



MILLET'S "GLANEUSES."—The Louvre is happy in the acquisition of Millet's "Gleaners"—the picture which is believed, with his "Angelus" and "The Sower," to mark the summit of his achievement. It has been handed over by the executors of the late Madame Pommeroy, the Champagne Queen, of Reims, whither an officer of the institution was immediately sent to take possession of it.

THE MEN WHO MADE BARBIZON FAMOUS.—The men who were to begin to give fame to Barbizon, Corot, Barye and Rousseau, came in 1832, though they had been to the forest to study before, while staying at the White Horse in Chailly. October, November and December were their favourite months. The noisy crowd had gone and the peculiar charms of forest and plain were putting on their richest effects. The scraggy old apple-trees, of which there were hundreds, stood out in all their eccentric nakedness, the habitations of man and beast wore a retired and sombre expression, and the wild boar and deer could be easily seen and studied. All nature was open and untamed.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH HERON'S DRAWINGS.—The choice collection of water-colour drawings formed by the late Town Clerk of Manchester has lately been on view previously to being sold. Sir Joseph Heron was a man of excellent taste, and he confined himself almost entirely to the drawings of the older English masters—Turner, De Wint, David Cox, and their contemporaries. Of Turner the collection includes no fewer than 20 examples, though, to be sure, nearly all of them are early works, painted before the artist had shaken off the influence of Paul Sandby and Gurtin and had learnt to use colour with freedom. By De Wint there are five sketches and two important drawings, of which one, "On the Yare" (59), is distinguished from almost all other drawings of the master by bearing a genuine signature and date. De Wint, as is well known, disliked writing his name upon his drawings; his one answer to purchasers who asked him to do so was that the works were already "signed all over." The small "Road across the Moor" (42) is a perfect example of David Cox, and "Calder Bridge" (23) is about as good a Gurtin as could be found. A farmhouse interior (17) is an example of William Hunt, unusual in subject and of exceptional quality, and there are few better examples of John Varley than the beautiful drawing called "The Thames at Blackwall" (12).

THE ARTIST'S PENCIL AS A DETECTIVE.—It is curious to read in Mr. W. P. Frith's "Reminiscences" how photography, now used so extensively by the police in the detection of criminals, was anticipated by the pencil. Mr. Frith gives two examples. The first relates to an experience of Mulready, who, while walking down the Bayswater Road in 1805, was stopped by a foot-pad armed with a pistol. The artist had no choice but to comply, and, on reaching home, drew the man's face very carefully, taking the drawing to Bow Street. Within a fortnight the man was captured, his apprehension being due entirely to the picture. The second instance relates to Mr. G. B. O'Neil, who was robbed of his watch while looking at the time under a gas lamp near Kensington Church. The time for observation was very short, but the artist was able to make a drawing, which he gave to the police. The man was soon after caught, and at his trial the drawing was produced, and the likeness, together with Mr. O'Neil's recognition, was sufficient to convict him. Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., also made a drawing in connection with a robbery at his house. Unfortunately, the drawing was not that of the thief, but of his dismantled room, with himself standing ruefully gazing at the scene.—*Photographic News*.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF BAD ART.—It is always an uncomfortable position to be extremely radical, and to go in defiance of popular opinion is an unthankful task, but it is not popular opinion which gives the Academicians a high place among contemporary artists; it is simply popular indifference and that *laissez faire* and the snobbish and unquestioning recognition of the powers that be which characterizes the ordinary Englishman in regard to all matters outside those which concern his personal dignity or his pocket. For the rest, Englishmen are singularly unable to form any sound judgment on matters artistic; they really like bad art, and they have not had the advantage of being educated and directed by critics who can help them to see aright. In France the critic is the complement of the painter. The great critic's toe comes so near the heel of the great painter he is able to follow in his footsteps and to lead others along the same path. In England we turn on the first man we meet in the street to do our art criticism, and he naturally finds it safest and easiest to praise that which has the assured position which academic honours carry with them, for it occurs to but few to remember that these honours are merely self-bestowed, and have no more significance than appertains to the membership of an exclusive club; forgetting, too, that this club is wholly discredited outside its own little set and *entourage*.—*London*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—One of the most interesting exhibitions that has been on view in the Suffolk street galleries for some years is opened to the public. It

consists of "sketches, studies and decorative designs;" and in these the bulk of the exhibitors show to much greater advantage than in more ambitious works. Such painters as Messrs. R. B. Nesbit (55), A. W. Weedon ("A Sussex Common," 87), W. H. Pike (211), R. W. Rouse ("A Wet Evening," 243), Dudley Hardy, and the President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, send effective and clever sketches in their different styles. Mr. W. A. Breakspeare shows his admirable draughtsmanship in the nude study which he calls "By the Seashore" (424). But the chief interest of the exhibition lies in the large number of sketches by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Watts, and in a few by the late Cecil Lawson, which the council have secured. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a full-size study for one of the Briar-rose series, and many smaller designs for the same; Sir F. Leighton a number of studies for "Greek Girls" and other pictures; and Mr. Watts several, including a fine and elaborate design for a mural decoration—an introductory chapter to a proposed mural pictorial history of man.—Mr. Watts's imaginative qualities are never more happily shown than in these visions of the primeval world.—*London Times*, June 30.

WHY AMERICAN ART LAGS.—A leading American artist was asked why he confined himself to portraits, small pictures and foreign ideas, instead of undertaking something that would really make a sensation in art circles—some big American subject that would be worthy of his talent. He replied that he would do so gladly if he could, but he could not afford it. To paint such a picture would cost, allowing himself carpenter's wages, from \$1,200 to \$2,000. Models must be hired, researches undertaken, and costly material purchased. Then, when it was done, the chances were, he thought, that everyone would admire it and no one buy it. This would mean the loss of a year's time and considerable money, which he could not afford. On the other hand, the wealthy artists are not spurred on by necessity. They either don't have to paint at all or their reputation brings a ready sale for anything whatever which they wish to paint. He averred that every painting of the kind of recent years has been either painted to order or with a tacit understanding that some patron was to see the artist through. There is no stimulus to original American art except the few rewards offered by art associations, which are almost universally carried off by Salon pictures or pictures with foreign treatment. This artist referred to has a great picture that he wants to paint. He cannot do it unless some man of wealth stands sponsor for it. To do so without aid or encouragement would be as reasonable as for a Market Street merchant to embark all his goods on a sailing vessel and take a voyage to the cannibal islands in the hope of a lucrative trade. Artists without capital or patrons won't undertake big work. Artists with capital and reputation have no reason to. Why don't some of our wealthy men undertake to encourage art by agreeing to stand sponsor to some of our rising artists? The Government fosters art in France. Here the Government ruins it; for once in a while it buys a bad picture at an enormous price and is so overcome with its virtuous action that it has to rest several years before trying again.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Marie Bashkirtseff.

Some interesting facts about Marie Bashkirtseff will be found in this month's *Woman's World*. The writer—"D. H. E."—first saw Marie in the autumn of 1880. She appeared one morning at the studio, dressed in a white cotton blouse shirt, a dark skirt, and with her hair twisted carelessly in a knot. At that time she had lost some of her first beauty, but she was still a most intellectual and remarkable-looking girl. Not above the middle height, she had a finely moulded, rather plump figure; her hands wrists and feet were admirable. Her hair was fair—a peculiar shade of warm flaxen—her complexion an opaque white, while the expression of her fine grey eyes was haunting. One of the first things Marie said on entering the dingy atelier that morning was that she was painting the portrait of a "jeune homme du monde" in her own studio, a statement which sent a pious thrill of horror through the ranks of the French pupils. The next day the simple student in the blouse had disappeared, and Mlle. Bashkirtseff, dressed in a Worth gown and priceless Russian sables, stepped in on her road to some private view or afternoon party. That was her way: one day the most Bohemian of Bohemians, with her lunch in a basket, her hair twisted in a knot, and a joke for everybody that she liked in the atelier; the next an exquisitely dressed young lady, discoursing of last night's ball or a *première* at the Français. But it must be owned that the studio saw far more of the hardworking Bohemian than of the fashionable young lady. Sometimes she would bring her mandolin and play, while the model rested, to amuse her fellow-students, in the prettiness which obtains in Parisian studios. Marie Bashkirtseff's was the most true-ringing laugh that I ever heard in a grown-up person. A single instance will suffice. One day, when M. Paul de Cassagnac was calling on Mlle. Bashkirtseff, the lady wished to keep him to dine, and whispered to her little black page to ask the cook what there was for dinner. Meanwhile, the room being full of visitors, M. de Cassagnac proceeded to tell very seriously a story about the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial. He had just concluded, when the little page threw open the door, and in a profound silence said in a loud voice, "Madame, c'est un canard!" Marie's laugh, even in the midst of the general mirth, was a thing to hear.

on the shelf over the open fire-place, where a few sticks were burning, yet the aspect of the little room was very home-like.

"I suppose ye are not very busy, Mrs. Williams, are ye?"

"I've always got plenty to do, Mr. Hazeldean, but I might find time for more if I had it."

"You can milk an' make butter, and bake an' wash, and them things, I reckon, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hazeldean, most women can do all that."

"An' mend clothes, an' feed hens, an' make quilts an' rugs for winter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, all of us have those things to attend to."

"Well, Mrs. Williams, I can't do none o' them things, 'cept the milkin', an' that I allays did do for poor Jenny, an' I come to ask you if you'd be the ooman to do 'em?"

"Mr. Hazeldean, I've my four children to look after, and my poor Ria most of the time lyin' down, as perhaps you know, and it would be impossible for me to do all you want. Besides, it is too far from the village for me to get backwards and forwards, even if other things served."

"You don't understand me, good ooman," said Old Jimmy, blushing like a girl. "I've been thinkin' it all over, an' I can't do without a ooman in the house, an' I counted on getting you to be that ooman, havin' concluded that I didn't want none o' them others. I knowed you when you were 'Susie Wright that was,' and I allays regarded you as a purty and clever little body, and neither you nor me's as young as we was, and the fact is I'm so lonely I can't go on living as I have done this year 'n a half an' I want to know if you'll marry me and bring all the young uns with you. There's room enough an' plenty to eat, and that poor Ria might get stronger if she was in the country, and them little fellers is such capital little chaps, they could do lots of things that 'ud help me after comin' from school. It's only the 'second appearin' that bothers me, an' that you've heard of as well as all the rest o' the folks, I reckon, and if you'll risk it *why I will*."

The little woman, in her black print gown, with her hair neatly coiled at the back of her head, looked to the lonely man very attractive as she sat gazing at him with great grey eyes full of astonishment and doubt.

"I know its hurried," the suitor continued, finding that the little woman did not speak, "an' I don't ask you to say yes or no to-night, I only tell you that I mean what I say, and if you'll have me I'll do right by you an' the young uns, and Walter, too, and they sha'n't none on 'em ever say they hadn't a good home at Hazeldean, if so be their mother 'll be the missis."

"Indeed, Mr. Hazeldean," at length replied the widow, "you must give me time to think about what you have said. I never expected so much from any man, and I don't know how to take it."

(To be continued.)

An Indian Robin Hood.

Jhunda, the notorious dacoit, who was recently killed in an encounter with the Indian police, appears from the accounts of his life given by the papers to have been a kind of Indian Robin Hood. He began his career in the native army, but soon left the service for the more congenial occupation of robbery. In 1874 he was captured and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. After breaking his arm in an attempt to escape he remained in Meerut Gaol till 1888, and became the most expert carpet weaver in the prison. On his release he collected a band which soon became the terror of Meerut and the adjoining districts. His usual course of operations was to pounce upon a village and call upon the local shroff, or banker, to produce his bonds and receipts, which were then publicly burned, while the shroff himself was plundered. This style of proceeding made Jhunda popular with the indebted classes, who from a large proportion of the Indian rural population, and by their aid he succeeded in defying the police for the last two years. Like his English prototype, he is also said to have often been charitable to the poor. There was at first some doubt whether he was actually killed; but his identity is now placed beyond question.

The "Tourist's Note Book."

We are glad to see that an enlarged and revised edition of Mr. J. M. LeMoine's excellent little handbook of "Quebec and its Environs" has just been issued. To Mr. LeMoine Quebec owes a debt which all lovers of the dear old city must help to discharge—a debt of grateful recognition. For undoubtedly there are thousands of persons in both hemispheres who have derived from Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive volumes all the knowledge they possess of the venerable fortress and its manifold historic associations from the days of Champlain to the present. The "Tourist's Note Book" was the happy thought, we believe, of the Princess Louise, to whom it is dedicated. At any rate it was Mr. LeMoine who escorted the Marquis of Lorne and his illustrious consort through the storied streets of the ancient capital and showed them all its points of interest when they first arrived in the country. The "Note Book," of which the fifth edition is now published, was the welcome result. It contains some new chapters that add to its value. The publisher is C. Darveau, Quebec.