

indeed to all the Canadian landscape painters. There seems to me to be a want of character and individualization in their drawing of trees. I ask myself which of these is the maple, the sumach or the hemlock, of which I have so often read, and I cannot answer the question. These trees might be growing in Sussex or Kent. Grand Pré, the country Mr. Gill paints in, at once recalls Longfellow's "Evangeline," and I think of the opening lines:—

This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
Bearded with moss in garments grey, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand,

There is more local coloring in these lines than in scores of Canadian pictures. This is a defect which the artists should certainly correct.

F. A. Verner must practice assiduously, to overcome a certain clumsiness of handling which mars his good intentions. His subjects are very interesting to us who live on this side of the great salt lake. they record things which I suppose are doomed to pass away. The buffalo may already be classed with the Great Auk and the Dodo, and the aboriginal Red Indian, in flannel shirt and trousers, no longer reminds one of the noble savage in his warpaint who stalks so majestically through the narratives of Fenimore Cooper.

D. Fowler, R.C.A. This artist's drawings of dead game and flowers are spirited in execution and particularly rich and brilliant in colouring. His partridges seem to me the most successful in point of execution. There are several other exhibitors whose subjects place them in the same category with Mr. Fowler to all of whom I will give a passing word of commendation, and also another of admonition. They must bear in mind that the limited range of their art compels them to employ the utmost delicacy and fidelity of drawing and rendering of texture, and that it is only by technical perfection that they can raise their art to the level of an intellectual enjoyment.

T. Mower Martin, R.C. A., in addition to the pictures of the above class, exhibits a landscape in oil, "Fir Trees," which is broad and effective, and some water colour drawings, amongst which I noticed "Old House at Ancaster," as particularly successful.

Geo. Harvy, A.R.C.A., is only represented by one picture, "In the Annapolis Valley;" but that picture is one of the very best in the Exhibition. There is a sense of repose in its solemn twilight tones, which reminds one of Venetian art. This picture is on the range of high art. Suppose it to be the background to some touching human incident, and as disappointed ambition might be the cause of, and we at once find ourselves on the confines of a high order of things. The ultimate height of refinement to which poet and artist have hitherto reached, is to point out the