

Sometimes he magnifies the greatness of the spiritual principle by an assertion of the littleness of the human vehicle.

I, what am I to Love, the lord of all?

One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—

One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.  
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call

And veriest touch of power primordial  
That any hour-girt life may understand.

In the presentation of his theme he has extended the usual resources of poetic art by methods more especially suggested by his artistic genius. In particular he has employed the principles of Pre-Raphaelite painting with extraordinary skill to heighten and sustain the human tension by a contrast with the calmness and unconcern of Nature. This aspect of his poetry is one that is so important that an exact example may be pardoned. When Alöyse the Bride tells her "sad prelude strain" more than once the stillness of the chamber is broken by sounds borne in from the outside world. And we are told that once Amelotte

Heard from beneath the plunge and float  
Of a hound swimming in the moat.

What a touch is that! how, in our perception, the darkened quiet chamber, the sad low voice, the open casement, are all illuminated by the plunge of that hound in the still water of the moat in the hot midday.

The trick Rossetti has of representing both mankind and material objects in a pictorial or conventional form; his unconscious assumption in his poetry that the reader is conversant with the principles and even some of the technical aspects of art, is sometimes vexatious. But we may laugh now at the petulance of the "Quarterly Reviewer" who wrote of Rossetti's characters, "The further off they get from Nature, the more they resemble mere pictures, the better they please . . ." the poet and his school. We have at least learnt to be grateful for Rossetti's picture-poems and poem-pictures. The distance from which we look back upon his poetry is too short yet to allow us to see it in just perspective; but already his name has won an honoured place among the poets of the century. Let him answer the critics in his own words:

Around the vase of life at your slow pace  
He has not crept, but turned it with his hands,  
And all its sides already understands.  
And he has filled this vase with wine for blood,  
With blood for tears, with spice for burning vow,  
And watered flowers for buried love most fit;  
And would have cast it shattered to the flood,  
Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole; which now  
Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

—W. Basil Worsfold, in Nineteenth Century.

## ART NOTES.

This autumn is full of promise for the art lover. Our artists have, as usual, completely deserted the city, and only faint rumors have reached us of their whereabouts in all quarters. Most of them have received a new impetus from a visit to the World's Fair and the results of these months of work, "far from the madding crowd" will be seen before long at the various exhibitions.

We ought to be congratulating ourselves, or rather our artists, now that the report of awards has been made by the jurors on fine arts at the World's Fair. Although the number of works in oil in our department is only 118, five of these will be awarded the diploma

of the Exposition authorities and bronze medals. The names of the recipients are J. A. Fraser, for "A Highland November Morning;" G. A. Reid for "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage;" the remaining three being F. C. V. Ede, Sarah B. Holden and Robert Harris, but for what pictures is not known (to us).

Not a few American artists are known quite as well by the products of the pen as of the pencil and brush—artist-writers they have been called. Mr. George Boughton is one of these; Mr. Frederick Remington's recent essays have been almost as acceptable as his painting; Mr. F. D. Millet's articles, illustrated by himself, were a most delightful surprise to many; Mrs Mary Hallock Foote is another of these fortunate ones; (we had almost said Mr. Joseph Pennell, but it happens to be Mrs Pennell who does the writing, which is not quite the same thing) and now Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks is announced as having prepared a series of illustrated articles on the journey from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf by caravan. He is the artist who accompanied Mr. Theodore Child on the expedition on which he lost his life. Any one who has seen the U. S. exhibit at the World's Fair will remember Mr. Weeks' pictures of oriental life "Two Hindoo Fakirs," "Three Beggars of Cordova," and others.

A writer in "The Point of View," the quasi-editorial department of *Scribner's*, says of Dr. Sargent's recent exhibition in Boston:—"A very remarkable exhibition was that lately held in a Boston studio, the result of Dr. Sargent's labours in measuring the bodies of over two thousand Harvard students. It consisted, besides his measurement charts, of two nude clay figures; the one representing the average or 'composite' of more than five thousand Harvard men at the age of twenty-one; the other the corresponding composite of the same number of girl students of divers colleges, measured at the same age. Reluctant gallantry gives place to veracity, and one admits that the young man is the finer figure of the two. Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many wheels, the stunting, or the abnormal one-sided development, or the factory or of city life. When we come to the woman, we must—*glissons un peu*. A prominent artist looked her over from a professional point of view and refused to accept the statue as the ultimate model. Of course, said her creator; for that you would in fairness select a figure on the 80 or 90 per cent. line, not this, which meets exactly 50 per cent. of them all, and is half way from the best to the worst; or, to put it more precisely, is only the greatest good of the greatest number. He then naively explained her inferiority to the boy on a ground one hardly dare whisper—namely, that women students in colleges came from a class not equal, socially or intellectually, to that which universally sends its boys. Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four) but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose."

On the subjects of artists and photography Mr. M. H. Spielmann writes in the *Magazine of Art*: Mr. Sambourne's unlimited and candid use of photography is almost unequalled among artists; but that he makes a proper use of it is obvious from the fact that his drawings never betray that "sense of photography" which one often feels in looking at the work of certain painters. True, he may sometimes fail in his proportions; but that shows only the disadvantage rather than the benefit to be derived from the sun-picture by him who uses it. In the same way will Sambourne press figures from well-known pictures into his service, quite apart from the clever adaptation of famous canvases to the subject in hand, for which he has so great a special talent. At the back of his house is a paved courtyard wherein

his servant poses as every character under the sun while he is photographed by his master, who then runs inside to develop the plate and dash at his drawing. Or Mr. Sambourne will photograph himself, or the model; or he will get his friends to sit. When he was about to make the drawing of Lord Randolph Churchill as a sprite at sea on an egg-shell, he quickly made his little son strip and pose while he took a snapshot at him. His genius for realism is great. When he was illustrating Kingsley's "Water Babies," and required to see how such a creature would look in a bottle of water for Darwin and Huxley to examine, he bought a small doll, weighted it and sank it in a water-bottle, and so drew it with an amount of truth which would have been impossible had he merely trusted to imagination. I remember when he was engaged on his "Mahogany Tree" for the Jubilee number of *Punch*—one of the most popular drawings he ever made, showing the united staff toasting the paper—he had such a table duly laid for dinner in the courtyard with one person sitting at it to show the proportion, and photographed it from a window of the house at the necessary elevation. But for his love of realism he never could have done these things. But for his love of naturalism he never could have given us those wonderful studies of nature, such as his truthful drawing of water, and so forth; and but for this "Mr. Punch" would certainly never have printed one or two of his Norwegian sketches in which there was not, nor was there intended to be, the slightest humour or fun—nothing but a calm and impressive love of nature, the deep, sad impression of the artist as he watches the northern sun dip in sleepy majesty behind the western waves.

Amiel has said somewhere that a "landscape is a condition of the soul," and this has been generally supposed to mean that in a landscape which a painter places on a canvas he describes himself. As we thus see, in "The Deluge" or "The Diogenes," the noble and austere soul of Poussin, or in his "Battlers" the tragic and tormented soul of Salvator Rosa. But Amiel meant something else, and something less common-place and more profound. He intended to say that, independent of the poet or painter, a landscape has its ideal signification and its intrinsic value. He intended to say that for you as for me whatever the state of our souls, the view of the Bay of Naples will cause joy, and that the view of the North Sea, tumultuous breaking on the shore, will suggest horror. Far from being our "states of soul" which impose themselves on nature, it is the spectacles of nature which modify our "states of the soul;" and you will find few Werthers at the Bay of Naples, and still fewer Polichinelles at Spitzberg. In other words, Amiel intended to say that between nature and man there are affinities, "correspondences," a hidden accordance between the sensible and intelligible, as a philosopher would say, which are the relatives or correlatives of each other. Sadness or gaiety, sorrow or pleasure, love or weariness of life, light pleasures, bitter regrets are facts as we are; there is no human sentiment which does not translate itself in some aspect of nature and there become crystallized. This is what Amiel meant, and, in subordinating ourselves to nature, we need not fear that art will lose anything, either in its diversity or in its "humanity." You find a proof of this impersonality in Dutch art. None have ever painted more conscientiously, with more probity, not to say with more devotion, than those who are called the little Dutch masters, as Metzcu, Terburg, Pierre de Hooch, Van Ostade. None have ever cared less for "documents," for self-revelation, for those things which betray the individual, his private life or personal tastes. And, finally, none have ever shown more sincere sympathy for man, for the most unimportant occupations which make the course of daily life the most humble, or, if you choose, the most common; none have ever better loved truth and nature; that is, with a more temperate and, therefore, more profound love. They have given us excellent examples of impersonal, objective, naturalistic