



FALLS OF THE MASTIGOUCHE.—This is the third of the Falls of the Mastigouche, which add so much to the spectacular beauty and the fish value of the Laurentian Mountain country, where no less than three Canadian clubs have their quarters in the sporting season. In previous pictures of the lakes with which this fair land abounds we gave the main features of its topography.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—Although this bridge is now nearly thirty years old, however familiar it may be to the people of Montreal, it is still one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, its fame has spread to the furthestmost bounds of the world, and to tourists in Canada it is always looked up to as one, perhaps, of the greatest sights on the St. Lawrence. The grace of outline, the adaptability of design and the solidity of construction have all contributed to this most creditable record, that, in twenty-seven years of service, there has not been the slightest accident on that long bridge. This speaks volumes for the skill, watchfulness and persevering energy of the Grand Trunk Railway, to whom this great work belongs. Of all the parts of the extended line, there is none more admirably managed than the Victoria Tubular Bridge.

CHURCH OF THE GREY NUNS.—All those who remember the high stone walls of the Grey Nunnery, on its original site, near the water's edge, at McGill street, will regret the disappearance of the little spire or campanile of the chapel that stood in the midst of the court-yard, and it is with pleasure that a portion of it is still seen among the new warehouses that have sprung up there. The stately church, forming a portion of the immense building used as an hospital, has replaced the church, and deserves a place here, as one of the finest specimens of its class.

THE VICTORIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.—This is one of the pet institutions of the Province of Ontario, situated at Mimico, in the neighbourhood of the Queen City of the Lake. Being under the Industrial School Association of Toronto, it has grown from the start, and its progress has been watched with interest in every county of the province. The system is very thorough. The boys are taught punctuality and cleanliness; have plenty of food and sleep; go through regular hours of work and play, and thus gradually work themselves into active, healthy and dutiful men. The record shows 62 boys, from six to fourteen years of age, from Bruce, Peterboro, Ontario, York counties and the city of Toronto treated during the year. Some had been returned to their parents on probation. There are now 55 in the school, as against 42 a year ago. The lads are employed in farm and garden, do tailoring, baking, carpentering, besides the housework of the premises, and their work has produced, in the shape of wood, milk, vegetables, grain and hay, a value of \$2,248.

KICKING HORSE PASS.—This fine picture must be looked at and admired in connection with that of the Ottertail Mountain given in our last issue. As there stated, the valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse River. Why not stick to the liquid and euphonious Indian name? The road rises from the flat of the Wapta, and, after crossing a high bridge over the Ottertail River, goes down again to the Wapta.

AT THE CAPSTAN.—As this paper circulates amongst landmen quite as much as it does amongst seafarers, it may be necessary to explain—what is a capstan? Nautically, then, it is a strong, massy column of timber, formed somewhat like a truncated cone, and having its upper extremity pierced to receive bars, or levers, for winding a rope round it, to raise great weights, or to exert great power; principally used in ships for heaving in cables, as when raising an anchor. In short, it is an ancient form of the modern windlass; but the engraving will explain the remainder. Why the painter of the group should have selected this medium for an exhibition of his talent is only known to himself. The question is, however, could he have done better; would we have this painting otherwise than it is? There you see the old capstan, some time or other wrecked from a man-of-war or merchantman, now used for hauling up smaller boats over the surf. And what fresh, lovely, briny, inspiring faces and figures the heroes and heroines of the painting have—manliness, womanhood and youth to the very life. Henry Bacon is an American, born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1839. Even now he is perfecting himself in all parts of the world, and if his future equals or surpasses the past, we shall have another great star on this side of the Atlantic.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The work on the buildings of the forthcoming exhibition at Paris are progressing steadily. We give to-day a view of them, as they stand at present. Our engraving represents the two palaces of the Fine Arts and of the Liberal Arts, which constitute the two wings of the main exhibition building. Between these two palaces, and behind the Eiffel tower, there will be a magnificent garden. The Fine Arts palace is on the left of our picture, and that of the Liberal Arts on the right. Around these two palaces will be found the *cafés*, restaurants, bars and breweries. The reader will readily see that the buildings are in process of construction, and bear another aspect to-day.

HOGARTH.

"26th October, William Hogarth died, 1764." An event, important enough after the lapse of a century and a quarter to be chronicled in a common almanac, may not be considered too trifling to serve as the basis of a few reflections upon a character too little appreciated in proportion to its effect upon eighteenth century society.

The son of a schoolmaster and Grub street hack, Hogarth was born in London in 1697. From his youth he was "of the streets—streety," and delighted to watch the shifting shows and spectacles of life in the great metropolis. His skill as a draughtsman soon made itself known, and his early ambition was temporarily satisfied by an apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver. He possessed a quick, observing eye for form, a penetrating judgment, which seized upon the inner character of things, and a peculiarly cultivated memory. He studied principally in his own way, treating the details encountered in his everyday existence as symbols to be afterward employed in the arrangement of his pictures. The outward signs of life were learned as an alphabet of art, and social aspects were memorized as a vocabulary. Of the wonderful store of detail at his command, every picture produced by him is a proof. As his artistic ideas developed he obtained some benefit in drawing at the school of Sir James Thornhill (whose only daughter he afterward married), and started out as an engraver, chiefly executing tickets, shop-bills, book-plates and heraldic designs. His great power of satire found ample material in the surrounding social and artistic customs of the day, and he produced, at this early period of his career, such works as "The Lottery," "Masquerades," and plates for a large edition of "Hudibras." The satire of Baker found a congenial illustrator in Hogarth; but the great power of the artist was too original to be confined to the pictorial translation of other men's ideas. He started as a painter in oils, and from the outset was bitterly opposed by the art factions then dominant in London; but opposition served only as a spur to his genius, and made him more resolute in his peculiar treatment of scenes and satires. What Fielding and Johnson were doing with their pens, Hogarth equalled with his brush. He satirized the folly and held naked to the light of scorn the wickedness of the time. He elected to compose pictures on canvass as they were arranged upon the stage, and if any painter ever successfully carried out Hamlet's theory of dramatic art, "to show scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," it was surely Hogarth. "The Four Times of the Day," "Masquerades," "A Harlot's Progress," "A Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "Distrest Poet," "Strolling Players," "Industry and Idleness," "Southwark Fair," "The Election," covering the whole social history of the first half of the eighteenth century,—with their aid we can better understand the character of the age and appreciate its literature more thoroughly.

Such a startling innovation in art set the schools at once against him. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who lectured soundly enough on the *Gusto Grande*, Beau Ideal, and the Great Style, allowed but limited praise to the painters, "who express with precision the various shades of passion, as they are exhibited by vulgar minds, such as we see in Hogarth." The bent of the genius he criticized was not understood by Sir Joshua, whose ideas of life were enclosed within the four walls of a drawing-room, and who once said, "the true object of art was to strike the imagination." Hogarth thought it possible that art had a more humble and more humane mission, and, whilst not despising the imaginative flights of artistic expression, perceived the necessity of proving that a painter could, and should, strike the moral faculties of man, as well as gratify his ideal aspirations. In one aspect of his writings Dickens has fully carried out the Hogarthian principle, and some of the novelist's characters remind one forcibly of the old painter. By a large class, Hogarth was regarded as a mere comic painter,

whose desire was to make men laugh at their own follies. Hogarth cared little whether they laughed at, so long as they ultimately thought of, what he represented. Charles Lamb, whose mental qualities were peculiarly fitted to give him the right of criticizing Hogarth, overthrows the fallacy alluded to by remarking that "A severer set of satires, less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal or the satiric touches in 'Timon of Athens.'" Another school of critics stigmatized "Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity and vice, paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty and vicious"; but it is absurd and positively untruthful to thus describe the work of England's great painter-satirist. In nearly every one of his pictures, including the most vulgar and vicious scenes he felt it his duty to express on canvass, there is some touch of innocence that contrasts strongly with the wicked; some note of purity above all the discord of depravity; he never omits "some soul of goodness in things evil. Would men observingly distil it out?" Although Hogarth mainly employed his great gifts in their natural, and, therefore, best and most useful, course, there were times when, stung by the unreasoning and malicious traducings of his opponent, he sought to prove himself capable of entering the so-called higher fields of art. In the manner of his old master, Thornhill, he produced a few pictures of a religious and semi-historical nature, but they can scarcely be esteemed successful. Later on, in order to refute Sir Joshua Reynolds' charge that he lacked the requisites of the great style of historical painting, he executed several religious pictures, which, though not approaching sublimity, will yet hold their own with Sir Joshua's pretended great religious works. Hogarth was wrong when he left his own school to invade that of his enemies. He was fully as great a master in his own department as was Reynolds in his. His plain mission was to paint the life and times existing around him, and so long as he confined his energy and genius to that field, he was successful. "How did Hogarth rise?" says Ruskin. "Not by painting Athenian follies, but London follies."

Hogarth executed a few portraits, the best of which is probably the well-known likeness of himself and his dog "Trump," a pug of characteristic beauty; but "Squinting John Wilkes" is the most memorable, being a clever pictorial satire upon the great street preacher of liberty, as well as a faithful likeness of the ugly features, which Wilkes greatly desired to conceal from posterity. It was the artist's reply to some scurrilous attacks upon his eccentric book, "The Analyses of Beauty," which appeared in the "North Briton."

Hogarth was bitterly opposed to the undue worship of the foreign element in art, and often, carried away by the heat of argument and the unwisdom of retort, he assailed the "great masters" to his own harm, but he never seriously entertained those opinions. He once remarked, apropos of this matter: "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know, and because I hate them, they think I hate Titian—and let them." Hogarth merely hated the affectation displayed by the critics and their unjust depreciation by native talent.

In conclusion, Hogarth was as caustic as Swift and as comic as Fielding; his works were stamped with the individuality of his own inimitable genius as surely as were the essays of "Elia," by Charles Lamb; he had the true spirit of an executioner and only loved his jokes as sauce and seasoning to more serious work. That work was serious enough, in all conscience, to expose the criminal folly of the age, and Hogarth contrived

To show by his satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.

As Taine justly observes: "At the bottom of every cage where he imprisons a vice, he writes its name and adds the condemnation pronounced by Scripture; he displays that vice in its ugliness, buries it in its filth, drags it to its punishment, so that there is no conscience so perverted as not to