

hand, and with the other points to the Saviour; the latter, in jewelled mitre and sumptuous sacerdotal vestments, holds in his right hand an elaborately chased crozier, and in his left a book in which he is reading." It will be seen at once that the composition represents a group which never could have come together, and it is full of anachronisms. It tells no story; it exhibits no action; it points no moral. The same correspondent adds: "a feeling of profound peace, of pure devotion, reigns over the whole design." That there must be supreme artistic excellence to produce such an effect is certain, an art which knew how not to fall below such a subject. But, estimating it by other like pictures by Raphael—and they are numerous—we may be sure that the art entirely conceals the art. The composition is probably stiff, it cannot well be otherwise; but the drawing, the light and shadow, and the colour—in no degree sensuous but of a gravity befitting the subject—are super-excellent. The eye is not caught by any cleverness; it does not see the paint nor the handling of it; there is no square inch that is not conscientiously finished. From all this it follows that artists who cannot dissociate themselves from the executive part of their work are sometimes touched by disappointment on first looking on a picture by Raphael, even the grand and matchless Transfiguration, by common consent the finest picture in the world. Such works have to be studied, and time given to them to work their way into the mind and the heart whence they are never displaced.

No greater contrast could be offered than by the art of Rubens. His work is vigorous and dexterous in the extreme. His colour is florid, sensuous, beautiful. His canvasses and his style are alike large. He is essentially the painter. When you look at the magnificent colossal picture of the Descent from the Cross in the Cathedral at Antwerp, it is of the wonderful workmanship that you think. It is an amazing piece of design, colour, action. Everything about Sir Peter Paul Rubens was lordly. He was a favoured guest at courts, envoy between monarchs. He lived in great style. Of a fine presence, he had, in succession, two beautiful wives, buxom, sonsy, handsome Flemish women; he has himself made them familiar to us. And from this type of womanhood he could never free himself. Whether he paints the Marys at the foot of the Cross, or Sabine women struggling in the grasp of Roman soldiers, they are still Flemish; Flemish in face and figure, Flemish in dress. He had an exuberant fancy; it was like a perpetual pouring out from a cornucopia. And this was combined with a prodigious power of rapid execution, the greatest, Sir Joshua Reynolds considered, of any man who ever lived. Contrasted with the great works of the more severe schools of Italy his drawing is seen to be not learned, his forms are somewhat indeterminate, and his handling extremely loose. It is the profusion of his invention, the generosity—so to speak—with which he lavishes his power over his materials, the beauty of it all, which takes you captive. The style of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and present president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, is founded upon that of Rubens, and at no discreditable distance. These two pictures for which such an immense price has been given are portraits—those of himself, his second wife and infant child in one, and of the same lady and her page in the other. They are full-length and life-size, and have backgrounds more than usually elaborate.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck may, in some sort, be held to take a middle place between the two foregoing artists, in style and manner, that is. He was a pupil of Rubens but, though a worthy follower of his master, his range was more limited. In his own peculiar, but by no means exclusive walk, that of portraiture, he was a consummate master. His heads may almost rank with the best of Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez, and more could not be said. He was essentially a gentleman-painter of gentlemen and ladies. His cavaliers, and their wives and children, are of the highest breeding. His painting of hands is equal to that of his faces; never were there more aristocratic hands. He had a brilliant career of uninterrupted success. The picture under review is an equestrian portrait of Charles the First, accompanied, on foot, by Sir Thomas Morton, his equerry. The king is fully armed, but Sir Thomas carries his helmet. We can fancy that Charles sits his horse as the prince of cavaliers should, and we can imagine his somewhat harsh and sombre features marked by the habitual melancholy which may well have been the shadow cast upon them before.

Let us artists of Canada, then, take heart of grace. Art here is in its infancy; it has scarcely cast off its leading-strings and go-cart. But it is a healthy and promising child. It needs to be, for it is left to struggle up as best it may. It receives but a modicum of attention and an insufficiency of wholesome nourishment. But we belong to a guild of the highest honour. On the lower steps of the ladder of fame yet, no doubt, and with a stiff climb before us. Still to a guild which has numbered in its ranks Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, and, greatest

painter of all who ever lived, Raffaele D'Urbino. And, young as we are yet, the Canadian School has already received the great honour of international recognition at the great exhibition at Philadelphia, an honour which mature artists of old countries were far from disdaining; and those who have the courage to purchase our works now, at the very modest price that we put upon them, may find, by-and-bye, that they "mean money."

R.C.A.

SEA-SIDE BREEZES.

Boston, U.S.A.

FROM the time of its founding Boston was the centre of opposition to British rule; and yet much about it is strangely English. Its own name, and Chelsea, and Charlestown, and Cambridge, and Dorchester—its environs—all speak of the love of home of the English emigrant across the seas. Streets are here named after English Dukes, and even one commemorates the Royal House of Hanover which proved so stern to the revolting colonies. After all, American republicanism is very conservative. See how the French fanatics of the Revolution tore down every shred and symbol of monarchy. Even the visitor who saw Paris under the late Emperor Napoleon III. can scarcely now recognize some parts of the beautiful city of the Seine, where such appropriate names for streets as Josephine and Eugenie have been removed, and those of red republican "bourgeois" substituted for them. After the American revolution King Street, Boston, was changed to State, and Queen Street to Court; but virtually this was the extent of the alteration. In Boston a passion for the antique reigns; but the Bostonian antique is limited very much to the Old Colony days. An Egyptian scarabæus or a coin of Antoninus is not nearly so valuable as a parchment penny of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay or as grandmother Priscilla's teakettle. The love for the old here seems only found in the direction of its close connection with, and its being the germ of the present condition of things of which Americans are so marvellously proud. The "old south meeting house" has been purchased for \$100,000, is being kept in its original form, and its walls, which once resounded with ringing cheers to the appeals of Adams and the patriots, are now covered with objects valueless except in that they belong to the generation of those who came over in the *Mayflower*, or who were the first settlers in Massachusetts Bay. Quite lately the old State House has been restored to its exact appearance under the British, and the lion and the unicorn, carved in wood, appear as of yore, and make the Canadian feel at home. On the opposite side of the State House is a shield with figures in gold of an Indian holding a bow and arrows seemingly ready for the fray, with above it an arm in a military sleeve, the hand grasping a drawn sword—the whole speaking of the colonial spirit of self-protection—with the motto underneath: "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*" The New Englander has a wild enthusiasm for anything reaching from Martha Washington's fire-fender to Aunt Judith's reticule. When he goes abroad he rummages through the back streets of London for old delft, brass candlesticks, King George III. muskets, or anything that, being brought home, may be taken for a "successful" American relic. No doubt the slow-going Israelites of the Old World are quite as willing to cater to his tastes as that firm of Jewish merchants in Natal, who ordered from London ten thousand rusty and blood-stained assegais, made according to pattern, to sell in Natal as memorials of the bloody field of Isandula. Even the Italians appreciate the depth of this American taste when they expose for sale in the windows of their studios in Florence and Rome statuettes of "George Washington and his hatchet," as also of "Franklin and his flute."

One of the most remarkable things in the older parts of Boston is the maze of streets. The visitor to the French capital is struck by the admirable arrangement of the streets in newer Paris, running out like the spokes of a wheel from the Arc de Triomphe; and the same thing is true in Washington of the streets radiating from the Capitol; but in Boston there seem to be half-a-dozen local centres like these, and the impression made upon a stranger is, that these centres are revolving around one another. The writer asked a youth for Bowdoin Square. The reply was given that it was quite near, only a few hundred yards distant, but that to reach it almost a complete circle of streets of nearly half a mile must be made. Experience proved this to be true. The unsophisticated stranger is lost in bewilderment at the freaks of street cars, which run in every direction. A detour from a street is often made to avoid a hill and then a return made to the original street a block or two up. A story is told of a driver who was asked by a passenger whether his car passed the Fall River Office. The Jehu replied that it did. After going a short distance he pointed up a street to the stranger, and said: "There is the office; if you are in a hurry you can walk to it in a minute." "No," replied the passenger, "I am in no hurry." A short time after the car arrived at the back of the State House, when the driver said: "The office you are looking for is in front of that building." "Then," observed the traveller, "I had better leave you here." "Not unless you like," was the cool reply; "we'll have you there by-and-bye," and after certain other devious windings the destination was reached. This may seem something of an exaggeration; but it is not.

The ladies of Boston are extremely handsome and well dressed. One wonders where all the pale-faced, thin, and dessicated specimens described by George Augustus Sala some years ago in his celebrated paper on "pie" can have gone. They do not seem to be in Boston, at least, any more than the gaunt brother Jonathan style of Yankee, who would be as great a guy on the streets of Boston as in London. It is no doubt to sea breezes of Boston the ladies are indebted for their good complexions. As to dress, the fashion is decidedly English, just as the tone of the refined in Boston