

Alighting at Glasgow, I made my way to the exhibition buildings, very splendidly constructed in Oriental style, but crude in colour. The interior is by no means so artistically decorated as was the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester last year, which was superintended by Burne Jones, and others of his superb taste, nor is the art display to be compared with that of Manchester, which was an exhibition *par excellence*. Glasgow devotes several rooms to art, but it is really a disappointing exhibition, containing dreary wildernesses of fresh paint, relieved, however, here and there by oases, a few of which I shall mention. I doubt if the Turner collection in the National Gallery, contains anything so rarely exquisite as his "Falls of the Clyde," which I saw in Glasgow. At first glance, no water is perceptible, nothing but filmy, vapourous yellows, blues, and pearly grays. After looking a while, the falls resolve themselves in the back-ground, and two or three little figures appear in the hazy fore-ground. It is an evanescent, melting loveliness, caught and held by a master hand, unhesitatingly. Beside this hangs Watt's "Aspirations of Youth," almost as lovely in colour as the Turner, and even lovelier than the singularly beautiful things by Puvis de Chavennes, reminding me of the Frenchman's work, but having a quality more human. A picture by Gregory is a most interesting study. It is a society story, very cunningly told, and very stunningly painted. From softly shaded chandeliers, the light fills a gorgeous interior. There has been a party, and it is evidently late, for the old musician still at his place at the grand piano, yawns. Leaning against the other end of the piano is a beautiful creature, robed in some gauzy yellow stuff (which is the prevailing tone of the room) listening to the suit of the hero of ten thousand *affaires de cœur*. A mass of pink blossoms behind the girl, seems to weight the air with perfume. He holds her cloak as he leans forward with a subtle, appealing glance, which she only half resists, for to many women, there is a "fascination frantic" in the wily wooing of a battered up old rake. Gregory has a studio in London, and some notoriety outside his art career, because he married a model, but that is confined to the clubs. The largest, most splendid studio in London, belongs I suppose to Hubert Herkomer, Ruskin's successor at Oxford, but he paints sickly sort of things, and would do well to confine himself to lecturing only. Stanhope Forbes is one of the most talented men of the day, yet only by chance did I see a canvas bearing his name, stuck in an out of the way corner of the gallery. The old R. A.'s can't forgive Forbes for departing from the beaten paths. As a young student he was thoroughly academic, won the travelling scholarship at the academy, and then suddenly deserted the classic ranks to stride with great steps in the new fields of art. Such a little beauty this picture is, though I had to get down almost on my knees to see it. A little boy and girl stand in front of a window filled with jars of candy and all sorts of tempting *etceteras*. The boy looks as if about to enter the shop and ask, as I have heard the bairns hereabout, for "a bawbee's worth of sugar aillie and a bawbee en." But while the incident is, in itself, attractive, it is the manner of treating it that has the charm.

Among portraits, Whistler's Thomas Carlyle is unequalled. With what relief the eye falls upon the grave old man, who seemed to me as much alive as any one in the room, only a little more remote than those I rubbed against.

I am always pleased to see a canvas by De Nittis. He is entirely personal among modern Italian painters, from whom, indeed, the glory is departed. De Nittis spent most of his life in London and Paris, painting street scenes and familiar places. He gave to Paris a little gem of the ruined Tuileries, and the *Place de Carrousel*. He has painted the *Arc de Triomphe* under repairs, the *Champs Elysées*, the *Rue Rivoli*, catching always the brilliant gray complexion of Paris, and the sparkling character of its streets. One regrets that he does not live to perpetuate the intricate net-work of scaffolding, surrounding the cobwebby structure of iron, now in course of erection on the *Champ de Mars*. There is an original Millet, valuable because it is an autograph of that able man, also a splendid thing of a peasant boy, by Bastien Lepage, several Corots, most delightful spots in the weary wastes of awful landscapes. A large one quite equals his "Matinee" hanging in the Louvre.

Only a few moments were left for the sculpture gallery, when the first thing I saw was Thornycroft's "Teucer." I think it was Beaconsfield in an after-dinner speech to members of the Royal Academy who said of this noble statue, "Nations will struggle over its fragments a thousand years from now." There is a nice female figure by Thomas. He had made a yearly contract with the model, and went in for making a perfect copy of the girl. After about six months work, when he had the individuality pretty well established, she walked in one morning and said she couldn't pose any more. Thomas remonstrated, but to no purpose. She had been engaged by Barrias, author of the "First Funeral," and was quite independent. Thomas went to Barrias' studio, hammered at his door, but received only abuse from that amiable man. He then prosecuted the girl, who completed her contract under compulsion. Harry Bates has too fine heads, one of Russell, the artist, the other of an old woman. But the charm of the gallery lay in three small pieces, one by Sir Frederick Leighton: a little nude, startled by a toad, every nervous line being delicately felt; a fragment by the French sculptor Rodin, classical in its beauty, but marred by the pretentious signature, "A mon ami, le peintre Natrope, de le sculpteur Rodin"; and lastly, in the quintessence of grace and beauty, the profile of a girl in bas-relief by T. Stirling Lee, which he exhibited first about a year ago at the New English Art Club. C. A. M.

IN Frederick III. Free Masonry has lost a staunch friend and influential patron. Masonic institutions in Germany have been influenced by the philosophy of men like Goethe, Schiller and Lessing, and we may well understand the influence which the sanction and sympathy of royal patronage have exercised through its foremost exponent of human liberalism.

JAN HASSAN'S IMMORTAL THOUGHT.

JAN HASSAN was an Eastern bard,
Whose genius was its own reward,
A simple-minded, rhyming elf
Who struggled to support himself
By singing songs, and merry lays
In public on the holidays,
Or when he was more fortunate
At festive gatherings of the great.
His forte was humour, he would wrest
The laws of language for a jest,
And torture words like captive bears
Until they danced to playful airs.
Yet Hassan had a lofty mind
Though given to rhymes of trivial kind,
And longed for wide applause and fame,
To win ere death a deathless name,
Like Hafiz, Saadi, and the rest,
Whose songs both clown and caliph blessed.
But when such thoughts had fired his breast
To simulate the high endeavour
Of famous bards, his muse would waver
Low-poised like sparrow round her nest,
And drop down with a sorry jest.

But one night Hassan in a dream
Saw round his couch a bright light gleam,
And then his eyes, fear-opened, wide,
Beheld an angel by his side.
The angel spake—"Jan Hassan, I
Have come to tell thee, ere thou die,
This much of fame awaiteth thee
By Allah's merciful decree,
One thought of all your future store
Will be immortal, one, no more."
The angel vanished, Hassan woke,
Heaven's aid to piously invoke
That he might know, and well express
The promised prize in verbal dress,
Nor let it slip among a shoal
Of trifles to oblivion's goal.

Years passed, and brought but scant renown
To our poor bardling. Still the clown
He played as best he might for bread,
And all he wrote, or sung, or said,
Was fleeting as the morning dew
That shines, and disappears from view.
This grim perversity of fate,
One day controlled his mental state,
And shrouded his sad soul in gloom
Till thoughts seemed echoes from the tomb,
Fled fancy's jokes and merry quips,
Behind that horrible eclipse.
But in the dark like Eliphaz
He saw a spectral vision pass
Before his eyes in awful form
The spirit of his mental storm.
He seized his pen, in haste essayed
To sketch it ere the sight would fade,
The words flew quickly to his aid,
So when all passed beyond his ken
It lived upon his page again.

Then sudden to his soul was brought
Remembrance of that promised thought
Immortal, surely this must be
Fulfillment of that prophecy.
He read it now with critic's eye,
But not a fault could he espy:
The words were perfect harmony,
The fancy deepest mystery.
But ah! the gloom! Again appears
The vision as he reads in tears,
Again the pall around his soul
Is drawn, and the funeral toll
Is sounded with a skill divine
In the sad cadence of each line.
And then this thought occurred to him,
"Shall I to please ambitious whim,
The eyes of men forever dim?
Nay, rather let me cheer awhile
Their hearts with fleeting, foolish smile,
Than to be for all eternity
The author of a deathless sigh.
Let others praise in doleful lays,
The clouds their gloomy fancies raise,
Which hide their sun of life from shining,
I'll only show their silver lining."