

## ON NOT READING A POSTHUMOUS WORK.

They stirred the carven agate door  
Back from the cloisters, where of yore  
One toiled by night, and toiling kept  
The starlight on his bearded head:  
"O enter thou with us, and see  
The master's place of mystery:  
Had he not gone beyond the sea  
He would have bid us come," they said.

But from the threshold, hushed and gray,  
The loiterer turned and made his way  
From arch to arch, and answered low,  
Pale with some ever-deepening dread:  
"What he once promised to unfold,  
Without him how shall I behold?  
O enter you whose hearts are bold,  
My heart hath failed me here," he said.

Thou dead magician! even so  
I close thy pages, and forego  
The beauty other men may see  
With utmost awe and tenderness:  
And if this blessing half divine  
With gracious sorrow I resign  
To faith that firmer is than mine,  
Thou knowest if I love thee less!

LOUISE INOGEN GUINEY.

## FEMALE ART EDUCATION.

The influence of woman upon art in past, as in the present times, we should presume it must be conceded, is beneficial. In all the great epochs of civilisation this has proved to be the case, and it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that higher expressions of thought and intellect have been elicited in man when his helpmate, with her naturally keener perceptive powers, has influenced the moral atmosphere by the desire to preserve the memory of great facts and noble incidents, through the process of art representation. In the present day, in countries like Turkey, China, or Persia—where women hold a comparatively degraded position—art in its highest sense has scarcely any existence; and, judging from the surprisingly large and ever increasing number of female artists in this realm, it would appear as if the fair sisterhood of Great Britain is to pioneer the way in the present generation for the spread of an art which is the exponent of the principles of beauty and is Nature's great interpreter. But, to those whose mission it is closely to watch the progress of art in our midst, it is apparent that our female artists have not yet attained to the position within their grasp, and of which they are undoubtedly capable. They are, as we have said, large in number, and have among them those strong in talent; but still there is no disguising the fact that a considerable proportion, whilst they have imaginative power, excellent motive in their work, and show the highest power of application, lack technical knowledge to an extent which nullifies and renders almost worthless their best efforts. It is true that Mrs Butler can paint and draw both men and horses admirably; that a work like Mrs E. M. Ward's "Princes in the Tower" would compare not unfavourably with Delaroche's or J. E. Millais's pictures of the same subject. Mme. Henriette Browne is a splendid figure painter, and the flower pieces of the Misses Mutrie are, or rather were, equal to anything of the kind produced in this country; but these are only the exceptions, when they should be the rule, many of the sisterhood exhibiting anything but similar executive skill. This, we cannot help thinking, arises from defective art training; for, assuming, which is perfectly fair, that there is plenty of talent, and power of application, one cannot explain the result in any other manner. We have no really great female landscape painter, and ladies, as a rule, fail unmistakably in drawing the human form. Now, whatever view men may hold as to the position they consider the opposite sex should hold as regards certain social questions, we should suppose the desire would be unanimous that they should have perfect facility in every way to enable them to excel in the fine arts; and it is with the wish to forward so desirable a result that we offer the following suggestions. When a young man commences work with the purpose of becoming an artist, say a figure painter, he selects an able instructor, copies, in the first place, a few chalk drawings of extremities, hands and feet, and perhaps a head or two, then sets to work to draw direct from the antique, finishing each drawing with the utmost elaboration, and not regarding it as satisfactory whilst a single touch can be added in order to make it more complete. But at the same time this is going on, another branch of knowledge must be acquired, or all will be thrown away—that is, the study of anatomy; for, whatever anyone may say to the contrary, depend upon it, it is impossible to judge of the accuracy or otherwise of an outline, and of form, unless we know to what degree a muscle, which makes such form, swells or relaxes, according to its office and degree of action. Such knowledge of anatomy is an absolute necessity, and we cannot impress the fact too strongly; for those who have mastered the science can understand form, and see in a moment that which is hidden from the ignorant. After being thus thoroughly grounded in the principles of drawing and study of noble form in the antique, and also in that of anatomy, as far as that science is necessary for the artist, the student will continue to progress, either privately or at one or other of the numerous public schools, and will commence drawing from the life model. After facility has been acquired, so that the hand readily obeys the eye, the young painter will then, but not until then, proceed to practise in colours, painting first studies of colour in "still life" and draper-

ies, and subsequently flesh painting, and costume arranged on the life model. As regards the principles of colouring, however, the artist will learn comparatively little; what is called a good eye for (harmonious) colour, appearing to be an instinctive perception, which training may improve, but will never supply the lack of. The student will also undergo a course of instruction in the principles of perspective—an interesting and most invaluable branch of knowledge. These are the main features of study to be pursued by a young artist; and it is unnecessary, for the purpose we have in view, to refer to collateral branches which the thoughtful master will inculcate, like design and composition, schemes of effect and sentiment, which are necessary in a picture. The course we have indicated is a fair and proper system for every art student to pursue. By and-by the particular line of art—landscape, animal, or flower painting—sought to be acquired, may be followed out in a special way, according to the wish of the painter; but first comes the education of hand and eye.

And now for the application of our remarks to lady art students—the class to whom our observations are particularly addressed. All the branches of work to which we have alluded are open to female artists, as we know from practical experience. Continual visits to all the public exhibitions, and to the studios of lady artists, enforce upon us the fact that the art sisterhood is lamentably deficient in knowledge of drawing the human figure and of anatomy. The former is based upon the latter, and we would earnestly urge a more resolute study of both. An alarming amount of time now appears to be wasted on what is called "freeland drawing," and similar work; but if lady artists wish to compete successfully with those of the other sex, we can assure them the only course to pursue is to master those essential rudimentary principles we have indicated, however laborious or unpleasant, as it is by the adoption of such a plan only that all the great masters in art have arrived at distinction in their profession.

## GHOST MUSIC.

Scottish funerals have been known sometimes to assume the air of festivals: the bereaved have been so liberally provided with refreshments, the libations to the departed have been so abundant. It is told that on one of these should-be solemn occasions a certain mourner who had been labouring with considerable success to drown his own personal sorrows in the bowl, suddenly startled the company by calling for a song! There was a pause of deliberation. How was the demand to be met? One of the elders of the party stirred himself, stood erect, and in grave but gentle tones addressed his fellow mourner: "If you'll kindly recollect," he said, "our lamented friend, the late laird, in his lifetime never cared for music. I think we'll not have a song just now. At any other time, I am sure, we should all be pleased to hear any gentleman that can sing. But for the present it may be as well to humour the late laird's prejudices on the subject."

It may be assured that the song was not sung, and that what are commonly known as "musical honours" did not disturb the funeral solemnities of the deceased Scot. Particular strains of harmony, however, have maintained association with the fact of dissolution. Requiem and Dead Marches, of course, form part of the religious services for the dead; and in addition to these are the compositions known as "ghost melodies." It might almost be argued that in popular opinion music is dear to the defunct. In many a ghost story mysterious music plays an important part. Sir Walter Scott has told of the veteran Major of Hussars who, while occupying a bed chamber in a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, was roused from sleep by the solemn singing of three ladies fantastically attired in green. The major begged the ladies to stop—apparently their strains were as disagreeable to him as the nocturnal oreries of cats—but the singers sang on. The major began to handle his pistols. The ladies did not desist. At last he gave them fair warning that he regarded their singing as a piece of impertinence, as a trick to frighten him, and promised them that he would give them but five minutes' law, and that if they continued to sing after that interval had elapsed he would assuredly discharge both barrels at them point blank. Still the ladies went on with their song. Presently the major showed himself a man of his word, deliberately cocked his pistols, took aim, and fired. Still the ladies sang. The major was completely overcome by the obstinacy of his visitors. He was seized, indeed, with a violent illness which endured some weeks. It was afterwards explained—but the worst and feeblest part of a ghost story is usually the explanation of it—that the major had been deceived by the fact that he had seen only the reflection of the choristers who had stood in an adjoining room, while their images had been projected into his chamber with the help of a concave mirror, and presumably, a magic lantern, or by some such means.

The ghost of that Countess of Orlamunde—usually seen every seven years, preceded by the sound of a harp, on which instrument she had been a proficient—was perhaps a more impressive musical apparition. The countess was a German ghost—Germany is the mother of many ghosts—and in her lifetime had borne two sons to a certain Margrave of Brandenburg who refused to make her his lawful wife, how-

ever. In revenge she had administered poison to her children, whereupon to punish her sins the Margrave had bricked her up alive in one of the vaults of the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. This ghost—who acquired that title of "the White Lady," which has been appropriated in what may be called an "untradesmanlike" way by many other spectres—did not confine herself to any particular spot, but haunted generally the castles and palaces belonging to the Royal family of Prussia. The countess was wont, however, to appear more frequently to children than adults, "as it," says a historian and an apologist, "the love she had denied her own offspring in life was now her torment, and she sought a reconciliation with childhood in general." Two young ladies to the Court of Prussia related that while occupied with their needlework and conversing about the diversions of the Court, they suddenly heard the sound of a stringed instrument like a harp, proceeding, as it seemed, from behind the stove which occupied a corner of the room. One of the girls with a yard measure struck the spot whence the sound issued; the music ceased, but the yard measure was wrested from her hand. Presently the music was repeated, however; a white figure issued from the neighborhood of the stove and advanced into the room. The young lady, of course, screamed and fainted. She could hardly be expected to do otherwise in such circumstances. Upon other occasions the White Lady has been heard to speak, and in the Latin tongue, but whether she then played upon her harp by way of accompaniment to her location has not been disclosed. It may be added that concerning the identity of this musical apparition much dispute has arisen. While some hold the White Lady to be the Countess of Orlamunde, others maintain her to be a certain Princess Bertha von Rosenberg, who flourished and perished in the fifteenth century.

A tumultuous clapping of hands, melodious strains, and the singing of a celestial voice were among the spiritual phenomena which haunted the famous French actress Hippolyte Clairon. Mrs. Catherine Crowe, a great authority on ghosts, records that she has met with numerous instances "of heavenly music being heard when a death was occurring." In one case beautiful music was audible to a whole family, "including an unbelieving father," in attendance upon a sick child. This music indeed continued during a space of sixteen weeks; sometimes it was like an organ, but more beautiful; at others there was singing of holy songs, in parts, and the words distinctly heard. Ghost music, however, seems to have been as often secular as sacred. There is a story of a house haunted by the sounds of a military march. "If that doesn't beat the devil," exclaimed an irreverent captain in the army upon hearing the music, and promptly he received from an invisible hand a smart slap on the face. A ghostly drummer beating an incessant tattoo upon his instrument may be described as the hero of Addison's comedy of *The Drummer*. A like apparition long haunted an earl's castle in North Britain; and a manor house in Wiltshire was wont to cherish the tradition of a supernatural visitant who beat the drum, and could be heard to march in certain portions of the building. Sir Walter Scott has told the story of the murdered drummer lad whose ghost haunted his murderer, Pay-Sergeant Jarvis Matcham, on Salisbury Plain, and constrained him to confess his crime. The narrative forms the subject of "The Dead Drummer," one of the most admired of the Ingoldsby Legends.

The stage has long possessed its ghost music. If memory serves, the famous ghost of Richardson's Show was wont to appear to much simple beating upon a gong or thumping of a drum. That ghost was of a brick habit, and delighted to startle by the suddenness of its movements; it being an object to all concerned apparently that the performances should be brought to as prompt a conclusion as possible. But other ghosts of the stage have been accustomed to appear, as Goldsmith's bear danced, only "to the very genteelst of tunes." That tremulous, sobbing, and sighing air, known as the "Ghost Melody," which lent so much to the thrilling and agitating to the drama of *The Corsican Brothers*, was one of the most popular compositions of its period. And in his "Reminiscences" Michael Kelly tells of an earlier ghostly air he arranged for the production of *The Castle Spectre* at Drury Lane in 1797; it was a *chaconne*, by Jomelli, which had been danced at Stuttgart by Vestris, and was thought by many to be ill-adapted for so solemn an occasion, but the "low but sweet and thrilling harmony" greatly affected the audience. Subsequently, indeed, this ghost music of Jomelli's was converted to the uses of the Church. Atwood, the composer, employed it in the choir service, as the Response in the Litany, both in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the Royal Chapel at Windsor.

D. C.

## POETS, MUSICIANS AND ACTORS.

The Muses may have been sisters, but sisters do not always agree among themselves. The artists of one rite may, and often do, entertain the highest respect for those of another. This respect, however, says the *St. James Gazette*, is of a very abstract kind, and is scarcely ever based on knowledge or on true sympathy. How many of our composers can be supposed to occupy themselves with poetry, except in the way of "words," for musical setting? The very words they select, and the unceremonious manner in which, when they have selected them,

they break them up to suit the exigencies of their musical rhythm, show how little appreciation they have of poetical work. Our poets, on their side, care nothing for music, except, of course, in the abstract, and as a subject for poetry. From Milton to Browning, examples as to the contrary may, no doubt, be cited, and poets are probably not less susceptible of musical influences than other men. But they do not, as a rule, cultivate music, and when in their works they introduce the names of well-known composers or well-known compositions, they are content to accept the conventional estimate of their worth—a sufficient proof that they have not studied them in a direct manner for themselves. A poet of wide sympathies has, probably, some sort of appreciation for all the arts. But between painters and musicians who are to be invited to dwell together in the new art city, there is very little mutual understanding. It is even a mistake to suppose that musicians are much interested in the theatre, or actors in music. "Music and the drama" are classed together in newspapers. But actors, all the same, do not attend concerts, and musicians are very seldom seen at the play. More than that, in music itself vocalists and instrumentalists belong to different camps. The vocalists think instrumental music "heavy"; the instrumentalists reproach the vocalists with ignorance of their art, and dwell upon the fact that they owe their success mainly to the charm of a mere physical gift. A lover of music as an art is never seen at a concert consisting chiefly of songs, while at concerts made up for the most part of orchestral music, connoisseurs with a character to keep up will sometimes make a point of absenting themselves while singing is going on.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, February 15.

PRINCE Napoleon's new organ, *L'Appel au Peuple*, christened after the Parliamentary group of that name, has made its appearance.

THE sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels at the Hotel Drouot, which has been the social event of the week, came to an end on Saturday. The exact sum realized by the three days' sale is 178,295fr., a few shillings over £7,120 sterling.

THE health of the Duchess Sforza Cesarini is seriously affected by the fright she experienced the other night, when her Palace in Rome took fire. It is said that she was awakened by the telephone in her room, which was set a-ringing by the heat.

THE recent struggle in Egypt provided artists with scenes for pictures. Canon Woodville is engaged upon a delineation of the cavalry charge at Kassassin, whilst De Neuville is working up the subject of the capture at Tel-el-Kebir. Both canvases will be exhibited at the Fine Arts Gallery next month.

THE unfortunate Duchess de Chaulnes has died. A Russian Princess by birth, and the wife of a French duke of the highest lineage, Sophie Princesse de Galitzin died at last in poor lodgings at La Villette, abandoned by her family and separated from her children. She was the sister-in-law of the Duchesse de Luynes, whose husband died bravely at Patay. The Duc de Chaulnes was also grievously wounded during the Franco-Prussian war.

STRANGE unwonted customs have found their way into the French Senate. The upper galleries, for the most part allotted to the press, no longer remain silent. Observations, criticisms, protests, and jokes are exchanged aloud; and sarcasms are openly vented on the head of the unlucky speaker, accordingly as he excites the displeasure of one side or the other. From these galleries proceed sounds of impatience, imitations of the speaker's voice, pretended sneezes, loud yawns, coughs, and exclamations of "Enough, enough, the closure!" The cries descending from the galleries spread through the House, and end by encouraging the speaker.

*La Princesse des Canaries*, the new three-act comic opera, music by Lecocq and words by MM. Chivot and Duru, was produced on Friday night at the Folies Dramatiques with considerable success. The plot turns upon an imaginary page in the history of the Canaries, over which Don Guzman is the reigning prince. Guzman has two Ministers, General Pataques and General Bombardos. Pataques having conspired to procure the dismissal of Bombardos, that worthy statesman endeavors to retaliate by discovering Inez, who is the natural daughter of the predecessor of Guzman, and who, for some unexplained reason, is the true heiress to the throne of the Canaries. The music of M. Lecocq is undoubtedly his best effort since the production of *Giroflé-Girofla*. In the first act the couplet, "Ne me Demandez Rien" and "Chœur des Cornes," are catching and ingenious. The waltz of the "Soupe aux Choux," with an accompaniment of spoons and glasses, will also soon be familiar to London play-goers; whilst the "Romance du Bonquet," and the song of the Toreador are also worthy of mention. The acting and singing were excellent, and no effort was spared in scenery and accessories.