

affluence for their posterity, in the more congenial climate of the Chesapeake, were the gay and dashing Cavaliers who, as a class, afterwards adhered to the fortunes of the Charleses, whilst the first settlers of Massachusetts were composed of the same materials that formed the "Praise-God Barebones" Parliament of Cromwell.

These two peoples seem to have had an instinctive repugnance the one to the other. To use a botanical phrase, the Puritan was a seedling of the English race, which had been unknown to it before. It had few or none of the characteristics of the original stock. Gloomy, saturnine, and fanatical in disposition, it seemed to repel all the more kindly and generous impulses of nature, and to take a pleasure in pulling down everything that other men had built up; not so much, as its subsequent history would seem to show, because the work was faulty, as because it had been done by other hands than their own. They hated tyranny, for instance, but it was only because they were not themselves the tyrants; they hated religious intolerance, but it was only when not practised by themselves.

Natural affinities attracted like unto like. The Cavalier sought refuge with the Cavalier, and the Puritan with the Puritan, for a century, or more. When the fortunes of the Charleses waned, the Cavaliers fled to Virginia; when the fortunes of Cromwell waned, the Puritans fled to Massachusetts. Trade occasionally drew the two peoples together, but they were repelled at all other points. Thus these germs grew, step by step, into two distinct nations. A different civilisation was naturally developed in each. The two countries were different in climate and physical features—the climate of the one being cold and inhospitable, and its soil rugged and sterile, while the climate of the other was soft and genial, and its soil generous and fruitful. As a result of these differences of climate and soil, the pursuits of the two people became different, the one being driven to the ocean and to the mechanic arts for subsistence, and the other betaking itself to agriculture.—*Service Afloat: Admiral Raphael Semmes.*

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

WE referred last week to the notable fact of the want of patronage given by the American buyer to the English picture market, and commented upon the peculiarity of the absolute dearth of a representative British school of painting in the United States. The heavy American import tax applies equally to both London and Paris purchases, so the reason of this apparent neglect does not lie here. The system of studio-training in the French metropolis, so superior to that of the English Academy, has inevitable attractions for American students, and has formed an artistic connection between the two republics; where the students go the parents and the patrons also do congregate. Paris has become therefore the school and market of art to the American, who, with his keen appreciation of personality, thoroughly enjoys the contact with the great painters of the age. In London a pilgrim from the west knocking at the door of an Academician is told that he is never at home except by appointment. In Paris on the contrary, he would have opportunities of access to the greatest studios, and that he appreciates the difference his purchases only too distinctly indicate.

THE marvellous process by which Messrs. Braun, of Paris and Dornach (whose agents in London are the Autotype Company), have succeeded in overcoming the long despaired of intractability of certain colours when dealt with by photography is exceptionally shown by a numerous body of lately published transcripts of pictures in the National Gallery, Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and on the Continent. The result of this achievement is the most precious gift of modern science to art. Messrs. Braun have outmanœuvred the obstinate blue, taken captive the recalcitrant red, and beguiled the Proteus-like green. They have secured for us unlimited opportunities of study; saved immeasurable time and money, and given to experts means for acquiring knowledge, such as only long journeys, large outlay, and much time could formerly have afforded to a few enthusiasts and well-to-do students. Apart from the truthful rendering of the originals, the power of making real fac-similes is precious, because within certain limits not definable in a short notice it is now possible to compare the designs, *technique*, and other elements of the works removed from each other by the width of Europe, and submitting them to the standard of criticism, re-enforce as well as improve that standard itself. The finest transcript is said to be from Bellini's "Doge Loredano," which gives the lustre of the ancient Venetian silk mantle on his shoulders, and defies the most subtle eye to follow the multitudinous wrinkles of his shrivelled skin, the clearness of the lights, the depth of the shadows. Among other gems are Van Dyck's portrait of himself (Windsor) whose very brush touch is distinct; and a capital Rubens. From Florence comes the beautiful study in chalks of the head of a smiling angel by Da Vinci; a finely drawn head of a young woman in red chalk by Del Sarto; also the learned sketch in the same medium by Raphael, of the draped Virgin, made for the large picture painted for Francis I.; a Del Sarto in the Louvre; and a Rembrandt at Vienna.

It was of his "Friedland, 1807," lately presented to the Metropolitan Museum, by Judge Hilton, that Meissonier wrote to A. T. Stewart, at the time of the original purchase: "It is with feelings of deep emotion that I part with a painting so long the life and joy of my studio. Receive it as a friend—not as that which pleases for a time and is forgotten, but to improve more and more upon closer acquaintance. I am convinced—and I do not say so without a certain pride—that its value will increase with time. The criticisms of the subject will pass, but the painting will remain an honour for you and me. An artist only, and an artist of great experience, can tell what time, what trouble, and what patience have been

necessary to unite so many diverse elements—how difficult it is with such varied material to put aside the artifices so often employed in art to conceal defects. I will conclude with offering you my portrait; you desired to possess one, and I have had the pleasure of painting this for you." The portrait accompanied the picture as a part of Judge Hilton's gift to the Museum.

MEISSONIER is now studying with his usual thoroughness Mr. Edward Maybridge's instantaneous photographs of men and animals in motion.

Mr. L. R. O'BRIEN has pitched his sketching tent for a portion of the summer season at Banff, North-west Territory, and the series of pictures on which he is at present engaged, it is said, will far excel his first efforts to cope with this to him a new field of mountain scenery.

THE dramatic market is dull this week; the only interesting item concerns the divine Sarah, and her recent tour, which is reported to be the longest and most profitable starring trip on record. It began on April 24th, 1886, in London, and has therefore lasted fourteen months, besides the months still to be played out in England. From London the company went to Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Montevideo, on the east coast of South America, around the Straits of Magellan to Chili, Peru, Ecuador, and the United States of Colombia, where performances were given in the chief cities. Cuba and Mexico followed, and the United States and Canada have come last. In the former the trip has been from Boston to San Francisco, covering all the principal cities, and several that are not principal. There have been 250 performances in all, and the gross receipts have been over a million dollars, while the profits amount to half a million. Bernhardt's share is over \$300,000, which put into francs, to make it sound bigger, is 1,500,000 francs—quite a fortune for even so liberal a spender as Dona Sol.

Madame Bernhardt is under contract to Abbey, Schreffel, and Grau for four years longer. She will appear in Sardou's new play at the Porte St. Martin next autumn, in Paris, and will remain there the whole season. In October, 1888, she will begin a tour of Continental Europe, taking in Russia with Turkey and Egypt, where she has never been before. The Exposition and Sarah will probably divide attention in Paris, beginning in October, 1889, and in the same month in 1890 she will begin another American engagement. E. S.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. RUSKIN will write the preface of a new sixpenny illustrated magazine, to be published in England under the name of *Atalanta*, and Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard will contribute to the first number.

"ADIRONDACK" MURRAY and J. Armory Knox, of *Texas Siftings*, are to collaborate in the writing of a book descriptive of their yachting tour of the lakes and rivers of Canada and the United States, which they are now enjoying.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S "Ben Hur" and H. Rider Haggard's new story of "Allan Quatermain" have been keeping the presses of the Harpers running almost continuously day and night during the past week. New plates of "Ben Hur" have just been made, and an edition that will bring the total number of copies printed to 190,000 is now on the press. The popularity of this wonderful story remains unabated, as finds its best evidence from the orders from all parts of the country which reach the Harpers daily. Of "Allan Quatermain" more than 8,000 copies were sold during the first week of publication, and, notwithstanding the eight pirated editions on the market, Mr. Haggard's latest story seems destined to outsell even his tale of "She," of which it is estimated that more than 75,000 copies have been sold in America—this total including all the different editions, authorised and otherwise. In London, 10,000 copies of "Allan Quatermain" were subscribed for before publication.

THE views of one who has been so successful as a story-writer as William D. Howells upon the requisites of writing a good, short story, must naturally be interesting. We give, therefore, *verbatim*, the novelist's expressions as they were told to a friend a few days ago: "The American short story-writers have done excellent work in that line. This country, I think, is a fine field for short story-writers. The demand for short stories of a high order always exists. The novelist and short story-writer do not necessarily exist in one, for I know few novelists who can write short stories of a high order. It seems to be a separate art, and the greater does not, as a rule, include the less. Many short story-writers cannot write novels; it is beyond their province and art. I admit that you seldom ever find a novelist, though, who has not written short stories. I advise young writers by all means to practise on short stories, and work them out in a natural and plausible manner. If an intricate plot is used in a short story, it is usually all plot and little story. In short story-writing the same methods should hold good as in novel-writing. No attempt should be made to write in an artificial way. If I write anything in an affected style, my feelings almost immediately repudiate it, and I destroy what I have written. Artificial methods are often brought about by an attempt to be humorous. Humour is something that flows naturally, and cannot be forced. If I should offer any advice to young writers, I would ask them to write as they feel, and avoid striving after grand effects. A sensible, concise style is always more forcible than a stiff and unnatural one. Then, too, I would caution them not to take any model, but to write up everything as they conceive it, holding the characters up to human nature so closely that any one who reads could discover real and not improbable people."