

Carlyle upon the Thames Embankment being a noble evidence of his powers. Mr. Waldo Story's marble group, "The Fallen Angel," though creditable in design, lacks strength and expression in the chiselling.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, whose celebrated picture, "The Scapegoat," created so much criticism on its exhibition in London, has committed his experiences and adventures in the East to the press in a series of papers, called "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," in which he tells how, in the summer of 1854, he made an interesting journey to the remote end of the Dead Sea, and there found, in the neighbourhood of Usdum, what he determined to make the background of the "Scapegoat." In an article contributed to the *Contemporary* he gives a detailed account of the painting of this remarkable picture, which seems to bring both the scene and the canvas itself before our eyes. "Having determined," he tells us, "against certain spots, I had only to choose between one or two I had kept in reserve, and to study the manner of the goat's walking over the insecure ground, noting the while the tone he assumed." (The animal in question was a young, white goat, which had been brought by the artist from Jerusalem on a mule to serve as a model for his work.) His easel was planted, his canvas uncovered, and we see him at work. "Every minute," says Dr. Hunt, "the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn—the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed before. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while close by all of this was salt and burnt limestone, with decayed trees and broken branches brought from far distant lands, from roots perhaps still growing on the banks of rivers, which in the winter flood the lake. Skeletons, too, of animals which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok had been swept here, and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was most appropriate for the subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work."

We have lately met with some interesting facts concerning the studios of three well known English painters in an American art journal, which seem indicative of the individuality and tastes of the occupants. Mr. Pettie, the historical painter, for instance, possesses an atelier that is not only an artistic conception but contains a valuable collection of objects invaluable to his profession; he has rare suits of armour adorning his walls, and many curious appurtenances belonging to their period, the arrangements of his rooms being in admirable keeping with these warlike accessories. Close to his residence is that of Mr. Frank Holl, whose portraits have created quite a sensation in London this season. It is a very handsome building, and often the carriages of numerous members of the aristocracy may be seen outside its doors. The studio is a large square room, its decorations very subdued, and disposed with a view to forming a fitting background for a semicircle of life-size portraits on view. There were no less than nine. Here could be seen a well-known statesman, a soldier, an author, a prelate and an actor, with other persons of note, shoulder to shoulder, conspicuous among them being Gladstone and Irving, both strikingly realistic portraits. A peculiarity of this painter is that he finds it impossible to portray a woman's face to his satisfaction. The studio of Mr. Edwin Long, one of the leading Royal Academicians, is an Eastern sanctum, entered by widely opened doors, through which one is ushered by an Oriental in native costume; but it does not burst upon you all at once, for in front of the doorway is a huge Indian fretted screen of exquisite workmanship. Soft strains of music float down from an invisible source—an organ played by the artist's daughter on a little raised gallery, behind another fretwork screen. The roof of the apartment is dome-shaped, and has unexpected nooks and corners; silken hangings, superb Eastern rugs, with many works of art, form a wealth of colour and lend a charm to the whole not easily forgotten.

THE sketches, chiefly in pencil, of the late George Cruikshank, presented by his widow to the British Museum, recall a phase of English caricature when the aim, rather than the means, was all important. Although he, like his father, at the outset of his career chiefly occupied himself with politics, he soon found his true vocation lay in art, and in the delineation of the crimes and follies of his time. He applied a lash to the streets and alleys of London, which whipt away much of the open vice of fifty years ago.

ON December 7, 1885, a picture by Raphael, said to be an original, the "Virgin and the Book," was seized at Chicago by special treasury agents. It was returned to its owner this summer. The painting is the property of Honore Keiffer, a resident of that city, who kept a small picture shop in Paris in 1869. He purchased the Raphael from a priest for 8,000 francs, and it was seized while on exhibition at the Calumet Club when the owner was trying to sell it for \$40,000.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has discovered a reputed Titian in a remote village of Mexico with an unpronounceable name, which he describes as follows: "In the sacristy of an ancient church is the treasure of the country. The room is oblong and has windows only on one side, but across it and filling in one end over the vestment chest hangs 'The Entombment' by Titian. The canvas, which is enclosed in a splendid old carved wood frame is fifteen and a half feet long. It contains eleven figures all life size. Is this great picture really an original? It seems incredible that a work of such value and importance should be comparatively unknown and found in a remote corner of the New World, but the evidence that it is a Titian is strong. It was sent to this church by Philip II., who seems to have thought no gift too costly or precious for the cause of the true faith. Titian, we know, visited at the Court of Philip, and executed works to his order. It is possible that the picture is a replica of one somewhere in Europe. I think that any one familiar with

the works of Titian would say this is in his manner, that in colour and composition it is like his best pictures, and I trust that this description of it will lead to some investigation abroad that will settle the question."

MADAME ADELINA PATTI holds by right of her talent and wealth a position in England approaching that of any noble in the land, and commands an amount of attention in her adopted Welsh home which must be exceedingly gratifying to the cantatrice. She organised last month a concert in aid of the poor of the district of Brecon, which was given in the Town Hall and proved a great success, the room being filled with a very fashionable audience and the day regarded as a public holiday. Madame Patti was met at the railway station by the Mayor and Corporation, attired in their robes of office, as well as by the mace-bearers and borough officials, and was accompanied in state to the Town Hall, the route being hung with flags and lined with spectators, a triumphal arch decorating one of the principal streets. The station and concert-room were both elaborately ornamented. The great lady sang no less than six times, and after the performance was over received a vote of thanks from the Mayor of Brecon. She is not only generous in a public but also in a private capacity, having substantially befriended many poor and struggling artists; her latest venture in this direction has been the education of her own rival in the person of a young American girl called "Nikita" or the "Fairy of Niagara," who is shortly to make her debut at Colonel Mapleson's popular concerts. The maiden is a native of Virginia, and since her earliest childhood has like the prima donna displayed a marvellous gift of song. Reports ascribe to her a romantic history. At six years of age she used to sing at concerts, then she was stolen by the Indians, and for five years she lived with them, was treated with great kindness, and worshipped for her beautiful voice. Her adopted father, the chief of his tribe, on his death-bed exacted a promise from his followers that they would restore her to her parents, which they faithfully fulfilled. "Nikita's" mother brought her over to Europe, found out Madame Patti, and made the child sing for her. From that time her fortune was assured. Madame Patti supervised her musical education and confided her to the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Maurice Strakosch, with what results will soon be made apparent to the world at large.

A COMPETENT London critic makes the following comment upon the recent performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, no account of which seems to have reached Canada beyond what we have published. "The wonder is that any one who has experienced the unqualified pleasure of attending a pastoral play in the open air—such as Lady Archibald Campbell brought into vogue a few summers ago—can have the patience and endurance to sit for hours in a closed theatre during this tropical August weather. Quite delightful on the sultry evening of Saturday last was the second performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the well wooded garden of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, under the capable direction of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, who gave the proceeds of her charming entertainment to the Charing-cross Hospital on this occasion. The part of the Fairy King Oberon, who sets the two pairs of lovers by the ears in the enchanted wood near Athens, and makes Titania fall in love with Bottom the weaver, was sustained with characteristic grace and earnestness by Lady Archibald Campbell. The coming and going of Hermia and Helena (Miss Fortescue and Miss Dorothy Dene) beneath the greenwood tree; the sprightliness of Miss Norrey in performing Puck's elfish tricks with good-humoured glee; the fascinations of witching Miss Kate Vaughan as Titania; and Mr. Sala's gravely humorous prosing and dosing as Bottom—all told the more by reason of the comedy being so naturally acted under real branches in the fresh air that it seemed like life itself rather than a play. The beauties of Mendelssohn's illustrative music were well brought out by Mr. Auguste Van Biene's orchestra. The audience who, comfortably seated under an open marquee, enjoyed this captivating garden rendering of Shakespeare's fairy comedy would no doubt in combination with the general public afford ample support to any enlightened manager who should favour London with a regular summer season of open air plays." E. S.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

*Kanada und Newfoundland*, by Ernest von Hesse-Wartegg, is announced for publication by Herder, of Freiburg, Germany. It will be fully illustrated.

SCOTT's complete poetical works, carefully revised by W. J. Rolfe, and now first published in a correct edition, are announced as one of the Ticknor's holiday books. The work will contain all the original illustrations of the poems, together with many new ones.

AMONG the oddities in books may be reckoned an almanac to illustrate "the German." This is the *Cotillion Almanac for 1888* (announced by George Routledge and Sons), a miniature book whose clever and original designs of the dance and its favours are daintily printed in colours and gold.

WHEN it was stated on unimpeachable authority that poor Richard Jefferies had died penniless, the first idea of some people was that he must have been the victim of greedy publishers. To prevent this notion spreading, the publisher of two of Mr. Jefferies' books writes to *The Standard* to say that, so far as he is concerned, there was no greediness. He made a net loss of £60 on the books, while he paid Mr. Jefferies £250. The fact is Mr. Jefferies failed to hit the popular taste, which of late years has run more than ever in the direction of cheap sensational fiction—a taste which like other forms of debauchery, mental or physical, tends to grow by what it feeds on.