

here again—because we really are a most illogical race—the six shillings means four shillings and sixpence, for the retail bookseller has to take off twenty-five per cent from the nominal price.

It is often advanced in newspapers that this revolt means a demand for shorter stories. The statement is made in ignorance. The Three Volume novel ranges from one hundred thousand words to three hundred thousand words in length. The one volume novel has exactly the same range. For instance, Mr. Louis Stevenson will be found, as a rule, somewhat under one hundred thousand words. "Marcella," on the other hand, now in one volume, is nearly three hundred thousand words. The only demand, in fact, for a shorter story—I do not mean the "short story," which is another thing—is raised, so far as I can see, by those who write reviews for London papers. Readers, when they get hold of a good novel, care not how long it is. Who would wish "Vanity Fair" to be reduced by a single page? When we are in good company we are loth to leave them: there are even characters with whom one would like to live for years. A long novel which is also tedious is, indeed—but then I, for one, never allow myself to be bored by a tedious novel.

And this—if you have had patience to read so far—is the history of the rise, the growth, the greatness, and the fall, of that mysterious institution, the Three Volume Novel.—*Walter Besant, in The Dial.*

ROBIN.

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
(Ha! but the world's great heart beats true!)
Soul of song! thou shalt not lack lovers,—
Thou, who teachest them all to woo!

Did the world scorn you, Robin, Robin?
Did it e'er crown you with wreath of rue?
Bard of its choice! were you now among us,
Friends and favors should not be few!

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
(Not the old bitter and baneful brew:)
Here's a cup like a golden lily,
Full to the brim with the clearest dew!

Deck it with heather and hawthorn blossom,
The wild harebells over it strew,
And the red rose you loved so, Robin,—
Sweet was its scented heart to you!

Ah, but our love for you, Robin, Robin!
Singers are many, and songs are new;
Still they come, and we gaily greet them,—
Never, never one like you!

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
Robin's health shall our hearts renew
Long as the lark sings high above us,
Or the daisy looks to Heaven true.

PASTOR FELIX.

ART NOTES.

J. S. Sargent has finished a portrait in oil of Coventry Patmore, which will probably appear at the Royal Academy.

Carl Conrad's clay model of his Daniel Webster has been sent to Carrara, Italy, to be reproduced in marble for the Capitol at Washington.

A bust of Tennyson in Carrara marble, executed for Queen Victoria by Mr. F. Williamson, is to be placed in Windsor Castle or in Osborne.

Our Canadian artists from Outeora (Hills of the Sky) will soon be returning now, for the glory of the brilliant autumn in the Catskills is almost over. One of the most important of Mr. Reid's canvases is

a large decorative scheme representing the surgee figure of a resting hay-maker. Miss Ford has also a decoration intended for one of our Toronto houses, a simple out-of-door arrangement. From other brushes, as well as these two, we expect great results of the summer's work.

M. Felix de Vuillefroy, the well known animal painter and secretary of the Champs-Elysees Salon, offers a rather remarkable example of artistic energy. Though so ill during the past year that he could scarcely walk, and without the use of his left arm, he worked every day at his easel, and not only exhibited two canvases at the recent Salon, but also sent pictures to the special galleries attached this year to the Horse Show and Dog Show; nor was he unrepresented at the Petits Salons of last winter.

According to the London *Star*, Sir Edward Burne-Jones lives in a small house known as "The Grange," in West Kensington. Sir Edward, whose appearance is familiar to many, owing to the portrait that Watts has painted of him, is at present engaged on a picture to be entitled the "Morte d'Arthur," which his friends declare will take a high place among his paintings. The house is simply but comfortably furnished, and on the other side of a pleasant garden is the studio of the artist, who has collected there some two hundred drawings of heads of men and women, as well as of the draperies which he paints so skilfully. Sir Edward keeps a notebook in which he jots down from time to time his inspirations.

The portrait of the late Professor Young from the brush of Mr. J. W. L. Forster was unveiled on Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, during the Knox College Jubilee celebration, by Professor Thompson, of Knox College, and was presented to the college on behalf of the alumni of that body. Professor Young is represented seated in his robe, the left hand lies lightly handling the leaves of the already open volume on his lap, the right holds the eye-glasses with a slight outward gesture, and in both of these Mr. Forster has but helped to express the character shown in the grand face of one of the most remarkable men of our time, and one of its greatest mathematicians. As one old Scotchman remarked, "The Professor was a philosopher, one who had a grasp on the infinites, and he seems there to be looking out towards them."

The death last month of Mr. Daniel Fowler, of Amherst Island, deprives us of one of the oldest of our Canadian artists. He was educated in England under Harding, a celebrated water-colour painter, and has constantly exhibited in Canada, as well as in the States, notably in Philadelphia and New York. He was a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and one of the charter members of the Royal Canadian Academy. In speaking of his work we quote from a *New England Magazine* of three years ago: "Mr. Fowler's best work belongs to the old style; but whatever the subject of his picture was, it was rendered with so much boldness and brilliance, with such an appearance of perfect facility and strong sense of decorative colour, that the effect was always charming. He was, too, particularly happy in his treatment of architecture in a landscape." Although his natural force can scarcely be said to have been unabated, yet it was wonderful how much work he accomplished of late. Those who had the pleasure of visiting at

his home always left with the warmest feelings for their host, whose genial hospitality was especially extended towards his fellow artists and those of literary pursuits. We shall refer to this pioneer Canadian artist at greater length in a subsequent issue.

The history of the various branches of reproductive art, says the *Portland Oregonian*, from wood-cutting to photographic process, is a record of strange vicissitudes, of marvellous growth and sudden decay, of curious imitations and substitutions. Wood-engraving is the oldest of these arts, though engraving and etching on metal were born with it, in that wonderful fifteenth century. Wood-engraving seems to have been related to printing, and probably preceded it in Europe. Engraving, on the other hand, was related to Goldsmith's work. Both, like the then more closely related art of etching, found ready employment and large development in multiplying the works of great painters. But the development of these arts has been curiously uneven and interrupted, and now photographic process threatens to supersede all except etching, which has evolved from a reproductive to an original art. The nineteenth century has seen marvelous changes, the complete decay of line-engraving on steel and copper, passage of wood-engraving through a complete cycle of growth, floriture and decline, and the apotheosis of etching as an original art. Americans led the way in the new birth of wood-engraving, as well as in development of the new reproductive processes which have superseded all manual work. They developed wood-engraving to a point where it could do everything done with burin or needle through a more stubborn medium, destroyed the occupation of the line engravers and forced the etchers to abandon reproduction of paintings, and form the school of "painter etchers," who work from nature, which is the triumph of black-and-white art in the nineteenth century. But just as wood-engraving had completed this victory came photographic process, which is a combination of photography, etching and lithography, to drive it out in turn with a method cheaper, more flexible and more popular. There is a passage in the American edition of Hamerton's "Graphic Arts," published only twelve years ago, in which he confesses the error of earlier judgments and frankly admits that American wood-engravers have made all other reproductive processes unnecessary. But Mr. Hamerton lived to see wood-engraving itself superseded, not only in the magazines, but in the print shops and the studios, by process work. The *Century* is the last of the American magazines to abandon wood-engraving for the cheaper, less artistic, but more popular process work, but there are signs in recent numbers that it is preparing to follow the rest, perhaps after Mr. Cole's old masters series is done. This apparently will be the end of wood-engraving in the United States, except for high-class books, which afford only a narrow market for engravers. It is probable that the English illustrated papers, which still use wood cuts, will follow soon, and the process picture will rule undisputed, from the ten-cent magazine to the choicest offering of the print shops. It is a curious question what will become of wood-engraving. It can hardly elevate itself to an original art, like etching. Its complete disappearance, like line-engraving, will seem lamentable, after its triumph in the last generation.