

including the campanello, a stop not generally found in cabinet organs; and an organ with pipes and reeds, either of which may be used separately or both combined. In this display Messrs. Bell and Co. sustain the excellent reputation as musical instrument manufacturers which they have now had for several years.

Messrs. Herold Bros. of Hamilton, a new firm, exhibit three pianos.

Mr. Heintzman, of Toronto, exhibits one of his fine toned square pianos, on which he has taken a first prize. He also shows a beautifully finished cottage piano.

Mr. C. L. Thomas, of Hamilton, exhibits three square pianos which appear to be very good instruments. Two of them have a  $7\frac{1}{2}$  octave key-board.

Mr. J. A. Livingston, of Brantford, shows four cabinet organs.

McLeod, Wood & Co., of Guelph, exhibit two piano style melodeons, one in a rosewood and the other in a walnut case. To each of these instruments is attached a bellows of the same description as that used in the cabinet organs; they have thus the same power as cabinet organs, and are much more handsome pieces of furniture. They also show two cabinet organs in cases made in the cottage piano style, and two in a new style of case which they claim renders the instruments capable of a much fuller tone than organs in the ordinary style of case. The last mentioned instrument has eight stops, three sets of reeds, and a key board of five octaves, and the case is beautifully carved and very highly polished.

Messrs. Weber & Co., of Kingston, exhibit three of their well known square pianos. These instruments are distinguished by great brilliancy of tone combined with much power. One of them has carried off the first prize for its case, which is most elaborately carved. One of others has been awarded first prize in the section "square pianos."

#### FINE ARTS.

While a thousand objects, animate and inanimate, were bearing testimony to the progress of this great Dominion in material good, there were others which showed that the cultivation of the Arts and the sister graces of life were not left uncultivated. Among these the objects brought under the category of "the Fine Arts" were the most suggestive and significant. Somebody has said that literature is of no party, and the same may be said true of the sister art of painting. Nay, it would almost seem as if it was the special province of the products of the imitative faculty to provide a neutral ground, where men after the fierce, if wholesome, struggles of ordinary life might meet and find that there are points on which they could touch in sympathy—where the mind should be lifted above peddling details—above cares that worry and spoil the spirit—into a serene region—where the air is finer and the light not "the light of common day." It would not have been easy to have spent the time it was our duty to devote to the picture gallery of the exhibition without being struck by the invaluable influence of art on the natures of busy men—those whose lives are one swift struggle for success and material good forgot for a moment their ambitions, laid by their cares, and escaped from themselves, and were by so much the better and the happier. We do not want to attach more importance to this gallery than it deserves. Some of the pictures were, however, eminently and appropriately, and filled the mind with ideas germane to the problems presented by the present condition of Canada.

Mr. Verner's Indian Chiefs were poems, sad, and proud and funeral, which remained the spectators in a striking manner that "his tread was on a nation's dust," and "Scalping a traitor" is an illiad in a no-shell. To gaze on the pictured semblance of mighty life, and the mind with ideas commensurate with the vastness of this continent—nay, with the vastness of Nature's operations; and we heard

the voice of streams, that swift or slow  
flow down from highlands, and saw  
the dust of continents to be

Mr. Baigent, Mr. Braigman, and Mr. Verner, started deep feelings in rugged breasts yesterday. It was clear from the observations made that the visitors were not lightly critical, but they were, nevertheless, generally just in their observations, the inevitable test being one that Aristotle would endorse—was it like nature? The children's portraits were great favourites, and a man would remind Bill or Tom how well a Billy or a Tommy that was at home would look in oil. One poor lady discovered a resemblance to a lost child, and there was much loving reminiscence; the heart was too full for reticence—landscapes, figures, flowers—all had to yield the palm to the children in the opinion of these good, simple souls. How English all this is! Ay, and how healthy too! We could have wished to see more pains taken to represent the peculiarity of the Canadian atmosphere and to give us in our characteristic scenery, but when ever Crawford has been counted and every qualification made, it remains to be said that Canada was artistically very well represented at the exhibition. One or two pictures in oil would have reflected no discredit on painters who work amid surroundings which have every element necessary for the cultivation of taste—every element which could inspire emulation and make the artist feel an abiding contentment in his "high vocation." The first picture amongst the oils which attracted the visitors' attention is a portrait of Ne-la-Oah-Oah (Big Dog), a Chippewa chief, who offered himself and his band of warriors to the Government to fight the Sioux in their raid in Minnesota in 1862, by F. A. Verner, of Toronto. The chief's head dress consists of hawk's feathers dyed, around his neck are tusks of the grisly bear; while in his left hand he holds the medicine pipe. The chief does not make a handsome picture. In the wrinkled and gnarled face there is the history of a life of activity, in which the fiercer passions have had full play; the shrewd eyes and compressed mouth speaking of authority and that worldly wisdom which comes of having watched men and their ways from a standpoint which enables the mind to make use of all its observing powers. Mr. Verner has treated his subject with great power. The expression is good, and it is easy to see that the old chief is meditating on some difficult question which has arisen within his world or in relation to himself and some hostile chief. There is "speculation" in his eye, and about the mouth resolve waits on the decision of the judgment. The articulation of the veins of the hand evinces the ease of treatment. There is, however, a harshness about the picture which implies a defective mastery of colour, and the flesh is inefficiently rendered. A landscape, by Mr. Richard Baigent, Toronto, is a most creditable piece of work, the grouping being artistic in the highest sense of that exigent word, and the management of the chiaro-scuro, the treatment of grasses, foliage and water affording promise of the most fruitful kind. The sunlit willow, drooping over the neck of water, is admirably true to nature, while the sunny lapping waves remind us of Millais.

without raising a ghost to terrify the artist. Mr. Baigent fails in dealing with the trees in the distance, and his sky is weak. Robert Whale, of Barford, gives us a picture picture—or at least seems such—for it is impossible to watch a Canadian landscape without thinking that Turner in those "ocean visions," in which he saw that in the landscape which other men could not discern, must have dreamed of this country, where hills and lake, and forest, are seen as though some eternal fire. We must say that Mr. Whale has given us this magic light. We have, however, a one landscape, notwithstanding, showing much wealth and power in dealing with colours. From the same artist there is a mountain torrent breaking and dashing between and over rocks and storm-proof trees—which displays these quantities in an intenser form. The rocks and blasted mountain pine and down sweep of the hurrying waters are well handled. Mr. W. Ambrose, of Hamilton, like those we have already mentioned, competes for a prize. Subject (any subject) with a very fine landscape—a sunset in a mountain district—which is very admirable in its light, the golden haze of sunset sweeping down from the yellow blaze over the glacial bergs into the bright valley, throwing long shadows on the warm fields (the time is harvest), tinged with fire the earth and the upward back of the tall, bare stems of two tufted pine trees. A farmer is hastening home along the road, and in a field in the foreground presents the picture of the last load of hay on that day. There is to dryness about this picture, the feeling of an artist regarding it, every detail has been carefully studied, and the glowing grasses and forest of hills are brought into view of rapidly approaching night, the weary horse led home by the farmer, along the road where pines of red stone burn as in a storm of side by side with deep cool shadows, where it is already night, and nature has added herself to sleep. The competitors under the first section will be completed when we say that Mr. J. W. Bridgman, Toronto, contributes two portraits of children, the drapery being admirably cast, and the expression being very good, but the flesh, especially of one of the children, was dry in its treatment. The costume in each case leads us to remark that it would be well if Mr. Bridgman devoted more attention to the study of aerial perspective. These two portraits, however, stamp Mr. Bridgman as a master of his craft, and not a few mothers and fathers during the week, stopping to look at these works that lives, on those eyes which look out on you full of innocent, eager wonder, those natural lips that seem as if they would speak well with that. Mr. Bridgman could teach the sex for them to the feeling faculty, the varying youth and maidenhood, of some household darling. In the class we have just dealt with the first prize is \$20; 2nd, \$12; 3rd, \$6. In the other classes the prizes are relatively of smaller value. The prizes have not been adjudged as we write. Class No. 2 ("Animals from Life") has induced one or two artists to give us some conscientious studies from nature. The two musk rats in the foreground of a clearing—forest behind—(by Mr. Baigent) are drawn with as loving a hand as Sir Edward Landseer himself would have bestowed on those knowing gentlemen of the copee. Immediately beneath is a dangerous competitor from the studio of Mr. Robert Whale—a racoon eating Indian corn near a patch of water—while a frog perched on a stone gazes with its goggle eyes full of indignation at the intruder. The racoon is splendidly done. On the left we have some beavers from Mr. Baigent—a picture which