

is not equal to either of his other pictures—but which gives him an opportunity of showing with what mastery he can imitate grasses. Mr. Chas. Chapman of London (an amateur) tries for empire with a farming piece—not without merit—the cows being very good, but the trees patchy, and in some instances untrue. We had nearly, owing to defectiveness of arrangement, failed to notice an eagle or some bird of prey with a trout in his claws—a picture untrue to nature in every particular, and daub. The next classification is that of figure subjects, and here Mr. Verner is easily first (we know not what the opinion of the judges may be.) His Ta-Tanka-Nanin, hereditary chief of the Sioux, and participator in the massacre of 1862 in Minnesota, being very much superior to the picture in class 1 by the same artist. The face of Ta-Tanka-Nanin is not unlike what Mr. Spurgeon's was, only that the mouth of the chief is much better formed than that of the great Baptist preacher. The treatment of the whole figure in posture and expression is very good, while the flesh is rendered in a manner that makes us doubt if both pictures are from the same hand. After this admirable picture we have to deal entirely with Mr. Bridgman. There are three figures—a little girl sitting down at the base of a tree—the boots, as usual, playing a great part; then a little boy sitting on an impossible rock in the midst of an impossible landscape—Mr. Bridgman showing himself ignorant of the very elementary principles of linear perspective; and then a little boy in an arm chair, which at a superficial glance will please, but which the next moment shocks all sense of proportion by the monstrous size of the head. Yet this is the only figure of Mr. Bridgman which is absolutely free from dryness. Then we come to class 5 (Canadian landscapes,) and Mr. A. N. McEvoy, of Toronto, leads off with the Falls of Niagara, and a river scene on one of our great rivers. (Why he and others do not tell the locality we are puzzled to say.) The Niagara picture is a frightful failure, the falling water giving no idea of water whatever. It is only when we look below and see some waves and patches of dirty white, meant for foam, that by an effort of the inferential faculty we conclude that we are gazing not on walls of gardens dimly seen, but on Niagara. The other picture has some felicitous colouring of rock, but the water—where McEvoy evidently thinks he is strong—is execrable. A landscape by Mr. J. C. Whale brings us to somewhat better things; but here in the midst of some good work we have not a little inexcusably bad. A symmetrical fox, springing with great leisure over a pool, with some helpless-looking dogs following, takes away all attention from the landscape, which is hasty and daub, rocks being piled on each other like so many cheesecakes; yet wherever that scene is assuredly great beauty dwells. On the other hand Mr. Verner has a fine landscape—rapids sweeping between pine forests—it being impossible to mistake the rush and roar of the onward stream for anything else. We have to take the good the gods provide us as they please, and so pass on to Class 8 (portraits.) We lead off with Mr. Alexander Davidson, Toronto, who gives us a portrait of a masonic grand-master, (L. B. Harris), who, if at all like his portrait, we should never like to meet unless at some period when our nerves are exceptionally strong, for a more ghostly person it would be impossible to conceive. It reminds one of the early Italian style of painting saints—only that it is incomparably harder. We have a smaller portrait from the same hand having the same dry defects; of another, ditto. We have three very excellent portraits from Mr. Bridgman—that of a man of about

35 and "bearded like a pard," being, we fancy, the first prize. A man's bust by Lefler, (Hamilton), and a full length painting of a girl with a doll, show great stiffness and crudeness in dealing with colour. The other portraits, that of a young lady by Robert Whale, and of a young girl by T. M. Martin evince deplorable immaturity. In class 7, (Canadian marine subjects), we have a scanty representation, but what we have is good; Mr. J. M. Martin giving us a river scene so good, notwithstanding some glaring defects, that we should advise him to stick to landscape and eschew portrait painting as long as he lives. The other picture is the "Eagle Rocks" on the coast of Labrador, a fine painting in which the sea, in its sweep and tint, is finely rendered. This is by Mr. Verner. We would point out to him that it is a pity his rocks, so strong in some points, should be so weak in others. His sea deserves only unqualified praise. In Class 6 (landscape or marine painting, not Canadian) we have at the hands of Mr. Baigent a fine landscape in which he deals with foliage, the chiaro scuro of the trees being executed with his usual skill. Under the heading of "Still Life" we see some grapes and peaches and melons from the studio of Mr. J. Griffith, dead birds from Mr. Baigent, and also from Mr. Whale. But nothing under the head of "Still Life" calls for special comment, nor does Class 3 (flowers, grouped or single) And now it would appear, from the observation of one of the beadles—not from the catalogue—that we have henceforth to deal with amateurs in oil colours; and so we commence with Class 10 (any subject). Miss Mary Strickland, Oshawa, Mr. Thomas Corquodale, Toronto, Mrs. C. Gourly, Hamilton, Miss C. Rise, Hamilton, Miss Westmacott, Toronto, Charles Chapman (an amateur), and Dolly Wilson are exhibitors under this head, but there is nothing calling us to linger over its beauty. The landscape of Dolly Wilson, Hamilton, is very inelegant, and shows a vicious study of the pre-Raphaelite school. Under class 14 Miss Mary Strickland has a fine Canadian landscape, but she fails to give in an adequate manner the fire of the trees in autumn. We have then photographs and photographs done in oil and in pastels, by Buttes Brothers, Chatham, and these portraits are among—if not—the best in the exhibition; while the portrait of a lady finished in pastels is one of the most beautiful imitations of the human face in its divinest form we have ever seen. Carvings and models having caused us to tarry for some time, we pass on to "water colours." The classifications are the same, but the interest is no longer so great, and we must content ourselves, because we know in no other way could we content the reader, by dealing only with the more salient exhibitions. Mr. A. Verner vies with Mr. Martin and Mr. Millard (all of Toronto), Mr. Smith of Hamilton, and others, in figure subjects, easily winning, with an Indian scalping a Trapper—a picture alike terrible and true in feeling; Mr. C. S. Millard taking the second prize with a very sweet picture of camping life. Among the "flowers" Mr. J. Griffith (London) took the first prize—his picture being a splendid assemblage of colours,—the second prize falling to Mr. Martin (Toronto), for a water-colour of English wild flowers, which reminds one of a charming passage in Shakspere. Mr. Verner's encampment of Chippewas deservedly took the first prize in the 1st class (any subject, \$15), the second being awarded to Mr. J. H. Caddy, for a lovely bit of mountain scenery, the third prize falling to Mr. Griffiths, for fruit and flowers. Mr. J. M. Martin exhibits two cows at a pool (Animals from Life), which might make a reputation for a man. Some good

pencil and crayon drawings will, among other things, well repay a visit. F. M. B. Smith (Hamilton) has painted the Cricket Ground at Hamilton, with the English Eleven playing, and we are only glad that the English Eleven did not see this tribute to their prowess. A beautiful painting of the Muskoka River (Verner) took the first prize among the Canadian landscapes. On the whole the exhibition of fine arts reflects the highest credit on Canadian artists, and is full of promise of a day in the early future when the unique scenery of the Dominion will be transferred to canvass, which will be eagerly sought in the dilettanti marts of the old world.

We did not in our remarks of Tuesday exhaust the interest of the picture gallery. It was well we had chosen the first day for our observations in chief, because the crowd has been since so great that the only problem one could think of was how to move on. As well as we can see over the heads of the people, packed as close as herrings in a barrel, the 1st prize has been righteously awarded to Mr. F. A. Verner in the competition of water-colour Canadian landscape. In sepia drawing J. Griffith takes the first prize with some fruit beautifully executed, and Mr. J. H. Caddy the second, his work being a very charming sketch of a "Temple in the ruins of Palong." Mr. F. A. Verner, who is the favourite son of fortune in this exhibition, snatches the supreme reward in marine views, by a fine water colour—"Toronto from the Bay." We have often seen Toronto from the bay, but never anything like what it appears in this picture. Perhaps we have not been fortunate, or otherwise it seems to us Toronto ought to have made a much better picture.

"A Moor in Cornwall," by Mr. Henry Martin, deservedly wins in the kindred subject of marine view, without the qualification of "Canadian." There is, however, nothing very remarkable until we come to the portraits, and here Mr. F. A. Verner presents us with one of the most artistic pieces of work in the entire gallery. His Italian beggar is true and artistic in every particular. Any man who has ever wandered down the Campagna, or loitered around the church whose dome dwarfs St. Paul's, will raise this portrait out of the particular into the generic—Mr. Verner having, in fact, pictured a class as well as an individual. The hypocritical air, the shrewd eye, the wrinkled face, the exaggerated suffering, and voluntary abasement are all portrayed in this admirable study. The clever beggar shivers so well we instinctively feel in our pockets for some coin. Mr. Mathews (Toronto) takes the second prize with the portrait of a girl, which is deficient, however, in easiness of pose. Mr. R. Baigent has given us a splendid crayon—a water fowl amid reeds—which takes, and most deservedly, the first prize, the second falling to Miss B. Gunn. Her fox with a duck in his mouth is very good, but we would point out to Miss Gunn that there are grave anatomical objections to the lines of her duck; the fox is perfect. Coming to "crayon coloured," we have a beautiful river scene from the pencil of Mr. J. H. Caddy, which takes the second prize. We shall not pause over crayon portraits further than to say that Mr. F. M. Smith's portrait of a young man writing (second prize) has considerable merit. Among the pencil drawings there is a fine sketch of trees around a ruin, (1st prize) which in every detail is well executed—the outline and feeling being alike admirable. The artist is Mr. J. H. Caddy. Touching the pen-and-ink sketches, Mr. J. Griffith takes the first prize with some fruit,