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Oscar Wilde Scrapbook

Vol. 1

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But there is no end of Christmas preaching and exhorting, nor of its touching and tender traditions and literature, nor of its humanising influences, nor, let us hope, of its gifts, and good wishes, and tables, and trees, and bursting stockings, and pennies for the poor little boys who ring at the door to wish a timid and shivering merry Christmas, and turkeys for those who do not daily dine upon poultry, and better dinners in the prisons, and chimes in the steeples, and the bellringers and rude waits which are heard in the country. And when the eve of the blessed day comes, or upon its evening, when the tired children sleep—the children, Mr. John, who make it Christmas all the year round—then break up the coal into a blaze, and open your Milton, and read aloud *the* hymn to Mrs. John. It is an old ceremony, but it is as good as new; and by-and-by when you, Mr. John, and the dear woman who was sitting upon the floor gravely taking tea before breakfast, and this old Easy Chair, and all the parents and grandparents who welcomed this Christmas are gone, Master Jack will read the hymn to a still younger Mrs. John, and when he has repeated the words:

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George gives her the set for a Christmas present. She then discovers it will look entirely out of place with their modern grate. So the grate is changed—

—into a fire-place. Of course it then becomes necessary to buy a few vases, jars, bric-à-brac, etc., in order to furnish and set off the fire-place.

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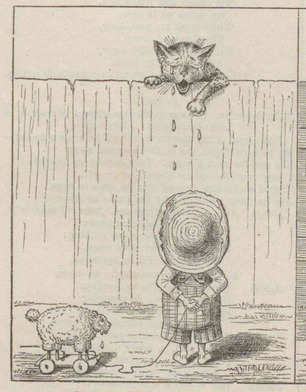
GEORGE.—"But I miss the warm grate; the jars and bric-à-brac are in the way; the polished floor is cold; and these horrid chairs are uncomfortable."

ARABELLA.—"Uncomfortable! Why, George, you shouldn't think of that. You must remember these furnishings are *antique, artistic,* and FASHIONABLE.

IN the region of the Pacific, and particularly in the State of Nevada, strangers, and sometimes old settlers, are taken in and cheated in the most surprising manner by purchasing claims, or feet in ledges of rock commonly known as Quartz Ledges. The sellers do not always keep truth on their side; hence there is frequent grumbling on the part of purchasers. A man who had been bitten in this way became very wroth, and recommended to the State authorities of Nevada that they should adopt the Irish flag as the coat of arms for the State. "Why should we do so?" inquired one of the officials. "Because," replied the indignant purchaser of worthless rock, "a sham-rock and a lyre (liar) are the true symbols for *your* coat of arms."



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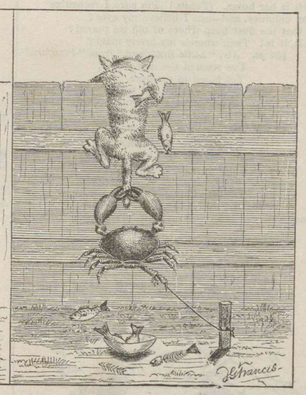

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IL JACOBI.

A BURLESQUE OPERETTA. IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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Lucy Ann, *the fair maiden of his choice.*
Sophronia, *a young lady of fortune and feeling.*

SCENE I.

A Street. Enter Jacobi, *his blacking-boxes, etc., slung over one shoulder, a huge bouquet in one hand. Struts across the stage. Pauses.*

Jacobi. At last! at last! my native land, good-night!—
I mean, good-morning! Years have taken flight
Since I, departing, sought a wider sphere,
And customers whom fate denied me here.
The goal is won. Now I'm a millionaire.
This well-earned fortune 'tis my wish to share
With one dear girl, my own, my early love,
My Lucy Ann, sweet gentle little dove!
This is her home. [*Points.*] I'm sure I recognize
Yon chimney, and—can I believe my eyes?
Is that the dust heap where of old we played?
It is, it is! Then where's my lovely maid?
[*Sings. Air, "Little Buttercup," from "Pinafore."*
I've roamed the world over,
Yet failed to discover
A maiden as sweet and true;
Now homeward returning,
My fond heart is burning
With ardor my treasure to view.

Once sure of this treasure,
I'll make it my pleasure
To grant every wish of her heart;
Her boots shall be shining,
No care or repining
In Lucy Ann's life shall have part.
Lucy Ann *springs out and courtesies to audience. Tableau.*

Jacobi. She comes! she comes! Fond heart, thy flutterings still!
Lucy. Ha! hist! 'tis he! I'll faint—I won't—I *will!*
[*Staggers.*
Ho! water! air! some smelling-salts! a fan!
I'm coming to; but, oh! your Lucy Ann
Is sensitive, my love. I can not bear
Rude shocks; and you have given me *such* a scare!
[*Pants. Puts her hand on her heart.*
Jacobi (*sadly*). I am a wretch—I know it—thus to fright
My Lucy Ann. Am I forgiven quite?
Lucy (*sings. Air, "Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow"*).
Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow;
Forget thy brushes for a while.
Hath Lucy's voice no magic now?
Is there no spell in Lucy's smile?
Once on my feet thy polish shone;
Thy blacking was so very black!
Ah! then thy heart was all my own:
Jacobi, wouldst thou take it back?
Jacobi (*weeping*). This is too much of muchness! Let me shed
One filial tear upon thy beauteous head!
[*Bends over her. She shrinks back.*
Lucy. No, weep no more. And, hark! my mother calls:
'Tis time for me to sweep my native halls.
I'll hie me to my well-worn broom—'tis late—
And meet you in the candy shop at eight.
Jacobi. 'Tis well; and I shall count the lagging hours.
Meanwhile let me present you with these flowers—
An emblem of your lover fond and true.
Lucy (*taking flowers, and pressing them to her heart*).
How sweet! how green! Yes, I shall think of *you*
Each moment gazing on their verdant hue.
Jacobi (*kisses her hand, points off the stage, and speaks*).
The heat, my love, increases fast;
And down your area steps just passed
A youth, who bore, as in a vise,
A glorious lump of gleaming ice.
And as that stalwart form I saw,
One magic word I murmured o'er—
Mint-juleps!
Lucy (*sings. Air, "Last rose of summer"*).
'Tis the best drink for summer,
'Twill cool thy warm brow;
'Tis cheap and refreshing,
Go drink of it now.
While thou art partaking,
Thy Lucy, at home,
Will quaff the mild lager,
All pearly with foam.
[*They embrace, and depart in opposite directions.*

SCENE II.

A bank parlor. Sophronia Skeggs *discovered looking at some large books. Sighs deeply.*
Sophronia. Alas! the truth will all be known to-day—
My father's flight, the millions stolen away.
Yet not for that I weep. That would be naught:
I only tremble lest he should be *caught.*
They'd make him pay as sure as eggs is eggs,
And poverty would blight the name of *Skeggs!*
[*Sings. Air, "A many years ago," from "Pinafore."*]
Afar from friends and home
My father's steps are tending:
While he abroad doth roam,
His millions I'll be spending.
Enter Jacobi *unperceived. He sings.*
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Good-by, my daughter dear,
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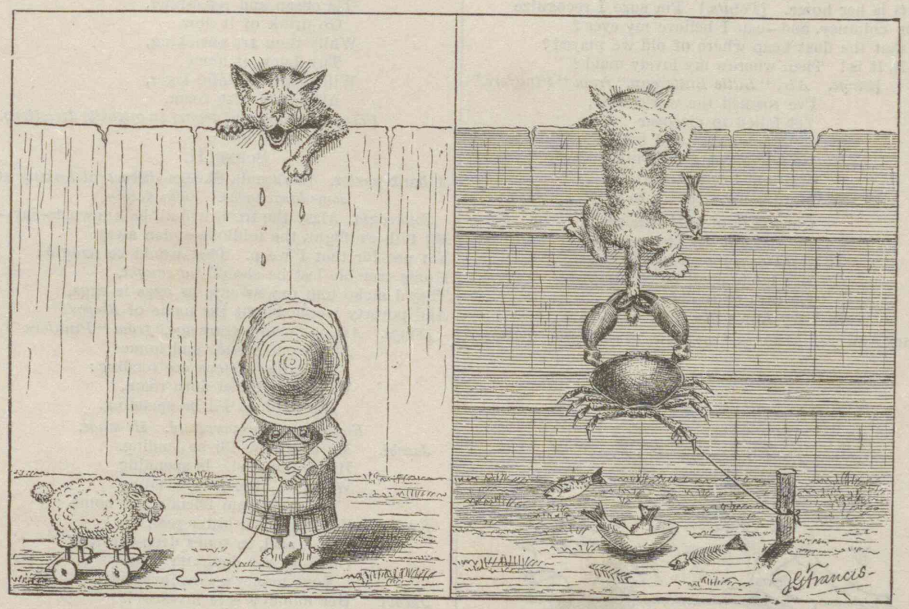

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THE GOD AND THE DAMOSEL.

By A. C. Sinburn.

THE GOD.

LOOK in my face, and know me who I am.
I smite and save; I bless, and, lo, I damn.
Incline thine head, thy browless brow incline;
I touch thee, and I tap thee, and proclaim,
For ever and for ever thou art mine!

O long as grief, and leaner than desire!
O sweet retreating breasts and amorous-kissing knees!
O grace and goodliness of strait attire!
O robe of them who sport in summer seas.

By these, and by the eyelids of thine eyes,
Ringed round with darkness, swollen weeper-wise,
By these I know thee; these are for a sign,
Surer, yea, even than thy most splendid size
Of spreaden hands: I know thee, thou art mine.

THE DAMOSEL.

Master and lord, I know thee who thou art;
Lo, and with homage of the stricken heart,
I hail thee, I adore thee, and obtest:
I am thine own, I know no better part;
Do with me, master, as thee seemeth best.

O loose as thought and bodiless as dream!
O globular grand eyes, a bane of maidenhood!
O miracle of tunic-folds, that seem
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By these, and by the crown thy temples wear,
Holy, a cauline flower of wondrous hair;
By thy red mouth, a bow without a chord,
And shaftless, yea, but deadly, O most fair,
I knew thee, and I know thee for my lord!

THE GOD.

Ay, now the flicker of a nauseate smile
Bestirs thy cheek and wan lips imbecile;
Thy pale plucked blossom droops; its day is done.

THE DAMOSEL.

Nay, let me deck my bosom therewithal,
It were ill-ominous to let it fall,
The faithful mistress of Hyperion Sun.

THE GOD.

Stoop thou, what ails thee, child, to shudder? stoop and brush
Hair with tow-towzled hair, that for a space
I breathe my godhead through thy thirsting veins, and flush
The soft submalar hollows of thy face,
And thrill thee, crown to sole, till that in downward rush
Of eager ecstasy with fair flat feet thou crush
The beetle, Virtue, in the lowly place.

THE DAMOSEL.

Ah, master and lord, I feel it; the wind of thy fierce delight,
Hell-hot as the blast from the furnace, sea-cold as a gust of the sea.
O deaf blind Love, that art deaf as a poker and blind as the night!
O my flushed faint cheeks and my chin! O mine eye and the elbow of me!

I bow to thy might, O my lord, to the keen blown breath of thy lips,
With a loathing of love that longs, and a longing of love that loathes,
With shiver of angular shoulders, and shake of invisible hips,
As boweth the light slight stake in the torture of wind-whirled clothes!

Thou hast rent me enough, O Divine! . . and behold, thou stayest thine hand,
And leavest me crushed as a reed, that I wot not whether I tread
Upon Earth, our holy old mother, with feet down-pressing, or stand
Inverse, in a fearless new fashion, uplift on my passionate head!

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In *The World* Christmas Number, 1879, there was an exquisite satire on Mr. Burne Jones's art entitled "The God and the Damosel"; it was accompanied by the following verses, and a prose criticism (too long to quote in full) written in imitation of the intensely Æsthetic jargon familiar to the frequenters of the Grosvenor Gallery. To fully appreciate the poem and the criticism, the picture by Mr. E. B. T. Burnt Bones should be seen, once seen it can never be forgotten.

THE GOD AND THE DAMOSEL.

By A. C. Sinburn.

THE GOD.

LOOK in my face, and know me who I am.
I smite and save; I bless, and, lo, I damn.
Incline thine head, thy browless brow incline;
I touch thee, and I tap thee, and proclaim,
For ever and for ever thou art mine!

O long as grief, and leaner than desire!
O sweet retreating breasts and amorous-kissing knees!
O grace and goodliness of strait attire!
O robe of them who sport in summer seas.

By these, and by the eyelids of thine eyes,
Ringed round with darkness, swollen weeper-wise,
By these I know thee; these are for a sign,
Surer, yea, even than thy most splendid size
Of spreaden hands: I know thee, thou art mine.

THE DAMOSEL.

Master and lord, I know thee who thou art;
Lo, and with homage of the stricken heart,
I hail thee, I adore thee, and obtest:
I am thine own, I know no better part;
Do with me, master, as thee seemeth best.

O loose as thought and bodiless as dream!
O globular grand eyes, a bane of maidenhood!
O miracle of tunic-folds, that seem
Self-balanced, firm, a glory of carven wood!

By these, and by the crown thy temples wear,
Holy, a cauline flower of wondrous hair;
By thy red mouth, a bow without a chord,
And shaftless, yea, but deadly, O most fair,
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COX AND BOX AT BERLIN.

HERR VON BENNIGSEN and Herr VON LUDWIG, Members of the Prussian Parliament, quarrelled. So Herr von BENNIGSEN immediately took the part of *Cox*, while Herr von LUDWIG chose that of *Box*. In MADDISON MORTON'S immortal farce this bit of dialogue will be remembered:—

Von Bennigsen Cox. Can you fight?
Von Ludwig Box. No.
Von Bennigsen Cox. Then come on!

But *Von Ludwig Box* would not come on, "on political grounds," which are doubtless more pleasant to come on than the "ground." But, inspired by the success of his rival, *Von Ludwig Box* asked *Von Bennigsen Cox* to come on, who would not, however, "fight a man who had so lowered himself by his conduct." To *Von Bennigsen Cox* is to be given a grand dinner. What *Von Ludwig Box* is to receive we do not yet know, but we should suggest a dinner also. And then these fiery men of the sword might join together, in the tag of *Bombastes Furioso*, slightly adapted from the English:—

"It were better far
Thus to end all sorrow;
And, if some folks please,
We'll *dine* again to-morrow."

The Fourth Party.

LORD RANDOLPH, of Woodcock, in his recent speeches, has generally alluded to himself representing the party as "We." An Hon. Member suggested that another "e" to the pronoun would make the description perfect. The "*Wee* Party."

MARKED MEN.

How to deal with Obstructionists in future—Boycott 'em?—No, Brand 'em.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 19.

COLONEL HENDERSON.

SOLO.

AIR—"*The little wee Dog.*"

Oh where and Oh where is the little Burglar?
Oh where on earth can he be?
With his hair cropped short, who is all night long
Committing some bur-gla-*ree?*
Chorus of Merry Men. Oh where and Oh where, &c.

RECENT MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

AT the Royal Institution a few days ago, Professor EDWARD A. SCHAFER, commencing a course of lectures on "The Blood," delivered an instructive discourse, in which he mentioned that a German Professor, whom, however, he did not name, "had found that if the blood of an animal were removed, and the blood-vessels filled with milk, or a weak solution of salt, the animal continued to live without apparent inconvenience." Wonderful, if true; for how it was that when the blood of an animal had been removed for the purpose of replacing it with milk or brine, the animal did not die from being bled to death before the brine or the milk could be injected, requires to be explained; but if a learned physiologist ascertained the fact, it must be all right, of course.

In the Second of Professor SCHAFER'S lectures, "the method of measuring the diameters of blood-corpuscles was explained according to the processes of Mr. GULLIVER and Professor VÖLCHER." After having pondered the previous statement about the substitution of milk or salt-and-water for blood in a living animal, it is difficult to suppress the suggestion that the Christian name of the former of those two gentlemen of science was, perhaps, LEMUEL, and that the processes in which he co-operated with the latter were possibly conducted in a laboratory at Laputa. Nevertheless, no doubt the results of their scientific labours are all right.

AN IM-PUGH-TATION.—Mr. PUGH'S Amendment to the Protection of Life in Ireland Bill was rejected last Thursday by a considerable majority. It was in fact "pugh-pugh'd" by the House.

MY KIRBY GREEN.

(*"London Gazette" ballad, sung with great success by the Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.*)

"To be ordinary Member of the Third Class, or Companion of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, WILLIAM KIRBY GREEN, Esq., Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Montenegro, and Consul-General in Albania."—*London Gazette, February* 8.

MOST *odd* now, that I should quite forget him!
But, *what* has he said,—or done,—or been?
I must have remembered, had I met him,—
A man with a name like KIRBY GREEN!
Quite odd! for its ring is so suggestive,
"Matches"? or "Blacking"? or, have I seen
Those words affixed to a new "Digestive"?
Where have I met my KIRBY GREEN?

Ah! wait a moment!—I think I've got it!—
A farce I once saw played at the Strand;
There was "Derby Green"—no, no, that's not it—
Stay! Isn't there 'KIRBY GREEN's Stringed Band?"
Or, didn't he write *The Mighty Dollar?*
Haven't I bought his Sewing Machine?
I haven't? Well, here's a third-class collar
To grace the neck of my KIRBY GREEN!

RIDDLE.—Why was Lord BYRON a humane father?—Because he never beat his *Childe Harold*.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF BURGLARS.

"That burglary should have grown to the dimensions of a Science, is a disagreeable feature in modern civilisation."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE Chairman, and President of the Association, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD SIKES, in opening the proceedings, said that he hoped they would all make themselves at home. As a matter of fact, they generally *did*—("*Hear! Hear!*")—whether in their own particular kens—he begged pardon, Clubs,—the pantry of the retired tradesman—he meant, of course, retired *for the night*,—or the dining-room of the slumbering Peer. (*Laughter.*) He trusted they would pass the champagne freely—it came, without permission, from the cellar of a titled *connoisseur*,—and cut away at the Cabañas, of a brand which some of them would remember having smoked for the first time during the small hours in the Conservatory of Cumbermore House. (*A laugh.*) Burgling had become a Fine Art; its study was a branch of the higher education about which we now heard so much. Burgling had now its mechanics, its diplomacy, and its æsthetics.

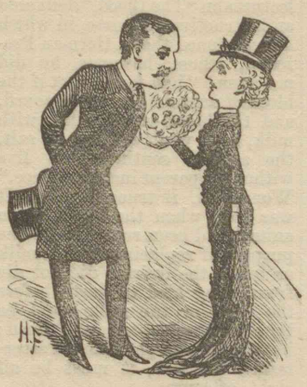
Mr. SMASHEM said he agreed with every blooming word—he begged pardon, every opinion—which their Chairman had uttered. The method of FAGIN was as obsolete as flint-locks. Culture and the revolver were the order of the day, or rather the night. A Burglar who didn't know Blue Chelsea from common crockery, or couldn't tell a Rembrandt from a Whistler, wasn't worth his salt. A Housebreaker now must be a *Virtuoso* also. ("*Hear! hear!*")

Mr. CHARLES BATES said that important as was virtuosity to the aspiring Burglar, diplomacy was more so. Law, of course, was a

"THE COLONEL" IN A NUT-SHELL.

A Philistine and Maudle visit the Prince of Wales's.

I WENT to see *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's, and I took MAUDLE with me. I had some trouble in persuading him to accompany me, for at first he flatly refused to go to any theatre but the Lyceum, but at last he consented. Then another difficulty arose,—should he take his lily with him. I had heard something about the play, so I said decidedly not, and consoling himself with the reflection that the night air might not agree with the "precious" thing, and bidding it an affectionate adieu, we set out for Mr. EDGAR BRUCE'S Theatre in Tottenham Street.



NUTS ON THE COLONEL.

Here is the story of the play. A *Mr. Forrester*, physically strong, but morally weak, is married to a charming wife. But, unhappily, that lady, under the guidance of her mother, *Lady Tompkins*, has fallen a victim to Æstheticism. So *Forrester's* house is decorated according to the prevailing mania, with hangings in "art-colours" and sunflowers, plates and pottery, and mediæval furniture; his wife and mother-in-law appear as "arrangements" in brick-red and sage-green, and even attire his poor little sister in peacock-blue, while they religiously endeavour to live up to their hawthorn china. And that is not all. The presiding genius of the house is a Professor of Æsthetics, a certain *Lambert Streyke*, who is, to the eyes of all but his dupes, a ghastly old humbug; while with him is his nephew, *Basil Giorgione*, once a chemist's assistant, but now a painter. *B. G.* has executed a work of art, which hangs in the place of honour, and I can only say it is so deliciously like the anatomical curiosities of Mr. BURNE-JONES, that it ought to be secured at all hazards for the Grosvenor Gallery. This "Arrangement in Gold" is, I have heard, the work of a rising young artist—Mr. PADGETT—*not* an Æsthete. When we saw all this on the stage MAUDLE was delighted; he echoed the language of the play, declared it was "quite too utter," and regretted he had not brought his lily.

"ARS LONGA."

Meanwhile, we saw poor *Forrester's* misery, when, to his great joy, in comes his old friend, *Colonel Wood*, of the U.S. Cavalry, and this gentleman at once sees how the land lies, sums up *Mr. Streyke* in an instant, and determines to save his friend from this intolerable bondage. At first, however, victory remains with *Mr. Streyke* and his infatuated disciples, for while *Forrester* is very anxious that his friend should stay with him, *Lady Tompkins* determines to get rid of the Philistine, and the obedient wife, though sorely against her will, allows the *Colonel* to be sent to an hotel. So ends the First Act in which the tone of Æsthetic society is preserved with such satirical fidelity that it made me shudder and delighted MAUDLE, who wildly proposed "two lilies and a split soda," if that refreshment were attainable: which, happily, was not the case.

"CONSUMMATE!"

In the Second Act we are in a very different atmosphere. Here, on a fourth floor flat, furnished with a total disregard for Æsthetic principles, lives pretty *Mrs. Blyth*, a gay widow, who wins all hearts, and with whom we discover that *Mr. Forrester*, calling himself *Fisher*, is flirting outrageously. He introduces the *Colonel* to *Mrs. Blyth*, and it turns out they are old lovers separated through a misunderstanding; and it was, indeed, to seek out the lady that the American came to Europe. Then occurs an alarming complication. *Mrs. Forrester* arrives to enlist *Mrs. Blyth's* co-operation in an Æsthetic scheme, is followed by her mother and *Mr. Streyke*, and discovers her husband, whom she had supposed to have started for the country, and the Act winds up on a telling situation.

AN OLIVE AND A LITTLE PICKLE.

Third Act. *Streyke* and his nephew fall out, and we hear of a bill run up by the pair for all sorts of luxuries at a neighbouring restaurant, while they pretend to live on the contemplation of lilies. *Mrs. Forrester* has appealed to the *Colonel*, who hoists *Streyke* with his own petard, opens *Lady Tompkins's* eyes, reconciles husband and wife, is accepted by *Mrs. Blyth*, arranges an impromptu carpet dance after the fashion of an American "Surprise," when the ladies return to the garments of civilisation, and the play winds up merrily with the discomfiture of the Æsthete, and the triumph of common sense.

MAUDLE was, and is, very angry. He sat in sulky silence until the end, and then the inextinguishable laughter roused him into speech. He said he considered the Author a person of no culture, a Philistine of the Philistines, wholly destitute of sweetness and light and of any feeling for what is most precious in Art. I have shown this to MAUDLE, who admits it is a fair account of the piece, but adds, that he wonders the brain did not curdle within the cranium of the perpetrator of such an outrage. As he quitted the theatre he sighed out, "We are not *all* Impostors." I at once admitted the truth of this remark, as certainly MAUDLE ought to know of some exceptions. Then he glided homewards, and comforted himself with cold lily and Mr. PATER.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

The acting is admirable. Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY and Miss MYRA HOLME, as *Lady Tompkins* and *Mrs. Forrester*, have caught the postures and trick of speech of the School to the life; while Miss AMY ROSELLE'S *Mrs. Blyth*, and Miss GRAHAME'S *Nellie*, were bright and pleasant performances. Mr. COGHLAN'S *Colonel* is a masterly performance: he shows us an American gentleman, not a vulgar caricature of a soldier in the U.S. army, and gave every line with telling effect. Mr. FERNANDEZ created a *Streyke* out of his own inner consciousness, which made MAUDLE wild. Mr. ROWLAND BUCKSTONE was amusing as *Basil Giorgione;* while Mr. HERBERT was a very fresh and manly representative of *Mr. Forrester*.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH'S Æsthetic interiors are of a truth "consummately precious," and the Æsthetes, on the whole seemed to have rather the best of it in dress and decoration. That, indeed, was MAUDLE'S opinion, and I am bound to believe him, though I am only

A PHILISTINE.

No. 59. 72 × 43.

No. 59. "*The Beguiling of Merlin.*" E. Burne-Jones.

No. 59. 72 × 43.

No. 59. "*The Beguiling of Merlin.*" E. BURNE-JONES.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY,

IN ILLUSTRATIONS OF PRINCE LEOPOLD'S MARRIAGE AT OXFORD;

ESHER, THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRIDE AND GROOM;

LANDS FOR

EMIGRATION TO THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

week, or 103*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum. This at ten years' purchase would be 1,007*l.* per room, or for an eight-roomed house, such as he would buy, 8,056*l.* Limited as a gift, the sum of 6,000*l.* Limited to Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company have purchased from the Metropolitan Board of Works nearly two acres of ground in Islington and the borough, which has been cleared under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, and building for the accommodation of 1,400 persons will be forthwith commenced.

SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society took place on Saturday, at the Hanover-square. The chair was taken by Professor W. H. Flower, LL.D., F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., and there was a good attendance. The report stated that, in the year 1881, but the buildings and walks had been kept in good repair, and several of the former buildings had been repaired and painted. The principal additions made had been in the insect-house, which had been almost wholly rebuilt, and the butterflies and other insects during the season. The report then alluded to the railway project, which had been proposed to pass through the gardens, and stated that the Council were prepared to offer on the part of the Society to the Commissioners of Public Works, if they thought fit to insist upon in the Regent's Canal through the Society's gardens, the same terms as were acceded to. The number of visitors to the Society's gardens in 1881 had been 618,694, against 675,979 in 1880. The zoological lectures having been well attended during the year would be continued during the present year. Opinions will be asked for and forwarded to the Council of the Society by the Government in England and Wales on a question which they draw attention to the question now agitating the public mind as to the reform of the local government of London. It is requested that the rules of art, and, gentlemen, with them is our chief concern, a breath of wholesome life is breathed forth by those who look to the life of the nation. Not least is this aim visible I rejoice to note amongst the sculptors. Those who glance at the display of works of sculpture in the more seemly setting which we have now provided for them cannot but be impressed with the growth of the school, and the Council of the Academy, as well as the Chantrey trust of the powerful bronze by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. I have alluded to the more seemly housing of our sculpture, but this much needed change has not been this year without its drawbacks. A hundred redundant ground remains to be filled with paintings, and I hope that, if more space be secured, the Council will be enabled to do so. I was

pessimistic, my Lords and Gentlemen.—It is too late at night to inquire why what process of selection—certainly not that of the fittest—the President has come down so low on the roll of his guests as to call on an old lawyer to return thanks for a set of men numbering among them persons of the highest eminence in their respective callings, and whose general cause the good of mankind and the lifting up and enlightening of life should be things for which all great artists must labour, and that artist must feel when he comes to die that he has failed if the world is not the better for his art. And as I am privileged to call upon you, my fellow-guests, to drink to the health of the Chair, I will say that as long as you fill the chair the standard that will be set will be a high standard, the aim will be lofty, the principles of judgment will be unbending and severe. (Cheers.) We can see what Sir F. Leighton can do as a great painter. A great many years ago a Greek canon, Hyperides, when on a charge of impiety, recommended her to appear unrobed before her judges, and she won her cause. Sir F. Leighton (Lord Coleridge here pointed to a picture on the walls) has made his appeal to his judges; he has dressed his figure, and he will win his cause—a cause which, I hope, he will win in the chair of the Academy as he ought to sit, not only as an orator, as a man of the world, as a scholar, and as a gentleman, but as a great painter—as the legitimate above all, old Reynolds. (Loud cheers.) The toast was drunk with all the honours.

The Pingmaker, in responding, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Dean Stanley and those Academicians who have passed away within the year, and concluded by saying:—I think it is impossible to look round these walls without feeling that we are grey as to the direction of the energies of our school, and on that subject I will not touch or trench to-night; but this is certain, that amongst the eager youth who throng concern), a breath of wholesome life is breathed forth by those who look to the life of the nation. Not least is this aim visible I rejoice to note amongst the sculptors. Those who glance at the display of works of sculpture in the more seemly setting which we have now provided for them cannot but be impressed with the growth of the school, and the Council of the Academy, as well as the Chantrey trust of the powerful bronze by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. I have alluded to the more seemly housing of our sculpture, but this much needed change has not been this year without its drawbacks. A hundred redundant ground remains to be filled with paintings, and I hope that, if more space be secured, the Council will be enabled to do so. I was

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

This is an unusually good exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Some artists do themselves more justice than in their works displayed at the Academy, and some amateurs, Miss Tennant for example, show that they have little to fear in a competition with artists. Then we have pictures, as usual, by painters who do not exhibit side by side with the comic performances of certain Academician and Associates, and the pictures are easily seen and well hung. Perhaps it is fair, before taking the works in order, to call attention to Mr. Nettleship's very striking and dramatic work, "A Dirge in the Desert" (31). Neither Mr. Riviere nor Sir Edwin Landseer has excelled (in our opinion) the pathos and the naturalness of this picture. The dying lioness, bleeding to death from a hurt in the neck, has trailed herself to a little pool in the desert, which she is lapping eagerly. A tiny lion cub drinks from the stream red with his mother's blood, some of the other cubs show a little more natural feeling, and the lion roars his dirge over his mate. The group stands out against the sky as in the Homeric simile, one of the many passages from the life of lions in which the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" abound. Returning to the entrance of the West Gallery, we remark Mr. Whistler's "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" (2), in which the yellow lights seem perhaps somewhat too strong for the general tone of the Nocturne. Mr. Bartlett's "Loading Corn" (5) is an interesting picture of Irish peasant life, when the tenant is not shooting at a lady or boycotting some neighbour who pays rent. Mr. E. B. Browning's "Labour" (6), a big, blooming, peasant woman carrying a burden of some green stuff, has more force than beauty. Mr. Cecil Lawson's fine "Road to Monaco" (9) slightly idealises a beautiful dip in a road which has been shamefully spoiled by the stone and lime of Monte Carlo. Mr. George Howard is successful in his olive gardens (15), and we have already said, in speaking of the Old Water Colour Society, that we cannot appreciate Mr. Duncan's coarse "Circe" (19). Miss Dorothy Tennant has great power of flesh-painting, displayed herein the finely modelled "Siren" (23) who is making her toilette between the blue sea and the cold rocks. The "Odyssey," too, furnishes Mr. Padgett with a subject, Odysseus leaving the isle of Circe (28) the craft he calls in being deeply interesting to all translators of that hard passage (V. 246-261), which Mr. Warre has proved, we think, to indicate a raft, not a ship. But we do not understand whence the blazing red light is projected on Odysseus. Mr. Cecil Lawson's "Storm-Cloud" (30), with its "brown tree" just where Sir George Beaumont would have had it, is one of the finest landscapes of the year, and reminds us at once of Constable and Gainsborough. Mr. E. R. Morris somewhat recalls the sentiment if not the manner of Frederick Walker by his "Passing the Bridge" (32), which has a certain symbolism in the figures of the old woman and boy and the distant lovers. Mr. Helseuth's "Shooter's Hill, Pangbourne" (33), with its silvery greys and greens, and sense of air and space, is one of the artist's finest works. The white donkey is good, and the conception of the chief figure original, in Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Una" (34). A queer, bright revival of old Italian style is exhibited (35) by Mr. Spencer Stanhope. Mr. Walter Crane is as delicately clever as usual in the decorative details of his picture of the Angel and Fate, an illustration of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The allegorical figures are also passionate and impressive. Mr. James Payn has little in common with the melancholy Eastern Epicurean, and Mr. Lehmann has painted a speaking, not to say jesting, likeness of him (37) next Mr. Crane's allegory. Mr. Burne Jones's a pleasing landscape (41), and Mr. Macbeth sends the usual pretty woman and collie (47). Of Mr. Whistler's "Harmonies," a clever portrait of Mrs. H. B. Meux (48) is the most harmonious. Mr. Fahey sends a delightfully "restful" landscape, "Wroxham Broad" (49). Mr. Story has tried to paint a realistic "entombment" (51), a clever though necessarily painful group. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Zeyra" (53) is a charming little brown girl, in a purple hood. Mr. Alma-Tadema shows us a piece of Roman *genre*, very bright and archæological (54), with the details of the accustomed excellence; and a masterly study of Marc Antony, a portrait of the German player, Herr Barnay (55). Mr. Richmond's "Prometheus rescued by Hercules" (57) is a large and dark composition. Hercules, too slim a figure for the strong man, is aiming an arrow upwards at the eagle, Prometheus is resting in the first delicious relief from pain. They are on a cliff of Caucasus above the sea. We do not care for Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Torch Dance" (60). His "Audience" (61) is a study of female heads, one being more beautiful than we commonly find women in his art. Mr. Burne Jones's "Lamia" (62) is a small highly-finished study of the mournful maiden in deep red, contemplating with a sad presentiment the building of her brazen tower. White Tuscan oxen make a light in the grey grove in Mr. Leemon's "Under the Olives." Observe the Virgilian plough (66). What is a *scherzo* ? (67). We hope there are few in nature and that Mr. Whistler will introduce no more into art. This *scherzo* is in blue, and reminds one of the "fever in green," which Shilly said he got leaving Henri IV. Why should not Mr. Whistler paint a fever in green? If we might choose a landscape to live with, it would be Mr. North's "Autumn Days" (71), the finest of all his studies of the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness. But surely the woman nearest the spectator is disproportionately small. The Princess Louise has never exhibited anything so strong, and so full of rich harmonies and cleverly-wrought textures as her "Portrait" (73) of a dark handsome lady, herself an artist. Mr. Boughton has rather too much of a peculiar greenish grey in his portrait of Mrs. Priestley in a melancholy Scotch Autumn Landscape (75). Mr. Hunt's "Stylobat Pass" (76) is an admirable study of the noble curves of a dark valley between frowning hills, overhung by the beautiful sweeping folds of a showery cloud. This is a picture which suggests melancholy cadences of music, and tranquilises the mind from out of painting into the borders of another art. It is impossible not to notice, and we fear difficult to approve of, Mr. Richmond's towering portrait of Mr. Gladstone (77). Hard, robust, scornfully conscious to that statesman, why paint him in red? Mr. Millais's group of "The Children of Mrs. Bairett" is as good as its "Dorothy Thorpe," in all but the slight casual allusions of an overblown rose in the hands of one of the children (82). Mr. Holman Hunt's "Miss Elamborough" (89) is a work of wonderfully conscientious force, and if this way is the true way of art, is a masterpiece. But we venture to doubt whether this is the true way, for every colour in the picture is screaming at the top of its voice. We "do not see nature like that," is the critic told Turner, and if Mr. Hunt replied, like Turner, "Don't you wish you did?" we can conscientiously answer that we are very glad we don't. Mr. Stuart Wortley sends an intensely clever study of Miss Rachel Sassoon (91), a very dark lady in green velvet. Mr. Napier Hemy "has done it at last, so to speak, with his masterly study of crowded houses on a hill, green water, and shipping in Oporto" (100), an impeccable landscape. Mrs. John Collier is successful in everything except, perhaps, the perspective of the floor, in her "Rehearsal," little girls in dark frocks, rehearsing in a theatrical attic (103); Mr. Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold" (106) is like Albert Smith's "Study of Cologne Cathedral at Midnight." In the East Gallery are Mr. Richmond's interesting portraits of Mr. Browning and Mr. W. Morris (112, 114), the latter with more humour in his face than we find in his poetry. Mr. Halle's "Nora Creena" is a charming girl with loose hair (118). Mr. Watts represents the "Dove that returned not again." The Dove is up a tree, with a waste of waters all round it, and tempts one to discuss myths of the Deluge. But space forbids. In Mr. Crane's beautiful grey "Dunstanborough Castle" (133) we miss some architectural details which the tower, we think, presents. Mr. Burne Jones's "Tree of Forgiveness" is a second study of a picture exhibited long ago at the old Water Colour Society, and represents, we know not why, by a modest contemporary. The almond tree, in Greece, was Phyllis, a deserted maiden, metamorphosed, like Myrrha, by the gods. Demophoon, her lover, passed by, consuming in remorse, and the tree blossomed into Phyllis. This strange topic is handled in the style to which Mr. Jones has accustomed us, and both the merits and defects, or what seem defects, will be appreciated by the friendly and the Philistine. In "Persons and Graces" (145), Mr. Jones has wisely illustrated the *méréchen*, not the statelier myth, and Perseus is more like a Scandinavian boy than a young Greek demigod. That aspect of Mr. Jones's art in which he seems an inspired vision painter on a large scale is represented by the wonderful detail and really opalescent play of colour of "The Feast of Peleus" (157). We may complain that Homer's gods were large, healthy, happy people, and that Mr. Jones's gods (taught in a moment of dismay) are emaciated, shivering deities. But fault-finding must stop here. The deep blue of the cap and wings of Hermes symbolizes, we presume, the sky-blue tempest which Homer compared at the Wind God, passes on his errands. "Granny's Needle" (163) is a charming little piece of *genre* by Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Mr. Watts is less successful with his peaked and pining Cardinal (166) than Mr. Millais with his "Prince of the Church." Mr. Burne Jones's "Mill" (75) does not appeal to patrons of the ring. Here is a rhythmic dance by solemn ladies, whose raiment itself is a rhythm of strange dyes, browns, greens, and greenish brown. The mill is a subordinate interest in the background. The effect is beautiful, but, like Mr. Calverley, we wonder—

What on earth they did there!
Who the deuce they were;
And what it was all about.

Mr. Moore's exquisite landscape, "After a Storm—Calm," shows us flushed, sultry clouds, after the storm spent, reflected in waves and sand (179). Other portraits and landscapes, by Mr. Fisher and others, we trust to notice on a later occasion, and must conclude by advising visitors not to miss Mr. Richmond's beautiful and harmonious portrait of Miss Clough (229).

THE MAY MEETINGS.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Saturday morning the annual breakfast of the above society took place in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Holden, who was supported by Mr. Aldermen McArthur and a large number of missionaries and friends.—The subject of the missionary work in the West Indies was specially brought before the meeting. Mr. M. C. Osborn read a statement commencing on the small amount of interest that had been taken of late in the West Indian mission. This mission work commenced nearly 100 years ago, and now extended from British Guiana over Jamaica, Honduras, Trinidad, Barbados, and Hayti. More than half of their missionary membership was in the West Indies. There were 10,000 people habitually worshipping in Methodist chapels; there now had to day schools in connexion, were a theological institution for candidates for the Ministry. The gifts of the people of the islands towards chapels and schools last year amounted to 40,000*l*. The value of their chapels and schools out there was now 300,000*l*. Many of the vices and wrongs of slavery still remain, but the idea of self-help and self-government was gaining ground, and arrangements had been recently made to put their missions on a better basis with a view to a West Indian conference. The Rev. H. B. Hughes, M.A., (Oxford), dwelt at some length on the debt upon the mission, which he said was hanging like a millstone about their necks and causing retrenchment in their work and having the most disastrous effect upon their prosperity. He did not believe in being satisfied as some people were with just "holding our own;" they had been consoled as Turkey had, by losing provinces and abandoning territory. They must not abandon their centres of operation, or their adversaries would soon occupy the ground and counteract all good done. He strongly urged the importance of the evangelisation work in France, remarking that it had been recently stated that that country would be atheist in 10 years. He made the practical suggestion that they should deal with the subject at once, and also try and raise their yearly contributions permanently five per cent. They had raised their contribution at Oxford by 12 per cent., and he was sure it could be done over the entire country. That would be one way of avoiding future debt. Subscriptions were then promised by various members present, amounting to the sum of 4,010*l.*, Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., contributing 500*l.*; the chairman, 250*l.*; Mr. Sutcliffe (Bacup), 500*l.*; Mr. Alexander McArthur, 500*l.*; Miss Wood, 250*l.*; Mr. James Calvert, 250 guineas, and several other sums were promised ranging from 100*l.* downwards. A collection made at the close amounted to 93*l.* 7*s.*

THE LATE G. H. LAMSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR,—I think it due to myself, and to all who were professionally associated with me in the defence of the unhappy man George Henry Lamson, to state that no suggestion of his insanity was ever made either to me or to any of his counsel from the time that I first appeared for him at the Wandsworth Police-court down to the day of his conviction at the Old Bailey—a period closely approaching upon three months. So far from this, from first to last I was assured that the prisoner denied the commission of the crime, and my instructions were to challenge the direct and scientific evidence given on the part of the prosecution, whilst, in the way of witnesses, my brief contained the names of two scientific gentlemen who declined to go into the witness-box, and of two friends of the prisoner who had known him abroad, and who desired to be called to his character, but whom I, looking at the nature of the accusation, did not consider it would serve him to put forward. The statements contained in a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Lemson to the newspapers, in an extremity which I both appreciated and deplored, and to which, at the time of their publication, I was for obvious reasons, if not usable, still unwilling, to reply, seem to me to render this explanation necessary, and I shall be obliged by your giving it a place in your columns.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

MONTAGUE WILLIAMS.

6, Crown Office-row, Temple.

SIR P. CROSS ON ARTISANS' DWELLINGS.—On Saturday Professor Rogers, M.P., laid the memorial stone of new model dwellings which are being erected in Vine-street, Tooley-street, by Mr. J. W. Hobbs. Sir Richard Cross, M.P., Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P., and Mr. J. S. Balfour, M.P., were present. The site of the new buildings is in the vicinity of Waverton's lane was, as explained by Mr. Hobbs, once the place where the Huguenots assembled for their religious services. The new dwellings are to be erected at a cost of 50,000*l.*, and they will accommodate 400 families. At the luncheon in a marquee (after the ceremony of laying the stone had been performed in a drenching rain) Sir R. Cross said he had attended to show his interest in any effort for the promotion of model dwellings. He wished that those who objected to what had taken place under an Act he had himself proposed would, instead of talking, go and see for themselves the degradation, moral, physical, and social of the people in many parts of London where there was overcrowding. He welcomed every agency for the removal of the plague spots of this great city. Notwithstanding complaints of the cost of acquiring sites under the Artisans' Dwellings Acts, the expense had been proved to be only seven per cent. more than for the ordinary street improvements of the Metropolitan Board. He believed, however, that the cost might be largely diminished. Many people seemed to be punished instead of receiving rewards. Many had received too much money in the way of compensation. He believed the Act of 1875, which he had the honour to introduce, would materially reduce that compensation, and he was glad to hear from the arbitrators that they were now of opinion that in very unhealthy places no one should get more than the value of the land and the old materials standing upon it. Sometimes those who were displaced had occupations which did not absolutely require their living on the same spot, and he hoped that while it would always be laid down that it was necessary to supply artisans' dwellings for a large number of those displaced it would not be necessary for the ratepayers to provide for the cost of replacing dwellings for the whole of those displaced. When the law was amended in these directions he hoped the Metropolitan Board would vigorously take up this subject and clear London of her plague spots in few years.—Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P., Mr. J. S. Balfour, and Mr. Thorold Rogers also spoke.—Mr. Hobbs said the compensation clause of the Act had been greatly abused by unscrupulous men, and had been a premium on overcrowding. He knew a case where 17 persons slept in one room. The owner of his compensation claim reckoned as the rental of this single room 4*d.* per head per night, or 15. 18*s.* 2*d.* per week, or 103*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* per annum. This at ten years' purchase would be 1,000*l.* per room, or for an eight-roomed house, such as he would hardly accept as a gift, the sum of 8,000*l.*—The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited (Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company) have purchased from the Metropolitan Board of Works nearly two acres of ground in Islington and the borough, which has been cleared under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, 1875, and buildings for the accommodation of about 1,400 persons of the working classes will be forthwith commenced.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifty-third anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society of London took place on Saturday, at the Society's House in Hanover-square. The chair was taken by Professor W. H. Flower, LL.D., F.R.S. The report stated that, as regards the gardens in the Regent's park, little had been done in the way of special works during 1881, but the buildings and walks had been kept in good repair, and several of the former had been thoroughly repaired and painted. The principal addition made had been the lunest house in the north garden, which had been open to the public since the 25th of April, 1881, and had been kept well stocked with moths and butterflies and other insects during the season. The report then alluded to the railway proposed to be carried along the north bank of the Regent's Canal through the gardens, and stated that the Council were prepared to offer on the part of the Society a strenuous opposition to it, unless the conditions which it was thought fit to insist upon in the Society's interest were acceded to. The number of visitors to the Society's gardens in 1881 had been 646,684, against 675,378 in 1880. The zoological features having been well attended during the past year would be continued during the present season.

THE LONDON MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.—The council of this league have forwarded to the various corporations in England and Wales an address, in which they draw attention to the question now agitating the public mind as to the reform of the local government of London. It is requested that the municipal corporations should sign a petition to Parliament sent with it to the effect that the principles of the Municipal Corporations Acts should be adapted as far as may be practicable to the government of the metropolis.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

On Saturday evening the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts gave the usual banquet at Burlington House previous to the opening of their annual exhibition to the public to-day. Sir F. LEIGHTON, President of the institution, occupied the chair, and was supported by an unusually brilliant and numerous assemblage. On the right of the President sat the King of the Netherlands, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Duke of Teck, and the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. On his left were the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim, the Netherlands Minister, and the American Minister.

The PRESIDENT gave the health of her Majesty the Queen, and next that of the King of the Netherlands, in highly complimentary terms.

The King of the NETHERLANDS returned thanks in a brief and cordial speech.

The PRESIDENT next gave, "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."

The Prince of WALES, who was loudly cheered on rising, said,—Your Majesty, Sir Frederick Leighton, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—After the speech which has just been delivered by his Majesty the King of the Netherlands—a speech which, I am sure, will have gratified and touched not only the members of the Royal Academy, but also all those distinguished gentlemen who are present here this evening—I feel some diffidence in following and responding to the toast which has been so kindly given by the President. But on this occasion I have not only to return thanks for the health of the Princess as well as for my own and that of the other members of my immediate family, but I have been asked to return thanks for the other distinguished Princes sitting on the right and left of the chair, and I feel almost sure that they will wish me to offer to the Royal Academy their most sincere and cordial acknowledgments for the entertainment of to-night and for the pleasure it affords them to take part in this annual banquet, which is always looked forward to by all of us with such gratification. (Cheers.) It would be difficult for me, after the necessarily superficial glance I have been able to give at your exhibition, both of the pictures and of statuary, to express my opinion regarding it, even if it were of any value; but I think I may say without hesitation, from what I have seen, that both the President and the members of the Royal Academy have every reason to be congratulated upon the exhibition of this year; for I feel sure that not only those who have seen it to-night, but the many thousands who will visit it for the next few months, will derive the greatest pleasure and gratification from going through the various rooms of this institution. (Cheers.) Before sitting down I must mention one other matter, viz., that while it is perfectly clear to us that art in this country has in no wise degenerated, and that year by year excellent pictures and statues are exhibited not only at the Royal Academy but in other buildings throughout the length and breadth of the country, I may say that our artists have also shown their proficiency a few weeks ago as soldiers, as well as displayed their skill in the use of the brush, the pencil, and the chisel. (Hear, hear.) As one of those who a short time ago took part in the Volunteer Review at Portsmouth, I think that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who is here to-night, will bear me out in saying that the artists looked as efficient and as satisfactory as any of the various volunteer corps on that occasion. (Hear, hear.) I thank you again for the very kind manner in which you have proposed and received this toast, and I also return you my thanks in the name of the foreign Princes who are here present to-night for the cordial welcome which you have accorded them. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then proposed, "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces."

The Duke of Cambridge responded for the Army, and the Earl of Northbrook responded for the Navy.

The Duke of EDINBURGH, who was very cordially received on rising, said—Your Majesty, Sir Frederick, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen—I think that it is rather a novel case that the Naval Brigade of the Reserve Forces have been called upon separately responded for. (Hear, hear.) After giving some statistics of the naval reserve force, his Royal Highness continued—Their services have been recognised by different bodies and from different sources. There have been received in that time three Albert medals from the Queen, and altogether from the Board of Trade, the National Lifeboat Institution, Lloyd's, and the Royal Humane Society, no fewer than sixty-three special medals and recognitions for their gallantry in saving life. (Hear, hear.) Before sitting down I should like to say in one word, how much I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the fine pictures which adorn this room and the adjoining rooms. And more especially I desire to thank one of the most distinguished members of your institution—Mr. Millais—for the admirable way in which he has perpetuated, and the charming manner in which he has drawn the features of my little girl. (Cheers.) I have now only to thank you for the honour you have done to the toast of "The Reserve Forces."

The PRESIDENT next proposed "Her Majesty's Ministers."

Earl GRANVILLE, who on rising was loudly cheered, expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Gladstone, and continued:—It may be said that it requires no eloquence to make a good speech on a subject which you understand well. But here again I am in a difficulty. Whatever my natural artistic powers may have been they have been sadly discovered in youth and in middle age. I took lessons of drawing at school. I brought back, with the assistance of a hired and attentive drawing master, a beautiful drawing of a church. (Laughter.) I remember well the pride of the family circle; but it had its fall when, upon being asked to reproduce the sketch, I found it impossible to do so in the absence of my master. (Renewed laughter.) I obtained myself later at Rome, at an age which I then thought old, which I now think very young. I was intoxicated by the artistic atmosphere of the place. I sought out an eminent artist, who I knew was sometimes induced to give lessons. I asked him whether I was too old seriously to study drawing. He answered that he had known persons who had begun when older than I, and who had met with complete success. My first lesson was as good as settled when he put a piece of paper and a pencil into my hand, and requested me to draw something out of my own head. I immediately produced and handed to him with some satisfaction a pretty little composition. If I remember right, there was a cottage, a silver fir, and a bush. (A laugh.) The eminent artist was so much pleased with the perfection I had already attained that he handed it on to his pupils to observe that, on the whole, he advised me not to take any lessons. (Laughter and cheers.) I am afraid there remains only for me to state as shortly as possible the feelings of my colleagues towards the Academy. I have one advantage. I am not a Chancellor of the Exchequer—not even a Prime Minister—and I therefore at liberty with tolerable impunity to descant on the advantages of State aid to the arts. But the misfortune is that the Academy does not want aid, and, I believe, would reject it if it were offered, adding that your only request to us would be to mind our own business, to take down rather than to erect statues of our possible successors in dress, and in impossible attitudes, from impossible places—(much laughter and cheers)—that we should not be so lavish, or force others to be so lavish of miles of ugly iron railings, and, above all, that we should endeavour to avoid making our future public buildings more hideous than is absolutely necessary. You are perfectly aware of the strong position you have created for yourselves, and you also know how firm a hold art has taken in this country. Art does not depend upon Government departments, but it looks to the encouragement of the great public, whose more cultivated classes are so well represented to-night, not only by Kings and Princes, by diplomatists and statesmen, by judges and prelates, by men of science and literature, but by those who have inherited or created enormous wealth. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then gave "The Interests of Science and of Literature."

Mr. SPOTTISWOODE responded.

Mr. LOWELL, who, on rising, was warmly received, responded thanks to felicitous and humorous effect.

The PRESIDENT next gave "The Ancient Corporation of the City of London, and of its Chief Magistrate, the Lord Mayor."

The LORD MAYOR, in returning thanks, said that it was a proud thing for this country that State aid was not required to foster art, but that the people appreciated it in a manner which had raised it to a high and noble occupation.

The Parliament, in eulogistic terms, proposed the health of

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who, in returning thanks, said:—Mr. President, your Majesty, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It is too late at night to inquire by what process of selection—certainly not that of the Bar—the President has come down to low on the roll of his guests as to call on an old lawyer to return thanks for a set of men numbering among them persons of the highest eminence in Church and State. It is true that in a broad and general sense the good of mankind and the lifting up and enlightening of the world is the things for which all great artists must labour, and that artist must feel when he comes to die that he has failed if the world is not the better for his art. And as I am privileged to call upon you, sir, to follow me, I will say, and every one will agree with me, that as long as you fill the chair this Academy that will be set will be a high standard, the aim will be lofty, the principles of judgment will be unbending and severe. (Cheers.) We can see what Sir Joshua Reynolds can do as a great painter. A great many years ago a Greek orator, Hyperides, when he had to defend Phryne upon a grave charge of impiety, recommended her to appear unrobed before her judges, and she won her cause. Sir E. Leighton (Lord Coleridge here pointed to a picture on the wall) has called upon Phryne to his judges; he has disrobed his Phryne, and he has won his cause—a different cause. And I am sure he will allow me to say he has taught the Bar and the Bench of the Academy as he ought to sit, not only as an orator, as a man of the world, as a scholar, and as a gentleman, but as a great painter—as the President's worthy successor of Eastlake, of Lawrence, and, above all, of Reynolds. (Loud cheers.) The nobleand learned lord concluded by proposing the health of the President.

The PRESIDENT, in responding, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Dean Stanley and of Mr. Hamerton, who had passed away within the year, and concluded by saying:—I think it is impossible to look round these walls without being conscious of great vitality in the work of the year. Opinions will vary as to the direction of the energies of our school, and it is not about that I will not touch or trench. But I am sure of a certain, that amongst the eager youth who throng the ranks of art, and, gentlemen, with them is our chief concern), a branch of wholesome life is firmly fixed—those who look into the future with hopeful and believing eyes. Not least is this sign visible I rejoice to note amongst the sculptors. Those who glance at the display of works of sculpture in the more seemly setting which we have now provided for them cannot but be impressed with the growth of the school and the Council of the Academy has again marked the store it sets by this noble art in the purchase under the Chantrey trust of the powerful bronze by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. I have alluded to the more seemly housing of our sculpture, but this much needed change has not been the sole thing wanted. There remains a limited residuum of ground remains to us about this building, and I hope that at no remote day some extension of our rooms will be achieved. (Cheers.) I can not do more than foreshadow a change, which is still in a plastic state, and under the consideration of the body. But I can have no doubt that when it is brought about, the area for exhibition will be materially increased, and more suitably distributed than at present, with the result, I am glad to think, of less of that sorrow, that heartburning, which we now in our hearts deplore. And, further, I have every hope that the schools, which are our foremost care, may be made sharers in the common gain. And as there is no thought which I should so gladly leave last in your minds as this, that the Royal Academy is alive to its high duties, and ever striving to perform them, I will here bring my words to a close. (Cheers.)

The company then separated.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

This is an unusually good exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Some artists do themselves more justice than in their works displayed at the Academy, and some amateurs, Miss Tennant for example, show that they have little to fear in a competition with artists. Then we have pictures, as usual, by painters who do not exhibit side by side with the comic performances of certain Academicians and Associates, and the pictures are easily seen and well hung. Perhaps it is fair, before taking the works in order, to call attention to Mr. Nettleship's very striking and dramatic work, "A Dirge in the Desert" (31). Neither Mr. Riviere nor Sir Edwin Landseer has excelled (in our opinion) the pathos and the naturalness of this picture. The dying lioness, bleeding to death from a hurt in the neck, has trailed herself to a little pool in the desert, which she is lapping eagerly. A tiny lion cub drinks from the stream red with his mother's blood, some of the other cubs show a little more natural feeling, and the lion roars his dirge over his mate. The group stands out against the sky as in the Homeric simile, one of the many passages from the life of lions in which the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" abound. Returning to the entrance of the West Gallery, we remark Mr. Whistler's "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" (2), in which the yellow lights seem perhaps somewhat too strong for the general tone of the Nocturne. Mr. Bartlett's "Loading Corn" (5) is an interesting picture of Irish peasant life, when the tenant is not shooting at a lady or boycotting some neighbour who pays rent. Mr. R. B. Browning's "Labour" (6), a big, blooming, peasant woman carrying a burden of some green stuff, has more force than beauty. Mr. Cecil Lawson's fine "Road to Monaco" (9) slightly idealises a beautiful dip in a road which has been shamefully spoiled by the stone and lime of Monte Carlo. Mr. George Howard is successful in his olive gardens (15), and we have already said, in speaking of the Old Water Colour Society, that we cannot appreciate Mr. Duncan's coarse "Circe" (19). Miss Dorothy Tennant has great power of flesh-painting, displayed here in the finely modelled "Siren" (23) who is making her toilette between the blue sea and the cold rocks. The "Odyssey," too, furnishes Mr. Padgett with a subject, Odysseus leaving the isle of Circe (26) the craft he sails in being deeply interesting to all translators of that hard passage (V. 246-261), which Mr. Warre has proved, we think, to indicate a raft, not a ship. But we do not understand whence the blazing red light is projected on Odysseus. Mr. Cecil Lawson" "Storm-Cloud" (30), with its "brown tree" just where Sir George Beaumont would have had it, is one of the finest landscapes of the year, and reminds us at once of Constable and Gainsborough. Mr. P. R. Morris somewhat recalls the sentiment if not the manner of Frederick Walker by his "Passing the Bridge" (32), which has a certain symbolism in the figures of the old woman and boy and the distant lovers. Mr. Halswelle's "Shooter's Hill, Pangbourne" (33), with its silvery greys and greens, and sense of air and space, is one of the artist's finest works. The white donkey is good, and the conception of the chief figure original, in Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Una" (34). A queer, bright revival of old Italian style is exhibited (35) by Mr. Spencer Stanhope. Mr. Walter Crane is as delicately clever as usual in the decorative details of his picture of the Angel and Fate, an illustration of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The allegorical figures are also passionate and impressive. Mr. James Payn has little in common with the melancholy Eastern Epicurean, and Mr. Lehmann has painted a speaking, not to say jesting, likeness of him (37) next Mr. Crane's allegory. Mr. Gregory has a pleasing landscape (41), and Mr. Macbeth sends the usual pretty woman and collie (47). Of Mr. Whistler's "Harmonies," a clever portrait of Mrs. H. B. Meux (48) is the most harmonious. Mr. Fahey sends a delightfully "restful" landscape, "Wroxham Broad" (49). Mr. Story has tried to paint a realistic "entombment" (51), a clever though necessarily painful group. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Zeyra" (53) is a charming little brown girl, in a purple hood. Mr. Alma-Tadema shows us a piece of Roman *genre*, very bright and archæological (54), with the details of the accustomed excellence; and a masterly study of Marc Antony, a portrait of the German player, Herr Barnay (55). Mr. Richmond's "Prometheus rescued by Hercules" (57) is a large and daring composition; Hercules, too slim a figure for the strong man, is aiming an arrow upwards at the eagle, Prometheus is resting in the first delicious relief from pain. They are on a cliff of Caucasus above the sea. We do not care for Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Torch Dance" (60). His "Audience" (61) is a study of female heads, one being more beautiful than we commonly find women in his art. Mr. Burne Jones's "Danae" (62) is a small highly-finished study of the mournful maiden in deep red, contemplating with a sad presentiment the building of her brazen tower. White Tuscan oxen make a light in the grey grove in Mr. Lemon's "Under the Olives." Observe the Virgilian plough (66). What is a *scherzo*? (67). We hope there are few in nature and that Mr. Whistler will introduce no more into art. This *scherzo* is in blue, and reminds one of the "fever in green," which Sully said he met leaving Henri IV. Why should not Mr. Whistler paint a fever in green? If we might choose a landscape to live with, it would be Mr. North's "Autumn Days" (71), the finest of all his studies of the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness. But surely the woman nearest the spectator is disproportionately small. The Princess Louise has never exhibited anything so strong, and so full of rich harmonies and cleverly-wrought textures as her "Portrait" (73) of a dark handsome lady, herself an artist. Mr. Boughton has rather too much of a peculiar greenish grey in his portrait of Mrs. Priestley in a melancholy Scotch Autumn Landscape (75). Mr. Hunt's "Styhead Pass" (76) is an admirable study of the noble curves of a dark valley between frowning hills, overhung by the beautiful sweeping folds of a showery cloud. This is a picture which suggests melancholy cadences of music, and transports the mind from out of painting into the borders of another art. It is impossible not to notice, and we fear difficult to approve of, Mr. Richmond's lowering portrait of Mr. Gladstone (77). If red robes are so unbecoming to that statesman, why paint him in red? Mr. Millais's group of "The Children of Mrs. Bairett" is as good as his "Dorothy Thorpe," in all but the slight casual indications of an overblown rose in the hands of one of the children (83). Mr. Holman Hunt's "Miss Flamborough" (89) is a work of wonderfully conscientious force, and if this way is the true way of art, is a masterpiece. But we venture to doubt whether this is the true way, for every colour in the picture is screaming at the top of its voice. We "do not see nature like that," as the critic told Turner, and if Mr. Hunt replied, like Turner, "Don't you wish you did"? we can conscientiously answer that we are very glad we don't. Mr. Stuart Wortley sends an intensely clever study of Miss Rachel Sassoon (91), a very dark lady in green velvet. Mr. Napier Hemy "has done it at last," so to speak, with his masterly study of crowded houses on a hill, green water, and shipping in Oporto (100), an impeccable landscape. Mrs. John Collier is successful in everything except, perhaps, the perspective of the floor, in her "Rehearsal," little girls in dark frocks, rehearsing in a theatrical attic (103); Mr. Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold" (106) is like Albert Smith's "Study of Cologne Cathedral at Midnight." In the East Gallery are Mr. Richmond's interesting portraits of Mr. Browning and Mr. W. Morris (112, 114), the latter with more humour in his face than we find in his poetry. Mr. Hallé's "Nora Creena" is a charming girl with loose hair (118). Mr. Watts represents the "Dove that returned not again." The Dove is up a tree, with a waste of waters all round it, and tempts one to discuss myths of the Deluge. But space forbids. In Mr. Crane's beautiful grey "Dunstanborough Castle" (133) we miss some architectural details which the tower, we think, presents. Mr. Burne Jones's "Tree of Forgiveness" is a second study of a picture exhibited long ago at the old Water Colour Society, and reproved then, we know not why, by a modest contemporary. The almond tree, in Greece, was Phyllis, a deserted maiden, metamorphosed, like Myrrha, by the gods. Demophoon, her lover, passed by, consuming in remorse, and the tree blossomed into Phyllis. This strange topic is handled in the style to which Mr. Jones has accustomed us, and both the merits and defects, or what seem defects, will be appreciated by the friendly and the Philistine. In "Perseus and the Graiæ" (145), Mr. Jones has wisely illustrated the *märchen*, not the statelier myth, and Perseus is more like a Scandinavian boy than a young Greek demigod. That aspect of Mr. Jones's art in which he seems an inspired vision painter on a large scale is represented by the wonderful detail and really opalescent play of colour of "The Feast of Peleus" (157). We may complain that Homer's gods were large, healthy, happy people, and that Mr. Jones's gods (caught in a moment of dismay) are emaciated, shivering deities. But fault-finding must stop here. The deep blue of the cap and wings of Hermes symbolizes, we presume, the sky-blue through which Hermes, considered as the Wind God, passes on his errands. "Granny's Needle" (163) is a charming little piece of *genre* by Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Mr. Watts is less successful with his peaked and pining Cardinal (166) than Mr. Millais with *his* "Prince of the Church." Mr. Burne Jones's "Mill" (75) does not appeal to patrons of the ring. Here is a rhythmic dance by solemn ladies, whose raiment itself is a rhythm of strange dyes, browns, reds, and greenish brown. The mill is a subordinate interest in the background. The effect is beautiful, but, like Mr. Calverley, we wonder—

> What on earth they did there:
> Who the deuce they were;
> And what it was all about.

Mr. Moore's exquisite landscape, "After a Storm—Calm," shows us flushed, sultry clouds, their anger spent, reflected in waves and wet sand (179). Other portraits and landscapes, by Mr. Fisher and others, we trust to notice on a later occasion, and must conclude by advising visitors not to miss Mr. Richmond's beautiful and harmonious portrait of Miss Clough (229).

THE MAY MEETINGS.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Saturday morning the annual breakfast of the above society took place in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Holden, who was supported by Mr. Aldermen McArthur and a large number of missionaries and friends.—The subject of the missionary work in the West Indies was specially brought before the meeting.—Mr. M. C. Osborn read a statement commenting on the small amount of interest that had been taken of late in the West Indian mission. This mission work commenced nearly 100 years ago, and now extended from British Guiana over Jamaica, Honduras, Trinidad, Barbadoes, and Hayti. More than half of their missionary membership was in the West Indies. There were 160,000 people habitually worshipping in Methodist chapels. They now had 100 day schools in Jamaica, and a high school for boys and theological institution for candidates for the Ministry. The gifts of the people of the islands towards chapels and schools last year amounted to 40,000*l*. The value of their chapels and schools out there was now 300,000*l*. Many of the vices and wrongs of slavery still remain, but the idea of self-help and self-government was gaining ground, and arrangements had been recently made to put their missions on a better basis with a view to a West Indian conference. The Rev. H. B. Hughes, M.A., (Oxford), dwelt at some length on the debt upon the mission, which he said was hanging like a millstone about their necks, and causing retrenchment in their work and having the most disastrous effect upon their prosperity. He did not believe in being satisfied as some people were with just "holding our own;" they had been consoled as Turkey had, by losing provinces and abandoning territory. They must not abandon their centres of operation, or their adversaries would soon occupy the ground and counteract all good done. He strongly urged the importance of the evangelisation work in France, remarking that it had been recently stated that that country would be atheist in 10 years. He made the practical suggestion that they should deal with the subject at once, and also try and raise their yearly contributions permanently five per cent. They had raised their contribution at Oxford by 12 per cent., and he was sure it could be done over the entire country. That would be one way of avoiding future debt. Subscriptions were then promised by various members present, amounting to the sum of 4,010*l*., Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., contributing 500*l*.; the chairman, 550*l*.; Mr. Sutcliffe (Bacup), 600*l*.; Mr. Alexander McArthur, 500*l*.; Miss Wood, 250*l*.; Mr. James Calvert, 250 guineas, and several other sums were promised ranging from 100*l*. downwards. A collection made at the close amounted to 90*l*. 10s.

THE LATE G. H. LAMSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR,—I think it due to myself, and to all who were professionally associated with me in the defence of the unhappy man George Henry Lamson, to state that no suggestion of his insanity was ever made either to me or to any of his counsel from the time that I first appeared for him at the Wandsworth Police-court down to the day of his conviction at the Old Bailey—a period closely approaching upon three months. So far from this, from first to last I was assured that the prisoner denied the commission of the crime, and my instructions were to challenge the direct and scientific evidence given on the part of the prosecution, whilst, in the way of witnesses, my brief contained the names of two scientific gentlemen who declined to go into the witness-box, and of two friends of the prisoner who had known him abroad, and who desired to be called to his character, but whom I, looking at the nature of the accusation, did not consider it would serve him to put forward. The statements contained in a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Lamson to the newspapers, in an extremity which I both appreciated and deplored, and to which, at the time of their publication, I was for obvious reasons, if not unable, still unwilling, to reply, seem to me to render this explanation necessary, and I shall be obliged by your giving it a place in your columns.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

5, Crown Office-row, Temple.

SIR R. CROSS ON ARTISANS' DWELLINGS.—On Saturday Professor Rogers, M.P., laid the memorial stone of new model dwellings which are being erected in Vine-street, Tooley-street, by Mr. J. W. Hobbs. Sir Richard Cross, M.P., Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P., and Mr. J. S. Balfour, M.P., were present. The site of the new buildings in the vicinity of Weavers'-lane was, as explained by Mr. Hobbs, once the place where the Huguenots assembled for their religious services. The new buildings are to be erected at a cost of 50,000*l*., and they will accommodate 400 families. At the luncheon in a marquee (after the ceremony of laying the stone had been performed in a drenching rain), Sir R. Cross said he had attended to show his interest in any effort for the promotion of model dwellings. He wished that those who objected to what had taken place under an Act he had himself proposed would, instead of talking, go and see for themselves the degradation, moral, physical, and social, of the people in many parts of London where there was overcrowding. He welcomed every agency for the removal of the plague spots of this great city. Notwithstanding complaints of the cost of acquiring sites under the Artisans' Dwellings Acts, the expense had been proved to be only seven per cent. more than for the ordinary street improvements of the Metropolitan Board. He believed, however, that the cost might be largely diminished. Many people ought to be punished instead of receiving rewards. Many had received too much money in the way of compensation. He believed the Act of 1879, which he had the honour to introduce, would materially reduce that compensation, and he was glad to hear from the arbitrators that they were now of opinion that in very unhealthy places no one should get more than the value of the land and the old materials standing upon it. Sometimes those who were displaced had occupations which did not absolutely require their living on the same spot, and he hoped that while it would always be laid down that it was necessary to supply artisans' dwellings for a large number of those displaced it would not be necessary for the ratepayers to provide for the cost of replacing dwellings for the whole of those displaced. When the law was amended in these directions he hoped the Metropolitan Board would vigorously take up this subject and clear London of her plague spots in a few years.—Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P., Mr. J. S. Balfour, and Mr. Thorold Rogers also spoke.—Mr. Hobbs said the compensation clause of the Act had been greatly abused by unscrupulous men, and had been a premium on overcrowding. He knew a case where 17 persons slept in one room. The owner for his compensation claim reckoned as the rental of this single room 4*d*. per head per night, or 1*l*. 19s. 8*d*. per week, or 103*l*. 2s. 8*d*. per annum. This at ten years' purchase would be 1,000*l*. per room, or for an eight-roomed house, such as he would hardly accept as a gift, the sum of 8,000*l*.—The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited (Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company) have purchased from the Metropolitan Board of Works nearly two acres of ground in Islington and the borough, which has been cleared under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, 1875, and buildings for the accommodation of about 1,400 persons of the working classes will be forthwith commenced.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifty-third anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society of London took place on Saturday, at the Society's House in Hanover-square. The chair was taken by Professor W. H. Flower, LL.D., F.R.S. The report stated that, as regards the gardens in the Regent's-park, little had been done in the way of special works during 1881, but the buildings and walks had been kept in good repair, and several of the former had been thoroughly repaired and painted. The principal addition made had been the insect house in the north garden, which had been open to the public since the 25th of April, 1881, and had been kept well stocked with moths and butterflies and other insects during the season. The report then alluded to the railway proposed to be carried along the north bank of the Regent's Canal through the gardens, and stated that the Council were prepared to offer on the part of the Society a strenuous opposition to it, unless the conditions which it was thought fit to insist upon in the Society's interest were acceded to. The number of visitors to the Society's gardens in 1881 had been 648,694, against 675,979 in 1880. The zoological lectures having been well attended during the past year would be continued during the present season.

THE LONDON MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.—The council of this league have forwarded to the various corporations in England and Wales an address, in which they draw attention to the question now agitating the public mind as to the reform of the local government of London. It is requested that the different corporations should sign a petition to Parliament sent with it to the effect that the principles of the Municipal Corporations Acts should be adapted as far as may be practicable to the government of the metropolis.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

On Saturday evening the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts gave the usual banquet at Burlington House previous to the opening of their annual exhibition to the public to-day. Sir F. LEIGHTON, President of the institution, occupied the chair, and was supported by an unusually brilliant and distinguished assemblage. On the right of the President sat the King of the Netherlands, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Duke of Teck, and the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. On his left were the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim, the Netherlands Minister, and the American Minister.

The PRESIDENT gave the health of her Majesty the Queen, and next that of the King of the Netherlands, in highly complimentary terms.

The King of the NETHERLANDS returned thanks in a brief and cordial speech.

The PRESIDENT next gave, "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."

The Prince of WALES, who was loudly cheered on rising, said,—Your Majesty, Sir Frederick Leighton, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—After the speech which has just been delivered by his Majesty the King of the Netherlands—a speech which, I am sure, will have gratified and touched not only the members of the Royal Academy, but also all those distinguished gentlemen who are present here this evening—I feel some diffidence in following and responding to the toast which has been so kindly given by the President. But on this occasion I have not only to return thanks for the health of the Princess as well as for my own and that of the other members of my immediate family, but I have been asked to return thanks for the other distinguished Princes sitting on the right and left of the chair, and I feel almost sure that they will wish me to offer to the Royal Academy their most sincere and cordial acknowledgments for the entertainment of to-night and for the pleasure it affords them to take part in this annual banquet, which is always looked forward to by all of us with such gratification. (Cheers.) It would be difficult for me, after the necessarily superficial glance I have been able to give at your exhibition both of pictures and of statuary, to express my opinion regarding it, even if it were of any value; but I think I may say without hesitation, from what I have seen, that both the President and the members of the Royal Academy have every reason to be congratulated upon the exhibition of this year; for I feel sure that not only those who have seen it to-night, but the many thousands who will visit it for the next few months, will derive the greatest pleasure and gratification from going through the various rooms of this institution. (Cheers.) Before sitting down I must mention one other matter, viz., that while it is perfectly clear to us that art in this country has in no wise degenerated, and that year by year excellent pictures and statues are exhibited not only at the Royal Academy but in other buildings throughout the length and breadth of the country, I may say that our artists have also shown their proficiency a few weeks ago as soldiers, as well as displayed their skill in the use of the brush, the pencil, and the chisel. (Hear, hear.) As one of those who a short time ago took part in the Volunteer Review at Portsmouth, I think that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who is here to-night, will bear me out in saying that the artists looked as efficient and as satisfactory as any of the various volunteer corps who assembled on that occasion. (Hear, hear.) I thank you again for the very kind manner in which you have proposed and received this toast, and I also return you my thanks in the name of the foreign Princes who are here present to-night for the cordial welcome which you have accorded them. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then proposed "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces."

The Duke of Cambridge responded for the Army, and the Earl of Northbrook responded for the Navy.

The Duke of EDINBURGH, who was very cordially received on rising, said—Your Majesty, Sir F. Leighton, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen—I think that it is rather a novel case that the Naval branch of the Reserve Forces have not been before separately responded for. (Hear, hear.) After giving some statistics of the naval reserve forces, his Royal Highness continued—Their services have been recognised by different bodies and from different sources. There have been received in that time three Albert medals from the Queen, and altogether from the Board of Trade, the National Lifeboat Institution, Lloyd's, and the Royal Humane Society, no fewer than sixty-three special medals and recognitions for their gallantry in saving life. (Hear, hear.) Before sitting down I should like to say, in one word, how much I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the fine pictures which adorn this room and the adjoining rooms. And more especially I desire to thank one of the most distinguished members of your institution—Mr. Millais—for the admirable way in which he has perpetuated, and the charming manner in which he has draw the features of my little girl. (Cheers.) I have now only to thank you for the honour you have done to the toast of "The Reserve Forces."

The PRESIDENT next proposed "Her Majesty's Ministers."

Earl GRANVILLE, who on rising was loudly cheered, expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Gladstone, and continued:—It may be said that it requires no eloquence to make a good speech on a subject which you understand well. But here again I am in a difficulty. Whatever my natural artistic powers may have been they have been sadly discouraged in youth and in middle age. I took lessons of drawing at school. I brought back, with the assistance of a kind and attentive drawing master, a beautiful drawing of a church. (Laughter.) I remember well the pride of the family circle; but it had its fall when, upon being asked to reproduce the sketch, I found it impossible to do so in the absence of my master. (Renewed laughter.) I found myself later at Rome, at an age which I then thought old, which I now think very young. I was intoxicated by the artistic atmosphere of the place. I sought out an eminent artist, who I knew was sometimes induced to give lessons. I asked him whether I was too old seriously to study drawing. He answered that he had known persons who had begun when older than I, and who had met with complete success. My first lesson was as good as settled when he put a piece of paper and a pencil into my hand, and requested me to draw something out of my own head. I immediately produced and handed to him with some satisfaction a pretty little composition. If I remember right, there was a cottage, a silver fir, and a bush. (A laugh.) The eminent artist was so much pleased with the perfection I had already attained that he handed it back with the observation that, on the whole, he advised me not to take any lessons. (Laughter and cheers.) I am afraid there remains only for me to state as shortly as possible the feelings of my colleagues towards the Academy. I have one advantage. I am not a Chancellor of the Exchequer—not even a Prime Minister—and I am therefore at liberty with tolerable impunity to descant on the advantages of State aid to the arts. But the misfortune is that the Academy does not want aid, and, I believe, would reject it if it were offered, adding that your only request to us would be to mind our own business, to take down rather than to erect statues of our great heroes in impossible dresses, and in impossible attitudes, from impossible places—(much laughter and cheers)—that we should not be so lavish, or force others to be so lavish of miles of ugly iron railings, and, above all, that we should endeavour to avoid making our future public buildings more hideous than is absolutely necessary. You are perfectly aware of the strong position you have created for yourselves, and you also know how firm a hold art has taken in this country. Art does not depend upon Government departments, but it looks to the encouragement of the great public, whose more cultivated classes are so well represented to-night, not only by Kings and Princes, by diplomatists and statesmen, by judges and prelates, by men of science and literature, but by those who have inherited or created enormous wealth. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then gave "The Interests of Science and of Literature."

Mr. SPOTTISWOODE responded.

Mr. LOWELL, who, on rising, was warmly received, returned thanks in felicitous and humourous terms.

The PRESIDENT next gave "The Ancient Corporation of the City of London, and of its Chief Magistrate, the Lord Mayor."

The LORD MAYOR, in returning thanks, said that it was a proud thing for this country that State aid was not required to foster art, but that the people appreciated it in a manner which had raised it to a high and noble occupation.

The PRESIDENT, in eulogistic terms, proposed the health of

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who, in returning thanks, said:—Mr. President, your Majesty, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It is too late at night to inquire by what process of selection—certainly not that of the fittest—the President has come down so low on the roll of his guests as to call on an old lawyer to return thanks for a set of men numbering among them persons of the highest eminence in Church and State. It is true that in a broad and general sense the good of mankind and the lifting up and enlightening of life should be things for which all great artists must labour, and that artist must feel when he comes to die that he has failed if the world is not the better for his art. And as I am privileged to call upon you, sir, to follow me, I will say, and every one will agree with me, that as long as you fill the chair the standard that will be set will be a high standard, the aim will be lofty, the principles of judgment will be unbending and severe. (Cheers.) We can see what Sir F. Leighton can do as a great painter. A great many years ago a Greek orator, Hyperides, when he had to defend Phryne upon a grave charge of impiety, recommended her to appear unrobed before her judges, and she won her cause. Sir F. Leighton (Lord Coleridge here pointed to a picture on the walls) has made his appeal to his judges; he has disrobed his Phryne, and he has won his cause—a different cause. And I am sure he will allow me to say he has taught us that he sits in the chair of the Academy as he ought to sit, not only as an orator, as a man of the world, as a scholar, and as a gentleman, but as a great painter—as the legitimate and worthy successor of Eastlake, of Lawrence, and, above all, of Reynolds. (Loud cheers.) The noble and learned lord concluded by proposing the health of the President.

The PRESIDENT, in responding, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Dean Stanley and those Academicians who have passed away within the year, and concluded by saying:—I think it is impossible to look round these walls without being conscious of a great vitality in the work of the year. Opinions will vary as to the direction of the energies of our school, and on that subject I will not touch or trench to-night; but this is certain, that amongst the eager youth who throng the ranks of art, and, gentlemen, with them is our chief concern), a breath of wholesome life is keenly felt as of those who look into the future with hopeful and believing eyes. Not least is this sign visible I rejoice to note amongst the sculptors. Those who glance at the display of works of sculpture in the more seemly setting which we have now provided for them cannot but be impressed with the growth of the school, and the Council of the Academy has again marked the store it sets by this noble art in the purchase under the Chantrey trust of the powerful bronze by Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft. I have alluded to the more seemly housing of our sculpture, but this much needed change has not been this year without its drawbacks. A limited residuum of ground remains to us about this building, and I hope that at no remote day some extension of our rooms will be achieved. (Cheers.) I cannot do more than foreshadow a change, which is still in a plastic state, and under the consideration of the body. But I can have no doubt that when it is brought about, the area for exhibition will be materially increased, and more suitably distributed than at present, with the result, I am glad to think, of less of that sorrow, that heartburning, which we now in our hearts deplore. And, further, I have every hope that the schools, which are our foremost care, may be made sharers in the common gain. And as there is no thought which I should so gladly leave last in your minds as this, that the Royal Academy is alive to its high duties, and ever striving to perform them, I will here bring my words to a close. (Cheers.)

The company then separated.

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The Baths are open for GENTLEMEN:—
Daily, from 8 till 8. Sundays, from 8 till 12.
Entrance:—Alfred-place, Thurloe

Mr. Doll said that provision was made in the Act of Parliament requiring the Company to put up a fence at their own expense to prevent sheep and cattle getting into the water, but nothing was said about the protection of human beings. He should have thought the Company themselves would have been able to provide adequate protection.

The motion was altered so that it was left in the hands of the Surveyor to negociate further, and in this form it was seconded by Mr. Slack, and carried.

THE SEWER IN TITE STREET.

A letter was considered from Captain Blount, R.N., Secretary of the Victoria Hospital for Children, expressing surprise that a nine inch pipe sewer was only provided for the Hospital and the houses opposite, and complaining of a mud-hole under the footway.

The Surveyor suggested that this matter should be referred to a committee of view, as it was rather a complicated question, and he could explain it better on the ground than anywhere else. If it was examined at once, the necessary work could be done without delay.

Mr. Osborn did not think the Committee would benefit much by viewing the sewer; if it was only a nine inch pipe it was clear that it was inadequate.

Mr. Davidge observed that they all knew the ground well.

Eventually it was resolved to view the sewer.

THE DUTIES OF THE SURVEYOR.

The only other matter on the Committee's agenda was—"To consider further and report as

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No. 124. G. F. Watts, R.A.

The Fantail Pigeon that went out for a Lark,
and wouldn't go home on No-ah-count.
Moral—"Watt's th' odds 's long 's yer 'appy."
Mem.—Hung on the line.

CHELSEA AND PIMLICO CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, JULY 1ST, 1882.

CHELSEA ARTISTS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

No one can be said to have obtained an adequate idea of contemporary art who has seen only the works exhibited at the Royal Academy. Varied as are the styles of painting, and marked as is the individuality displayed in the treatment of their subjects by the host of exhibitors at Burlington House, there is nothing on the walls of the Academy that can be compared to the startling contrasts and amazing eccentricities to be found among the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery. Here, hanging side by side, we see the productions of the eccentric school which is hopelessly trying to do for painting, what the daring genius of Wagner has partly accomplished for the sister art of music. By the exercise of his fine powers, the poet-musician has created works of art which, while constructed on new, and as yet only partially accepted principles, yet compel admiration by their massive and rugged grandeur. But what have we in the new school of painting? Nothing but spasmodic feebleness. Instead of works that wring reluctant praise by the evidence of original, swift, and felicitous combinations of established principles of art in the production of new and original effects, we find inane areas of painted canvas, so meaningless that one artist has adopted the plan of describing them by technical terms borrowed from the art and science of music. According to the phraseology of the eccentrics, of whom Mr. Whistler is the high priest, pictures are no longer landscapes or portraits. They are "nocturnes," "scherzos," or "harmonies."

On the other hand, we have the archaic school of which Mr. E. Burne Jones is the greatest master and teacher. The pictures of this school are in strong contrast with those of which we have just spoken of, for, whereas in the former both eye and mind are tantalized by shadowy ghosts of pictures, in the latter there is an almost geometric definiteness of form, together with strange old-world subjects, and combinations of colours. If the one school tries to embody in visible form the harmonies of the spheres and to translate the scherzo of a sonata into hue and colour, the other school presents for our admiration and possible detectation, subjects, forms, and colours which have their origin in the peculiar mental atmosphere of the Middle Ages, engendered by the overwhelming influence of the monastic orders. Over all the pictures and compositions of this school their is an adumbra of the Church of the middle ages. In the clear, strongly-defined outlines of the figures; in the well-marked detachment of all the forms, and in the whole scheme of colouring, especially in the preponderance of strong blues and reds, we are irresistibly reminded of the Gothic window filled with richly-stained glass. Between these two extremes of airy nothingness and mediæval realism, there are innumerable degrees of affinity to either; but largely preponderating to towards the school of which Mr. Burne Jones is so eminent an example. The number of pictures, however, painted on distinctly pre-Raphaelite principles, constitutes but a very small proportion of the whole number exhibited, the larger part consisting of the works of painters who have departed from their first allegiance to Giotto and Fra Angelico, the primitive fathers of Italian painting; or of those who from the first have adopted and practised the methods of the modern schools.

If we may judge from this year's exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, Pre-Raphaelitism has but few representatives in Chelsea, the tendency among those of our artists who show marked departures from the styles in favour of the Royal Academy being rather towards the principles and practice of modern French art.

If the catalogue be taken as a guide, one of the first pictures the eye falls upon is a "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" (2), by J. M. Whistler. This curious works represent a stretch of water (on the Thames, we presume) as seen from the centre of a bridge, through an atmosphere of bluish gray mist. No part of the bridge is visible. The banks are dimly, if at all discernible. The whole canvas is covered with a blue mist veiling the surface of the water. In the foreground there is just visible a dimly-shadowed group of boats or barges, it is hard to say which, and in the distance some white dots and marks stand for the silver. The title of the picture is not only fanciful, but utterly mis-leading, and a strange mis-use of words. Not far from this is a Nocturne in "Black and Gold" (106), described as the "Entrance to Southampton Water," to which might be added, taken at midnight under a dark clouded sky. One sees rather less in the Nocturne than would be visible to the eye, if one were out on the open water on a dark night. The "gold" in the Nocturne may be seen by gazing intently at some yellow splashes in the distance with the resolute determination that you will and are determined to see what the painter says you ought to see, but don't. Other works by the same artist having similarly fantastic titles, are two little studies of coast scenery in Jersey, one called a "Note in Blue and Opal" (341), and the other "Blue and Brown, San Brelade's Bay" (342). A Portrait of Mrs. H. B. Meux (48), is affectedly called "Harmony in flesh-colour and pink." This is a soft and delicately-painted full-length portrait of a very charming lady dressed in pearl grey, relieved with broad bands of pink silk. It is the best example of Mr. Whistler's work in the gallery. A companion picture to this one, called "Harmony in Black and Red" (127), is painful to look upon. The subject is a full length figure of a girl, dressed in black, and painted on a black back ground. Set in the midst of this wide expanse of black tone, the face of the girl has a deadly ashen pallor, and such pinched features as are only to be seen in the last stages of a wasting illness. There is so little red in the picture, that it has to be looked for carefully to be seen at all.

We pass with pleasure from the weird fancies of Mr. Whistler to the healthy, breezy piece of coast scenery, exhibited by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, who is never tired of painting the wild country on the west coast of Ireland. In "Loading Corn" (5), some Irish lasses are piling up bundles of wheat in a boat, which is drawn up on the sands. Another work from the same hand is "Ellistrin Bay, West of Ireland" (230), which forcibly conveys the idea of wildness and solitude. The low rocky coast stretching away for miles, with the blue summer sea rippling up to the bay suggest pleasant thoughts of sea and sunshine.

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The Fantail Pigeon that went out for a Lark,
and wouldn't go home on No-ah-count.
Moral—"WATT's th' odds 's long 's yer 'appy."

No. 6. R. Barrett Browning.

A be-"Labour" of Love.
The Malevolent Maiden and the Missing Moke.

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No. 144. E. Burne Jones.

Courtship in the Jungle.
Mr. Jones and Miss Robinson interrupted by a *Bore*-constrictor.

No. 35. R. Spencer Stanhope.

Boticelli besieged by Duns. Early Florentine "Master" and Maid.
"'E ain't hup yet, call to-morrow!"

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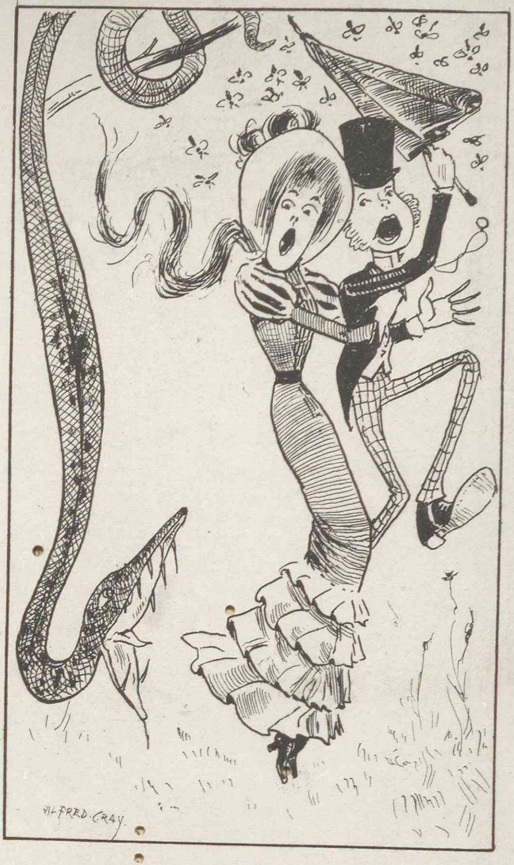

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WINTER'S WEEKLY

(GOLDEN GATES).

EDITED BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

The Brighton Argus says:—"The author of 'Bootles' Baby' is always well to the fore with 'Winter's Magazine (Golden Gates),' which contains something to suit all tastes. . . . . Certainly value for money is obtained in this magazine."

No. 49. Vol. II. MARCH 5, 1892. Price One Penny.

A CURRENT COPY OF WINTER'S WEEKLY IS A FREE INSURANCE POLICY FOR £500

JEUNESSE DOREE.

Gracious and glad as the song of the sunset glory,
Sorrowless still as the voice of a snow-born stream,
Were the first sweet notes of life's light-opening story,
Foretelling gladness as bright as an angel's dream.

Then was no past, enshrined in sorrow, to sigh for;
No lonely search for the light of a vanished star;
No sad awaking from dreams that the soul would die for,
Waking to weep for the heaven that still is afar.

Now is there nought but a voice from the past ever yearning,
Waking sweet sorrow for love that lived but to die;
Flowers that are fallen, and prayers to the backward burning,
Bitterest grief by the grave where dead hopes lie.

Life, brow-bound with thorns for the crown that was golden
Knows that lost love may not light her dying days;
Sorrow can sleep not in hearts in the past's hand holden,
Life sees no guerdon so dear as the death that delays.

T. R. S.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

OSCAR WILDE.

MY DEAR JOHN,—It has always been a favourite amusement with me, in my less unimaginative moods, to invent fictitious dialogues between various pairs of distinguished people. These dialogues are not, I am obliged to admit, as brilliant as the "Imaginary Conversations" of Landor, but they strike me as being much more "actual" than those of that child-hearted old giant. You may, if you choose, set this down to paternal pride, and it will not be for me to gainsay you. But, good or bad, there is one dialogue which remains unwritten, and I have not the courage to attempt its record. It is the dialogue which would have taken place between Carlyle and Mr. Oscar Wilde, if these two had been put face to face and compelled to speak frankly and fully. I hardly know which of the odd pair would have been victor. If Mr. Wilde had been fortunate enough to start the conversation with one of his irritating paradoxes, I suppose that Carlyle would have been quickly reduced to the inarticulate. If Carlyle, so to say, had won the toss, I imagine that he would have addressed Mr. Wilde as (on the occasion of the delightful dinner in "The Golden Butterfly") he addressed Mr. Gilead P. Beck. He would have said: "Say, brother, what hast thou done?" And Mr. Wilde would have been speechless—unless, indeed, with his splendid mendacity, he had said "I have struck Ile."

What has he done? I put the question rhetorically, without the least hope that anyone will be able to answer it. And yet it is quite certain that he has done something. He is too substantial a fact to be spontaneous. But search the history of the last twenty years as closely as you will, such positive achievements as are there set down to Mr. Wilde seem absurdly out of proportion to the very large position he occupies to-day. Let me catalogue these achievements—doing it, I admit, from memory.

His college career was not undistinguished, for (unless my memory is deceiving me) he took the Newdigate, was a Fellow of his college, and edited a Greek play; things which not everyone can hope to compass. Since then he has published—and even written—a volume of poems; one novel—"Dorian Gray;" some fairy-tales, and three magazine articles. Mr. Wilde has always professed so complete a contempt for popularity that he is not likely to be offended when I say that most of his literary work is now almost forgotten, even by the small circle of readers to whom it was addressed. You shall find here and there a student who remembers that brilliant article on "The Decay of the Art of Lying," and "The House of Pomegranates" may still be waiting on the table of some belated reviewer. I myself can quote at least four lines from his book of poems. Here they are, that you may see that I am uttering no vain boast:—

"Ah, what else had I to do but love you? God's own mother were less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytherean rising like an argent lily from the sea.
I have made my choice and lived my poems, and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's wreath of myrtle better than the poet's wreath of bays."

I hope I have quoted correctly, but I have not seen the poem since the day of its publication. What is important, however, is to assure yourself that Mr. Wilde owes little of his notoriety to these positive accomplishments: positive, that is, as distinguished from the negative feats of being disappointed with the Atlantic, and not cutting his hair.

How, then, has he contrived to make himself so well known? There is no doubt about the fact; his name is familiar wherever you go, and everywhere you find the same curious vagueness of conception. His personality has filtered through all the social strata. The process of imposing himself thus heavily on the world began, of course, with what was called, incorrectly enough, the æsthetic movement. Now, concerning this I may as well admit that I do not know a great deal. I could never discover the precise extent to which Mr. Wilde was directly responsible for the craze that was oftenest associated with his name, for the movement really began before his time with the art-work of the Pre-Raphaelites, whose principles he seems to have adopted and exaggerated. No doubt he was unfairly made responsible for many absurdities, on the part of his less intelligent followers, which he was far too wise to commit; and it is to be remembered that, stripped of exaggeration and affectation, the essential principles of the movement were, and are, of vital importance. That the pot and fan of far Japan should have become the objects of much ignorant and foolish worship is a very small thing; but it is much that Mr. Wilde should have shown us how to make art a more living factor in our daily life. Certainly he did that, and they are not to be counted by hundreds who owe it to him that their lives are brighter than before he came to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to æstheticism.

Never, I should think, was there a more willing martyr. Neither Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Du Maurier, nor Mr. Buchanan had a shaft that could make him flinch. He believed in himself—or said he did—through good and evil report; and it is only now, when he has left the wearing of curious garments, with other strange customs, that we begin to see the real good he effected. And of the old Oscar little is left. In his stead we have a man who dresses in the fashion of the day, and—so far from being the lank creature, sunflower-fed, of the popular ideal—has brought the Art of Life to perfection. It is difficult of acquirement, this kind of art; and I am not to be deterred from desiring it by any possible charge of selfishness. There are many excellent people, I know, who cannot hear Mr. Wilde's name without dangerous excitement. They imagine his doctrines to be infamous, his works corrupting. For my part, I could never see the reason of this. It has been Mr. Wilde's fate through life to be

No. 26. H. M. Paget.

Dear little Odysseus the Ithacan Bum-boat Man
And the "finny"-cal fry that "sole" with him for a "dace 'erring" (day's airing) (*oh!*.)

No. 26. H. M. Paget.

taken seriously whenever he was frivolous, to be laughed at whenever he was serious. It is partly his own fault, no doubt, and I suspect that he enjoys it all as a huge joke. There, at any rate, is the fact that the majority of his readers will have it that he is most in earnest whenever he is flinging some paradox, more startling than usual, at their heads. They cannot see that it is only his fun.

To do him justice he does not often try to be serious, for he has found out that serious intentions hamper the artist in life just as they hamper the artist in line, or words. It is the custom, I am told, to consider him completely typical of the end-of-the-century artist—a ridiculously foolish custom. True, he is cynical, *blasé*, rather indolent; but he does not affect the sad satiety of the modern young man, or his hopeless pessimism. Mr. Wilde is determined to take nothing seriously; he will wring a smile from everything. For him life is a brilliant paradox, and death an epigram. Once, indeed, he stooped to seriousness, in the thick of the controversy which waged around "Dorian Gray." You remember, no doubt, that whereas some proclaimed it—foolishly enough—an immoral book, Exeter Hall bore testimony to its value as an exponent of sound morality. And the strange thing was that Mr. Wilde seemed even prouder of this praise than of that blame, and avowed his pleasure in the testimony of the orthodoxy. But it is fair to turn to remember, also, that when some preposterous journal pronounced the book "poisonous," Mr. Wilde wrote to the editor and placidly remarked that the book was also perfect, which was likewise his fun.

The British public, as Matthew Arnold told us, has an instinctive hatred of the Idea, and it is not wonderful that it should have failed to understand that subtle audacious wit which is Mr. Wilde's most pronounced characteristic. And yet, though he will count me a Philistine for saying it, I have often wished that so brilliantly equipped a writer would sometimes give us more permanent work. As a critic of literature and art he might outpace even Mr. Pater; as a poet he might rank not far below Swinburne. But it is, I fear, too late to hope that he will change his ways now.

I have not yet seen his new play—though that, as he himself would be the first to admit, need not prevent me from having an opinion on it; so I will say I admire it, if for no other reason than that it has been abused by Mr. Clement Scott. His own admiration for it is not less convincing, and I, for my critical part, am heartily grateful to him for the kind way in which he always helps us to see the inner beauties of his own work. Here, too, is my excuse, if you should think that I have not said much that is new about Mr. Wilde: he has said so much about himself that his judges need no further testimony.

ESSARTI.

EDITOR'S THOUGHTS.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" is adorable. I forgave Oscar Wilde many things—indeed as the minutes passed I forgave him one thing after another till lo, the slate was wiped as clean as clean could be. It is *very* witty, *very* epigrammatic, *very* well acted, superbly mounted, and I believe it will catch on and run the season. But not because of the wit, or the epigrams, or the acting even, or the mounting. No! But because it is so utterly *true*. It isn't often that you see society put on the stage so that you fairly hold your breath with the reality of it. It is not often that you see five men on the stage who look like the real gentlemen of to-day, who act and talk as men of their class would do in real life. Yet you see it in Mr. Wilde's play to perfection, and many a parvenu will go again and again, and may safely do so, to study the tone and manners of society, and will learn far more from that pleasant evening's amusement than from all the etiquette books that ever were written.

A CORRESPONDENT has written me at some length on the case of the shocking death of a little child at Coleraine, Ireland. I must tell this lady that I may express no opinion one way or the other until the case is finally decided. By the bye, it is a mistake to call the Montagus Irish people—Mr. Montagu is first cousin to the present Duke of Manchester, and his wife is a Scotch woman. My correspondent is wrong in calling the lady *the Honourable* Mrs. Montagu—that is not her style—and also in saying that there was no inquest. An inquest was held; the verdict was "feloniously killing and slaying." I need hardly say that I shall be very pleased to hear further from my correspondent, and that I shall carefully preserve her letters until the trial is over.

THE editor of the *Daily Chronicle* lately inquired of the librarian of the Chelsea Library what was the relative popularity of living authors, and received the following interesting reply:—

In reply to your inquiry of the 7th, the following is a list of the more popular living authors, as shown by the demand made for their works:—Rider Haggard, "Edna Lyall," Marie Corelli, Miss Braddon, "John Strange Winter," Jerome K. Jerome, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Walter Besant, "Ouida," Quiller-Couch, Marion Crawford, George Meredith, Hall Caine, R. L. Stevenson, C. M. Yonge, William Black, Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Buchanan, Thomas Hardy, Grant Allen, James Payn, Mrs. Humphry Ward; and among writers for boys: Henty, Ballantyne, Verne, Fenn. It is almost impossible to place them in their order of popularity, as, of course, that is in a great measure governed by the number of works and the supply on the shelves, but in the case of every author named their books are taken out again immediately upon return, and in most instances we have several copies of each of their works. It is difficult to single out authors of works other than fiction, as the turnover is not nearly so great, the reading requiring much more attention, but Ruskin, Farrar, H. M. Stanley, and others might be named. There is invariably a large demand for books which create a special, perhaps passing, interest. "Lux Mundi" and Gore's Bampton Lectures, works on Equatorial Africa Montagu Williams's "Leaves of a Life," being examples of this.

I should much like to know how this compares with the experience of other librarians in large public libraries.

THE most wonderful catalogue has just come into my hands, a veritable monument of patience and indomitable industry, for work more exhausting and utterly tedious than catalogue making can hardly, I think, be imagined. This is the Encyclopædic Catalogue of the Guille-Allis Library at Guernsey, the gift to the island of two sturdy sons of the land who went out to America as boys and made huge fortunes, part of which they laid out in this practical form of a free library for the benefit of their fellow-islanders. The catalogue is compiled by Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, F.R.H.S., and includes over 40,000 volumes, arranged alphabetically, contingent on a certain precedency so as to give the reader as little trouble as possible.

LOOKING at the mere labour of such a work, I am appalled to think of the little personal return that can ever possibly come to its author. In the highest sense of the word it must have been a labour of love, neither asking nor expecting to receive any recognition adequate to the time and trouble it must have cost him. Guernsey folk who are proud of their successful and generous countrymen ought also to give a rich measure of thanks to Mr. Alfred Cotgreave.

WHAT a winsome spot Guernsey is! How lovely the principal town of Peterport, rising tier above tier, terrace above terrace, sheer out from the sea, with its brilliant emerald turf, its wealth of bright colour, its blue bright turquoise blue oleanders—yes, blue my readers—its passion flowers, its wisteria, its vivid geraniums, its cool green ice-plants. And what handsome people the Guernsey folk are too, such well-grown picturesque men, such bright vivacious women. Barring the dreadful passage across, I have always felt that I should like to live in the island. I believe too they have no rheumatism there. How delightful!

SUCH a funny thing once happened to me at the old Government House. Some ten years ago we spent a blessed and peaceful month in the Channel Islands, and one evening after dinner I strolled out into the garden in a casual kind of way with another visitor. It was a still September night—a thousand stars were shining overhead, the splash-splash of the waves on the rocks below sounded faintly on the quiet air. We walked slowly along the well-kept path and suddenly came on a girl—one of a large party staying in the hotel—in the arms of a man, who looked as if he might be an Infantry man over from Weymouth.

We retired precipitately and fancied we had not been seen and naturally enough during the next few days, having discovered a little romance—and you know how interesting these little incidents are in an hotel full of people whom you have never seen before and do not expect ever to see again—I kept my eye on my interesting couple. I never spoke to either of them. I scarcely know how or why, but I somehow gathered that though the girl was serious enough, the man meant nothing; with him it was merely an interlude. Byron says something about that:—

"of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

In *some* cases—yes!

WINTER'S WEEKLY

(GOLDEN GATES).

EDITED BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

The Brighton Argus says:—"The author of 'Bootles' Baby' is always well to the fore with 'Winter's Magazine (Golden Gates),' which contains something to suit all tastes. . . . . Certainly value for money is obtained in this magazine."

No. 49. Vol. II. MARCH 5, 1892. Price One Penny.

JEUNESSE DOREE.

Gracious and glad as the song of the sunset glory,
Sorrowless still as the voice of a snow-born stream,
Were the first sweet notes of life's light-opening story,
Foretelling gladness as bright as an angel's dream.

Then was no past, enshrined in sorrow, to sigh for;
No lonely search for the light of a vanished star;
No sad awaking from dreams that the soul would die for,
Waking to weep for the heaven that still is afar.

Now is there nought but a voice from the past ever yearning,
Waking sweet sorrow for love that lived but to die;
Flowers that are fallen, and prayers to the backward burning,
Bitterest grief by the grave where dead hopes lie.

Life, brow-bound with thorns for the crown that was golden
Knows that lost love may not light her dying days;
Sorrow can sleep not in hearts in the past's hand holden,
Life sees no guerdon so dear as the death that delays.

T. R. S.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

OSCAR WILDE.

MY DEAR JOHN,—It has always been a favourite amusement with me, in my less unimaginative moods, to invent fictitious dialogues between various pairs of distinguished people. These dialogues are not, I am obliged to admit, as brilliant as the "Imaginary Conversations" of Landor, but they strike me as being much more "actual" than those of that child-hearted old giant. You may, if you choose, set this down to paternal pride, and it will not be for me to gainsay you. But, good or bad, there is one dialogue which remains unwritten, and I have not the courage to attempt its record. It is the dialogue which would have taken place between Carlyle and Mr. Oscar Wilde, if these two had been put face to face and compelled to speak frankly and fully. I hardly know which of the odd pair would have been victor. If Mr. Wilde had been fortunate enough to start the conversation with one of his irritating paradoxes, I suppose that Carlyle would have been quickly reduced to the inarticulate. If Carlyle, so to say, had won the toss, I imagine that he would have addressed Mr. Wilde as (on the occasion of the delightful dinner in "The Golden Butterfly") he addressed Mr. Gilead P. Beck. He would have said: "Say, brother, what hast thou done?" And Mr. Wilde would have been speechless—unless, indeed, with his splendid mendacity, he had said "I have struck ile."

What has he done? I put the question rhetorically, without the least hope that anyone will be able to answer it. And yet it is quite certain that he has done something. He is too substantial a fact to be spontaneous. But search the history of the last twenty years as closely as you will, such positive achievements as are there set down to Mr. Wilde seem absurdly out of proportion to the very large position he occupies to day. Let me catalogue these achievements—doing it, I admit, from memory.

His college career was not undistinguished, for (unless my memory is deceiving me) he took the Newdigate, was a Fellow of his college, and edited a Greek play; things which not everyone can hope to compass. Since then he has published—and even written—a volume of poems; one novel—"Dorian Gray;" some fairy-tales, and three magazine articles. Mr. Wilde has always professed so complete a contempt for popularity that he is not likely to be offended when I say that most of his literary work is now almost forgotten, even by the small circle of readers to whom it was addressed. You shall find here and there a student who remembers that brilliant article on "The Decay of the Art of Lying," and "The House of Pomegranates" may still be waiting on the table of some belated reviewer. I myself can quote at least four lines from his book of poems. Here they are, that you may see that I am uttering no vain boast:—

"Ah, what else had I to do but love you? God's own mother were less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytherean rising like an argent lily from the sea.
I have made my choice and lived my poems, and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's wreath of myrtle better than the poet's wreath of bays."

I hope I have quoted correctly, but I have not seen the poem since the day of its publication. What is important, however, is to assure yourself that Mr. Wilde owes little of his notoriety to these positive accomplishments: positive, that is, as distinguished from the negative feats of being disappointed with the Atlantic, and not cutting his hair.

How, then, has he contrived to make himself so well known? There is no doubt about the fact; his name is familiar wherever you go, and everywhere you find the same curious vagueness of conception. His personality has filtered through all the social strata. The process of imposing himself thus heavily on the world began, of course, with what was called, incorrectly enough, the æsthetic movement. Now, concerning this I may as well admit that I do not know a great deal. I could never discover the precise extent to which Mr. Wilde was directly responsible for the craze that was oftenest associated with his name, for the movement really began before his time with the art-work of the Pre-Raphaelites, whose principles he seems to have adopted and exaggerated. No doubt he was unfairly made responsible for many absurdities, on the part of his less intelligent followers, which he was far too wise to commit; and it is to be remembered that, stripped of exaggeration and affectation, the essential principles of the movement were, and are, of vital importance. That the pot and fan of far Japan should have become the objects of much ignorant and foolish worship is a very small thing; but it is much that Mr. Wilde should have shown us how to make art a more living factor in our daily life. Certainly he did that, and they are not to be counted by hundreds who owe it to him that their lives are brighter than before he came to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to æstheticism.

Never, I should think, was there a more willing martyr. Neither Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Du Maurier, nor Mr. Buchanan had a shaft that could make him flinch. He believed in himself—or said he did—through good and evil report; and it is only now, when he has left the wearing of curious garments, with other strange customs, that we begin to see the real good he effected. And of the old Oscar little is left. In his stead we have a man who dresses in the fashion of the day, and—so far from being the lank creature, sunflower-fed, of the popular ideal—has brought the Art of Life to perfection. It is difficult of acquirement, this kind of art; and I am not to be deterred from desiring it by any possible charge of selfishness. There are many excellent people, I know, who cannot hear Mr. Wilde's name without dangerous excitement. They imagine his doctrines to be infamous, his works corrupting. For my part, I could never see the reason of this. It has been Mr. Wilde's fate through life to be

taken seriously whenever he was frivolous, to be laughed at whenever he was serious. It is partly his own fault, no doubt, and I suspect that he enjoys it all as a huge joke. There, at any rate, is the fact that the majority of his readers will have it that he is most in earnest whenever he is flinging some paradox, more startling than usual, at their heads. They cannot see that it is only his fun.

To do him justice he does not often try to be serious, for he has found out that serious intentions hamper the artist in life just as they hamper the artist in line, or words. It is the custom, I am told, to consider him completely typical of the end-of-the-century artist—a ridiculously foolish custom. True, he is cynical, *blasé*, rather indolent; but he does not affect the sad satiety of the modern young man, or his hopeless pessimism. Mr. Wilde is determined to take nothing seriously; he will wring a smile from everything. For him life is a brilliant paradox, and death an epigram. Once, indeed, he stooped to seriousness, in the thick of the controversy which waged around "Dorian Gray." You remember, no doubt, that whereas some proclaimed it—foolishly enough—an immoral book, Exeter Hall bore testimony to its value as an exponent of sound morality. And the strange thing was that Mr. Wilde seemed even prouder of this praise than of that blame, and avowed his pleasure in the testimony of the orthodoxy. But it is fair to turn to remember, also, that when some preposterous journal pronounced the book "poisonous," Mr. Wilde wrote to the editor and placidly remarked that the book was also perfect, which was likewise his fun.

The British public, as Matthew Arnold told us, has an instinctive hatred of the Idea, and it is not wonderful that it should have failed to understand that subtle audacious wit which is Mr. Wilde's most pronounced characteristic. And yet, though he will count me a Philistine for saying it, I have often wished that so brilliantly equipped a writer would sometimes give us more permanent work. As a critic of literature and art he might outpace even Mr. Pater; as a poet he might rank not far below Swinburne. But it is, I fear, too late to hope that he will change his ways now.

I have not yet seen his new play—though that, as he himself would be the first to admit, need not prevent me from having an opinion on it; so I will say I admire it, if for no other reason than that it has been abused by Mr. Clement Scott. His own admiration for it is not less convincing, and I, for my critical part, am heartily grateful to him for the kind way in which he always helps us to see the inner beauties of his own work. Here, too, is my excuse, if you should think that I have not said much that is new about Mr. Wilde: he has said so much about himself that his judges need no further testimony. ESSARTI.

EDITOR'S THOUGHTS.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" is adorable. I forgave Oscar Wilde many things—indeed as the minutes passed I forgave him one thing after another till lo, the slate was wiped as clean as clean could be. It is *very* witty, *very* epigrammatic, *very* well acted, superbly mounted, and I believe it will catch on and run the season. But not because of the wit, or the epigrams, or the acting even, or the mounting. No! But because it is so utterly *true*. It isn't often that you see society put on the stage so that you fairly hold your breath with the reality of it. It is not often that you see five men on the stage who look like the real gentlemen of to-day, who act and talk as men of their class would do in real life. Yet you see it in Mr. Wilde's play to perfection, and many a parvenu will go again and again, and may safely do so, to study the tone and manners of society, and will learn far more from that pleasant evening's amusement than from all the etiquette books that ever were written.

A CORRESPONDENT has written me at some length on the case of the shocking death of a little child at Coleraine, Ireland. I must tell this lady that I may express no opinion one way or the other until the case is finally decided. By the bye, it is a mistake to call the Montagus Irish people—Mr. Montagu is first cousin to the present Duke of Manchester, and his wife is a Scotch woman. My correspondent is wrong in calling the lady *the Honourable* Mrs. Montagu—that is not her style—and also in saying that there was no inquest. An inquest was held; the verdict was "feloniously killing and slaying." I need hardly say that I shall be very pleased to hear further from my correspondent, and that I shall carefully preserve her letters until the trial is over.

THE editor of the *Daily Chronicle* lately inquired of the librarian of the Chelsea Library what was the relative popularity of living authors, and received the following interesting reply:—

In reply to your inquiry of the 7th, the following is a list of the more popular living authors, as shown by the demand made for their works:—Rider Haggard, "Edna Lyall," Marie Corelli, Miss Braddon, "John Strange Winter," Jerome K. Jerome, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Walter Besant, "Ouida," Quiller-Couch, Marion Crawford, George Meredith, Hall Caine, R. L. Stevenson, C. M. Yonge, William Black, Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Buchanan, Thomas Hardy, Grant Allen, James Payn, Mrs. Humphry Ward; and among writers for boys: Henty, Ballantyne, Verne, Fenn. It is almost impossible to place them in their order of popularity, as, of course, that is in a great measure governed by the number of works and the supply on the shelves, but in the case of every author named their books are taken out again immediately upon return, and in most instances we have several copies of each of their works. It is difficult to single out authors of works other than fiction, as the turnover is not nearly so great, the reading requiring much more attention, but Ruskin, Farrar, H. M. Stanley, and others might be named. There is invariably a large demand for books which create a special, perhaps passing, interest. "Lux Mundi" and Gore's Bampton Lectures, works on Equatorial Africa, Montagu Williams's "Leaves of a Life," being examples of this.

I should much like to know how this compares with the experience of other librarians in large public libraries.

THE most wonderful catalogue has just come into my hands, a veritable monument of patience and indomitable industry, for work more exhausting and utterly tedious than catalogue making can hardly, I think, be imagined. This is the Encyclopædic Catalogue of the Guille-Allis Library at Guernsey, the gift to the island of two sturdy sons of the land who went out to America as boys and made huge fortunes, part of which they laid out in this practical form of a free library for the benefit of their fellow-islanders. The catalogue is compiled by Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, F.R.H.S., and includes over 40,000 volumes, arranged alphabetically, contingent on a certain precedency so as to give the reader as little trouble as possible.

LOOKING at the mere labour of such a work, I am appalled to think of the little personal return that can ever possibly come to its author. In the highest sense of the word it must have been a labour of love, neither asking nor expecting to receive any recognition adequate to the time and trouble it must have cost him. Guernsey folk who are proud of their successful and generous countrymen ought also to give a rich measure of thanks to Mr. Alfred Cotgreave.

WHAT a winsome spot Guernsey is! How lovely the principal town of Peterport, rising tier above tier, terrace above terrace, sheer out from the sea, with its brilliant emerald turf, its wealth of bright colour, its blue bright turquoise blue oleanders—yes, blue my readers—its passion flowers, its wisteria, its vivid geraniums, its cool green ice-plants. And what handsome people the Guernsey folk are too, such well-grown picturesque men, such bright vivacious women. Barring the dreadful passage across, I have always felt that I should like to live in the island. I believe too they have no rheumatism there. How delightful!

SUCH a funny thing once happened to me at the old Government House. Some ten years ago we spent a blessed and peaceful month in the Channel Islands, and one evening after dinner I strolled out into the garden in a casual kind of way with another visitor. It was a still September night—a thousand stars were shining overhead, the splash-splash of the waves on the rocks below sounded faintly on the quiet air. We walked slowly along the well-kept path and suddenly came on a girl—one of a large party staying in the hotel—in the arms of a man, who looked as if he might be an Infantry man over from Weymouth.

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No. 26. H. M. Paget.

Dear little Odysseus the Ithacan Bum-boat Man

And the "finny"-cal fry that "sole" with him for a "dace 'erring" (day's airing) *(oh!.)*

17 Feby '82.—

2

BOOKS ON ART.

The most sumptuous and in some ways the most interesting of recent books on art is Mr. Gosse's "Biography of Cecil Lawson" (Fine Art Company). The volume is bound in vellum and is illustrated with etchings by Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Lawson, and with numerous woodcuts after the same artist. Mr. Gosse's biographical sketch will be read with great enjoyment. It is a capital sketch of the artistic nature in its most intense form. It is also full of pleasant anecdote, though there were not many adventures, of course, in the life of a painter who died young and was always occupied in his art. The criticism, too, both of Mr. Lawson's own work, of its relations to the great landscape art of the past, and of the tendencies of modern study from nature, is very fine and intelligent. Cecil Lawson was born in a family of artists. His father was a portrait painter, his brother

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s'ouvrira le lundi de Pâques à Drury Lane, presque en même temps que la saison Italienne à Covent Garden et au Her Majesty's Theatre. Les deux événements de cette saison Anglaise seront la production de deux opéras inédits: *Colomba* et *Esmeralda*. Le premier de ces ouvrages est tirée du roman de Mérimée, par M. Hueffer, et a pour musicien M. Mackenzie; le second est tiré de *Notre Dame de Paris*, par M. Marsials, et a pour musicien, M. Goring.

M. Goring is good! The talented young composer, Mr. Goring Thomas is of course intended.

The Musical Review 1882

"THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS."

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying,
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

But perhaps while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses,
And look how the cold world appears,—
Or perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel when a falling leaf brushes
Your face as though some one had kissed you:
Or think at least some one who missed you
Had sent you a thought, if that cheers:
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken—
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no Morrow;
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

[From the late Mr. O'Shaughnessy's "Epic of Women and other Poems." The five most musical of the nine musical stanzas making up the poem have been selected.]

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY DISPUTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

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Grosvenor Gallery, New Bond-street, Jan. 27.

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Mr. Hallé sent this letter to Sir Coutts with remarks of which the following are samples: "He (that is, Mr. Burne-Jones) tells me that our loss of prestige during the last year is something terrible—this I hear on all sides—strong as we were we were not strong enough to bear the strain of the vulgar personality which has been stamped upon us. The two tangible points of which Burne-Jones and the artists of whom he is the mouthpiece complain, are—first, that by the system of advertising and by the huge posters about cheap dinners, luncheons, teas, oysters, &c., placed all about the entrance to the Grosvenor, the Picture Exhibition seems to be regarded by the directors as a mere adjunct to a restaurant—secondly, that the Gallery was let out almost every night during the season for concerts, balls, parties, and dinners, as though it were a sort of Willis's Rooms. Now, neither Burne-Jones nor his friends pretend to have any right to interfere with our arrangements, but they maintain that their work is not precisely of the kind suitable for the decoration of a dining and dancing saloon, and that if it is to be so treated they must decline to exhibit at the Grosvenor any more. This is putting it very bluntly, but it is no use mincing matters—I have heard the same thing on all sides, and the defection of Burne-Jones will, I am confident, be at once followed by that of Millais, Watts, Tadema, and Richmond, besides other artists and owners of pictures whose support depends entirely upon the high character we are able to maintain—this has been rudely shaken, and I think the price paid for the counsels of Messrs. Pyke and Wade is over heavy. . . . Pyke and Wade openly maintain that they are the real masters of the place, and I must say you lend colour to their assertions by your treatment of Carr and me. You hardly ever come into the Gallery without Pyke on one side and Wade on the other. . . . I would have long since asked you to accept my resignation but that I felt a certain difficulty in giving up my appointment on a personal matter, so many other men were deeply interested. . . . I confess I am loth to leave you. I do not think you have treated me as our long and intimate friendship led me to expect, but my affection for you is unchanged, and I do not hold that because a friend treats one badly that is any reason for increasing his difficulties or not helping him to get out of them."

Mr. Comyns-Carr, in a letter to Mr. Hallé, says Sir Coutts must be aware how distasteful to them personally the introduction of Messrs. Pyke and Wade originally appeared; nor could he have forgotten their submission without a protest to the abrogation of an agreement by which he had of his own motive proposed to make them partners in the concern, on terms that had not been observed, and on a promise of pecuniary advantage to himself which had not been realised.

Sir Coutts Lindsay on October 26th wrote complaining that the time of year at which these questions were raised were very inopportune, unless for the purpose of forcing his hand by threat of resignation. "Broadly, you demand the business control of the Gallery, to the exclusion of my own agents, but would allow me a share in the artistic management. Your chief plea for your withdrawal, so I gather, is your sense of responsibility to the exhibiting artists whose interests, in your opinion, are being imperilled by my present management. I have hitherto considered that all responsibility lay on my shoulders, you and Carr being mere coadjuters in the management, and I am at a loss to conceive how you should have thought otherwise. If the responsibility still appears to rest with you I would advise your immediate resignation, as a divided rule and shifting responsibility is enough to sink any undertaking, however promising. As I can admit no responsibility except my own, you must see clearly that I intend to keep the control of the Grosvenor in my own hands, and will endeavour to do so even should I be so unfortunate as to lose your and Carr's assistance. So long as I can fulfil my self-imposed duties to art and artists in a manner that is mutually agreeable to them, to the public, and to myself, I shall continue the Grosvenor Exhibitions. When I am convinced that these relations can no longer remain cordial, it will be a proof to me that my services to art are out of date, and I shall withdraw."

To this letter, which Sir Coutts had asked Mr. Hallé to show to Mr. Comyns-Carr, the latter replied:—"We have never asked or suggested that you should be excluded from the business control of the Gallery—what we have asked, if I may be allowed to recall the words I used to you the other day in conversation, is that we should revert to the arrangement under which the Gallery has acquired its present position and prosperity, an arrangement by which, as you well know, you retained the fullest authority and control, and which left us in the honourable position of your trusted agents and coadjutors. That trust, as you must admit, we have done nothing to forfeit, and its withdrawal, as you will not deny, has brought to you neither added profit nor prestige. . . . What we have asked, and all that we have asked, is that Mr. Pyke should no longer be permitted to intervene between you and ourselves, and that, subject to personal consultation with you, there should be no authority but ours in the control of the Grosvenor. These points we endeavoured to put before you in the fullest and frankest way, and we feel that they are vital, not merely to our position, but to the position of the Gallery. It is not, we think, consistent with a due regard to either that our control of the expenditure and conduct of the Gallery should be subject to any other supervision than your own, and if we are not your trusted agents for this purpose—if, that is to say, our work is to be subject to the direction of one who has obviously no qualifications for the task—then I think it is clear that we are not fit to continue in the position we have occupied since the establishment of the Gallery."

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s'ouvrira le lundi de Pâques à Drury Lane, presque en même temps que la saison Italienne à Covent Garden et au Her Majesty's Theatre. Les deux événements de cette saison Anglaise seront la production de deux opéras inédits: *Colomba* et *Esmeralda*. Le premier de ces ouvrages est tirée du roman de Mérimée, par M. Hueffer, et a pour musicien M. Mackenzie; le second est tiré de *Notre Dame de Paris*, par M. Marsials, et a pour musicien, M. Goring.

M. Goring is good! The talented young composer, Mr. Goring Thomas is of course intended.

The Musical Review 1882

"THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS."

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying,
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

But perhaps while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses,
And look how the cold world appears,—
Or perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel when a falling leaf brushes
Your face as though some one had kissed you:
Or think at least some one who missed you
Had sent you a thought, if that cheers:
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken—
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no Morrow;
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

[From the late Mr. O'Shaughnessy's "Epic of Women and other Poems." The five most musical of the nine musical stanzas making up the poem have been selected.]

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THE GROSVENOR GALLERY QUARREL.

The correspondence with Sir Coutts Lindsay leading up to the resignation of Messrs. C. E. Hallé and J. Comyns Carr has been printed and circulated by Messrs. Hallé and Comyns Carr, with an intimation that their arrangements for the establishment of a new gallery, to be opened in May next, are complete. In the first letter, dated October 3, 1887, Mr. Burne-Jones writes to Mr. Hallé: "I am troubled and anxious more than I can say by the way in which, it seems to me, the Gallery has been gradually slipping from its first position, and from the point to which it was so laboriously worked up, to that of a room which can be hired for evening parties. The Gallery has had some struggles for existence, and has had to stand the test of incessant comparison with the Royal Academy, and many used to comfort themselves by thinking it had more directness of aim than the older body had been able to preserve on its enormous scale of exhibition—any way, the place got a character of its own, and its name has been respected, and I do seriously feel that all this is being imperilled by the innovations of this last season, and that steadily and surely the Gallery is losing caste—club rooms, concert rooms, and the rest were not in the plan, and must and will degrade it. Can you hint at this my vexation to Sir Coutts?" The letter concludes:—"Clubs, feasts, concerts, parties, advertisements, placards, and refreshments—how they all vex the soul! And it's not my affair, you truly say, and didn't I begin with a deep apology for what I was going to say? So tell as much of this as you like to Sir Coutts and Carr, and you will, I know, all hold me excused, since it means that the matter is of serious importance to me—that I am wrapped up in the place, and cannot and would not disentangle—and let me know what they think.—Your affectionate friend, E. BURNE-JONES."

Mr. Hallé sent this letter to Sir Coutts with remarks of which the following are samples: "He (that is, Mr. Burne-Jones) tells me that our loss of prestige during the last year is something terrible—this I hear on all sides—strong as we were we were not strong enough to bear the strain of the vulgar personality which has been stamped upon us. The two tangible points of which Burne-Jones and the artists of whom he is the mouthpiece complain, are—first, that by the system of advertising and by the huge posters about cheap dinners, luncheons, teas, oysters, &c., placed all about the entrance to the Grosvenor, the Picture Exhibition seems to be regarded by the directors as a mere adjunct to a restaurant—secondly, that the Gallery was let out almost every night during the season for concerts, balls, parties, and dinners, as though it were a sort of Willis's Rooms. Now, neither Burne-Jones nor his friends pretend to have any right to interfere with our arrangements, but they maintain that their work is not precisely of the kind suitable for the decoration of a dining and dancing saloon, and that if it is to be so treated they must decline to exhibit at the Grosvenor any more. This is putting it very bluntly, but it is no use mincing matters—I have heard the same thing on all sides, and the defection of Burne-Jones will, I am confident, be at once followed by that of Millais, Watts, Tadema, and Richmond, besides other artists and owners of pictures whose support depends entirely upon the high character we are able to maintain—this has been rudely shaken, and I think the price paid for the counsels of Messrs. Pyke and Wade is over heavy. . . . Pyke and Wade openly maintain that they are the real masters of the place, and I must say you lend colour to their assertions by your treatment of Carr and me. You hardly ever come into the Gallery without Pyke on one side and Wade on the other. . . . I would have long since asked you to accept my resignation but that I felt a certain difficulty in giving up my appointment on a personal matter, so many other men were deeply interested. . . . I confess I am loth to leave you. I do not think you have treated me as our long and intimate friendship led me to expect, but my affection for you is unchanged, and I do not hold that because a friend treats one badly that is any reason for increasing his difficulties or not helping him to get out of them."

Mr. Comyns-Carr, in a letter to Mr. Hallé, says Sir Coutts must be aware how distasteful to them personally the introduction of Messrs. Pyke and Wade originally appeared; nor could he have forgotten their submission without a protest to the abrogation of an agreement by which he had of his own motive proposed to make them partners in the concern, on terms that had not been observed, and on a promise of pecuniary advantage to himself which had not been realised.

Sir Coutts Lindsay on October 26th wrote complaining that the time of year at which these questions were raised were very inopportune, unless for the purpose of forcing his hand by threat of resignation. "Broadly, you demand the business control of the Gallery, to the exclusion of my own agents, but would allow me a share in the artistic management. Your chief plea for your withdrawal, so I gather, is your sense of responsibility to the exhibiting artists whose interests, in your opinion, are being imperilled by my present management. I have hitherto considered that all responsibility lay on my shoulders, you and Carr being mere coadjutors in the management, and I am at a loss to conceive how you should have thought otherwise. If the responsibility still appears to rest with you I would advise your immediate resignation, as a divided rule and shifting responsibility is enough to sink any undertaking, however promising. As I can admit no responsibility except my own, you must see clearly that I intend to keep the control of the Grosvenor in my own hands, and will endeavour to do so even should I be so unfortunate as to lose your and Carr's assistance. So long as I can fulfil my self-imposed duties to art and artists in a manner that is mutually agreeable to them, to the public, and to myself, I shall continue the Grosvenor Exhibitions. When I am convinced that these relations can no longer remain cordial, it will be a proof to me that my services to art are out of date, and I shall withdraw."

To this letter, which Sir Coutts had asked Mr. Hallé to show to Mr. Comyns-Carr, the latter replied:—"We have never asked or suggested that you should be excluded from the business control of the Gallery—what we have asked, if I may be allowed to recall the words I used to you the other day in conversation, is that we should revert to the arrangement under which the Gallery has acquired its present position and prosperity, an arrangement by which, as you well know, you retained the fullest authority and control, and which left us in the honourable position of your trusted agents and coadjutors. That trust, as you must admit, we have done nothing to forfeit, and its withdrawal, as you will not deny, has brought to you neither added profit nor prestige. . . . What we have asked, and all that we have asked, is that Mr. Pyke should no longer be permitted to intervene between you and ourselves, and that, subject to personal consultation with you, there should be no authority but ours in the control of the Grosvenor. These points we endeavoured to put before you in the fullest and frankest way, and we feel that they are vital, not merely to our position, but to the position of the Gallery. It is not, we think, consistent with a due regard to either that our control of the expenditure and conduct of the Gallery should be subject to any other supervision than your own, and if we are not your trusted agents for this purpose—if, that is to say, our work is to be subject to the direction of one who has obviously no qualifications for the task—then I think it is clear that we are not fit to continue in the position we have occupied since the establishment of the Gallery."

Mr. E. Burne-Jones also wrote to Sir Coutts urging him to yield, adding, I assure you that the Gallery has begun a downward course, which will soon make it no desirable thing for anyone to exhibit there. And the pity that it is! Such cost and labour to build up, and to see it overthrown for some obscure cause that baffles all reason. I for one should have to withdraw, with pain and reluctance—feeling miserable at the breakdown of so handsome an undertaking as it was.

No answer was received to this letter, but in reply to the one from Mr. Hallé and Mr. Comyns Carr, Sir Coutts wrote declaring that the finance and management of the Grosvenor were in their hands from its commencement for eight years; that it became evident that the Gallery no longer paid its way, but was in danger of a collapse; and that he had placed the Grosvenor in the hands of business men with excellent results. The first experiment in the way of using the Gallery for other purposes of the kind was made at Hallé's suggestion, and in favour of Hallé concerts that were given in the Gallery during the Summer Exhibition, and the precedent had merely been followed. He declined to make any promise of change in the management. Upon this the threatened resignations took effect, Mr. Hallé in his reply repudiating in his father's name the suggestion that his concerts could be quoted "as a precedent for the amateur performance of a Mr. Wade, or the dancing and feasting of a 4th of July celebration."

A letter from Mr. Alma-Tadema is also given approving the course taken by Messrs. Carr and Hallé, and concluding:—I may add for my own part that the dignity of art has so seriously been compromised by the policy lately pursued that I was more than doubtful whether I should be justified in continuing to exhibit with you under the existing conditions.—L. ALMA TADEMA.

Mr. Burne-Jones also writes: "I conclude that Sir Coutts has determined upon an extension of the aims and interests of the Grosvenor Gallery into which we cannot follow him; and therefore my connection with it as well as yours is over."

Messrs. Carr and Hallé add a note on the financial position of the Gallery under their management, maintaining that the original cost of the Grosvenor Gallery apart from the group of buildings with which it is connected, and which from the first have been devoted to other uses, did not exceed 30,000*l.*; that the gross receipts of the Gallery in entrance money, sale of catalogues and commissions on sales of pictures, have averaged during the period of our management over 7,000*l.* per annum, and the average annual expenses have not exceeded 3,500*l.*, leaving a balance of 3,500*l.* net revenue, or a return of considerably over 10 per cent. on the money invested; and that their own pecuniary interest has at no time exceeded 300*l.* a year each. They add: "That these results had not proved sufficient to satisfy Sir Coutts Lindsay was no matter of surprise to us. We had long been aware that his views as to the profits to be reaped from the establishment of an art gallery were in the last degree sanguine and exaggerated. Writing two years ago, when the question of the introduction of Messrs. Pyke and Wade first came under discussion, he said 'When our exhibition first started we hoped to make in entrance fees, &c., something like half the takings of the Royal Academy,' and yet in the same letter, written when, as he now alleges, we had placed the Gallery in danger of collapse, he admits that it was yielding net profits of 2,000*l.* a year."

THE Grosvenor Gallery correspondence, or as much of it as we can find space to publish, is given in another column. Letters involving personal controversies have a tendency to run to an unconscionable length in print; but from our summary our readers will miss none of the piquancy of this quarrel. After all, it is to the personality of the correspondents that the interest mainly attaches. Ordinary human nature is apt to rejoice in the discovery that gentlemen with souls supposed to be refined by the pursuit and contemplation of high art can quarrel like common mortals. In this case it now comes out that it was none other than Mr. BURNE-JONES himself who was at the head of the Grosvenor Gallery revolt. His lofty aspirations were put to shame by the prostitution of the temple of his art to other purposes than the exhibition of the works of Mr. BURNE-JONES and his school. He would have the Grosvenor regarded as a consecrated building, a place invested with a mystic sanctity, so that to associate it with any other purpose would be in the highest degree profane. "Clubs, feasts, concerts, parties, advertisements, and refreshments—how they vexed his soul!" He begged Mr. HALLÉ to "hint" these things to Sir COUTTS LINDSAY; but it is clear from the correspondence that he had led both Mr. HALLÉ and Mr. COMYNS-CARR a sad life on the subject for some time previously. Goaded at length into remonstrance with Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, these gentlemen opened fire upon the founder of the Grosvenor Gallery; and when met with his staunch resistance were of course entitled to the support of their chief instigator. Thus, as the correspondence is presented with Mr. BURNE-JONES's letter at the head of it, the high claims of art stand in the foreground, and a subsidiary place is given to the prosaic fact that Messrs. HALLÉ and COMYNS CARR could not bear Sir COUTTS LINDSAY to take two business men into his counsel in order to make the Grosvenor Gallery yield him an adequate return for his enterprise. The net result of the whole affair is, besides some present entertainment to the public, the promise of a new Art Exhibition.

THE NORNS WATERING IGGDRASILL.

(FOR A PICTURE.)

WITHIN the unchanging twilight
  Of the high land of the gods,
Between the murmuring fountain,
  And the Ash-tree, tree of trees,
The Norns, the terrible maidens,
  For ever come and go.

Iggdrasill the populous Ash-tree,
  Whose leaves embroider heaven,
Fills all the grey air with music—
  To gods and to men sweet sounds,
But speech to the fine-eared maidens
  Who evermore come and go.

That way to the doomstead thrones
  The Aesir ride each day,
And every one bends to the saddle
  As they pass beneath the shade;
Even Odin, the strong All-father,
  Bends to the beautiful maidens
  Who cease not to come and go.

The tempest crosses the high boughs,
  The great snakes heave below,
The wolf, the boar, and antlered harts
  Delve at the life-giving roots,
But all of them fear the wise maidens,
The wise-hearted water-bearers
  Who evermore come and go.

And men far away in the night-hours
  To the north-wind list'ning, hear,
They hear the howl of the wear-wolf,
  And know he hath felt the sting
Of the eyes of the potent maidens
  Who sleeplessly come and go.

They hear on the waves of the north wind
  A sound as of three that sing,
And the skald, in the blae mist wand'ring
  High on the midland fell,
Heard the very words of the o'ersong
  Of the Norns who come and go.

But alas for the ears of mortals
  Chance-hearing that fate-laden song!
The bones of the skald lie there still,—
  For the speech of the leaves of the Tree
Is the song of the three Queen-maidens
  Who evermore come and go.

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

22 March
8 July 1876—

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in the parish that Pietro
an some day, and she was

hough the old woman had
ssed to notice it, *she* had
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ding on the doorstep and

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ked he, tenderly. And he
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s Teresina fancied, and he was
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uty in landscape—the sense of a certain poetry
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ay be truly said, never laboured without an idea.
nd show himself a powerful realist on occasion, he
here copyist of the unsorted and confused realities
offers to the painter's eye. He brought to every
r faith of a poet, and he knew how to bring the
d into subjection to a poet's vision. And this he
or the most part without unduly disturbing the
ces of things, and without arbitrarily imposing any
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gination enters into his work, his outlook was
nd wide. He could appreciate nature in many
its most varied character. He used all the
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erior sense of style; and yet those who have
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t is as evident in the *Hop Gardens of*
he Pastoral, and it gives to his later, and
achievements their chief attraction and charm.
rn feeling for the beauty that belongs to the
weather, Lawson's sense of composition did
to the realities of form. It found exercise,
t of powerful effects of light and shade, and
r of our time who has so successfully
n of the sky in giving life and movement to
f landscape.

Art & Letters. — July 1882 —

English Art has sustained a serious loss in the death of Mr. Cecil Lawson, the landscape painter, which took place on Saturday afternoon from an acute pulmonary attack. Few pictures seen at the Exhibitions of the last few years have excited more interest than the landscapes of this artist, who was in the first rank of young men of promise. His style was large and imposing, his colour deep and strong, and there was about his compositions a certain suggestiveness which is at the very foundation of poetic painting. What Mr. Lawson might have done had he lived—he was only thirty when he died—no one can say; but it is impossible not to believe that so much devotion to art, so much promise, and such a degree of performance as he had already attained, must have had great results. He had what is daily growing rarer in all the realms of art—the gift of imagination. He saw in his pictures, and made others see, something more than what was actually set down upon the canvas. Such power condones many technical defects, for the defects are to be conquered by time and labour, and the imaginative gift comes of itself alone. Genius has been with questionable accuracy defined as the capacity of taking trouble, and to be able to take trouble is a great thing. But it will not enable a man to write like Byron or to paint like Turner. It will enable him perhaps to paint a red coat with admirable correctness or to make an excellent dictionary, though even in the latter case Johnson's genius was a gain to his industry. But the mind open to the light that never was on sea or shore, joined to the hand that can trace the vision and give it to the world as a respite from harsh realities, is scarcer than it used to be. It is a reason the more for regretting the early loss of a painter who looked on earth and sky with the eye of a poet.

Mr. Cecil G. Lawson, the landscape painter, died on Saturday afternoon of a pulmonary attack of a very acute form. Mr. Lawson, who was only 30 years of age, was an artist of great promise, and was enthusiastically devoted to the calling he had chosen. He leaves a widow (Constance, daughter of Mr. Philip, the sculptor) and one child, a son.

13/6/82

under the *nom de plume* of "*Ali Baba.*"

January 31.—In London, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, poet and naturalist, author of "An Epic of Women," "Music and Moonlight," &c., aged 34.

January 31.—At Devon Lodge, Moulsey

1881.

OBITUARY.

CECIL LAWSON.

Very unexpectedly to a public which was anticipating a great future of work from a gifted young painter of only thirty years of age, Mr. Cecil Lawson died on Saturday after a short and severe illness. Much interesting and fascinating labour which had been sometimes looked at in the light of a preparation and a promise has therefore suddenly become final, and the *œuvre* of Cecil Lawson—to use a word for which there is no proper equivalent—is prematurely complete. It is only about five years ago that the enthusiastic and original young artist whose death is greatly lamented to-day came at all into notice. This present year, save for one noble picture at the Grosvenor Gallery—a bit of the Riviera under ardent sunshine—he has hardly been up to his old mark; yet the few years during which he could exhibit in the fullness and the happiest exercise of his power have sufficed to give his work a position from which it will not be easy to disturb it. His labour was often tentative, yet always original, and not the least original, in the best sense of originality, when he was adapting the conventions of a bygone art to pictures full of a modern spirit and poetry. He may have learnt from the masters of two hundred years ago—from Hobbema, from de Köning, and from Ruysdael—the primary importance of tone, the charm of aerial effect; but his colour was his own—as much his own as his poetical vision of Nature—and he hardly ever completed a satisfactory and fairly representative work which did not evidence at once both his cultivated understanding of the elder masters of the seventeenth century, whom Crome in some measure followed, and the individuality of his own impressions of the world. We have here at present neither time nor space to recal in detail the list of his achievements—it would be a long list for a painter cut off so young—but we may remind the readers of the Academy that the less effectual representation of the painter during the actual season is but an unfortunate accident. On the whole, so far from having neglected to fulfil his earliest promise, he fulfilled it most richly; last year he was absolutely at his strongest, his

June 17. 1882.

art of the Museum country makes its historical portraits of the highest interest. A speedy decline followed. The struck medal became a mechanical work executed by a goldsmith, and an indiscriminate admiration of the classical art astray. In Germany a school arose which, under Albrecht Dürer, revived the [illegible] for truth, however, however, ever, retained the dignity and grace of Italy. France, under the later Sovereigns of the House of Valois and the first Bourbon, produced work which worthily begins the modern period; but Dupré is at once the leader and the only great master of this last epoch. As portrait-medals in the modern style, his works have never been equalled.

Art & Letters. — July 1882 —

CECIL LAWSON

THE death of Cecil Lawson will awaken a feeling of deep regret amongst all who knew his work and who care for the art that he loved. To the narrower circle of his friends, who had watched his earlier struggles and who had welcomed his well-earned success, it will seem an event of peculiar sadness. He possessed such a keen and ardent ambition, such inexhaustible energy, and so true and genuine a love for his work, that it will be impossible for those who had rightly measured these qualities of the man, not to have looked rather to the future than to the past. They cannot but feel now, that he has been taken from the world before the true work of his life was finished, and that what he had accomplished was only the promise of a richer and more complete achievement. It is only a little while since Cecil Lawson's name has sprung into public notice. Before that time he had been struggling in vain for recognition, and when at last there came a full and ample acknowledgment of his powers, the brief space of life that was still left to him did not suffice to let the painter recover the calmer and more tranquil spirit in which his earlier paintings were produced. For like a true artist, Lawson was keenly sensitive alike to praise and to neglect, and he could not but be in some degree affected by the sudden and almost romantic change in his fortunes which followed the first exhibition of his works in the Grosvenor Gallery. With a lower ideal or less singleness of purpose, such unlooked-for success might have dwarfed his future career, by tempting him to labour for the rewards of the market thus suddenly thrown open to him. But in Lawson's case it only served to give a new and perhaps feverish impulse to his ambition. That was all the harm it did; and if he had lived in health and strength, his style would quickly have regained the earlier repose and simplicity.

For there was in all his work from first to last the essential secret of beauty in landscape—the sense of a certain poetry imprisoned in nature which it was the artist's business to set free. Lawson, it may be truly said, never laboured without an idea. Though he could show himself a powerful realist on occasion, he was never a mere copyist of the unsorted and confused realities which nature offers to the painter's eye. He brought to every scene the eager faith of a poet, and he knew how to bring the facts it contained into subjection to a poet's vision. And this he accomplished for the most part without unduly disturbing the actual appearances of things, and without arbitrarily imposing any rigid convention of his own. Considering how powerfully the element of imagination enters into his work, his outlook was singularly free and wide. He could appreciate nature in many moods, and in its most varied character. He used all the resources of the instrument upon which he played; he enjoyed to the full the rich luxuriance of nature; but he did not forget in his enjoyment of these things the original harmony of design and colour with which he had set out. It is difficult in the criticism of any individual picture to define exactly how this poetic impulse shapes and subdues the painter's work, and gives to every touch a superior sense of style; and yet those who have carefully studied Lawson's art will not deny the existence of this higher quality. It is as evident in the *Hop Gardens of England* as in *The Pastoral*, and it gives to his later, and sometimes slighter, achievements their chief attraction and charm. Inheriting the modern feeling for the beauty that belongs to the changing truths of weather, Lawson's sense of composition did not limit itself only to the realities of form. It found exercise, also, in the treatment of powerful effects of light and shade, and there is no painter of our time who has so successfully asserted the dominion of the sky in giving life and movement to the underlying facts of landscape.

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Art & Letters. July 188

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The latest addition to the noble company of playwrights is Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose very successful début in his new rôle was awaited by many with as much curiosity as interest. Just now, too, all Paris is on the *qui vive* for his play of "Salomè," founded on sacred history, and written solely and originally in French by this most versatile of geniuses, though whether or no he is to reap fresh laurels thereby remains to be seen. Mr. Oscar Wilde is, as everyone knows, the younger son of Sir William Wilde, the celebrated Irish oculist; and of his clever wife, whose *nom de guerre* of "Speranza" will be well remembered by all who have any cognisance or recollection of the Young Ireland movement, but who of late years has turned her attention more to folk-lore than to politics. Mr. Wilde's career has been a varied and a brilliant succession of *tableaux vivants*, so to speak, from the commencement, as winner of the Newdigate at Oxford and leader of the then infantile æsthetic craze, to his present semi-public position as lecturer, man of fashion, wit, poet, novelist, essayist, and

MR. OSCAR WILDE.

dramatist all in one. His lecturing tour in America was literally a species of royal progress, even "God Save the Queen" being played to mark his entry into a ball-room. Perhaps his most remarkable attribute, after his mastery of paradox and skill in epigram, is the imperturbable and courtly serenity which characterises his every speech and action. Mr. Wilde was married, some eight years ago, to Miss Constance Lloyd, daughter of Mr. Horace Lloyd, and is the father of two very beautiful boys. His house in Tite Street, Chelsea, was decorated by the late Mr. Godwin, and is, with its subtle harmonies of green and blue, its peacock-like charm of colouring, and quaint, old-world furniture, strangely in consonance with the spirit of modern art and its somewhat *fin-de-siècle* occupier.

A very full and, on the whole, admiring house greeted the production of Mr. Oscar Wilde's play ("Lady Windermere's Fan") at the St. James's Theatre the other evening, and never did audience at a *première* appear less brilliantly attired. It may be that the stage dresses, which certainly were miracles of fine colour and distinction, threw everything else a little into the shade; it may be that the recent sad necessity for mourning garments has pushed aside the instinct for pretty gowns. Certainly, with few exceptions the feminine portion of the assemblage was gowned wisely, maybe, but decidedly not too well. However, there were bright spots here and there. Mrs. Bram Stoker wore a wonderful evening wrap of striped brocade with "thousand rare encolourings." Mrs. Oscar Wilde looked charming in her pale-blue brocaded gown, made after the fashion of Charles the First's time, with its long tabbed bodice, slashed sleeves, and garniture of old lace and pearls. Mrs. Jopling-Rowe was becomingly arrayed in shrimp-pink, lightly accented with black. Some of the other wearers of pleasing toilettes were Mrs. Pinero, Miss Julia Neilson, and Miss Florence Terry. Among those present were Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Campbell-Praed, Mr. Bancroft, Mrs. Hare, Mr. Charles Matthews, Mr. Inderwick, Dr. Playfair, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, to say nothing of whole rows of critics and other notabilities of the pen and pencil. Miss Marion Terry's gowns were beautiful beyond words: the ball-dress in the second act was rich white-and-gold brocade of Arabian Nights-like splendour, but very simply made, with a closely fitting, pointed golden girdle and a cloud of white ostrich and lilies-of-the-valley about the corsage. Her bouquet in this scene was of marvellous violet and white orchids. The graceful grey corduroy walking-gown which Miss Terry wore in the fourth act was not less becoming to her; like the first, it was of Princess build, but with elaborate garniture of fine steel, flowing in glittering rivulets from shoulder to waist, from waist to hem. The little grey and black bonnet to match is the most *espiègle* headgear imaginable. Miss Lily Hanbury wears a pale primrose tea-gown of lace and silk, with a Watteau pleat, in the first act; a light-blue satin ball-gown embroidered with gold and spangles in the second and third, and a delightful confection of chestnut-brown velvet and salmon-pink cashmere in the fourth.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 14.

Major Sykins, Military Attaché at the British Embassy, has been transferred in the same capacity to Berlin, not to Paris, as has been reported.

An official contradiction is given to the rumours which have been current of disturbances in Syria.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

CAPE COAST CASTLE, May 28.

Father Moreau, head of the Roman Catholic Mission at Elmina, and Monsieur Brun, the French Consul, have returned to Elmina from Coomassie, whither the former went to request permission of the King to establish a Roman Catholic mission and schools. The King gave his assent to the establishment of the mission, but refused permission to found schools there. Commander Lonsdale's mission met with a cordial reception from the King, who after some delay accepted the proposal for the mediation of the British authorities between the Ashantees and the Gaunas.

Commissioner Lonsdale will shortly proceed to Gaunas.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HONOLULU, June 6.

(Via San Francisco and New York.)

The Cabinet, under Mr. Gibson's Premiership, has been completed by the appointment of Keal to the Ministry of the Interior, Mr. Hush as Finance Minister, and Mr. Preston as Attorney-General.

A Bill brought in by the late Ministry authorising a loan of 5,000,000 dols. for immigration purposes has been thrown out by the Legislature.

GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, June 13, Evening.

A fire broke out to-day in Victoria-square, and has not yet been extinguished. The damage is estimated at 1,000,000 dols.

MONTREAL, June 14.

The loss from the fire in Victoria-square is estimated at 750,000 dols.

FALL OF A BRIDGE AND LOSS OF NINE LIVES.

NEW YORK, June 14.

A bridge across a swollen stream at Indianapolis, Indiana, gave way while some people were on it, nine of whom were precipitated into the water and drowned.

FLOODS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, June 13.

Heavy floods continue in the Fraser Valley, doing much damage to property. Many farmers are sending their families away for safety.

THE PETITE BOURSE.

PARIS, June 14, 10 P.M.

Business was done on the Petite Bourse this evening as follows:—Rente, 97f. 62c. Rente, for account, 97f. 60c.

Rente, with some others, were thrown into prison, and there every one was subjected to the most barbarous cruelty. The Woon's wife and another lady were led by cords to upright posts, and then cruelly beaten with clubs until they were senseless, while his daughters were subjected to still greater indignities. The latest

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COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

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