MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By Idris.

Among Great Britain's paintings in oil is that by Riviere, entitled "Requiescat." A dead knight in armor is stretched upon his bier. Beside him in mournful patience waits his faithful dog. In criticizing the picture as to whether it is or is not true to life, the dog is of course the study. The upturned, grief-elongated features, the wistful magnetism in those eyes would call back to life the beloved master, or that failing, would merit an immortality with him.

I choose this painting one as the properly typical one of England, for in that country chivalry and knight-errantry was crowned as nowhere else in Christendom; since England gave to the world the Knights Templars, the noblest motherland that ever under Heaven was sacrificed to the beck and call and lastly to the avarice of seculars.

Organized to protect pilgrims en route to and from the Holy Land, they were all noblemen's sons, who brought their possessions to the cause, made the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and in return were promised "their salt and labor and toil enow." Tennyson's Sir Galahad lived veritably in each and every one of them. Ah, indeed!—

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords are rust
And their souls are with the saints we trust."

Turning from the quiescent knight I murmured not "Requiescat" but "Requiescant."

"The Empty Saddle," by Waller, has been so widely copied as scarcely to require description. A mounted cavalier returning from the war, leads a riderless horse beneath a balcony upon which the ladies of the family are on the lookout. One of them, the lady-love or wife, swoons as she recognizes whose horse bears the empty saddle.

"Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland," by Gow, is treated in a masterly manner. The Queen of Scots has fled from Langside, has reached the shore and is about to embark for England. Boats are in readiness. The Queen is on horseback, and at her horse's head stands a page. Attending her is one of the faithful survivors of the battle, also mounted. He bends to kiss her hand; and this is the last of Scotland and courtly devotion—a farewell repeated and confirmed by Sir Andrew Melvil nineteen years later when Mary Stuart was on her way to the scaffold. Apart from historical associations there is a two-fold perfection in the painting which invites both near and distant inspection. At short range that beautiful face with its expression of sad anxiety is seen delicately outlined and tinted, the costumes with minute accessories, even the horses' trappings are faultless in detail. Viewing it from greater distances we behold a meeting of the transportation agencies peculiar to the period, and those of the land about to be exchanged for those of the sea. Boatmen beckon, for their voices are drowned by the serf. The wearied horses' manes and tails are tossed by the stiff breeze that will soon fill the departing sails.

"St. Paul's," by Lucas, represents a visit to the Cathedral by Charles II., James Duke of York, and Secretary Pepys. Sir Christopher Wren, its great architect, has shown them through the pile. The King lost in admiration turns to Wren and exclaims, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!" Truly, "He thought not of an earthly home who thus could build."

"Monmouth Pleading for His Life Before James II.," by Pettie, is heart rending. The King's face glowers in hateful scorn at his handsome nephew grovelling before *him* and wetting his feet with his tears. In vain! Back come the lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"

"For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree
In pride of power and beauty's bloom
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

Such was the lot entailed by James' frown upon Anne, the widowed duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

"In the Reign of Terror," by Macgregor, portrays what must have been a common occurrence during the French Revolution. In a luxurious home guarding her sleeping babe is a young mother whose blanched face wears a look of startled agony. "The Mistletoe Bough," also by Macgregor, is in three scenes. This subject, by whomsoever rendered, is always interesting and pathetic.

"C'Est L'Empereur" by Glazebrook is Napoleon I., and a sentry asleep on duty. The Emperor having quietly appropriated the arms of the sleeping man, has taken his place, and with lowering brows bides his awakening. Who could sleep under that gaze! A nightmare seizes the sentry; he wildly passes his hand over his eyes, and as he does so "C'Est L'Empereur!" breaks from the lips of the horror-stricken victim.

"Prisoners of War, 1805," by Yeames, shows us two mere lads, children in fact, and British 'Middies' or something of that sort. They have just been landed, and one carries his arm in a sling. They do not court compassion, but a French priest and French woman and children press near them in kindly sympathy.

"Incident in the Charge of the Light Brigade" by Charlton, pictures a riderless horse continuing the charge and in proper rank "When they rode back—but not etc." "The Royal Jubilee Procession Passing Through Trafalgar Square" by the same artist, and lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is an immense canvas. From the Queen to the last of the attendant princes, every face is a true likeness. As I contemplated it I found myself wishing that the painting and I were a hundred years older. There is a newness about it that disparages its true merits. From one gorgeous uniform to another the eye quickly passes, but already lingers on the glittering white uniform of the late Emperor Frederick, and also upon that of the late Prince Albert Victor. But the central figure, her Venerable Majesty, becomes the engrossing study. To quote Collier—he deserves the honor in this only—"her crown has become a lonely splendor" and to her woman's heart that 'Jubilee' the saddest mockery of all; the testimony that she has survived the many dear friends who now should be near. Never perchance during the lapse of a quarter of a century could the late Prince Consort, that wise and good man, have been more keenly missed and regretted. For her lonely Majesty's sake we take one look more—this time a very kindly one—at the loved ones still left her, those 'crumbs of comfort' and very gorgeous 'crumbs' indeed, naturally trying to make the most of themselves.

"The Roll Call" painted in 1874 by Elizabeth Thompson, Lady Butler, and lent by Her Majesty, is of high artistic excellence. It is a prearranged and studied grouping of British Grenadiers, and has nothing in connection with historical incident.

"The Mighty Fallen" by Wyllie, is a great ship dismantled, and tumbling and tossing, the sport of the merciless elements.

"The Wooden Walls of Old England" by Baden Powell has preserved from oblivion the last of England's oaken bulwarks, the "Britannia" the "London" the "Queen" and the "Arethusa."

"Ripening Sunbeams" by Cole is a charming vista of sunny landscape. On the frame are engraved the lines.

"Half veiled in light of shimmering air
The landscape stretches wondrously fair,
No paling beauty anywhere,
Nature is in her prime;
In richest robes the hills and woods appear,
The lakes and streams lie motionless and clear,
Ruled by the fairest Queen of all the year
Beautiful harvest time."

"Glad Spring" by Wetherbee, is a scene that stirs the heart with sudden gladness. A merry little maiden—we can almost hear her song—is guiding through a meadow a company of skipping lambs.

"Bubbles" by Millais, is a pretty, baby-faced little boy, with golden hair, jacket and frills, whose deep-blue eyes are upturned in innocent admiration of a wonderful bubble, his own pipe-manufacture.

"The Victory of Faith" by Hare depicts two young girls, one European, the other African or Ethiopean. They are "Early Christians," and sleeping the sleep of weary captives, in close proximity to the caged lions, that hungrily watch their victims in ravenous anticipation of the morrow's sacrifice. Yet the fearless captives sleep; faith has already robbed death of its bitterness.

"The Western Highlands" by Davis, is a scene of wild grandeur, that is even enhanced by a number of cattle, majestic with heavily fringed brows, immense curving and flaring horns, and large eyes that glow and gleam like coals of fire.

"Caledonia Stern and Wild" by Graham, is another such picture, and includes the magnificent flaring horns.

"Darby and Joan" by Sadler, gives the devoted pair—the lovers to the last—to high life, and to the more picturesque costumes of the 18th century.

"Ninth of November" by Logsdail, is a vivid reproduction of the Lord Mayor's grand and magnificent procession.

"Pygmalion" by Margetson, represents Pygmalion covering his eyes in a paroxysm of grief; the gods have now smitten him with blindness, or have restored his sight only that he may behold Galatea returned to the cold marble whence she sprang.

In "The Redemption of Tannhauser" by Dicksee, Tannhauser kneels broken-hearted beside the bier of his saintly lady love. His pilgrim's staff his sackcloth and ashes, his strong resolves of amendment have not effectually reclaimed him. Only now is the genius of voluptuousness—a marvel of the brush—taking flight in the presence of the sacred clay which is the Redemption of Tannhauser.

"A Hopeless Dawn" by Bramley, shows us the interior of a seafaring man's humble home. The candle is dying out, the untasted supper is still on the table, an old woman tries to comfort the despairing wife, while through the window we see by the grey light of dawn a still troubled sea.

"The Harvest Moon," by Mason, is a poem on canvas. The full and mellow radiance beaming upon the bounteous land pictures the peace and plenty that poets dream of.

"Oliver Twist, He Walks to London," by Sant, portrays Oliver as "the quiet, mild, dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him." Here he is with his sad, starved, pale face and handkerchief bundle, and on his way to the Mecca of the English lower classes.

"Colonel Newcome in Charterhouse; Grace After Meat," by Smallfield, is a sympathetic likeness of Thackeray's noblest conception. Very humbly, after a life of unremittent and uncounted charities to his fellowman, the simple old soldier thanks the kind Father of all for His manifold and the shelter of the charterhouse.

"Little to Earn, and Many to Keep," by Hook, depicts a fisherman's homecoming after his toils. His little children have run out to meet him; one little creature has taken possession of an immense sea-boot. After all, the weary man looks happier than he might if it were "much to earn and none to keep."

"Paolo and Francesca," by Watts, is testimony that the artist has risen to Dante's conception of the devoted pair!

"The two together coming
Which seems so light before the wind."

The brush has caught the undulating grace of "the wind (that) sways them towards us;" and through "the element obscure," the purple and black atmosphere which imparts to them the hue of a death agony, we behold those beautiful faces wearing an expression of congealed suffering and endurance. The contemplation of this painting like Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," thrills one with a consciousness of impending judgment.

"Moonlight on Hoxsey Mere," by Laidley, seems a haven of rest and enjoyment for someone or something; so we fancy it the heaven of the water wraith.

"Times Revenge," a water color by Du Maurier, is an expression of true English humor cut and dried. A marginal explanation is here relevent, "Sir Doughty Fitz Bayard has much pleasure in presenting his second love, whom he will marry next week, to his first love, who jilted him twenty-five years ago for a wealthier suitor." His first love, fat and fifty, is burdened with silks, satins, jewels and the fat of the land generally; behind her hobbles her doting old husband. Sir Doughty, just in his prime, handsome and triumphant, leads forward his second love, the graceful, willowy, blushing rosebud of sixteen.

Rest.

There are some rules of rest and motion that have great value in the ordinary conduct of life. Rest every day and restful occupation every day give the best results. To be fresh in the morning every day in the year is the happy privilege of perfect health, and is the reward of a right use of power. To do the best work and the most of which one is capable, there is no method so helpful as regular, happy, continues application. When one does every day all that he can without undue exertion, keeps well up to his ability, all his working power will in time come into use, and he will bring every talent into service. Carlyle could work like a demon for weeks together. But then when he rested, his nerves played all manner of fiendish tricks upon him. Tennyson unresting, unhasting, wrought at his best up to a serene old age, without contortions or unavailing rage. All cannot order their time and work in such a rational way, but all can have that as an ideal.

The Oleander.

Notwithstanding the oleander is numbered among poisonous plants—and it is really believed that it was the flowers of the oleander and not the rhododendron that caused such trouble in the army of Xerxes—no trouble has ever been found from them in America notwithstanding in the Southern States they are so extensively grown. Some of the English papers are endeavoring to create a sentiment against them; but all we can find to warrant this is something that happened in 1809, when, it is said, some Spanish soldiers used the wood for skewers in roasting meat, and a few children, many years ago, died through eating the flowers. Possibly it may be that in America children got so many things better to eat than oleanders that this may be the reason, therefore, for the general immunity of American people and children from any injury resulting from the cultivation of this beautiful plant.—*Meehan's Monthly.*

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