

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

(The following appears to have dropped from the pocket of an art critic. As no name was attached to it, there is little probability of finding the author):

The art of painting may be traced to the earliest days. The study of the nude was probably the first style developed, and the taste for fruit pieces soon was recognized on the pallet. It is unquestionable that the line of beauty was typified by the serpentine flourishes which prevailed in these early days. Tracing the line of thought down through the ages, Tubal Cain did something in brass, which no artist can want. As the poet says—

"Hear it not ye stars!
And thou, pale moon, turn paler at the sound!"

Or, to turn to the glorious Shakspeare, who does all things well—

"In framing artists, art hath decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

Appelles, Phidias, Titus Andronicus, Marcus Curtius, Horatius Cockles, Anacharsis Cloots, Apollo and the Medicine family, rise up, before the mind's eye, in a long procession, from hoar antiquity. With them all is beauty—for criticism would be out of place, since

"He that paints,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there's not a guest
But will find something wanting, or ill-drest."

The Olympic Games are full of artist life; the Isthmian Games—how glorious!

"But who can paint the lover as he stood?"

Who that has stood in the Vatican, or Burlington Arcade, or Holliwell Street, or under a dry arch in London, but has drunk in draughts of beauty?

"High in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane!"

The dreamy, rural fancies which such scenes call up, can never be forgotten by the true artist.

After such dreams to turn to any native—very native!—productions:

"Hyperion to a satyr!"

What glowing beauty in the green sea of canvas produced by Mr. Vout? How the green waters roll,

"And tumble, break-neck, falling from the clouds!"

What imagination—what skill in touch—what a breadth—what a magnificent *chiaro scuro*—what a light—what a height—what a depth—what a pea-green—what a glory—what a fall!—Ye gods! what a fall!—

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step!"

Sam Patch was nothing to this—it is all *patch*! The imagination is, after all, the thing for a painter, who has

"Exhausted worlds, and then invented new!"

Never was anything like it seen in heaven or earth, unless it be the green light, coming in at a stable, on some heavy cows, due to the remains of the green which would not wash from the brushes, they had got such a soaking from Niagara—

"The green-eyed monster!"

Any that has seen, like me, the master —

(This is all that was found; and it is, evidently, not complete. Part of another sheet, in the same handwriting—which, however, did not appear to have any connection with the art criticism now given, was rolled outside. It is a mere fragment, and reads thus):

—"opinion; for, painful to state, these critics have 'damn'd, with faint praise,' some of the best pictures on the walls, while others—remarkable only for their size, their coarseness, and inharmonious colour—are lauded to the skies. Amid such written trash, it is certainly refreshing to read the sensible and timely remarks of *your* art critic, on this Exhibition, in your issue of this morning. Yours, etc.

"AMICUS PICTORUM."

Any one who has lost these sheets can have them returned, on application to *Grinchuckle*.

THE SILVER NUISANCE.

"The public will find the correspondence between Sir Francis Hincks and the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade, on the silver question, highly entertaining and instructive. The thing is so clear that comment is unnecessary."—*Gazette*.

"Highly entertaining"! The same journal contains several notices of highly entertaining and instructive meetings, a lecture, concert, &c. These may be, perhaps, classed among entertaining things; but what entertainment, strictly speaking, can be found in a correspondence of this kind? It may be very well for money grubbers; but all newspaper readers do not belong to that class. They don't look to the dollars as such, but only for the "entertainment and instruction" they may obtain by their expenditure. The paragraph seems a libel on our citizens. The whole thing, however, is so clear that "comment is unnecessary."

CITY REPRESENTATION.

The "great well-known" and *purse-revering* Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has lately appeared in a new *role*—as candidate for the representation of a Ward in the Council. He seems to have had an eye for sometime *toward* this, and to have used the other office to *forward* his views in this direction. He appears to have been not a little *backward* in coming *forward*, as his candidature is only announced close on nomination day. Probably "the Divinity which shapes his ends" is the Citizen's Association, of which clique the candidate for re-election is not a member. There may be sufficient "sheep" to be led by the ring.

WEIR AGAIN.

We find we were mistaken in ascribing Mr. Weir's having been recommended for the honor of Knighthood to Sir Francis Hincks. He owes his spurs to Sir John Rose. We conclude it was done "*Sub Rosa*." Some joker dubs Weir "Master of the Rolls," in allusion to the packages in which coin is made up. Poor man, he seems to get no "quarter," or, at least, not "half" enough. He must feel "dolorous" by being so put on his "mettle."

A valuable aid in the Montreal Water-Works—Fil-teau (filter).