass that has been put up of late years is very fine in colour, and shames the inharmonious prettinesses of the immediate past.

The causes that have led to this reform are rather complex, but most of them seem to depend upon the revival of art during the last fifty years. We have improved simply because we have studied, and have put the results of our studies into practice. South Kensington, for instance, and the art schools scattered about the country, have sent forth thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of disciples whose tastes have been at least awakened and stimulated. These have acted and reacted upon society, and upon manufacturers and producers of handiwork of all kinds. At the same time there has been a searching out and gathering in of the finest examples of art workmanship of all ages and countries, and an assiduous inquiry into the general principles latent in them. This, if it has done nothing else, has taught us something of what is to be avoided.

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It is not very long since Monsieur Chose found a mine of amusement in the choice of colours made by English ladies. The witty man might have discovered bad taste enough at home, but nothing, to tell the truth, so vulgar and glaring as that which the fogs of Albion mercifully softened. Even when Gallic fashions were imitated they were improved, as a third-rate Italian dauber would improve a Tintoretto. The raw blues, the metallic violets, the coarse reds, the flaunting greens of those days—how unpleasing they were singly, how hideous in combination! And what chilly tints those people wore who could not tolerate the more “crying” hues. To-day how altered all this is! Monsieur Chose is disappointed of his jest; the Englishwoman, when she does not submit herself unconditionally to the yoke of Parisian *modistes*, is arrayed in refined and subdued colours. The result is that at the present time a knot of ladies can assemble without much risk of suggesting the staring diagrams of a professor of chromatics. A similar change has passed over the fancy work that employs so many agile fingers. The crude colours of the old Berlin wools would not be tolerated in the newer needlework, which is full and low in tone, and does not give one an idea that the pattern is endeavouring to walk out of the background. The interiors of our rooms witness to a like alteration: the emerald ferns and florid roses of the Brussels carpets are seldom seen now. Our rugs and floor coverings have the soft bloom of Oriental colour upon them; our window-hangings are warmly tinted when of half-transparent material, and, when heavy, are figured with a mellow polychrome. The wall-paper has been subdued to art, or its place is taken by washes of colour that harmonise with the general tone of the room. Harmony, in truth, is the precise key-note of the newer colour decoration. Each hue has to fall into its ordered place in contributing to the general effect; none are employed that would assert their independence or war against the others. Like the detailed hues of a distant hill-side they sink, without being lost in dividually, into a gentle diffused tint. There are of course not many houses where such a scheme of colour decoration is thoroughly carried out, but there are a great many where an approximation is made to it. There are those who cannot part with their old surroundings; there are others who are unwilling to do so because of a very healthy sentimental regard they have for them. But where new things are bought, new establishments are set up, or houses re-decorated, the tendency of taste is clearly in the direction indicated. The reform in colour, however, does not stop at dress, or at the decoration of house interiors. It has reached the streets, and London on a day of cloud and east wind is, thanks to red brick and warm-toned paint, no longer a spectacle of grimy wanness. It visited the studios long ago, and English colour is no longer a byword among Continental artists for its garishness and obtrusiveness. Its operation is even visible in church; much of the stained glass that has been put up of late years is very fine in colour, and shames the inharmonious prettinesses of the immediate past.

The causes that have led to this reform are rather complex, but most of them seem to depend upon the revival of art during the last fifty years. We have improved simply because we have studied, and have put the results of our studies into practice. South Kensington, for instance, and the art schools scattered about the country, have sent forth thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of disciples whose tastes have been at least awakened and stimulated. These have acted and reacted upon society, and upon manufacturers and producers of handiwork of all kinds. At the same time there has been a searching out and gathering in of the finest examples of art workmanship of all ages and countries, and an assiduous inquiry into the general principles latent in them. This, if it has done nothing else, has taught us something of what is to be avoided. The reform has been greatly aided, too, by the freely-abused “æsthetes,” many of them artists and “practical men,” for they have done much to

VALENTINIANA.
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There's so much "Miss Terry" in your Laureate's
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That it requires, one fancies, clearing up,
Unless you really mean the play to be
Not "Cup" alone, but "Cup" and "sorcery."

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In hopes of keeping you for years with us,
We're all Conservatives! Nay, 't is no story,
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Our very land itself's a "Terry-lory!"

TO A FEMALE ÆSTHETE.
"Maiden of the sorrow brow,
Listen whilst my love I vow!
By thy kisses which consume;
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By thy hollow, parboiled eyes;
By thy heart-devouring sighs;
By thy sodden, pasty cheek;
By thy poses, from the Greek;
By thy tongue, like asp which stings;
By thy zither's twangy strings;
By thy dress of stewed-sage green;
By thy idiotic mien;—
By these signs, O æsthete mine,
Thou shalt be my valentine!"

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May a smile never dwell on thy lips, love, again;
May thy heart be the seat of a sharp ceaseless pain;
May thy tear-wearied eyes, thy soul's anguish reflect;
And a merciless fate thy fond heart vivisection;
May thy cheeks become hollow, and sunken, and
white;
May thy tears sting like serpents, thy kisses all bite;
May you dress in old stuffs, have a foot out of shape,
And do nothing else but play zithers and gape;
In short, may your maudlin excesses at last
Make you look like a ghost of an age long since past.

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THE SEVEN STAGES OF ÆSTHETICISM.

All the world's æsthetic,
And all the men and women merely æsthetes;
They have their yearnings and their ecstasies;
And each man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven stages. First, the Philistine,
Sneering at art's high transcendental charms;
And next the clinging Pupil, with his lily
And elongated chin, gliding like snake
To study in the school. Then, the Acolyte,
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Full of strange whims, long-haired as Absalom,
Jealous of fame, profuse of attitude,
Seeking the bubble reputation
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With bilious mien, and clothes not wisely cut,
His monologues quite too idealised,
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YE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(After LEWIS CARROLL.)

I know a house at Turnham Greene,
Fayre Syr, I knowe yt well;
Yt ys a house where men rejoyce,
And fyrie spyrrytes dwell;
A trumpeter hys swynge wythout,
Hys name I cannot tell.
"Who lyvest there?" Thou ask'st mee that?
Ye Parsonne? Saye not soe;
Hee loveth not ye house I mean,
To yt hee wyll not goe;
For holle men they haunt yt not,
And soe I answer "Noe."
Ye spyrrytes dwelling there are goode,
Yet leade they some to synne;
Thou ask'st theyre names? I tell thee true;
They call them Brundie, Gynne;
Fayre Syr, yt ys a ryghte goode house,
Yt ys "Tabard" Inne.

Turnham Greene,
Ye Fyrrst Cape of Maye,
MDCCLXXXII.

R. A. P.

A PHILISTINE.

TAKE away all your adornments æsthetical,
Plates of blue china and bits of sage green,
Though you may call me a monster heretical,
I can't consider them fit to be seen.
Etchings and paintings I loathe and abominate,
Grimly I smile at the name of BURNES JONES,
Hating his pictures where big chins predominate—
Over lean figures with angular bones.

Buy me what grinning stage rustics call "furniture,"
Such as was used by our fathers of old;
Take away all your nonsensical garniture,
Tapestry curtains and borders of gold.
Give me the ancient and solid mahogany,
Mine be the board that will need no repairs;
Don't let me see, as I sit at my grog, any
Chippendale tables or spindle-legged chairs.

Hang up a vivid vermillion wall-paper,
Covered with roses of gorgeous hue,
Matching a varnished and beautiful hall-paper,
Looking like marble so polished and new.
Carpets should all show a floral variety,
Wreaths intermingling of yellow and red;
So, when it enters my home, will Society
Say, here's a house whence æsthetics have fled.

truly the Æsthetes are great offenders in this way, for the god of their idolatry is one Alessandro Botticelli, a Florentine artist, who died more than three and a-half centuries ago, and whose works, if painted nowadays, might possibly be allowed hanging room in the Grosvenor, but would scarcely be admitted elsewhere.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND contains accounts of the Pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, "Patience," "The Colonel" and the Æsthetic Poets.—Post free 2/6 from Walter Hamilton, 64, Bromfield-road, Clapham. 577

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1874/86.

9/9/82

9 June
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9/9/82

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The Referee.

MAY 15, 1881

HUMOURISTS and satirists, taken as a whole, are in these days a miserable lot of weaklings. What is more, they do all in their power to give colour to this assertion. Unable to shoot the big bird folly as it flies, they have to create smaller game upon which to flesh their puny little arrows. Possibly this is because of the excessive virtue of the times, which cannot bear the sight of sin, which shudders at the slightest reference to it. There may be many other reasons for the decadence. For us it is sufficient to note that it really exists; to note also what are the results of it. At the present moment the new humorous and satirical quarry aesthetes and aestheticism stand first and foremost among these results, and are living proof of the pettiness of modern-day satire. Had it not been for the draughtsman who first invented these pigmies for the purpose, as he thought, of slaying them immediately, the world, taken as a world, would never have known of their existence. The world, taken as a world, only knows now what it is told about them. Caricature, a deadly weapon once, is now but a means to the end of advertisement. So far from being struck down and withered by the pretty pictures—and they are pretty—published regularly about them, aesthetes have flourished amazingly under the process. Finding notice is so very nice, is to them an unwonted and unexpected immortality, they now do in the open what they only dared do previously among themselves and in the privacy of their own houses. The faculty of imitation has been well described as the only general faculty that is known in this country. The aesthetic business having done so well in the pages of a comic paper, it is not surprising that two theatres should now be devoted to advertising aestheticism. There is one curious thing in this connection which should not be passed over. This is that the authors who supplied these two theatres are at mortal enmity because one of them forestalled the other with regard to what both of them believe to be a great original notion, the notion of making fun out of the aesthetic movement. Perhaps it was original, as originality goes in these times. If so, originality may well walk hand-in-hand with comicality—mean the comicality of the comic papers. That this sort of thing pays is without doubt, or aestheticism would not be worried, warmed up, and worried again, for the purpose of extracting a joke from it. In a variety of ways we are shown that drivel is nowadays a splendid marketable commodity. It is necessary, however, that the driveller shall have previously made some sort of a reputation in some other direction, or be enabled to trade upon the reputation of some other satirist or humourist, who lived in some other time, when work of some other description was required by a discerning public.

When one thinks of the great work that was done by caricaturists and comic writers in the days that are gone.

It is difficult to help blushing for the stuff that is now regarded as caricature and comic writing. Hogarth and Gillray, Rowlandson, and "H. B.," Swift and Sterne, Smollett and Defoe, are in these days voted coarse, and only fit for common people. ~~We are told they were~~ ~~arrant humbings, doubtless some of them were.~~ They may have been coarse and common also; but the work they did was of vast benefit to the community. Without its coarseness and its commonness, so was the work done a generation ago by John Leech and Douglas Jerrold, by Richard Doyle and William Makepeace Thackeray. If anyone turns to the earliest and best days of *Punch*, he will find it devoted to the consideration of subjects which could not for a moment be tolerated in its present superfine pages. Then it contained the history of the period—a history taken from the public streets and the common people, and not from the dining-rooms of duchesses and the clubs of dukes as in our own time. The language of the writers engaged upon that paper from twenty to forty years ago was ~~eloquent and~~ powerful, if not actually harsh, and the drawing was well in character with the writing. The *Punch* which paved the way for its effeminate namesake of to-day would be voted vulgar, personal, and scurrilous now, and unfit for the perusal of the very genteel classes. ~~As it undoubtedly was then.~~ Still, it served its purpose, and made the paper so powerful that its bygone reputation can be safely traded upon by twaddlers, artistic and literary. Possibly ~~we are wrong~~ and Messrs. Burnand and Du Maurier are not twaddlers, but extremely artful people. Possibly they are wise in their generation and have studied the manners and customs of the three-penny public. Possibly they are trading, and trading successfully, upon a shoddy affectation which makes anything that points out peculiarities of the nobility or the "happier suckles" extremely saleable. Possibly this is so; but even if it is Messrs. Burnand and Du Maurier are tradesfolk rather than humourists. Who, among all those who now profess to know everything about Maule and Postlethwaite, who laugh at "The Colonel" and ~~chuck over~~ "Patience," can honestly say ~~he or she~~ know anything about aestheticism before it was made the target of our nowadays satirists? The secret of the situation, and the reason why it is profitable, lies in the fact that aesthetes are supposed to be swells and swellesses. One of the characteristics of the lower middle classes is an intense desire to know, or to profess to know, all that goes on in aristocratic circles. ~~And the wretched figment of aestheticism, even if it possessed ten times its original existence, been one of the peculiarities of the commoner classes, readers of comic papers and lovers of farce and fancy opera would have unanimously~~ ~~pooh-poohed it, and it would at once have faded out of existence.~~ A good thing is it for our national reputation that English comic writing and English comic draughtsmanship have a history beyond the only one that can be found for them in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Else these things would be merely comic by means of their audacious pretence upon comicality. As it is, even this sort of literary and artistic delf has its imitations. The only thing which reconciles one to *Punch* as a representative institution is, that one can always understand its aims, if one cannot always respect its motives. Very different is it with the inferior article. Providence alone knows what is meant by either type or woodblock. ~~we cannot~~ ~~to say literature or art~~ in two so-called comic papers, which are never a little bit comic unless unintentionally. One of these is *Liberal* and the other *Conservative*, and both are ~~published~~ and published by the *Brothers Dalziel*. Providence, we know, moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform; and there may be some great political satire in the one person or firm possessing two such dreary political and uncomic organs.

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To our thinking, the whole of the present craze about aesthetes and aestheticism is the outcome of a friendly arrangement between the caricaturists and comic writers of the one part, and the Maudles and Postlethwaites, their male and female followers, of the other. Had M.P. and Co. been a nuisance beforehand, we might understand the motive, and see the necessity as well, of holding them up to ridicule. As it is, the ridicule cast upon them has in reality called them into existence. We find these wretched, loathsome-looking, unsexed animals—it would be an insult to the English language to call them men and women—parading as celebrities, when but for the satire of the day they would never have been heard of out of their own holes and corners. To these androgynæ caricature is the greatest of all glorifications. The more they get of it the more they like it, and the more they pose and posture. The present attitude of our humourists and satirists is a very good thing indeed for Maudle and Postlethwaite, but it is a sad blow to humour and satire properly regarded. We have heard before now of men creating giants for the purpose of destroying them. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, Burnand and Du Maurier, don't even do thus much. They create poor pigmy imitations of mankind, and then attempt to innude them till they become 'gigantic' by force of ridicule. Of course, as long as this pays it will go on and have its followers, but directly it ceases to attract and bring the money in, aestheticism will disappear entirely. Then we shall wonder how it could ever have existed, and how so extremely small a matter managed to make so very large an appearance. For the present we must rest satisfied to see this unique position of two great powers, satire and comicality, used not for the benefit of the country against some gigantic sham or imposture, but for the purpose of showing they have not yet disappeared from amongst us. It is not often we upon this paper subscribe to the cant of the laudatores temporis acti and regret the decadence of the times in which we live, but we cannot help mourning two national characteristics as represented now by what can only be considered the ghosts, or rather, we should say, the burlesques of themselves as they were formerly. Wit and humour have indeed departed from us when those assailed by them fatten and flourish under the indiction in much the same manner as earwigs and centipedes fatten and flourish under a midden or a dustheap. It is well for aesthetes that they did not crawl out of their holes and show themselves in open daylight when satire was not advertisement, and comicality could be understood without having to be explained by its perpetrator. Had it been the fortune of a Swift or a Thackeray to deal with aestheticism, aesthetes would have had small time to wriggle before they were crushed out of existence like so many noxious vermin. As it is, they now twist and twirl for quite a different reason; and honest folk are made to feel as if they had taken an overdose of emetic if they only watch the way in which aesthetes avail themselves of their friendly advertising arrangements with so-called humourists and satirists.

VALENTINE WISHES FROM AN ÆSTHETIC LOVER.

May a smile never dwell on thy lips, love, again;
 May thy heart be the seat of a sharp ceaseless pain;
 May thy tear-wearied eyes, thy soul's anguish reflect;
 And a merciless fate thy fond heart vivisect;
 May thy cheeks become hollow, and sunken, and
 white;
 May thy tears sting like serpents, thy kisses all bite;
 May ycu dress in old stuffs, have a foot out of shape,
 And do nothing else but play zithers and gape;
 In short, may ycu flourish and flourish at last
 Make you look like a ghost of an age long since past.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—2. THE ART-CRITIC.

Prigsby (contemplating his friend Maudle's last Picture). "THE HEAD OF ALEXIS IS DISTINCTLY DIVINE! NOR CAN I, IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, OR MODERN ART, RECALL ANYTHING QUITE SO FAIR AND PRECIOUS; UNLESS IT BE, PERHAPS, THE HEAD OF THAT SUPREME MASTERPIECE OF GREEK SCULPTURE, THE ILYSSUS, WHEREOF INDEED, IN A CERTAIN GRACIOUS MODELING OF THE LOVELY NECK, AND IN THE SUBTLY DELECTABLE CURVES OF THE CHEEK AND CHIN, IT FAINTLY, YET MOST EXQUISITELY, REMINDS ME!"

Chorus of Fair Enthusiasts (who still believe in Prigsby). "OH, YES—YES!—OF COURSE!—THE ILYSSUS!!—IN THE ELGIN MARBLES, YOU KNOW!!! HOW TRUE!!!!"

ALWAYS READY TO LEARN, AND DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY THE EXTENT OF PRIGSBY'S INFORMATION, OUR GALLANT FRIEND THE COLONEL TAKES AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THE BRITISH MUSEUM, IN ORDER TO STUDY THE HEAD AND NECK OF

MOLTKE ON MICHAEL.

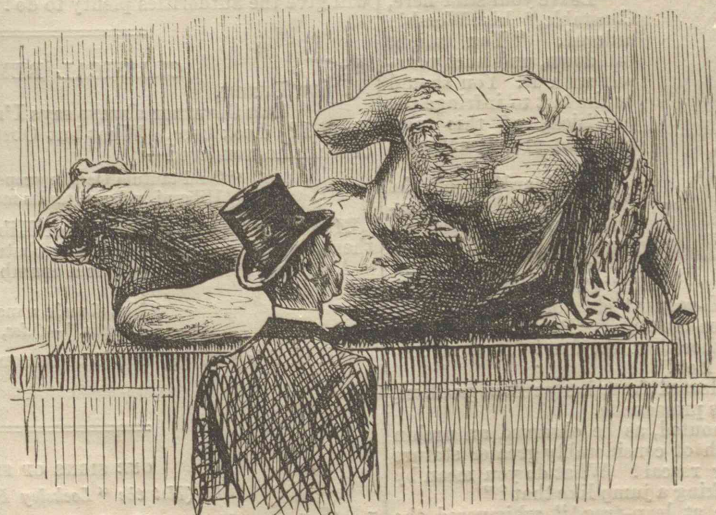
It may seem difficult to pick a hole in the dignified, sensible, and splendidly short speech delivered on the Army Bill by Count VON MOLTKE to the German Parliament. But have we not a weak point here:—

"Has the German MICHAEL ever drawn his sword except to protect his skin?"

In invading Denmark did the German MICHAEL draw his sword to protect his own skin, or rather for the purpose of stripping his neighbour?

Was not the Danish side clearly the side of MICHAEL in that business, and the German as manifestly the other side? Did not Victory attend the big battalions, and was not MICHAEL the Vanquished?

Nevertheless, on the whole, Count MOLTKE's speech beats anything that has ever been heard in the Parliament of



THE ILYSSUS!

THE SHARPEST OF SHARP PRACTICE.—That of the Oxford and Cambridge Crews for the University and Cambridge.

the United Kingdom since the Duke of WELLINGTON. What a blessing it would be if every Member would imitate the great German strategist in brevity. Then we should have a House of Commons of which it would not be true to say that all the principal speech-makers are more or less Obstructives.

Our Representative.

A KINDLY and learned Critic was trying to account for the failure of a certain Comedy. "It was a matter of opinion," he said. "Some liked it, some didn't. *Laudatur ab his*—"

"Ah," interrupted Our Representative, "then that *hiss* must have been horribly ironical."

The subject dropped.

THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL.—The real elevation of the Drama at the Haymarket:—Putting the Pit into the Gallery.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM, JERRY, AND YOUNG LOGIC AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

It was a fine morning at the end of April when the CORINTHIAN observed to his Coz that young BOB was coming that afternoon to take them to the *private view* of the GROSVENOR GALLERY. "The ACADEMY it appears, my dear JERRY, is to use young BOB's expression *played out*, indeed it has been called the *charnel house* of dead reputations, but the *tip-tops* in the painting line, the *élite* in the World of Art send their pictures to the GROSVENOR which is managed by the fashionable APPELLES of the period, SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, and his able Lieutenant, MR. COMYNS CARR, a gentleman who I am told has a *pretty knack* of dramatic authorship, and can beat MR. W. SHAKESPEARE, late of Stratford-upon-Avon 'into fits.'" "I am most eager, my dear TOM," said JERRY, "to behold the GROSVENOR GALLERY, for I am told it is also the Haunt of Beauty, and of a new set of people who have sprung up since our day, and who are called *ÆSTHETES*." "Yes, indeed," returned the CORINTHIAN. "Many things have changed since we mixed with the GOES, and LIFE IN LONDON is in truth a *Kaleidoscope*."

Our heroes were thus impatient for the appearance of young BOB, who came in *gorgeous* apparel, and said he didn't care for the pictures don't you know, but it was "the thing" to do the GROSVENOR once in the season. So the TRIO departed, and soon arrived at the *rendezvous*. There was an awning over the door and a great Crowd of Carriages, many of them with *Coronets* upon them, so that it was evident the *beau monde* patronised THE GROSVENOR. The staircase was *gay* with flowers, and when they entered the galleries the *Crush* was enormous. "We are 'out of the hunt,' my dear BOB," said TOM, "so you must point out the *notabilities*, the *dandies*, and the ladies of the *highest fashion*." "With pleasure," said young LOGIC. "There goes the *PREMIER* forgetful of the *House*, there an *Opposition leader*, and yonder is the *Presiding Genius* of the place, LADY LINDSAY of BALCARRES. "Who is that *burly* man," said JERRY, "in a white waistcoat and red tie, who methinks would be good at a *set-to*, and looks as if he had seen 'cities and men.'" "That," said young BOB, "is a famous critic and journalist, and he has indeed seen the 'Streets of the World,' been 'Twice round the Clock,' made a 'Journey due North' in company with 'The Seven Sons of Mammon,' known 'Paris Revisited,' and illuminated the 'Echoes of the Week' with a great amount of *Gas*." TOM and JERRY gazed with great interest at this gentleman, who nodded genially to young LOGIC and said he was just going to lunch—"to capture," as he playfully remarked "the Phantom Outlet." "Who, dear BOB," said CORINTHIAN TOM, "is that little man, with an eye-glass, talking and gesticulating very volubly?" "That," said young BOB, "is an American artist, a painter of what he calls 'Nocturnes,' 'Symphonies,' and 'Scherzos,' there are one or two of them here, canvasses painted blue all over with *dabs* of yellow on them. I don't profess to understand 'em myself, but I'm told they're extremely *chic*." "Ah," said the CORINTHIAN, meditatively, looking at one of these, "there certainly is what you would call, my dear LOGIC, a good deal of '*cheek*' about them." Young BOB laughed, and said he thought the artist put on a good deal of "side," and then he pointed out one or two painters of the *Æsthetic School*, and a *great poet* in whose honour a society had been founded to explain his verses which were "caviare to the general." Then the Trio took a *stroll* in the galleries, and had a *look* at the pictures, just as in the old days TOM and JERRY laid out a *bob* well, as the *Ozonian* said, at the Exhibition of Pictures at Somerset House. Here, at the GROSVENOR, Royalty was a contributor, and a portrait by the Princess LOUISE was *hugely* admired by the *connoisseurs*. There were works too by Count GLEICHEN, SIR COUTTS and Lady LINDSAY, SIR F. LEIGHTON, MESSRS. MILLAIS, BURN-JONES, ALMA-TADEMA, KEELEY - HALSWELLE, LEGROS, PELEGRINI, PRINSEP, STUART-WORTLEY, RIDLEY, PADGETT, and others, which all received their *meed* of admiration, while the pictures by Mrs. LOUISE JOP-LING were pronounced by the CORINTHIAN, who was a *fine judge*, to be the *ne plus ultra* of painting, and he said that she must be a lady of *high accomplishments*. Thus they had a lounge through the saloons, and listened to the remarks of *son-disant* critics and the fashionable *babble* that went on upon all sides from the *rotaries* of Art and Pleasure that thronged the Gallery.

The pictures were surveyed with much interest, and the Ladies then claimed attention, and "Who," cried the CORINTHIAN, "are these extraordinary beings with strange hats and dresses of blue, yellow, and sickly green, who look *limp* and *forlorn*?" "Those," replied young BOB, "are *æsthetic* young ladies, who *sigh* for SUN-FLOWERS, *languish* over LILIES, and *peruse* improper POEMS. The *coteries* to which they belong have been satirized in a play called *The Colonel*, where you may see these *queer* dresses accurately reproduced. A musical *absurdity* called *Patience* has also dealt with them, but the *costumes* of that are *exaggerations*, and cannot be pronounced *truly æsthetic*." "I never heard of *æsthetic* people," said TOM, "but they are certainly *Characters*; and I suppose the *fair sex* have not a monopoly of this *new fancy*, for I see some *melancholy* young men among them who look as if they had been 'badly washed' and then *hung up to dry*." "That may be," said BOB, "but they say they are 'utter,' and so they are—utter *frands*." At which *sally* TOM and JERRY laughed, and the latter remarked that young BOB was "his father's son," for the *Ozonian* would have been highly amused at the *male* and *female* *ÆSTHETES*. "That is quite true, Coz," said the CORINTHIAN, "and I marvel how long this strange fashion will last. These are certainly incidents in the *Chapter of Caricatures*, and we shall not readily forget the *rich scenes* at the Private View of the GROSVENOR GALLERY."



A REACTION IN ÆSTHETICS.

Pilcox (the rising *Æsthete*, gazing at his last work, which represents Mrs. Cimabue Brown sick of Lilies, and trying to smell a Sunflower). "I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF MY FAILURES!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "OH, BUT YOUR FAILURES REMIND ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AT HIS BEST!"

Pilcox. "NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT, I HOPE!"

Light Refreshment.

(For the Devotees of Sweetness and Light.)

AN ÆSTHETIC MENU.

Lis en branches au naturel.
Fleurs de tournesol à l'oriflamme.
Poissons louches à la dado.
Cuisse de cicogne tout au long.
Tête d'épouvantail à la Botticelli.
Compote de fruit défendu à la Bando-
claire fortement sucrée.

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Our heroes were thus impatient for the appearance of young BOB, who came in *gorgeous* apparel, and said he didn't care for the pictures don't you know, but it was "the thing" to do the GROSVENOR once in the season. So the Trio departed, and soon arrived at the *rendezvous*. There was an awning over the door and a great Crowd of Carriages, many of them with *Coronets* upon them, so that it was evident the *beau monde* patronised THE GROSVENOR. The staircase was *gay* with flowers, and when they entered the galleries the *Crush* was enormous. "We are 'out of the hunt,' my dear BOB," said TOM, "so you must point out the *notabilities*, the *dandies*, and the ladies of the *highest fashion*." "With pleasure," said young LOGIC. "There goes the PREMIER forgetful of the *House*, there an Opposition leader, and yonder is the Presiding Genius of the place, LADY LINDSAY of BALCARRES." "Who is that *burly* man," said JERRY, "in a white waistcoat and red tie, who methinks would be good at a *set-to*, and looks as if he had seen 'cities and men.'?" "That," said young BOB, "is a famous critic and journalist, and he has indeed seen the 'Streets of the World,' been 'Twice round the Clock,' made 'a Journey due North' in company with 'The Seven Sons of Mammon,' known 'Paris Revisited,' and illuminated the 'Echoes of the Week' with a great amount of *Gas*." TOM and JERRY gazed with great interest at this gentleman, who nodded genially to young LOGIC and said he was just going to lunch—"to capture," as he playfully remarked "the Phantom Cutlet." "Who, dear BOB," said CORINTHIAN TOM, "is that little man, with an eye-glass, talking and gesticulating very volubly?" "That," said young BOB, "is an American artist, a painter of what he calls 'Nocturnes,' 'Symphonies,' and 'Scherzos,' there are one or two of them here, canvasses painted blue all over with *dabs* of yellow on them. I don't profess to understand

'em myself, but I'm told they're extremely *chic*." "Ah," said the CORINTHIAN, meditatively, looking at one of these, "there certainly is what you would call, my dear LOGIC, a good deal of '*cheek*' about them." Young BOB laughed, and said he thought the artist put on a good deal of "side," and then he pointed out one or two painters of the *Æsthetic School*, and a *great poet* in whose honour a society had been founded to explain his verses which were "caviare to the general."

Then the Trio took a *stroll* in the galleries, and had a look at the pictures, just as in the old days TOM and JERRY laid out a *bob* well, as the *Oxonian* said, at the Exhibition of Pictures at Somerset House. Here, at the GROSVENOR, Royalty was a contributor, and a portrait by the Princess LOUISE was *hugely* admired by the *connoisseurs*. There were works too by Count GLEICHEN, SIR COUTTS and Lady LINDSAY, SIR F. LEIGHTON, MESSRS. MILLAIS, BURNE-JONES, ALMA-TADEMA, KEELEY - HALSWELLE, LEGROS, PELEGRINI, PRINSEP, STUART-WORTLEY, RIDLEY, PADGETT, and others, which all received their *meed* of admiration, while the pictures by Mrs. LOUISE JOP-LING were pronounced by the CORINTHIAN, who was a *fine judge*, to be the *ne plus ultra* of painting, and he said that she must be a lady of *high accomplishments*. Thus they had a lounge through the saloons, and listened to the remarks of *soi-disant* critics and the fashionable *babble* that went on upon all sides from the *votaries* of Art and Pleasure that thronged the Gallery.

The pictures were surveyed with much interest, and the Ladies then claimed attention, and "Who," cried the CORINTHIAN, "are these extraordinary beings with strange hats and dresses of blue, yellow, and sickly green, who look *limp* and *forlorn*?" "Those," replied young BOB, "are *æsthetic* young ladies, who sigh for SUN-FLOWERS, languish over LILIES, and *peruse* improper POEMS. The *coteries* to which they belong have been satirized in a play called *The Colonel*, where you may see these queer dresses accurately reproduced. A musical *absurdity* called *Patience* has also dealt with them, but the costumes of that are *exaggerations*, and cannot be pronounced *truly æsthetic*." "I never heard of *æsthetic* people," said TOM, "but they are certainly *Characters*; and I suppose the *fair sex* have not a monopoly of this *new fancy*, for I see some *melancholy* young men among them who look as if they had been 'badly washed' and then *hung up to dry*." "That may be," said BOB, "but they say they are 'utter,' and so they are—utter *frands*." At which sally TOM and JERRY laughed, and the latter remarked that young BOB was "his father's son," for the *Oxonian* would have been highly amused at the *male* and *female* *ÆSTHETES*. "That is quite true, Coz," said the CORINTHIAN, "and I marvel how long this strange fashion will last. These are certainly incidents in the *Chapter of Caricatures*, and we shall not readily forget the *rich scenes* at the Private View of the GROSVENOR GALLERY."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 83.



CAPTAIN BURTON,
OUR UN-COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

UNIFORM MEASURES.

THE wearer of the Queen's uniform, meaning the soldier, "should be," says The Seldom-at-Home Secretary, "treated with special honour," by an Innkeeper. The bold soger would not object to be treated at any time, such is his nature; but to be treated "with special honour," how will that be managed? Will the Landlord bow three times as he hands him a gratuitous half-pint in addition to the pint already ordered? Will the nursery rhyme run, "Who comes here? A Grenadier. What's he want? A pot of beer. Take his money? No, I'll not. Special honour, 'Nother pot." But first of all our S.-A.-H. Sec. should insist on the wearer being himself taught to pay special honour to the uniform he wears. The old nursery rhyme as it stood, expressed the very natural fears of respectable folk generally at the sight of a redcoat near a public-house.

THE annual sermon of the National Temperance League was delivered the other day to a crowded congregation, mostly teetotallers, at Newington Butts. Of course, water-butts.

A DISTURBANCE may be expected to arrive from New York or some other part of the American seaboard on the coast of Ireland any day.

WE are rather inclined to treat the recent confessions of a criminal as "Sound and Fury—signifying nothing."

ROMANCES.

bler.)

NE PREMIER.

ed early in life a taste for shiny diamond studs. If LANCELOT (or such were his names) had money, I doubt not but that he paid for some of these necessities—barely sufficient income—sufficing of hansom cabmen and rs, he wisely left the boots, studs to be entered on the credit of those tradesmen whom he with his confidence and patronage. decided antipathy to work, but he said that he was without her which would cost no more) than five and elevenpence ings; and he it was who founded ated Club, the Genial Gommies. g Bohemian dontcherknow," he as the aim and object of the . But when his boon companion, ohemia was situated, LAMBEKIN n China—where the tea comes

Duchess or a millionairess." But the hand of fortune was against him, and he didn't.

His literary knowledge was not extensive, and even when he bought the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*, he rarely scanned the letterpress; but in matters of spelling he certainly belonged to the phonetic school. I am in a position to positively assert that he was *not* the individual who called for the Author on a revival of *Hamlet*, but there was no manner of doubt but that he was a steady patron of the Drama. Indeed, his white gloves with black thumbs might have been seen placidly folded over his embroidered waistcoat, nearly any night in the Stalls of the Frivolity Theatre, and he actually knew the abbreviated Christian names of some of the Ladies of the Chorus. Yet this familiarity never bred any contempt for them. On the contrary, it seemed to heighten his esteem. Albeit this theatrical culture did not increase, but rather diminished his financial prosperity. Nor did any calling seem open to one of his peculiar disposition.

Though his father, a worthy clergyman of the Established Church, talked to him after the fashion of an Uncle from Holland, and wrote him epistles as drastic as his sermons, yet LANCELOT scouted the idea of the Civil Service, and declared that commercial pursuits were those from which no gentleman could derive either pleasure or profit. It is true that the uniform of Her Majesty's Cavalry had once possessed attractions for him; but having loftily declined to satisfy the Army Examiners with regard to the rudiments of Arithmetic and the French language, he was adjudged to be deficient in martial capacity, and was therefore debarred the privilege of defending his mother country in a regular way. But when he joined the Yeomanry, he was more or less consoled, having no vast amount of duty,

- Oct 9. 1880 -



A REACTION IN ÆSTHETICS.

Pilcox (the rising Æsthete, gazing at his last work, which represents Mrs. Cimabue Brown sick of Lilies, and trying to smell a Sunflower). "I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF MY FAILURES!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "OH, BUT YOUR FAILURES REMIND ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AT HIS BEST!"

Pilcox. "NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT, I HOPE!"

Light Refreshment.

(For the Devotees of Sweetness and Light.)

AN ÆSTHETIC MENU.

Lis en branches au naturel.

Fleurs de tournesol à l'oriflamme.

Poissons louches à la dado.

Cuisse de cicogne tout au long.

Tête d'épouvantail à la Botticelli.

Compote de fruit défendu à la Bande-

claire for
2019-03-17
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[APRIL 1, 1882.]

A PHILISTINE TO AN ÆSTHETE.

(By an Oxford Undergrad who "makes hay" in an Æsthete's room "while the sun shines.")

If I were big NAT LANGHAM,
And you the Suffolk Pet,
I'd strike out from the shoulder,
Between your eyes, you'll bet,
And give you such a drubbing,
As you would not forget;
If I were big NAT LANGHAM,
And you the Suffolk Pet.

If I were Jockey ARCHER,
And you my racing horse,
I'd give you such a breather
Across a stiff race-course,
That you would think your for-
tunes
Had altered for the worse;
If I were Jockey ARCHER,
And you my racing-horse.

If you were an old dog-fox,
I Master of the Quorn,
I'd hunt you every morning
With hounds, and horse, and
horn,
Until you wished, "intensely,"
That you were never born;
If you were an old dog-fox,
I Master of the Quorn.

If I were a wild Indian,
And you were my canoe,
I'd shoot with you the rapids,
Like the wild Indians do,
And care not if by drowning
Myself I could drown you;
If I were a wild Indian,
And you were my canoe.



A MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

[A letter from Mr. WALLIS has appeared in the *Times*, suggesting the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts.]

Oh, what a splendid opening for a Statesman who's Æsthetic,
For a man of highest culture—say a nobleman of parts,
When he looks into the future, and with vision that's prophetic,
Sees himself one day appointed to a Ministry of Arts.

How he'd revel in the duties, how he'd educate the people
To adore their BOTICELLI, and on certain painters frown;
How he'd clear away all stucco and remodel every steeple,
Till he made unlovely London quite a new artistic town.

How he'd teach the very paupers to think WHISTLER's etchings
"utter,"
While the thoughtful costermongers should appreciate BURNE-
JONES;

And the Art-awakened cabman should be madly heard to mutter,
"Oh, I can't abide them dresses in such ill-assorted tones!"

Every child within the Board Schools should be brought up as a
critic.

To discourse on LEONARDO just as well as COMYNS CARR;
While the talk of every taproom should be calmly analytic
Of the *Liber Studiorum* that was kept at every bar.

We should then be mediæval, for what all the nation lacks is
Just the true Renaissance spirit whereof PATER keeps the keys;
But, good Philistines, believe me it would much increase the taxes,
So we'll do without a Minister of Fine Arts, if you please.



THOSE DREADFUL HOLIDAYS.

AWKWARD POSITION OF THE MONTROSSOR DADO FAMILY ON EASTER MONDAY. SERVANTS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY, EVERY SHOP SHUT, AND NOTHING IN THE HOUSE BUT A PHILISTINIC HOT CROSS BUN. IF SUNFLOWERS HAD ONLY BEEN IN SEASON!

1883

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The artistic and "æsthetic" world has lately gratified its collective taste by building, or causing to be built, a perfect "Queen Anne village" at Bedford Park, between Turnham Green and Acton. But in one of our north-western suburbs, namely, at Hampstead, there has risen into existence during the past twelve months, a much

THE WEST MIDDLE

finer group of mansions of this same style; and, what is more, they seem all to be let as soon as they are finished. Mr. Norman Shaw, the Royal Academician, has been the pioneer in this experiment, having begun by building for himself a regular Dutch mansion in the fields between the Avenue and Church-row; and he has been ably seconded, and followed, though at some slight interval, by Mr. Holdsworth, from whose designs almost all the houses in Fitz John's-avenue have been erected. The rents here range between £150 and £200 a year; and the houses are much affected by City merchants.

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Contains Poems and literary matter by Dante, Christina, and W. M. Rossetti, Patmore, Collinson, Woolner,
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This copy has a MS. key to authorship of nearly every article in Prose or Verse.

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*(By an Oxford Undergrad who
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2019-03-17

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1883

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THE WEST MIDDLE

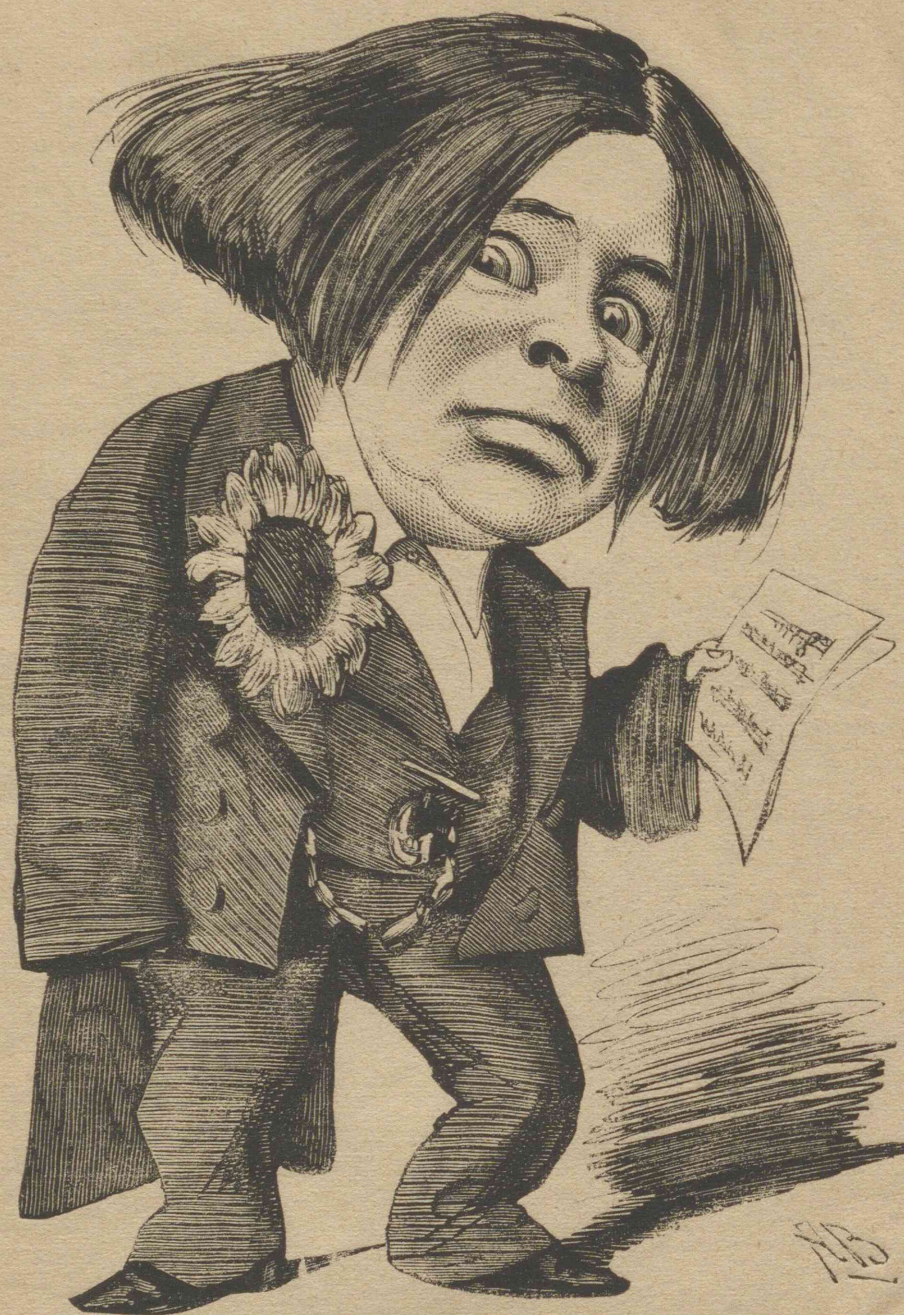
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MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL,
THE JUMBO ÆSTHETE.

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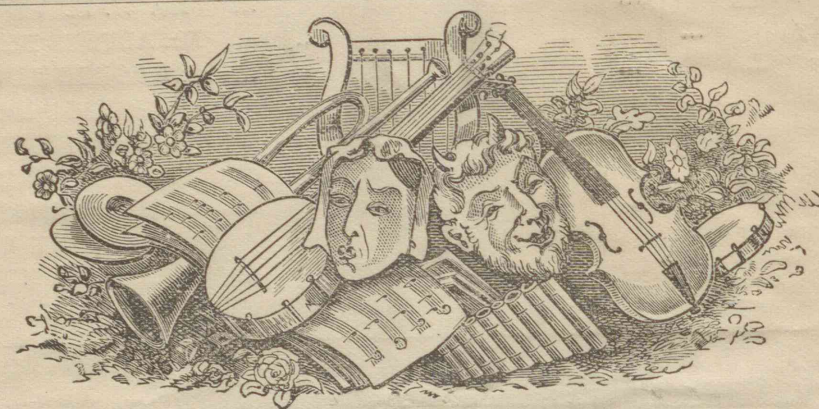
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THE JUMBO ÆSTHETE.

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MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS'

Followed by the New Burlesque, entit'ed

VULCAN

Or, the (H)ammer-ous Blacksmith.

BY E. ROSE AND AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Founded on their Burlesque entitled "Venus."

PRICES:—Orchestra Stalls, 10s. Balcony Stalls—First Row, 6s.; Second and Third Rows, 5s. Fourth Row, 4s. First Circle, 2s. 6d. Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 Guineas.

Refreshment Department under the Management of Mr. H. DODSWORTH.

Box Office Open Daily from 1 to 5. No Booking Fees.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.15. COMMENCE AT 7.50.

ROSSETTI'S LOVE

When G. Briel Dante Rossetti was a boy, he was deeply in love with a young girl, and having a poet's gift he sang a poem, in numerous variations and verses to her. She died young, and by her will the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head so that even in the last sleep they should be as they always had been, kept beneath her pillow. Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writing most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies of them, and what he at all events he could furnish none, and what they asked him to rewrite the verse he declared that he was utterly unable to do so. At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with, the grave which had been sealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering low. Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proven to be of solid platinum, and the poems themselves were unharmed. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death, and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that had made response to that love.

Weekly Sun. Rot

Jan 26 Post
1883. 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 ele-

ments of good, inasmuch as they fostered and encouraged taste. But while he could not too much condemn the conceited cant of aestheticism 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

1	The Lord Robert Brudenell-Bruce.	Rd
	General Sir Henry De Bathe, Bart.	
	The Earl of Ellesmere.	
	Vice-Admiral H.S. H. Prince Leiningen, G.C.B.	Dove
	Colonel Sir Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., K.C.B., M.P.	7.40
	Colonel and Major-General of Cairo, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.	A

THE VINCE CLUB.

The following is the expected list of speakers:—The Archbishop of York, Earl Granville, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Durham, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., the Bishop of Saskatchewan, and Canon Farrar.

THE PUBLIC MEETING in support of the above Memorial will be held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House (by kind permission of the Lord Mayor) THIS DAY (FRIDAY), Jan. 16, at 8 p.m., under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of

Proposed Memorial to Archbishop Tait.

their direct aid to the sufferers, or grants of money to cognate institutions, as may seem best. All branches of the service are liable, the sole condition being service in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are EARNESTLY REQUESTED. Remittances can be sent to Lady Jane Taylor, 16, Eaton-place, S.W.; or to the Hon. Secy, 10, Bedford-square, W.

H.S.H. the Duke of TECK, G.C.B.
The principles of application of the Egyptian War Fund are :—
1. To afford immediate assistance to the families of the killed
in a scale which, though perhaps temporarily small, may yet
represent a great deal of suffering. 2d. To afford such permanent
assistance to the families of the killed, or to disabled men, by
contributing to the purchase of property of permanent value.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., K.C., &c.
H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., K.T., &c.
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.P., &c.
H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, K.G., K.T., &c.
L.R.H. F.M. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief,
K.G., &c.

H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

Opera Glasses can be had on Hire from the Attendants, Is. 6d.

EVERY EVENING the performance will commence, at 7.50, with a
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Major Mungo McTurtle	Mr. ROBERT BROUGH
Talfourd Twigg	Mr. W. H. VERNON
Pownceby	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP
Janaway	Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE
Percy D'Almaine	Mr. GERALD MOORE
Jorrocks	Mr. J. ETTINSON
Mrs. McTurtle	...	(Her First Appearance here)	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE
Rosa Matilda	Miss HOULISTON
Mrs. Pownceby	Miss ANNIE ROBE
Topsey Grey	Miss INEZ D'AGUILAR
Susan	Miss CONSTANCE MAITLAND

Act 1.	-	McTurtle's House at Hampstead.
Act 2.	-	Pownceby's Offices, Lincoln's Inn.
Act 3.	-	Corridor of the Frivolity Theatre.

After which will be produced a Mythological Burlesque, entitled

VULCAN

Or, The (H)ammer-ous Blacksmith,

BY E. ROSE AND AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Founded on their Burlesque of "Venus."

Scenery by BRUCE SMITH. Music selected and arranged by Mr. F. STANISLAUS.
Costumes from Designs by PILOTELL, executed by Messrs. AUGUSTE & CIE. Dances
arranged by Mr. D'AUBAN. Japanese Fans and Properties by LIBERTY and Co.,
of Regent Street.

Vulcan	...	(the first of the Smiths)	Mr. ROBERT BROUGH
Venus	...	(Mrs. Vulcan, a professional Beauty)	Miss NELLIE CLAREMONT
Cupid (their Son, God of Love, &c., a "regular young Turk")	Miss LENA MERVILLE
Psyche (engaged to him, though she does not know his name)	Miss KATE LOVELL
Pluto (God of the Lower Regions, a devil of a fellow)	Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE
Proserpine	...	(his better half)	Miss ANNIE ROBE
Adonis	...	(a bashful young mortal)	Miss LOTTIE HARCOURT
Mars	...	Venus's Cousin, in the Guards)	Miss JULIA VOKINS

The Three Graces	Misses BELLA HILL, RHODA HILL, and LUCY MARION
Juno...	Miss FANNY WINTER
Vesta	Miss AMY WINTER
Endymion	Miss FLORENCE LAMBERT
Pomona	Miss MAY ELMORE
Bacchus	Miss TRIXIE HOWARD
Hebe	Miss MARION JACK
Mercury	Miss MARY STANHOPE
Hesper	Miss M. FALLIERO
Hercules	Mr. STRONGMAN
Gunymede	Miss FLORENCE RIVIERE
Ceres	Miss ANNIE JACK
Apollo	Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE
Neptune	Mr. BRINIE
Minerva	Miss ROSE BUSH
Aurora	Miss FLO VICKERS
Flora	Miss AMY VINCENT
Zephyr	Miss ETHEL HERBERT
Pan	Mr. JOHNSON
Diana	Miss LESLIE BELL
Me'pomene	Miss JENNY BLACK
Thalia	Miss FANNY STANHOPE

Scene 1.	-	Vulcan's Forge in Mount Etna.
Scene 2.	-	The Summit of Mount Libanus.

NOTICE.—In Scene 2 will be introduced the Original

ÆSTHETIC QUADRILLE !

From the *Pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre.*

Invented by Mr. ALFRED GIBBONS: the Dances arranged by M. HENRI DEWINNE, in which
The Messrs. GIRARDS and Mdlles. ALICE HOLT, HARRIETT LAURI, EMILY ALLCROFT,
and ROSA will appear.

Æsthetic Properties and Decorations supplied by LIBERTY & Co., Regent St. W.
Dresses designed by PILOTELL.

Musical Director - - - Mr. F. STANISLAUS

Certain Songs by kind permission of Miss Marie Loftus, Miss Nellie L'Estrange and
Mr. A. G. Vance.

Furniture supplied by LYONS and SONS.

Pianoforte by Messrs. BRINSMEAD and SONS

MORNING PERFORMANCE OF MOTHER-IN-LAW

Followed by the Successful Burlesque of

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In which the Celebrated ÆSTHETIC QUADRILLE will be introduced.

Every Saturday, at 2.15.

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into Wych Street. For Stalls and Balcony Stalls, principal entrance in the Strand, exit
by Strand and Wych Street. For Upper Circle, entrances by Strand, Holywell Street,
and Wych Street, exits Holywell Street and Wych Street. Gallery and Amphitheatre
entrances and exits—Holywell Street and Wych Street.

Stage Manager	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP
Acting Manager	Mr. E. D. GRIFFITHS

COFFEE AND ICES OF THE ATTENDANTS.

This Programme is Perfumed by EUGENE RIMMEL, 96, Strand.

ROSSETTI'S L

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Weekly

ROSSETTI'S LOVE.

When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was a boy, he was deeply in love with a young girl; and having a poet's gift he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head so that even in the last sleep they should be as they always had been, kept beneath her pillow. Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writing most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so. At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and, all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with, the grave which had been sealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering few. Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proven to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death, and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that had made response to that love.

Weekly Sun. Rot.

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 aestheticism 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. Aestheticism, 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 aesthetic 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.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

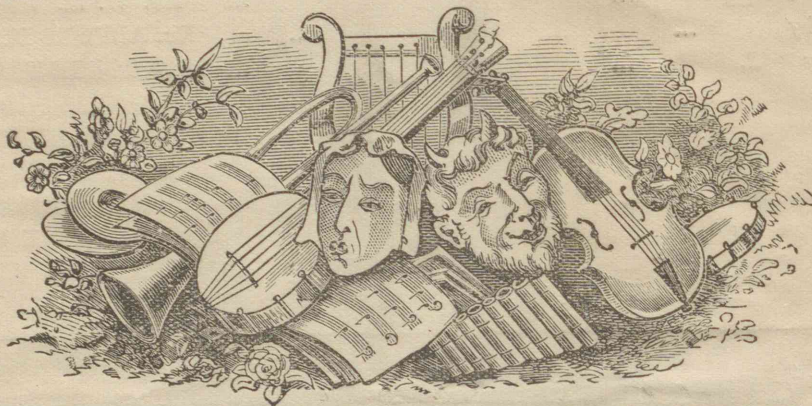
2 May 1882

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL COMFORTING) COCOA.

OPERA COMIQUE

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to MR. R. BARKER, 299, Strand.

MANAGERS ... MESSRS. J. HOLLINGSHEAD & R. BARKER



EVERY EVENING, a Frivolous Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS

Followed by the New Burlesque, entitled

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Or, the (H)ammer-ous Blacksmith.

BY E. ROSE AND AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Founded on their Burlesque entitled "Venus."

PRICES:—Orchestra Stalls, 10s. Balcony Stalls—First Row, 6s.; Second and Third Rows, 5s. Fourth Row, 4s. First Circle, 2s. 6d. Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 Guineas.

Refreshment Department under the Management of Mr. H. DODSWORTH.

BOX OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM 1 TO 5. NO BOOKING FEES.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.15. COMMENCE AT 7.50.

Opera Glasses can be had on hire from the Attendants, 1s. 6d.

EVERY EVENING the performance will commence, at 7.50, with a
Frivolous Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled

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BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

Major Mungo McTurtle	Mr. ROBERT BROUGH
Talfourd Twigg	Mr. W. H. VERNON
Pownceby	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP
Janaway	Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE
Percy D'Almaine	Mr. GERALD MOORE
Jorrocks	Mr. J. ETTINSON
Mrs. McTurtle	...	(Her First Appearance here)	...	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE
Rosa Matilda	Miss HOULISTON
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