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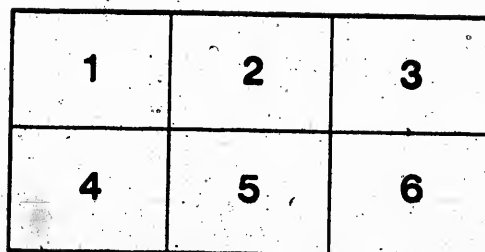
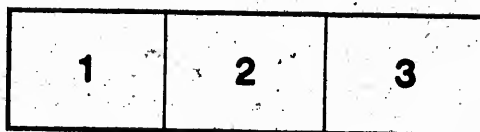
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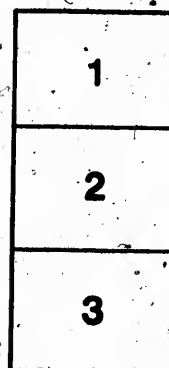
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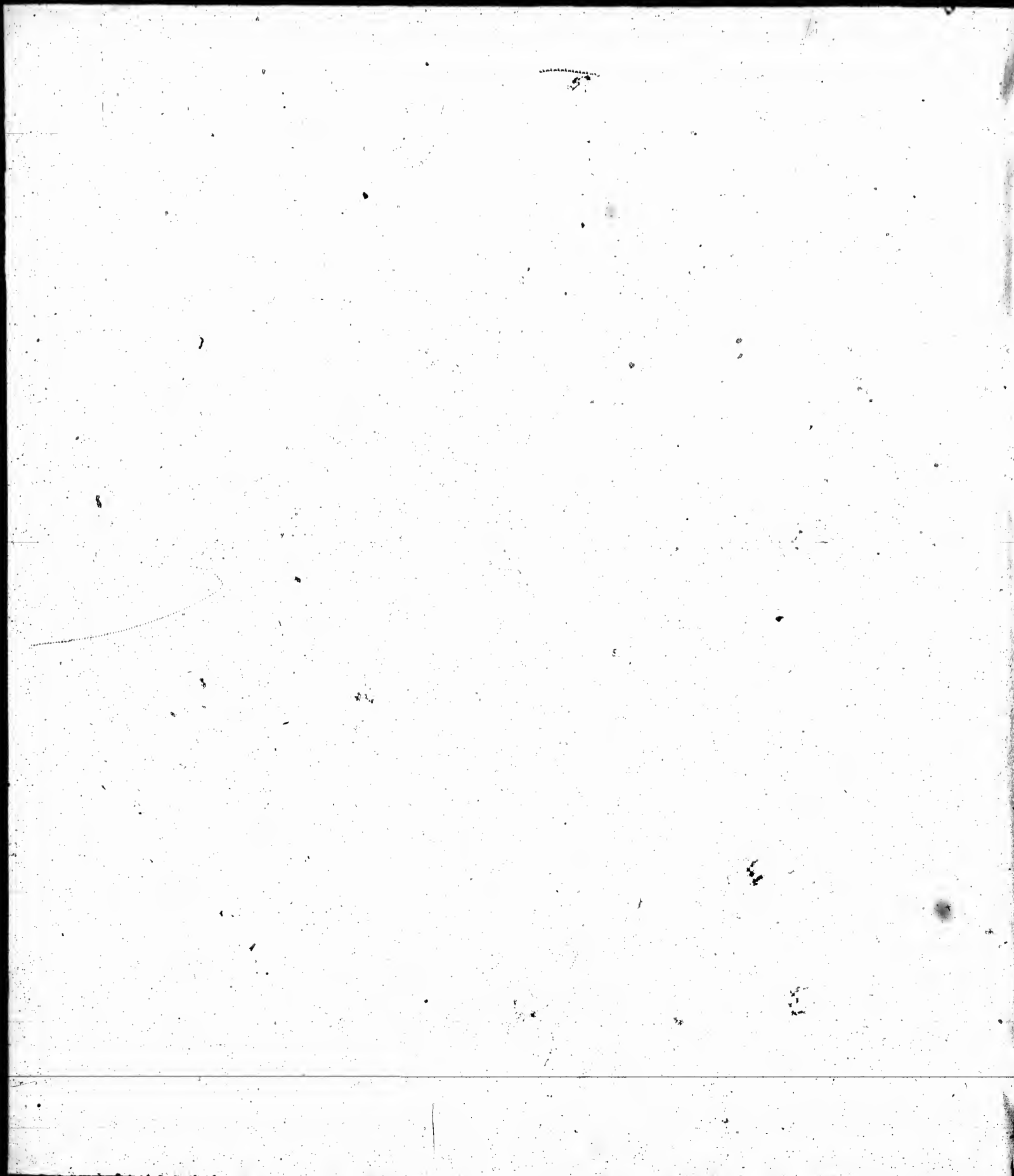
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PHOTOGRAPHIC SELECTIONS

BY
WILLIAM NOTMAN,

With Descriptive Letter Press

BY
THOMAS D. KING.

VOL. I.

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To His Excellency the Right Honourable Viscount Monck,

Governor General of British North America, &c.

It is the privilege of those in Your Excellency's exalted position to patronize and foster Art—a privilege of which the late lamented Prince nearest the throne of the Sovereign availed himself with so much zeal and effect.

Your Excellency, following so illustrious an example, and esteeming it a duty to promote in this great colony, the culture,—hitherto so much neglected,—which the fine Arts bestow, has been graciously pleased to permit the dedication of this work to you, by

Your Excellency's Obedient Servants,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.



IN order to foster the increasingly growing taste for works of art in Canada, and to meet a demand which cannot otherwise be generally supplied, consequent upon the scarcity in these Provinces of choice original works of art, or even of proof engravings by the old or modern masters, the "Photographic Selections" are published. In introducing to the public this work, we are fully sensible of the task undertaken, knowing the great difficulty in selecting subjects for those whose sentiments are opposite, and whose emotions are different as they view the ever changing scenes, manners, and customs incident to travel, or as they behold the exquisite paintings in the celebrated European Galleries.

Some, regarding Art as the handmaid of Religion, consider those great masterpieces which adorn the churches of the old continent as powerful aids to reverence and devotion; others, as they regard life from its comic or serious point of view, sympathize with the joys or sorrows of their fellow-men when faithfully delineated by the skilful painter, and derive pleasure, nay more, feel their hearts enlarged, when contemplating the wondrous productions of Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and Leonardo da Vinci; the beauties of Titian, Correggio, and Murillo; the great battle pieces of Horace Vernet, Vandermeulen, and Wouyverman; the sea fights of Lontherbourg, Stanfield, and Vaudervelde; the humours of Hogarth, Teniers, and Wilkie; the playful children of Collins, Mulready, and Webster; the animal life of Cooper, Landseer, and Potter; the landscapes of Claude, Turner, and Wilson; the historical pictures of Cope, Lebrun, and Maelise; the dramatic compositions of Frith, Leslie, and Stothard: in fine, each master has his particular influence, and each school of sculpture and painting has its votaries, who willingly pay a tribute of gratitude to Art for all the pure pleasures of which it is to them a source. It has been truly said, that "every painter carries us into a world of his own, where, if we give ourselves up to his guidance, we shall find much enjoyment."

Appreciating each individual sentiment, our endeavours will be to secure copies of the best works of the different masters, and to obtain original views of the most popular places in Canada, in order to make the "Selections," if possible, acceptable to every subscriber.

CONTENTS.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES.
 ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
 SOLITUDE.
 THE INVALIDED SOLDIER AT HOME.
 THE DERBY DAY.
 LA LISEUSE.
 SCHOOL OF ATHENS.
 SCENE IN SURREY.
 LIGHT OF THE WORLD.
 AN ALPINE TORRENT.
 THE THREE MARYS.
 FORT CHAMBLY, CANADA.
 TAKEN ABACK.
 LA MADONNA COME STELLE.
 THE GOLDEN WEDDING.
 LA DEVIDEUSE.
 THE TEN VIRGINS.
 THE PLOUGH FIELD.
 SHAKSPEARE.
 A KILL IN A FOG.
 IN MEMORIAM.
 HEMICYCLE DU PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.
 THREE PLATES, WITH KEY TO DITTO.
 ROAD SCENE, LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS.
 MERCURY AND ARGUS.
 ALFRED TENNYSON.
 FALLS OF SHAWANEGAN.
 FARM YARD WITH HORSES.
 CITY AND HARBOUR OF QUEBEC.
 PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT.
 CONVERSATION GALANTE.
 FETE DE LA MAITRESSE D'ECOLE.
 DEIANIRA.
 THE LAND OF THE LOTOS EATERS.
 THE CARD PLAYERS.
 BIENFAISANCE.
 DOLGELLY N. WALES.
 LA MADONNA DEL SAN FRANCESCO.
 SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS.
 DAWN TO SUNSET.
 AURORA.
 A PASSING STORM.
 TITIAN'S SCHOOL MASTER.
 THE STAG AT BAY.
 WEDDING PROCESSION AT ALSACE.
 SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.
 THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS.

F. E. CRUCH.
 LUCA GIORDANO.
 A. CALAME.
 J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A.
 W. P. FRITH, R.A.
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 RAFFAELLI.
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THE HEART OF THE ANDES.

F. E. CHURCH.



FEW modern landscapes have ever attracted so much attention as this. The idea of representing such an immense area on canvas seemed beyond the reach of art; the very vastness of the subject excited interest. Whoever saw the picture, with its foreground profusely rich with the varied forms and colours of tropical vegetation, and birds of the brightest plumage flying amongst the tree-ferns and tangled creepers, from which, the eye, following the course of the river broken with cascades, is carried to the village with its chapel lying embowered amid a wood-land; thence to a plain stretching inwards covered with vast forests extending to the lower slope of the distant hills, and passing that mighty mountain chain, dwarfing even Olympus as they lift their Titan heads to Heaven, until it rests on that dome-like mountain in the extreme distance, rising with its sun-flushed and snowy brow into the deep clear blue sky;—perhaps in their ecstasy felt what Coleridge did so exquisitely, when under the shadow of the Alps, he thus expresses his emotion:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O Sovran Blanc!

* * * * * Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!"

Those who have a remembrance of the picture will acknowledge that the engraving of Mr. Forrest is a truly wonderful production, and that it has not suffered by the photograph, beyond the mere reduction. What says the painter himself of the engraving? "I am more than satisfied, I am delighted, and am happy to have been instrumental in the production of so noble an illustration of the engraver's subtle and beautiful art, there is on the American continent an unanimous verdict of unqualified praise among those whose judgment, knowledge, and feeling entitle their opinion to consideration."

F. E. Church is an artist that America may well be proud of; and Scotia may congratulate herself upon having such an engraver as Wm. Forrest.

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ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

LUCA GIORDANO.



SAINT Luke's narrative is graphic, and scarcely requires to an imaginative mind any pictorial aid.

In this picture the artist has departed from the usual conventionalities. The Shepherds are not habited in priestly vestments, but appear as though they had come with haste. The treatment of the picture is good. The principal light emanating from the celestial choir who are singing their hosannas, is concentrated on the Holy Mother and the infant Jesus, and radiates its beams from them around and upon the adoring Shepherds.

Luca Giordano was a master of some eminence during the latter part of the 17th century. He had a fertile imagination and a rapidity of execution, that the number of great works executed by him is astonishing. His best works are his frescoes at Madrid, Florence and Rome. Some of his finest paintings are at Dresden. His grand altar piece in the Church of Ascension at Naples "The battle of the Angels and the fall of Lucifer," is considered his best performance.

The picture of the Adoration was specially selected and engraved by the Baron D. V. Denon for the reception of the Royal Academy, 1787. Denon was appointed by Napoleon, Directeur Général des Musées, a post of great influence, and one for which he was well fitted. Denon's etchings are numerous, amounting to upwards of 300; they are chiefly in imitation of the style of that great master, Rembrandt.

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SOLITUDE.

A CALAME.



THE painter is a French artist, though a resident of Geneva. He is a member of nearly all the European academies, and is held in great esteem by all his confreres. His pictures are chiefly landscapes. He is an expert lithographer, and has published a beautiful series of Alpine scenes, remarkable for their wonderful drawing and truthfulness to Nature.

It rarely happens that an artist has the power of reproducing his own pictures with the graver, this however Calame eminently possesses, hence the spirit infused into his engravings, one of which is selected. It is highly suggestive of its title, and although it be not indeed the solitude of the desert nor of an Alpine pass, yet, in such a seclusion, the philosophic melancholy of Jacques would develop itself as he wandered

“Under the shade of melancholy boughs

or,

as he lay along

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.”

It is one of those pastoral scenes where, shut out from the busy city's hum and in the depths of its solitude, the philosophic eye turns inward, and, by contemplation with Nature, finds.

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”



THE INVALIDED SOLDIER AT HOME.

J. N. PATON, R. S. A.



HE picture tells its own story and requires no comment. It was generally regarded as the best of the sentimental class of paintings called forth by the Crimean War and its termination. The drawing is almost faultless and beyond criticism, although the colouring had some sweeping censures bestowed upon it, foremost amongst them was Ruskin's; nevertheless, the artist, who resides at Edinburgh, is regarded by his countrymen as one of the most promising of their rising painters. His cartoon of 'The Spirit of Religion,' which obtained one of the three premiums of £200 awarded at the Cartoon Exhibition in Westminster Hall, 1845, brought him into notoriety. The following are his most celebrated pictures: 'Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' purchased for the Scottish National Gallery; 'Dante meditating the episode of Francesca' 1852; 'The pursuit of pleasure,' 1851.

The engraving is an artist's proof by H. T. Ryall.



THE DERBY DAY.

W. P. FRITH.



OUR 'Isthmian Games' are to England what the Olympic Games were to Ancient Greece, both, noteworthy phases of their respective civilisations. In our time when the race of competition is keener, we are not satisfied with quadrennial intervals, our 'Derby Days' must be annual; and so eagerly do the residents of the metropolis enter into the sport, that even our Senators abandon their Parliamentary contests, and with the multitude leave the sober pursuits of business for the excitement of the day—our foremost men, such as Derby and Palmerston, and our nobility of both sexes mingle with the crowd, and join in the general carnival, where all ranks and conditions meet together in a temporary saturnalia of social equality.

In this picture, exhibited in 1858, the artist has selected for illustration, the pleasure side of the course: most will derive greater satisfaction from the contemplation of it, than of the crowded ring with its desperate speculators. 'Fortnum and Mason' are now the first favorites: champagne, lobster-salads, conviviality and merriment, thimble-riggers, acrobats, and fortune telling gipsies are the order of the day.

The thimble-rigger with his satellites, one of them inducing a countryman to speculate on the 'Pea'; the trusty good-wife, not confiding in the sharps, endeavouring to lead away her husband, who is evidently a flat, from the trial of luck; the well plucked youth, even to the loss of his shirt studs, with doleful face, repenting his indiscretion; the acrobat with his dramatic company; the hero of the Pandaan-pipes and drum arresting the progress of a boy wishing to enter the arena; how graphic!—The youthful acrobat with wistful eye, finding 'metal more attractive' in those creature comforts just dislodged from a neighbouring hamper, than in the 'performance,' which he is temporarily delaying; is a choice bit of sentimentalism. The pleasurable picnic on the roof of the carriage immediately behind this group, from whom the girl in stilts, is asking contributions for the actors; the 'fast' young ladies with their betting-books; the youthful cigar-vender; the old gipsy, wanting to try her palmistry upon the lady in a carriage, who evidently appears disgusted either with the proposed fortune telling, or at the inebriation of her chérie; how admirably each scene is depicted! will be the ready exclamation of all who have ever witnessed an English Race-course.

Mr. W. P. Frith was elected R. A. in 1853. His works, such as the 'English Merry-making a Hundred Years Ago'; 'Coming of Age'; 'Many Happy Returns of the Day'; 'Life at the Sea-side'; have made him very popular. The latter picture, a view of Ramsgate Beach in the height of the season, like the present subject, is depicted with much quaint grace and some humour, though somewhat resembling a sketch of Leech's worked up into a well finished picture. All the technicalities of the 'Derby Day' are admirable, but it is doubtful whether an artist so great and accomplished, was wise in choosing such a subject; it amuses and delights, but it does not teach; it will not elevate, which ought to be the highest aim and duty of art. All Frith's pictures are literally level to any capacity. His ladies are always pretty and well dressed; they look conscious that they are being looked at and admired; his children are all that an affectionate mamma could wish them to be. His drawing and grouping are good, without parade or affectation; but they lack the broad and genial humour of Hogarth, Wilkie, and Webster.



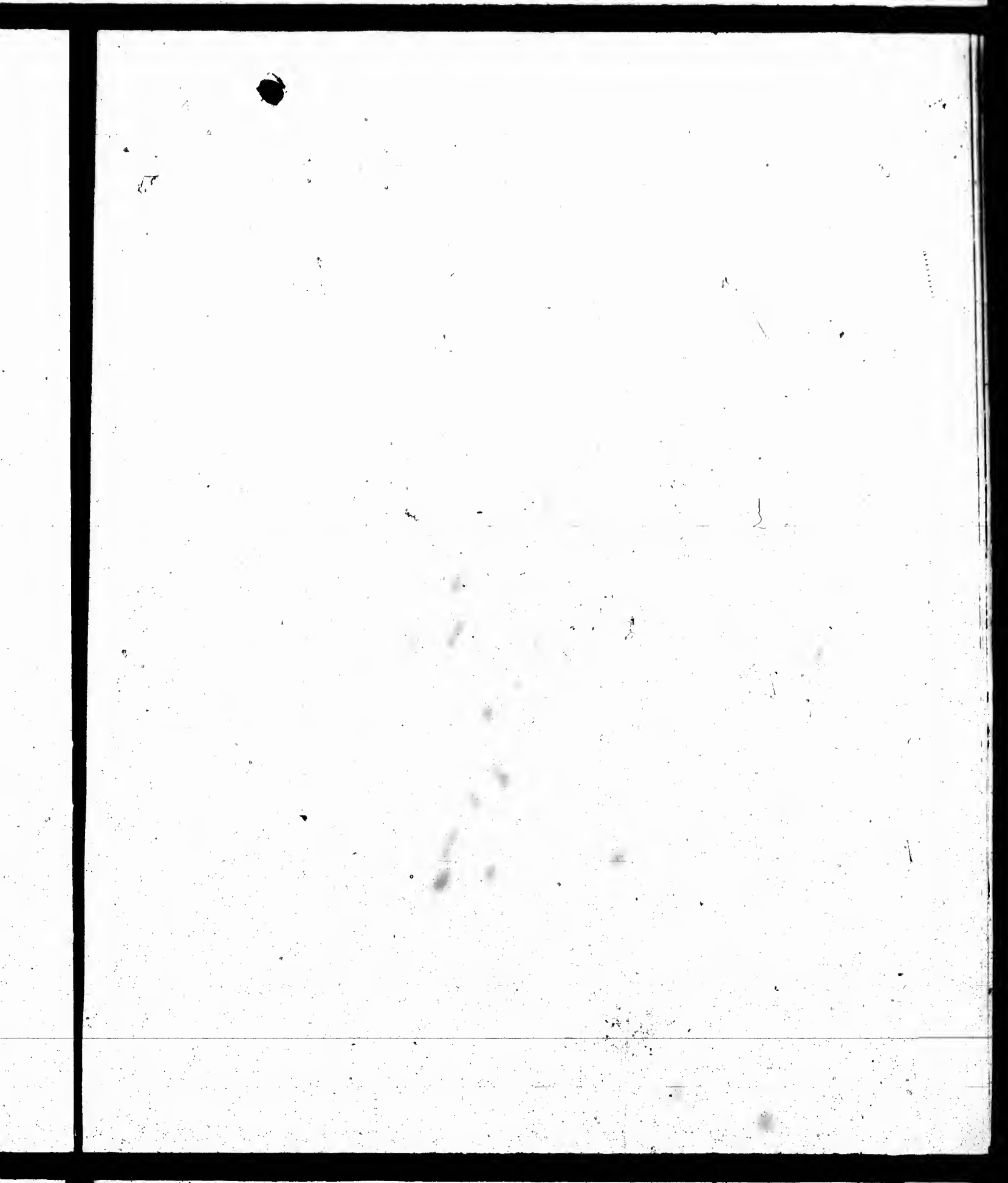
LA LISEUSE.

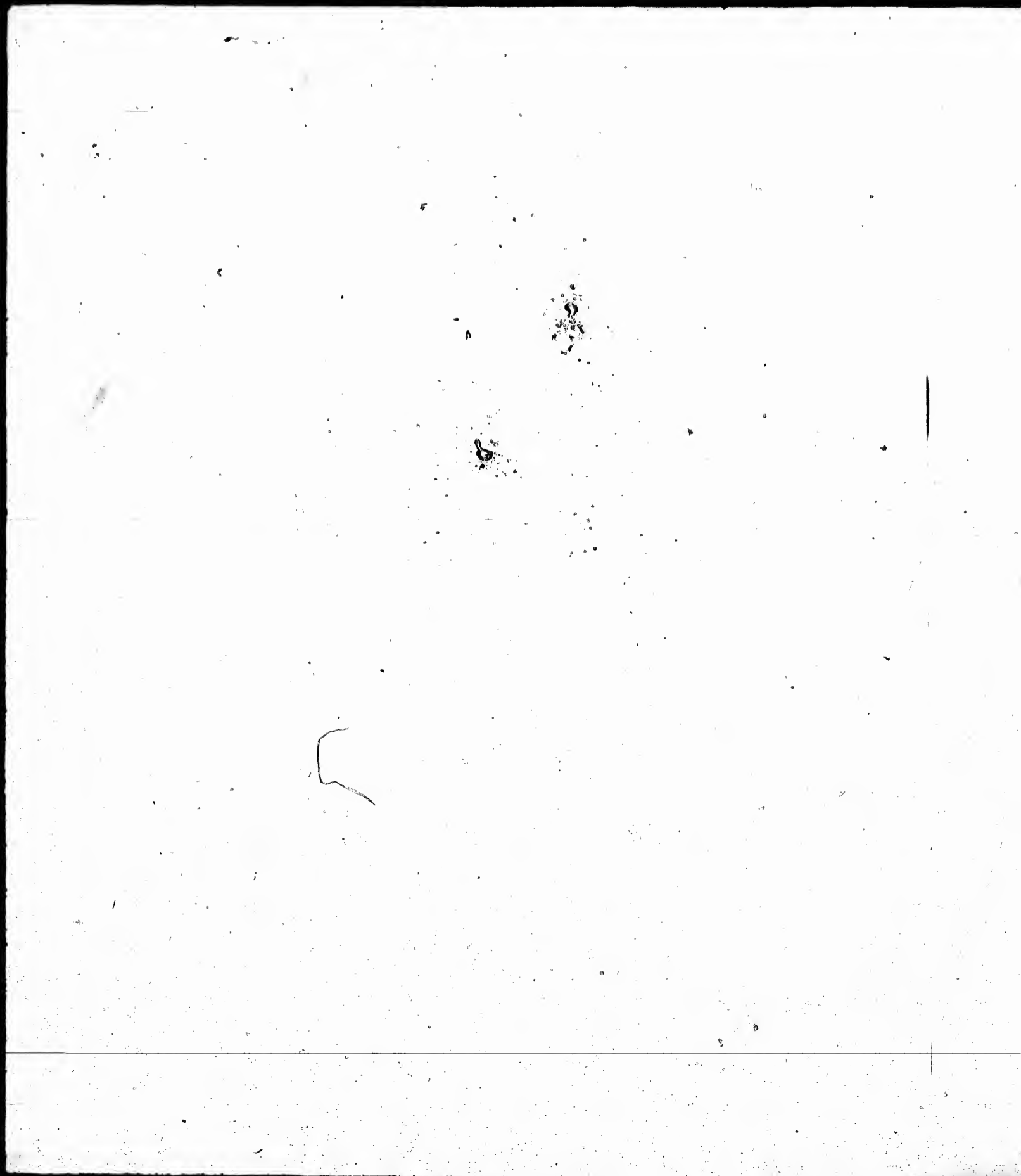
G. DOUW.



ERARD DOUW, or DOW, was born at Leyden, in 1613, and was a pupil of Rembrandt, but unlike the bold and rough handling of his great master, his paintings are characterized by a delicate finish; he elaborated everything he touched with the most exquisite delicacy and minuteness, insomuch that the threads of brocades and fine carpets are expressed in his smallest paintings. Nothing escaped his eye or his pencil. His pictures, as specimens of technical ability, are admirable.

The subject selected is a well known picture, and is admirably engraved by Jean George Wille. It is one of his most celebrated prints, and, like all his copies of the works of Douw, Meiris, and other masters of the Dutch School, is correct in drawing; brilliant, yet delicate and refined in effect; and conveys with wonderful precision the character of the original picture.







THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

RAFFAELLE.

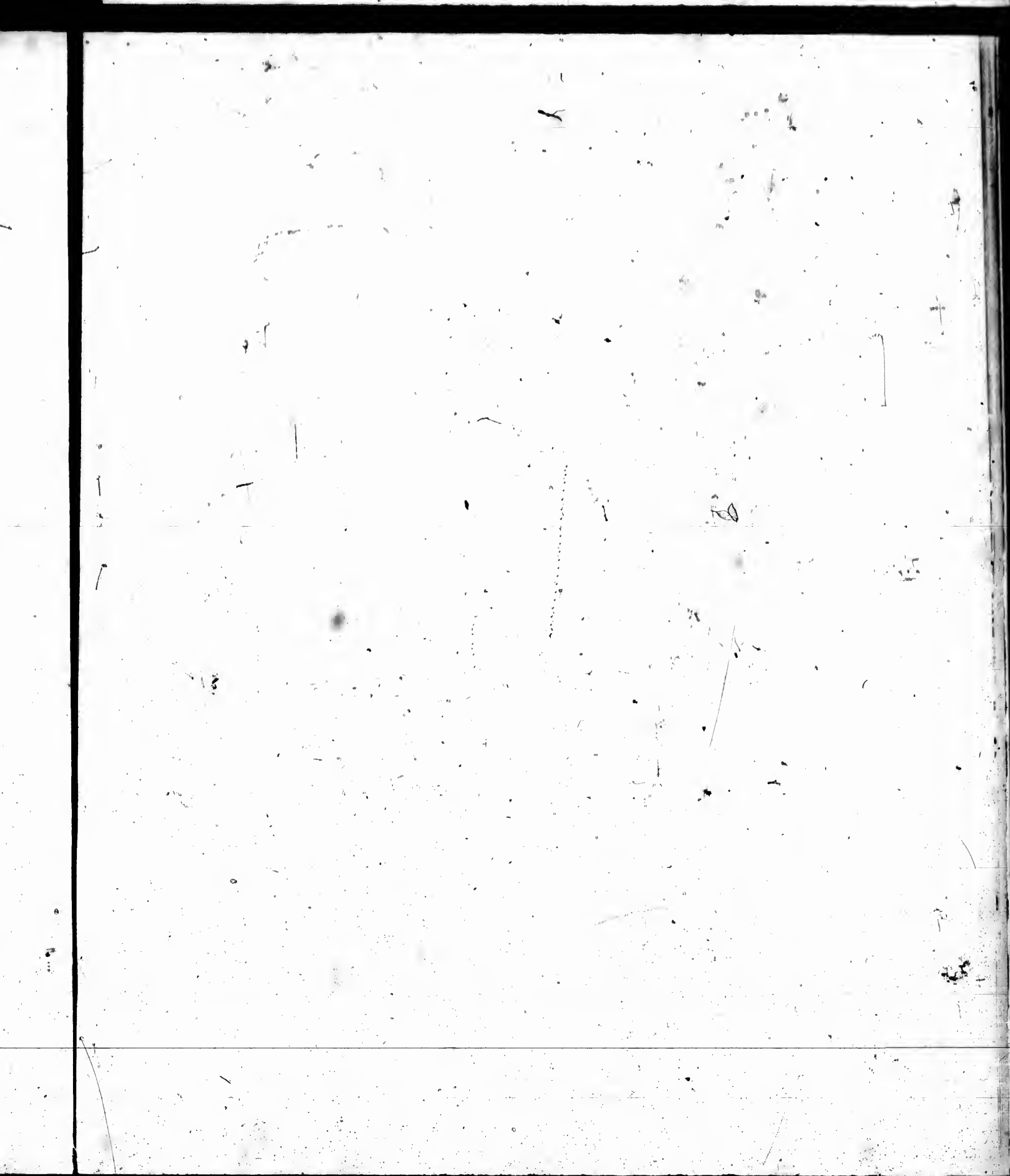


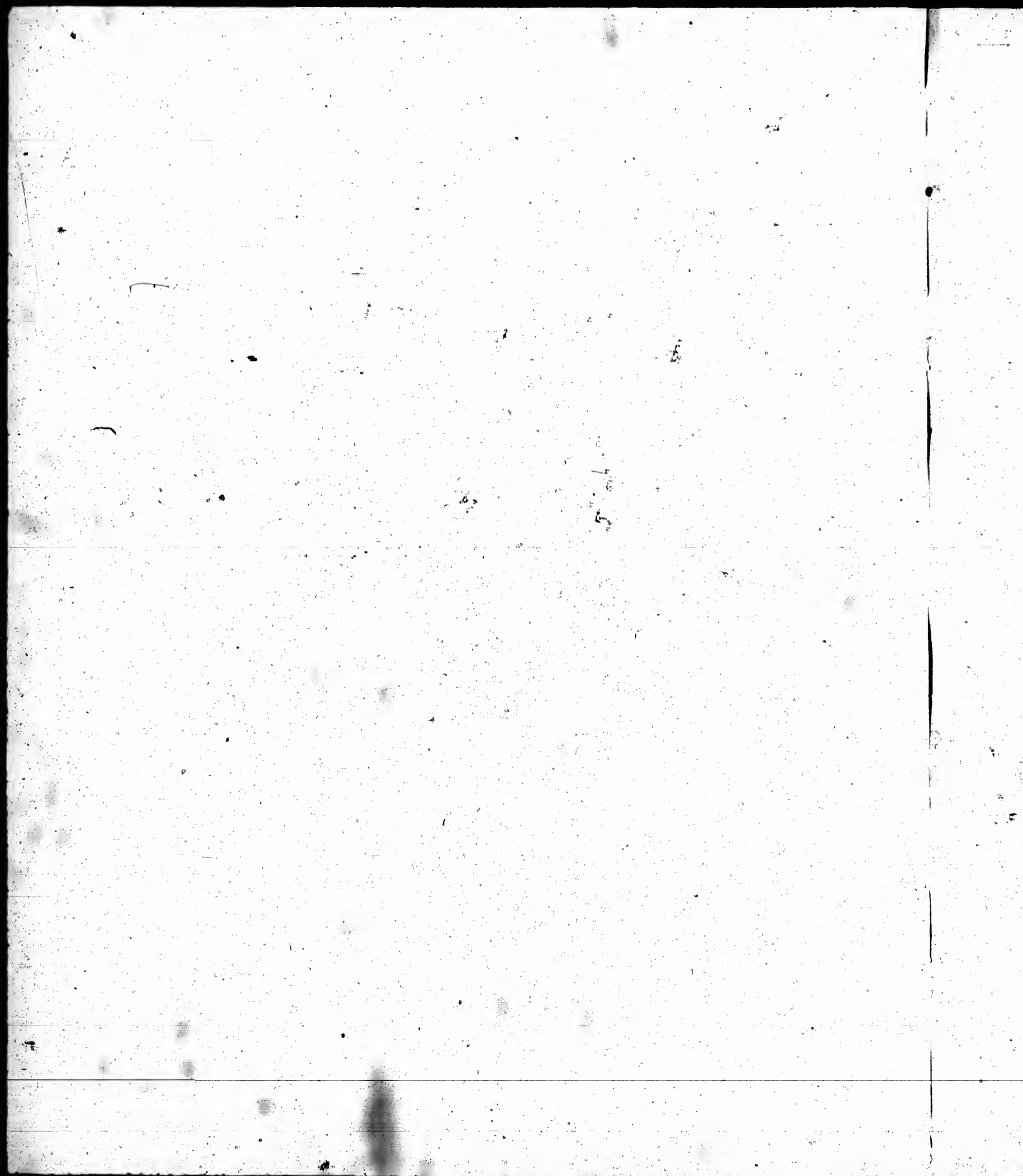
WHAT Shakspeare is to our literature, Raffaele is to the Schools of painting. We naturally pause before we attempt to criticise, although we are forced at once to admire. This picture is remarkable for its poetic feeling, and its freedom from the conventionalities of the School of Perugino. It represents a large atrium in the noble style of Bramante; in it are assembled many teachers of Philosophy with their scholars. A flight of several steps raises the more distant figures above the nearer groups. The former represent the School of the higher Philosophy: Plato and Aristotle are standing together in the centre, disputing on their doctrines. Plato, the representative of speculative philosophy, points upwards with uplifted arm; Aristotle stretches his outspread hand toward the earth, as the source of his practical philosophy. In the left foreground is Pythagoras, writing upon his knee; Empedocles and other scholars are around him; the youthful figure in the white mantle, is a portrait of the Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., and the friend and patron of Raffaele; immediately behind him is Socrates, explaining his doctrines to Alcibiades. Reclining on the steps, and keeping aloof from his brethren, is the cynical Diogenes. In the right foreground is Archimides, constructing a geometrical figure on a tablet lying on the ground; several scholars watch its progress; to their right are Zoroaster and Ptolemy, as representatives of Astronomy and Geography, with celestial and terrestrial globes, the philosophers are in the act of addressing two persons just entering the school,—they are portraits of Raffaele and his master Perugino.

A picturesque unity of effect seems to have been the artist's aim throughout this picture, and this aim he has attained most perfectly. The group of youths in particular, collected around Archimides—which is said to be a portrait of Raffaele's uncle Bramante—is among the most interesting and natural of the great artist's creation. Perhaps, no master has left so many really excellent works as he, whose days were so early numbered, and who, by his skill and moral excellence exalted Painting to the highest heaven.

Raffaele was born on the 6th of April, 1483, and died on Good Friday, April 6th, 1520, at the age of 37; it is a singular coincidence, Shakspeare died on the anniversary of his birthday, in the month of April. Two such painters, perchance the world will never again produce—their works are their best monuments.

The original cartoon of this composition with some slight variations is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The engraving is one of the series of the works of art in the Vatican published by authority of Pope Pius VI., entitled 'Museo Pio Clementino.'







A SCENE IN SURREY.

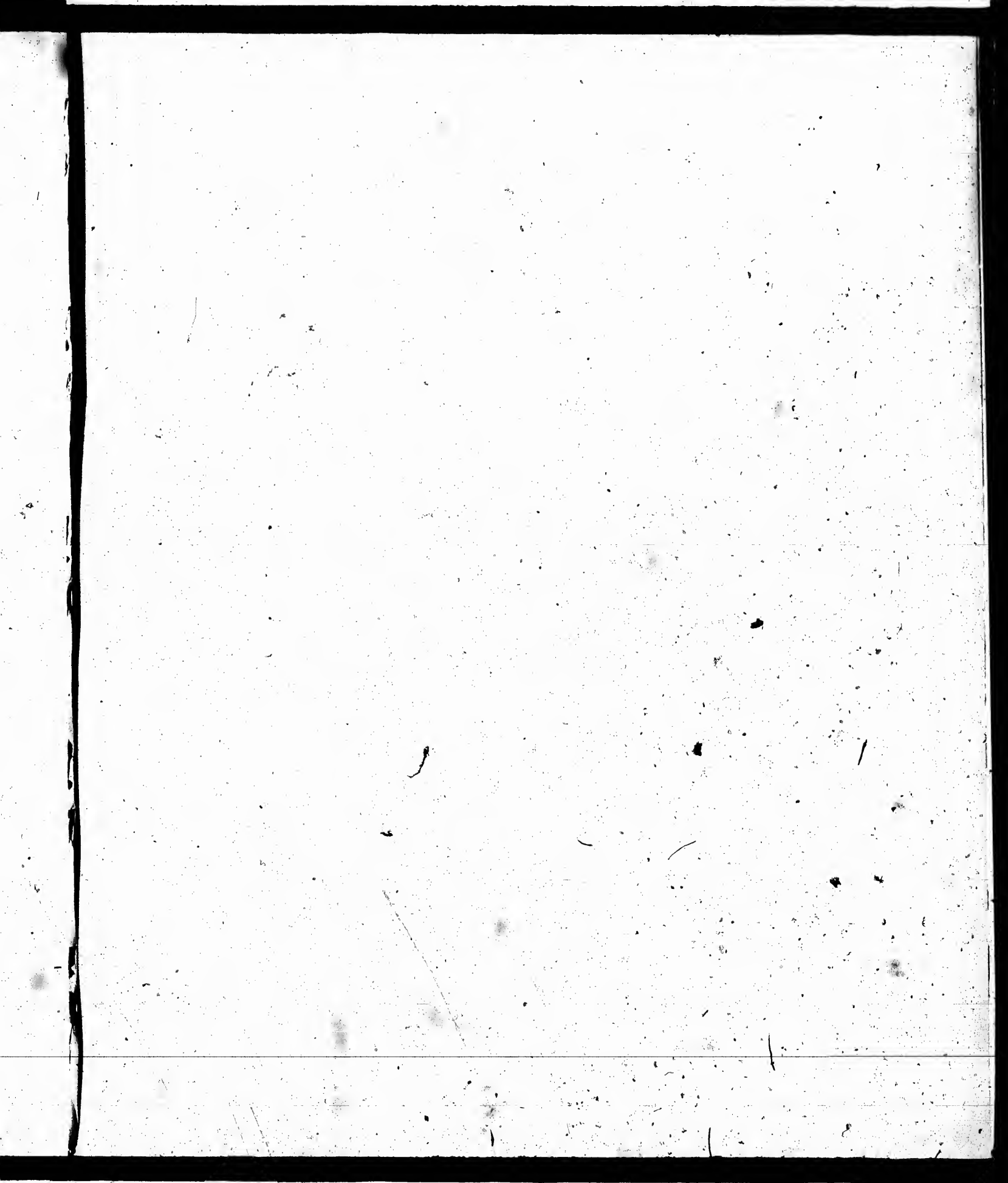
V. COLE.

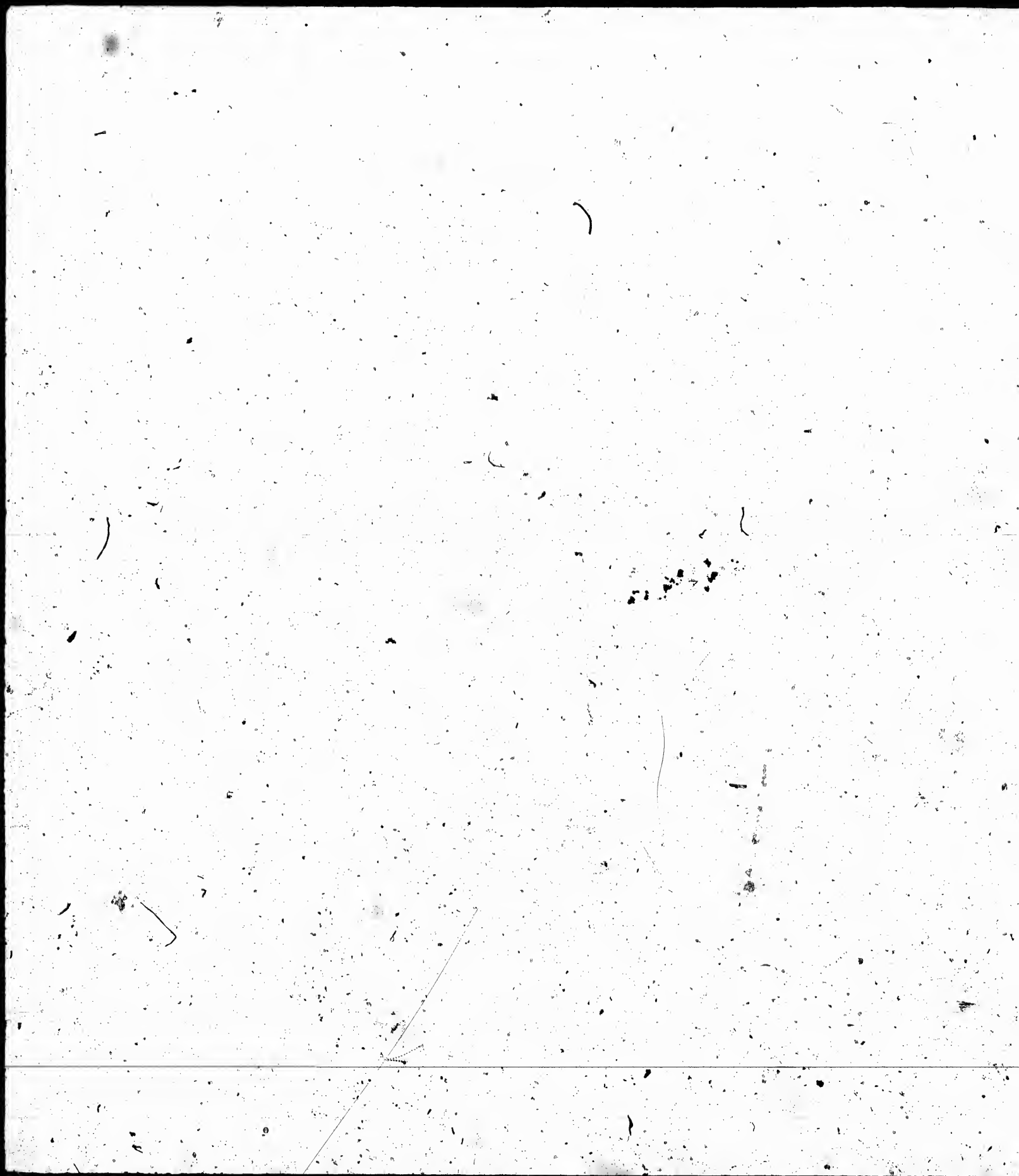


MR. COLES' domestic landscapes, if we may so term them, are precisely of that character which comes home to the apprehension of every one who knows and appreciates the charm of rural scenery and domestic life. In colour and general treatment, his pictures are a happy medium between the fiery glow of Linnell, and the cold propriety of Creswick.

Mr. Coles is a member of the Society of British Artists, to whose exhibitions he generally contributes.

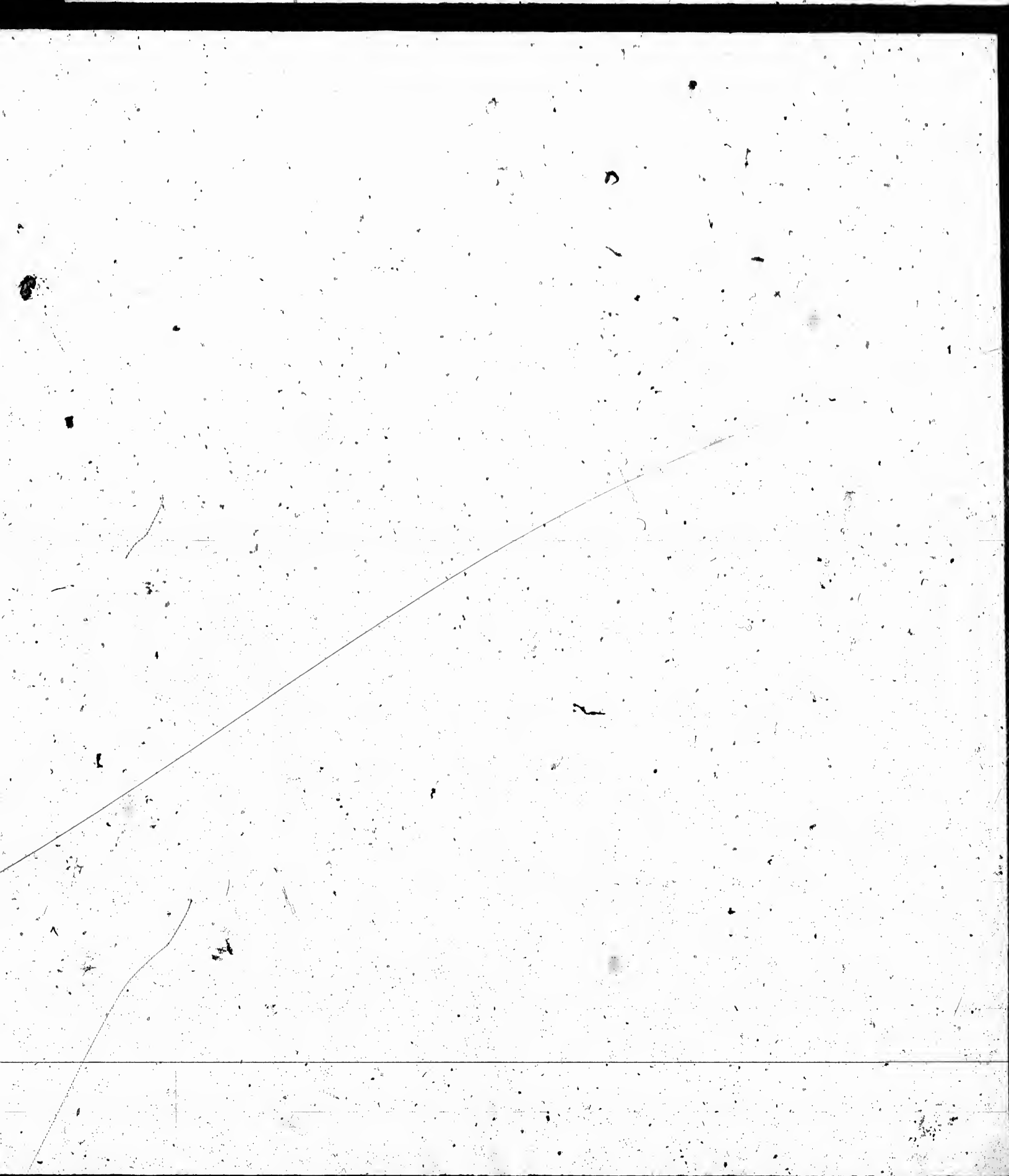
The photograph, a happy illustration of photography becoming as it were its own engraver, is taken from the original oil painting, which is one of those landscapes that the luxuriant Surrey Downs everywhere presents to the hands of the painter.











THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

W. H. HUNT.



ABOUT 1849, when mediævalism in theology and architecture was at its height, a few painters, fellow-students in the Royal Academy, became converts to the prevalent fashion, and associated themselves together in the hope, by devoted and exclusive study of the early "Christian" painters, to restore to art the religion, depth, earnestness, truth and simplicity, which characterized the paintings of Giotto, Perugino and others; and announced themselves to the world as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren." Among them Wm. Holman Hunt took the foremost place.

This picture, originally exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851, and subsequently in the Fine Art Department of the International Exhibition, (1862,) has been the subject of much debate. Ruskin and Pre-Raphaelitism, *versus* Dr. Waagen and his disciples. In this great "Art" case, the evidence and opinions *pro* and *con*, may interest the curious, but it is not in our province to give them in detail.

The text immediately illustrated is from the third chapter of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine: "Behold I stand at the door and knock:"

The picture is eminently symbolic of the Gospel Covenant, and requires a careful study to understand its purport. We have Christ represented in his threefold character of Redeemer, Priest and King. He is knocking at a door overgrown with ivy; the entrance is choked with hemlock and other weeds, emblematic of the ties of this world; and he holds in his left hand a lantern from whence issues light, typifying the light of the world; on his head is the regal crown, and also the crown of thorns; the jewelled clasp denotes his priestly office; he is clothed also in the "white raiment" of Him that overcometh the world.

Upon examination, the crown of thorns will be perceived to be budding. In the foreground are some apples, and in the background are some trees in the act of germination. These are open to different modes of interpretation; perhaps the artist intended to convey the idea that the fallen apples, which are being trodden under foot, are to represent sin; whilst the new apples, on the trees, are to represent the fruit that bringeth forth righteousness.

It is questionable whether such a subject is not too sublime for pictorial representation; again whether it be necessary in this age. In the 14th and 15th centuries, pictures of this class were painted for the so-called instruction of a people ignorant of scriptural knowledge.

The knocking at the human heart, or soul, for entrance, is a spirituality not to be reached by mere painting; it is a theme which might make an angel pause.

THE ALPINE TORRENT.

A. CALAME.



COMPARE this picture with its companion "Solitude" by the same artist. What a contrast! The one, Nature in all her calmness and serenity; the other, full of impetuosity: the torrent, all foam and fury, rushing headlong over the steep abrupt, shaking the strong-based promontory, uprooting the lofty pines, and carrying with it devastation and desolation to the valleys below.

Look at the wonderful tremulousness imparted to the branches of the trees, "wagging their high tops;" again, at the rolling clouds, which seem to be gathering strength ere they launch out the gusts of heaven.

In contemplating this picture (engraved by the artist) one is forcibly reminded of the beautiful lines by Coleridge:

"Ye wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth;
Down those precipitous, black jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"



THE THREE MARYS.

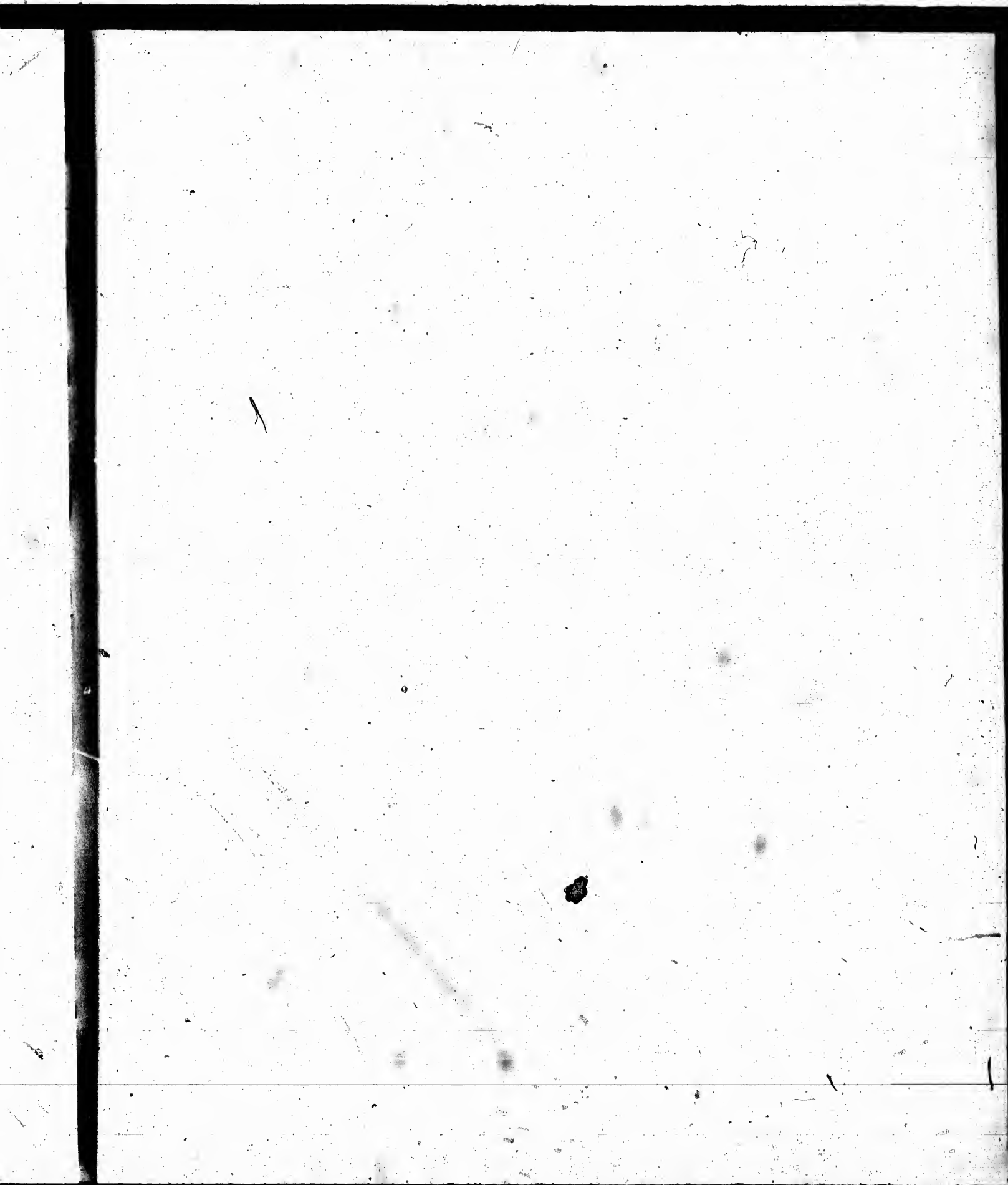
A. CARRACCI.

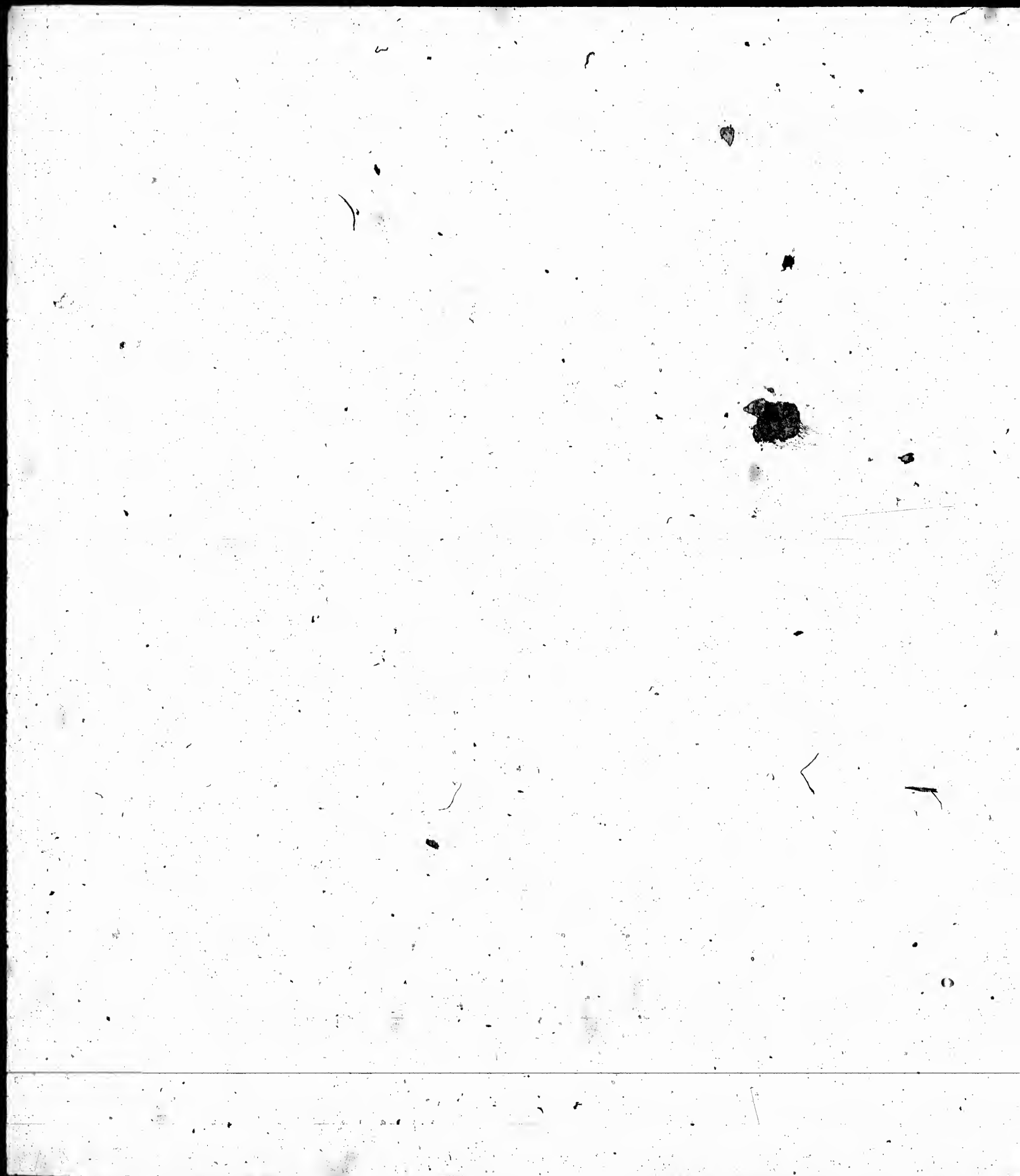


NO one can possibly look at this wonderful picture, which may emphatically be termed "the picture of the world," without emotion. The agony depicted in the faces of these holy women is intense, almost that of death. The hands are equally expressive. There is a sublimity in the grief that pall upon the senses, and deprives criticism of language strong enough to do justice to the subject. Let each beholder try to realize the situation, and then give vent to his feelings.

The artist, Annibale Carracci, was born at Bologna, about 1560, and laboured in his vocation with an unwearying and enthusiastic devotion, and with a singleness of purpose which has never been excelled, rarely equalled. He disliked all study but painting. The fame of Carracci reaching Rome, he was invited by the Cardinal Odoardo Farnese to adorn his palace with paintings. He went, and, exalted by the sight of the ancient works of art, and the labours of Michael Angelo and the divine Raffaele, he worked with an intolerant devotion, and expended eight years on the Farnese Gallery, which is justly considered his greatest work.

The engraving is by Roulet, and was kindly lent to the publishers by his Lordship The Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan. It is a faithful copy of the original picture, now in the possession of the Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle, and formed one of the principal attractions at the Exhibition of Art Treasures, in Manchester (1857.) It was previously in the Orleans Gallery, and is considered Carracci's master-piece.





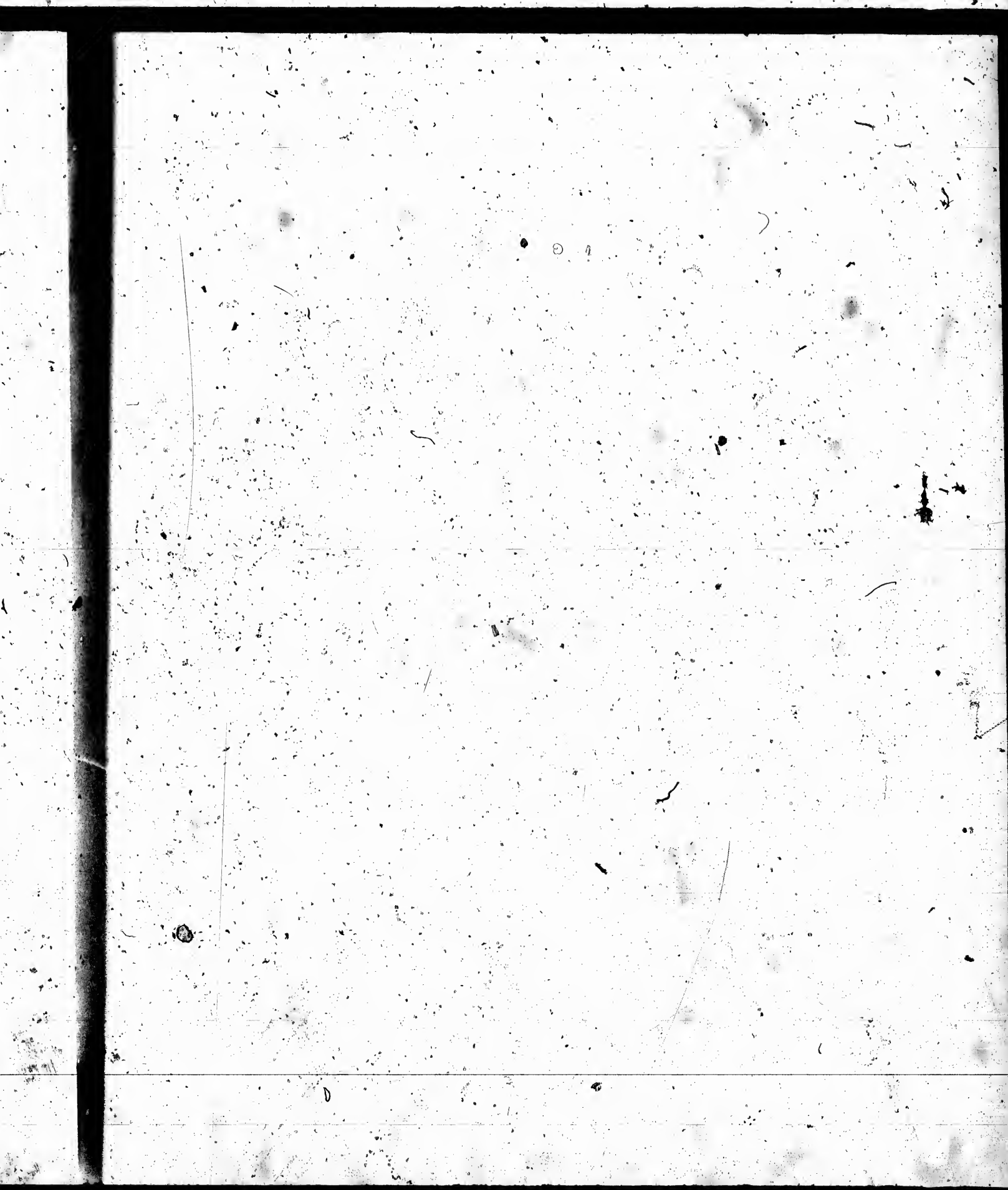


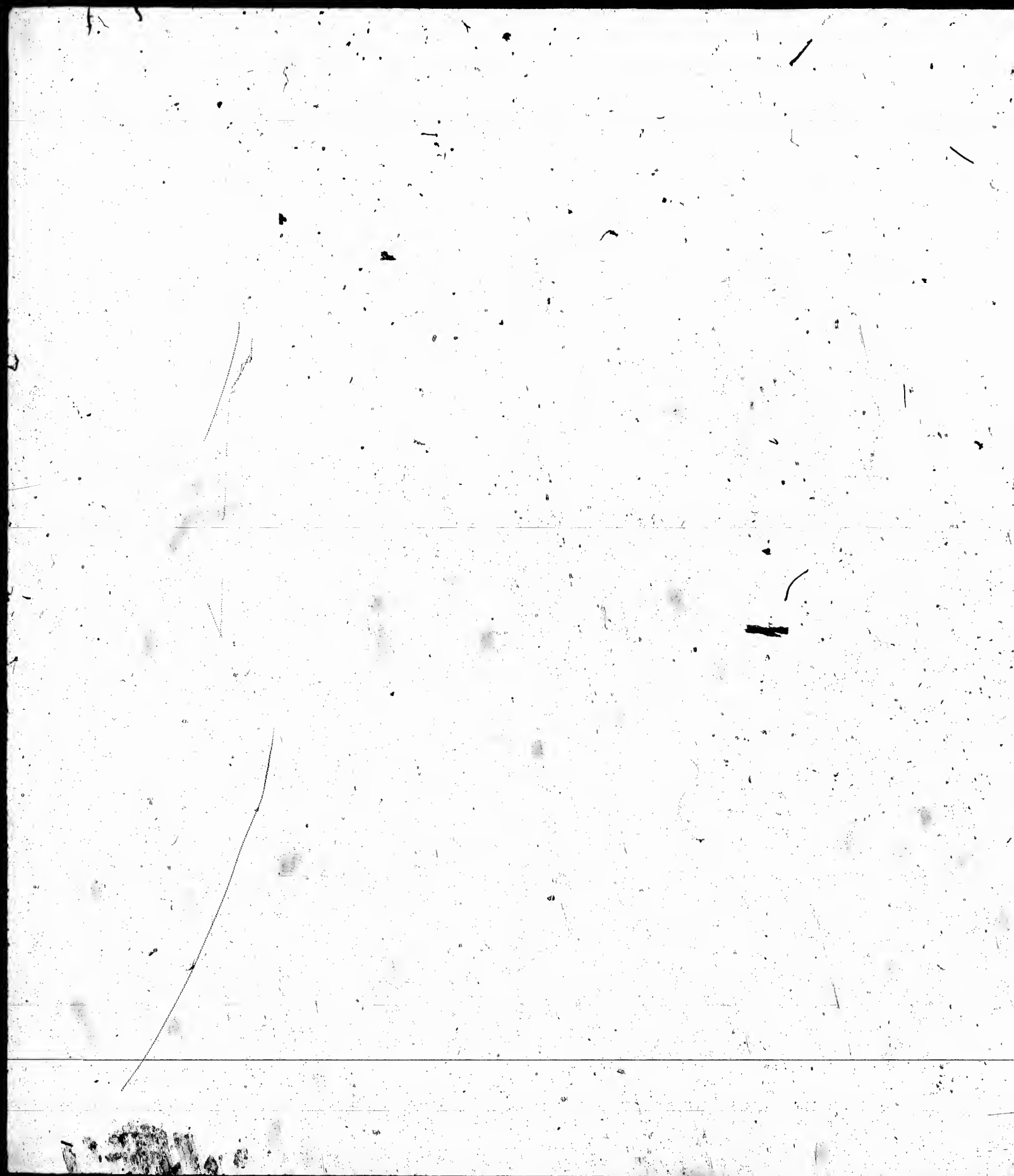
FORT CHAMBLY.

THE present fort was erected about the year 1710, at the termination of the wars with the Iroquois Indians, and is pleasantly situated on the border of Lake Champlain, near the confluence of the River Richelieu. It has played a conspicuous part in the struggles between the English and French at the time of the Conquest of Canada, and subsequently at the time of the American Revolution. It was taken by the Americans in 1755, since which time it has been suffered to decay.

The fort originally belonged to Monsieur de Chamblay, captain in the troops sent by the French to Canada, and subsequently Governor of Martinique.

It is selected for its historic importance, and on account of its beauty as a composition. The natural arrangement is effective—Mount Belœil is seen in the distance—and the picture is much assisted by the cattle which figure in the composition.







TAKEN ABACK.

E. DUNCAN.



N water colour drawing, few have attained in their marine pieces such celebrity as this artist. The sea and the sea-shore seem to be his home. One would think he had been a sailor, so truly does he give the character of a vessel in a storm. This work is a very impressive one of its class; and perhaps, with the exception of Turner and Stanfield, none could so faithfully render the "vesty" waves that

"Confound and swallow navigation up."

The brave ship, taken aback by the raging storm and tempest, is in a situation of the greatest danger; she is struggling as with a last effort to right herself. The busy scene on the fore-castle, the shivering sails, how graphic! those on board would doubtless give "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground," yet the sailors and the boatswain are at their post.

"Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!"

The original formed one of the chief attractions among the water colour drawings exhibited at the late conversazione of the "Art Association of Montreal," and is in the possession of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., who kindly permitted the publishers to copy it. Those who saw the picture will exclaim, what a faithful translation! It shows the adaptability of photography to render with great exactitude, not only the painter's idea, but also his very touch, or method of handling.



LA MADONNA COLLE STELLE.

CARLO DOLCI.

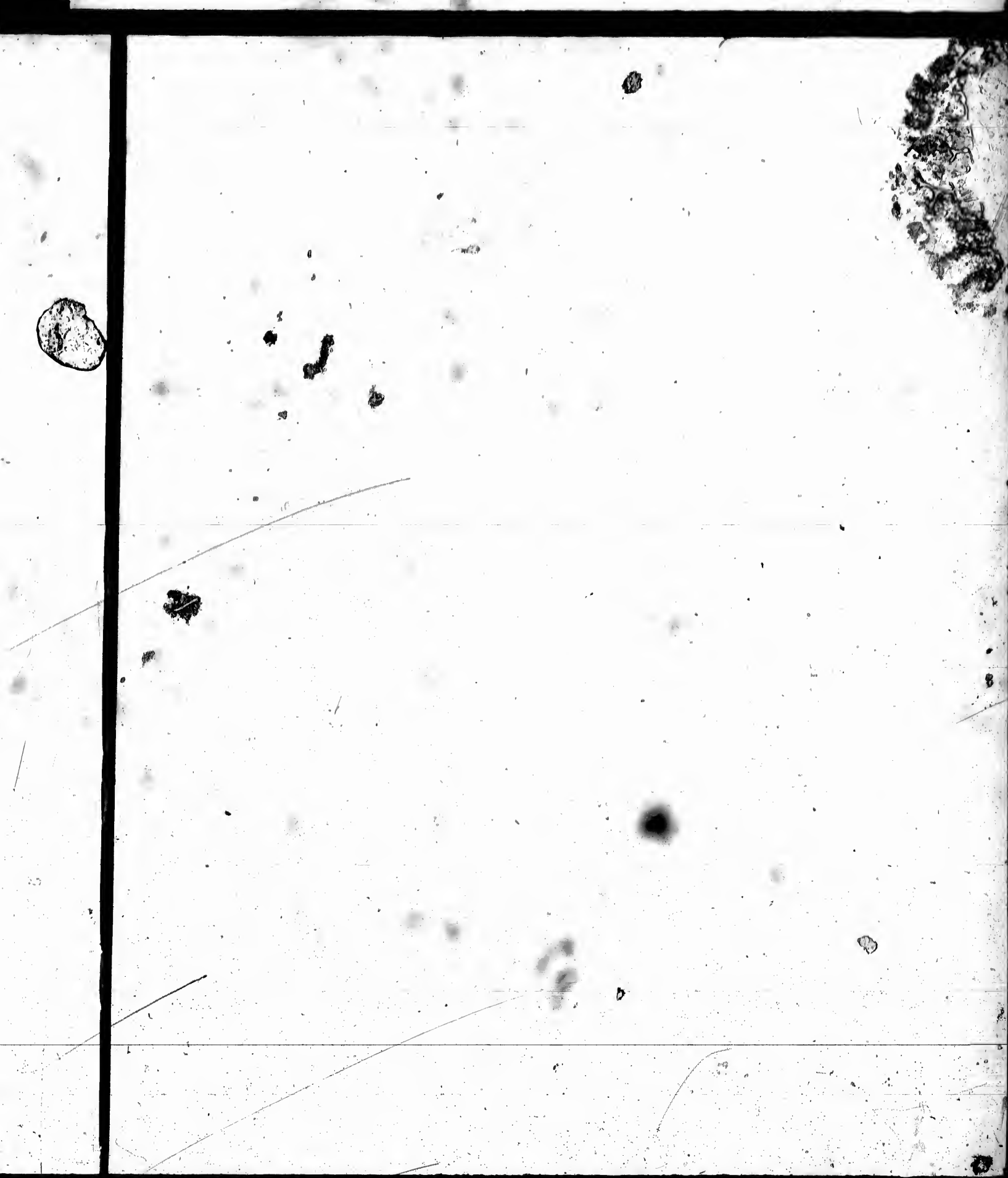


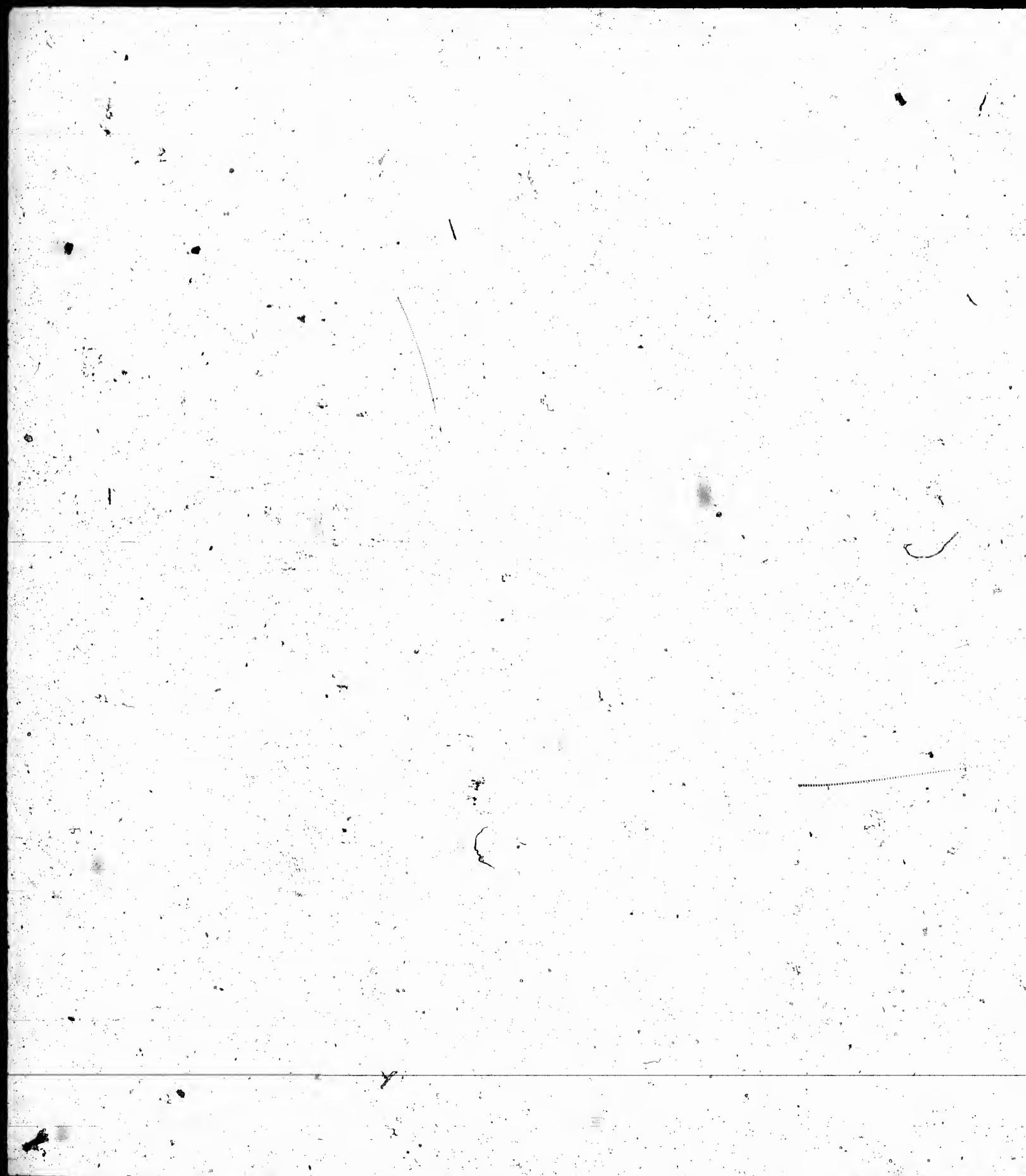
DOLCI'S biographer, Baldinucci, attributes the excellence of his painting to the goodness of Heaven, as a just reward for his singular piety. From his first attempts at painting, he determined to paint none but sacred subjects, and he almost literally observed this rule.

It is recorded of Carlo, that he suffered much from fits of melancholy, from one of which he was partially recovered, by painting, at the express command of his confessor, a picture of the Virgin: this picture he elaborated with the most consummate patience and delicacy.

The present subject is characteristic of the artist: it is one of a class that he delighted to paint, and into which he threw his whole soul: it is full of gentle and tender expression. The original is in the collection of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim: it has been often engraved: and perhaps this rendering by Eduardo Mandel is one of the best.

He was born at Florence in 1616, and at the age of nine, was placed with Jacopo Vignali, a pupil of Roselli, who was famous for his powers of teaching. In four years, Carlo could paint; his first efforts attracted the attention of the Court, and he was soon busily and profitably employed.







THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

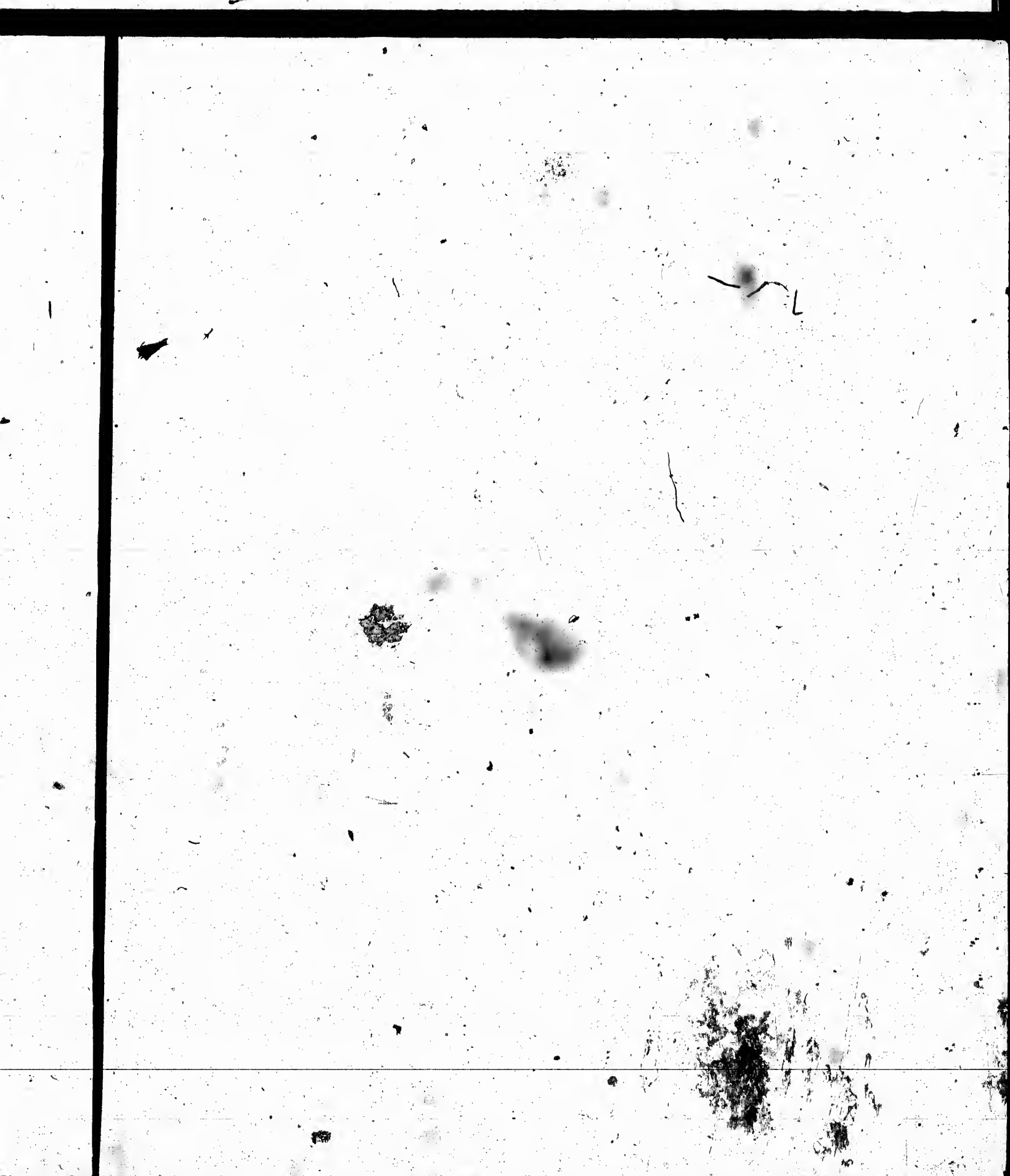
L. KNAUS.



GOLDEN marriage is indeed something worthy of celebration; it falls to the lot of few. Those newly wedded, when novelty and hope threw a glory over their first home, can hardly realize the position of the aged couple who, having proved the world and each other, have become more united,—more indivisible. Fancy them, with their children and their children's children, all in their holiday garb, with joyous looks, dancing and rejoicing together,—what a feast of love! There is a beautiful bit in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, apposite to this picture, where he describes a family consisting of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons, and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of 'em engaged in a dance, in which he says, "I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit, different from that which is the cause or effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me; had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was his constant way; and that all his life-long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay—

—Or a learned prelate either, said I."

The artist was originally a pupil of Jacobi's, and is a native of Swabia, but has long been resident in France, where he deservedly ranks amongst the foremost of the French School of "Genre" painters. The present subject commends itself, and requires little to be said of it; it is treated with feeling, and is a graceful composition.





LA DEBILITE

G. DOUW

This is a companion picture to "La Liseuse;" it is said to be a portrait of the artist's mother, and one upon which he bestowed more than his ordinary care. Gerard Douw has been charged with excessive slowness in finishing, and some anecdotes are told in proof of it. Sandrart says that he once visited Gerard's studio, and on his expressing his admiration of a certain miniature broom-handle in one of his pictures, he said that he should spend three more days upon it before he left it; and this story, whether true or not, very fairly illustrates the character of his pictures. The amount of care and thought expended on a broom-handle, is precisely the same as is expended on the head of the principal figure in the composition.

Douw, like most minute finishers, got excellent prices for his paintings, generally from 600 to 1000 florins. His pictures are in great request, and are to be found in all the principal collections.

This is also from the burin of that distinguished engraver, Wille, who attained an almost unrivalled reputation as an engraver of portraits and of figure pieces of the Flemish masters. Wille was born in 1715, and was admitted a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in 1761; was created a knight of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon I; and died in 1806.





THE TEN VIRGINS.

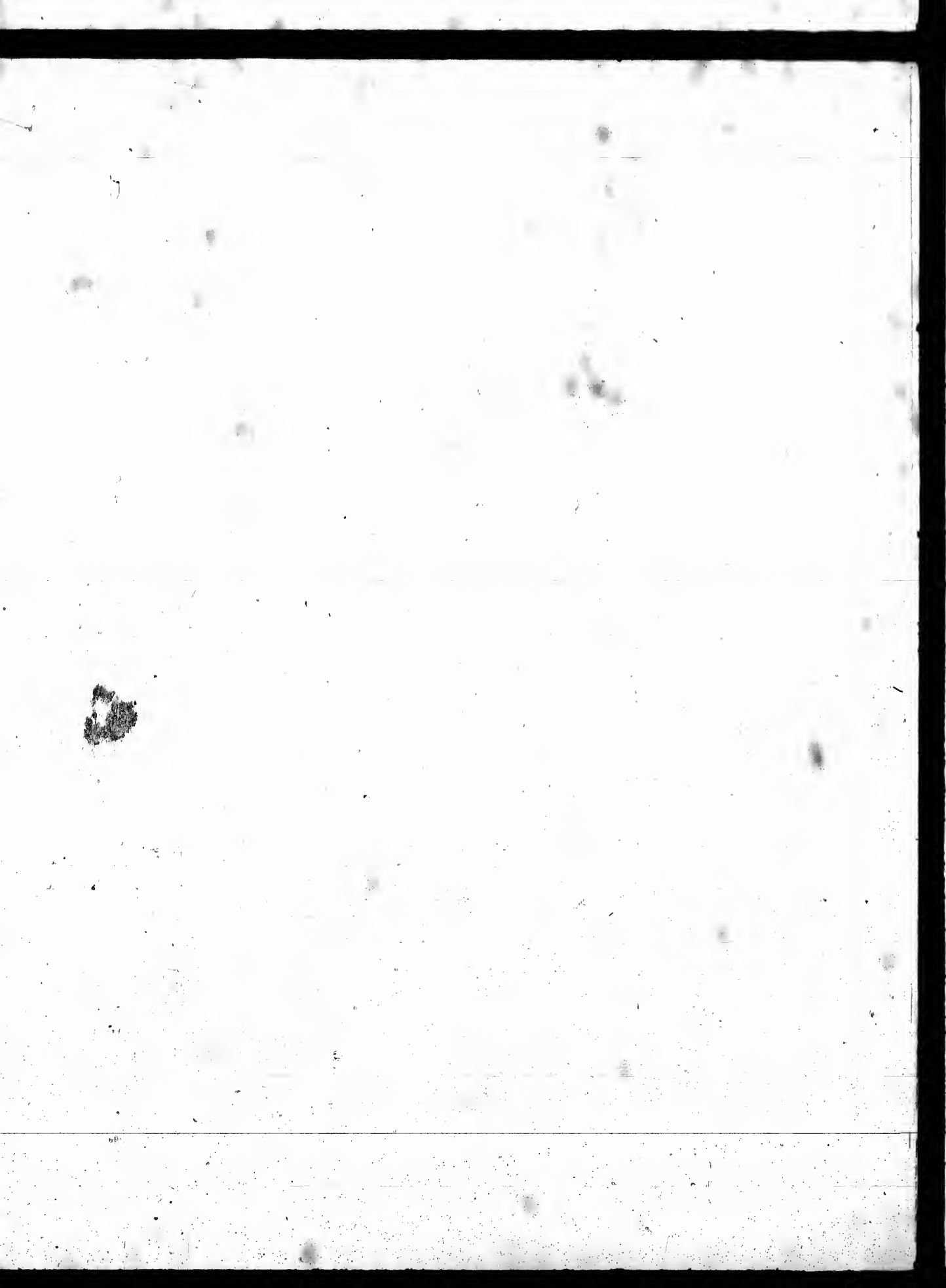
J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A.

HE parable is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, XXV. 1-13. It is founded on a marriage scene, and it is the last act in the drama of such ceremonies as were observed in Cana of Galilee, that the picture represents. The time, as is still the case in many Eastern countries, is night, when it was usual for the bridegroom to bring his bride to the house, but at no fixed hour; and these ten virgins, according to ancient custom, are waiting near the house with lamps, in order to go out and meet him, when they should be informed of his coming.

It is evident, that, being tired of watching, the bridegroom having tarried beyond the time of his expected coming, they have all fallen asleep. Anon, they are heard the shouts and songs of joy, breaking the deep silence of the midnight: the lights of the torches gleam in the distance, the procession is advancing, and the cry is, "Behold the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him." The coming is sudden; all save one are awakened, and have started to their feet to arrange their attire, and to trim their lamps: five, more eager than the rest, have their feet sandalled, and their lamps burning; the remainder, having provided no oil, and doubtless thinking that the bridegroom would not tarry, and that they had sufficient oil to last until he should come, are looking with dismay upon their empty lamps: one with urgency is imploring her more provident companions to give her oil, which is refused; and by the action of the hands, she is pointed to the neighbouring city, where she can go to them that sell, and buy for herself.

This picture was exhibited at the National Institution in 1851; nothing can be more literal than the rendering of the subject; no incident is forgotten, the figures are effectively disposed, the draperies are original, and it is generally considered the best work of this talented artist.

J. Eckford Lauder is a member of the Royal Scottish Academy: his works are held in great repute in England, he is a vigorous and self-thinking painter, and one whose selections of subjects generally indicate a lofty and original mind; to wit, his celebrated picture the "Edict of Leo the Iconoclast," which was exhibited in 1851. It depicted with great power an interesting episode in the early history of the schism betwixt the Greek and Roman Churches. The engraving is an artist's proof by Lumley Stocks.





THE PLOUGH FIELD.

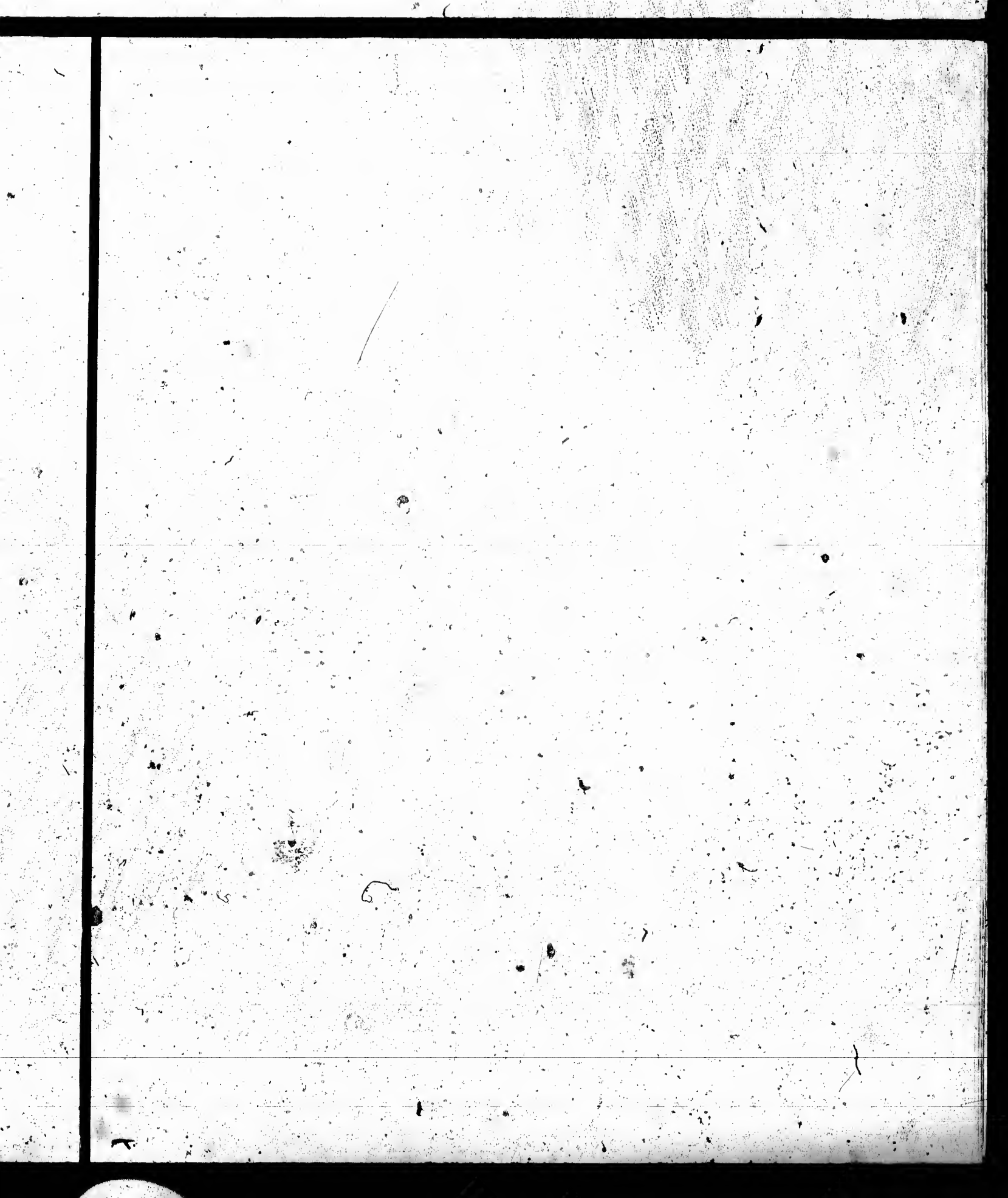
ROSA BONHEUR.

T an early age, the artist evinced a decided predilection for art, and elected for her subjects, landscapes and animals, the latter in particular; and under the training of her father—himself a painter of great ability—she was taught to paint in the open country, and from the constant observation of living animals during their ordinary unconstrained movements, she has risen to an eminence, perhaps never before attained by one of her sex. Her pictures are worthy to rank with the works of any artist of any age or country. She represents her animals in free and spirited action, without any regard to conventional attitudes, with singular fidelity, and with the most life-like abandon.

Her pictures often shew a choice of subjects very remarkable in a lady; but they are almost invariably simple and unaffected, in composition, admirable in drawing, free, broad, and what might be called masculine in execution, did not the contrast afforded by the stippling and mincing manner of some of our modern male painters suggest the inapplicability of such an epithet.

The present subject, and her great work, entitled "Le Labourage Nivernais," exalted her fame in 1850. It received the honour which is the crowning ambition of a French artist, a place in the gallery of the Luxembourg.

The "Horse Fair," by which she is best known, was exhibited at the French exhibition in London in 1855, and excited an unusual amount of attention and admiration; and when Mlle. Bonheur visited the English Metropolis during the exhibition, she met with an enthusiastic reception from artists as well as amateurs.





SHAKSPERE.



SHAKSPERE,—the very name is an invocation to the Muses,—what shall we say of him, whose genius is a nation's heritage, whose immortality will out-last the monuments of all ages, and until "Fame weeps o'er the skeleton of Time"—whose tercentenary has so recently been celebrated, wheresoever the English language is spoken, and all over the continent of Europe, where he is known, as we know Goethe, Dante, Rabelais, or Cervantes, —where his works have been translated and illustrated by men the most discriminating and profound! An epitome of his history, however brief, would be not only out of place, but beyond our limits. All who have studied his writings,

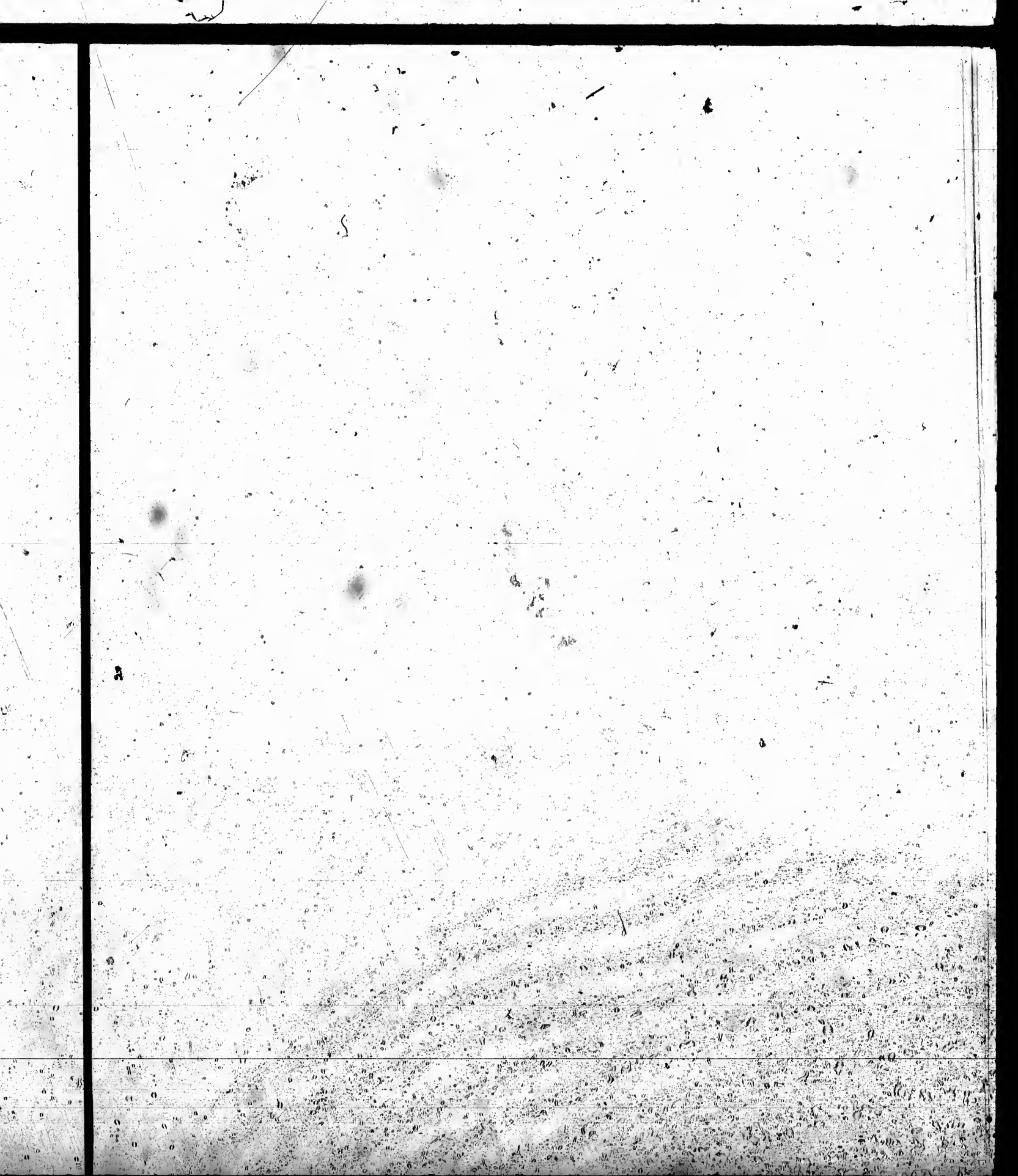
know that there is nothing but uncertainty about his life—the spelling of his name is yet a question, but one that ought now to be finally determined—the day of his birth is apocryphal, but common consent has fixed it on the 23rd April, 1564, St. George's Day, thus for ever linking the names of our National Bard, and our National Saint. Of his school-days and education, there is nothing definite: of his apprenticeship or professional calling, all is conjecture; the day of his marriage unauthenticated, those of his baptism and death alone registered. But what of these things! our ignorance of his life detracts nothing from his glory. Of Homer and Virgil we have little knowledge beyond tradition, yet the Iliad and the Æneid have outlived Troy and Carthage.

It has pleased the Giver of all gifts, who hath not called the noble, but hath rather chosen "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," to permit the lives of this Triad to be shrouded in mystery. It would doubtless, in the case of these English, Greek and Roman Bards, have been most gratifying to have been furnished with some historical traits illustrative of the dawn of their mighty geniuses, and of the progression of their intellectual development. This gratification is denied us—contemplation and amazement fill the void—and we believe the more that "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." That Shakspeare was a biblical scholar, his writings abundantly testify: the phraseology of the Bible has in many cases penetrated, coloured, and shaped his language. He was catholic in his creed, not the slave of any particular sectarian opinion. His contributions to moral and social science, and to natural history, are numerous: and they, with some of the divine truths of religion, are expressed in the richest poetry—his moral and religious aphorisms are in themselves homilies—his knowledge of human nature and of the infinite qualities of the human mind, is wonderful. All his characters speak the language of nature; be they high or low, they utter words that invariably and intuitively become the position and condition of each. There is not a relation of life, not a quality of the soul, that has escaped his notice. He has taken us beyond this world, and his eye

"In a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name,

by which they are left engraven on our minds, with an indelible stamp, and happy shall we be if we never try to efface the impress."

The portrait is a copy of an engraving by Houbraken, published in 1717, in a very scarce work, entitled "the Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain," engraved by Mr. Houbraken, and Mr. Virtue, with their lives and characters, by Thomas Birch, A.M., F.R.S.





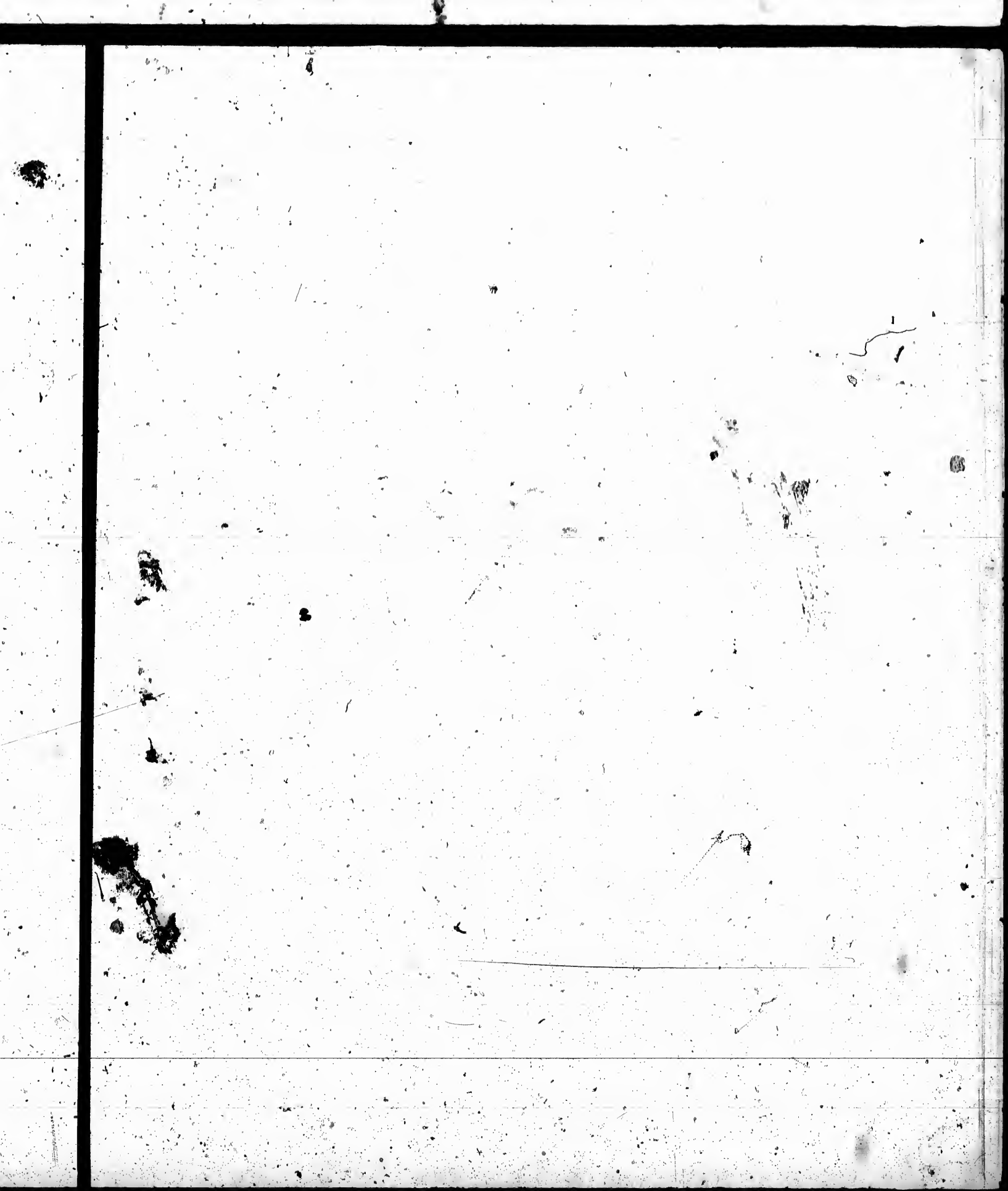
A KILL IN A FOG.

C. H. A. LUTYENS.

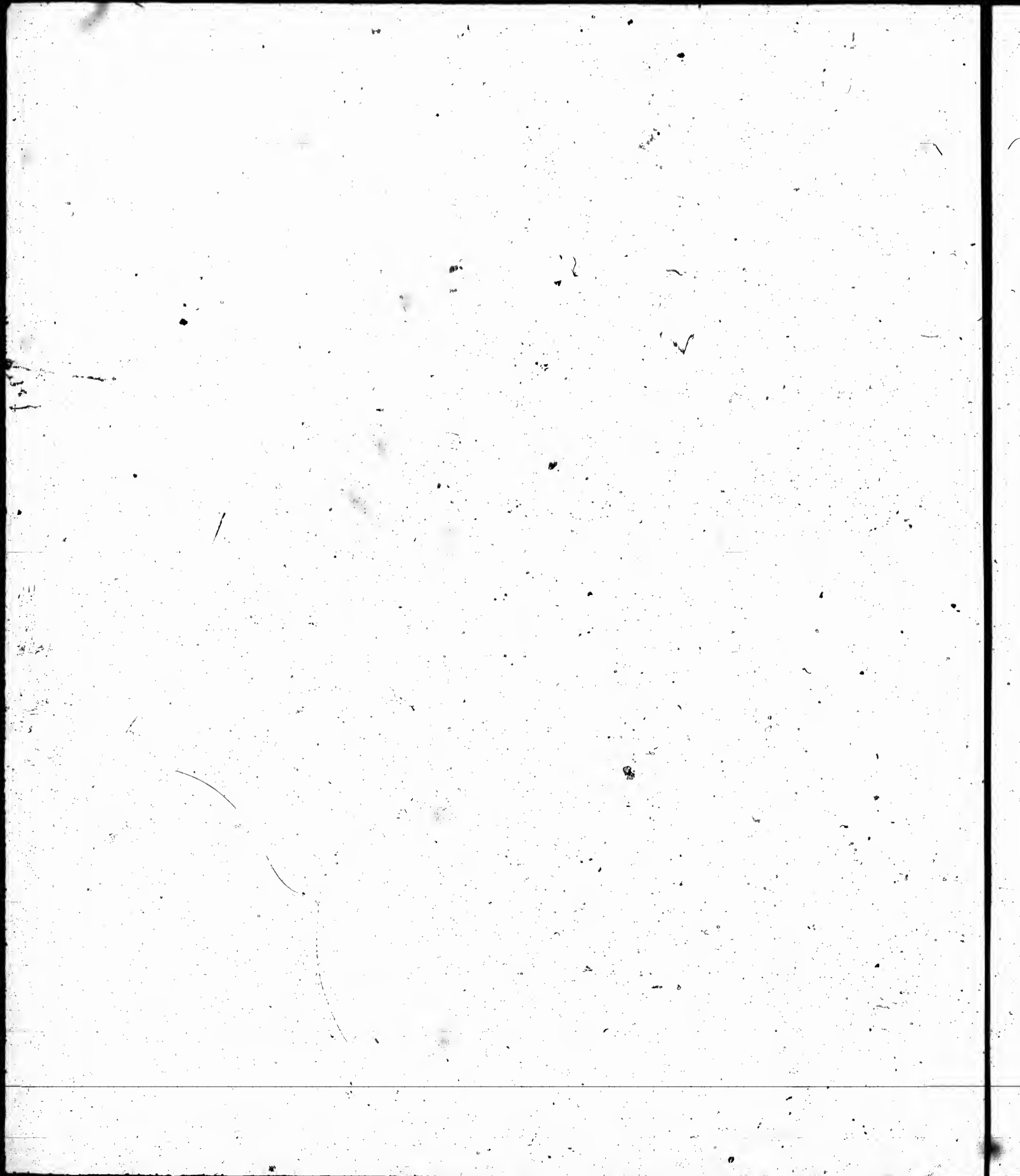


OR many years the artist was a captain in H. M. 20th Regiment, and his earlier works are well known to many in Montreal. Mr. D. Lorn MacDonigall, to whom the publishers are indebted for the kind permission of copying this picture, possesses several of his works. Captain Lutyens has been for several years studying under the direction of his friend, the Baron Marochetti, and the present illustration of his talent is not to be taken as an example of his powers to-day. He is reported to be much improved; and some of his later pictures—amongst them an equestrian portrait of the Marquis of Ailsa—have elicited high praise. He is devoting himself principally to portrait painting, and we are happy to say has an abundance of work.

The great charm of the present subject is the total absence of all vulgarity or dandyism in its treatment: it exhibits an accurate knowledge of the particular description of dog that he essays to paint. The grouping is good, and the position of the animals true to nature; and no "Hunting-man" has ever looked upon it without admiration.



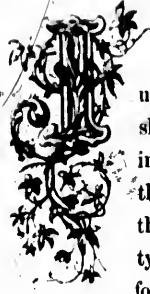






IN MEMORIAM.

J. N. PATON, R.S.A.



IN this picture the artist has imagined a very probable incident connected with the Indian mutiny and revolt. The wives and families of some of those unsuspecting European officers who have been treacherously and inhumanly slaughtered, have taken refuge in an obscure den, in order to escape from the impending fate which has already overtaken those dearest to them on earth. In the anguish of their souls, they are sustained by a higher and holier hope than that of deliverance. In the centre of the picture kneels a heroic lady, a noble type of the British mother, in whose countenance the grandeur of Christian fortitude and the inspiration of Christian hope triumph over despair. Her calm and lofty resignation affects all that surround her; every heart gathers strength from the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," which she is reading from the open Bible in her left hand, while with her right arm she supports a delicate girl, who apparently has been startled from a sick bed, to be hurried into this terrible and trying scene. The expression of the girl's face is that of a solemn and humble "Amen" to the mother's prayer.

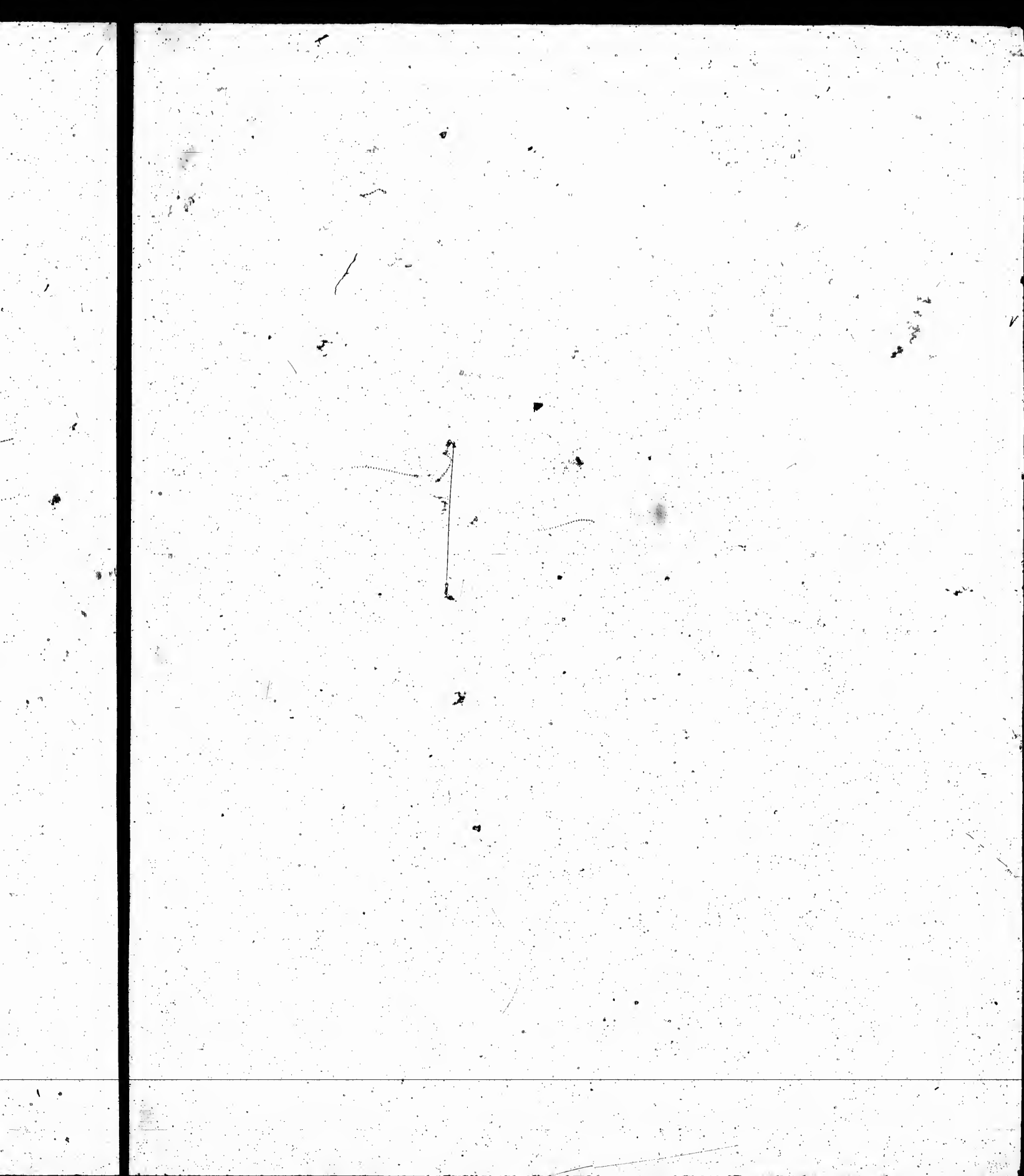
To the grand and powerful expression of the figures, a fine contrast is presented in the peaceful though fevered face of the little boy, who sleeps unconscious of the disasters that have made him fatherless, or of the fate that threatens himself and those around him. How fine is the confident repose of the interesting group in the back ground! The quiet glance of solitude is as characteristic of the Ayah, as the calmer confidence is of the youthful British mother. Still finer is that "touch of nature" in the little girl, who, anxiously looking towards the devout matron, and hearing her words, instinctively folds her hands in imitative prayer.

The accessories of the scene, and the dresses of the women, indicate the suddenness of their flight, giving no time to pause or consider, as they are hurried from their peaceful homes to this awe-inspiring place of refuge. The quick eye of the Ayah has detected a ray of light streaming in by the opening door. It is a moment of awful suspense—life or death—who can tell? The fight rages without—which side will be the victor? The door is opened by a brave and stalwart Highlander of the 78th, who pauses on the threshold, awe-stricken by the holy sight, and hesitates to announce that deliverance, in answer to their fervent prayer, which he brings.

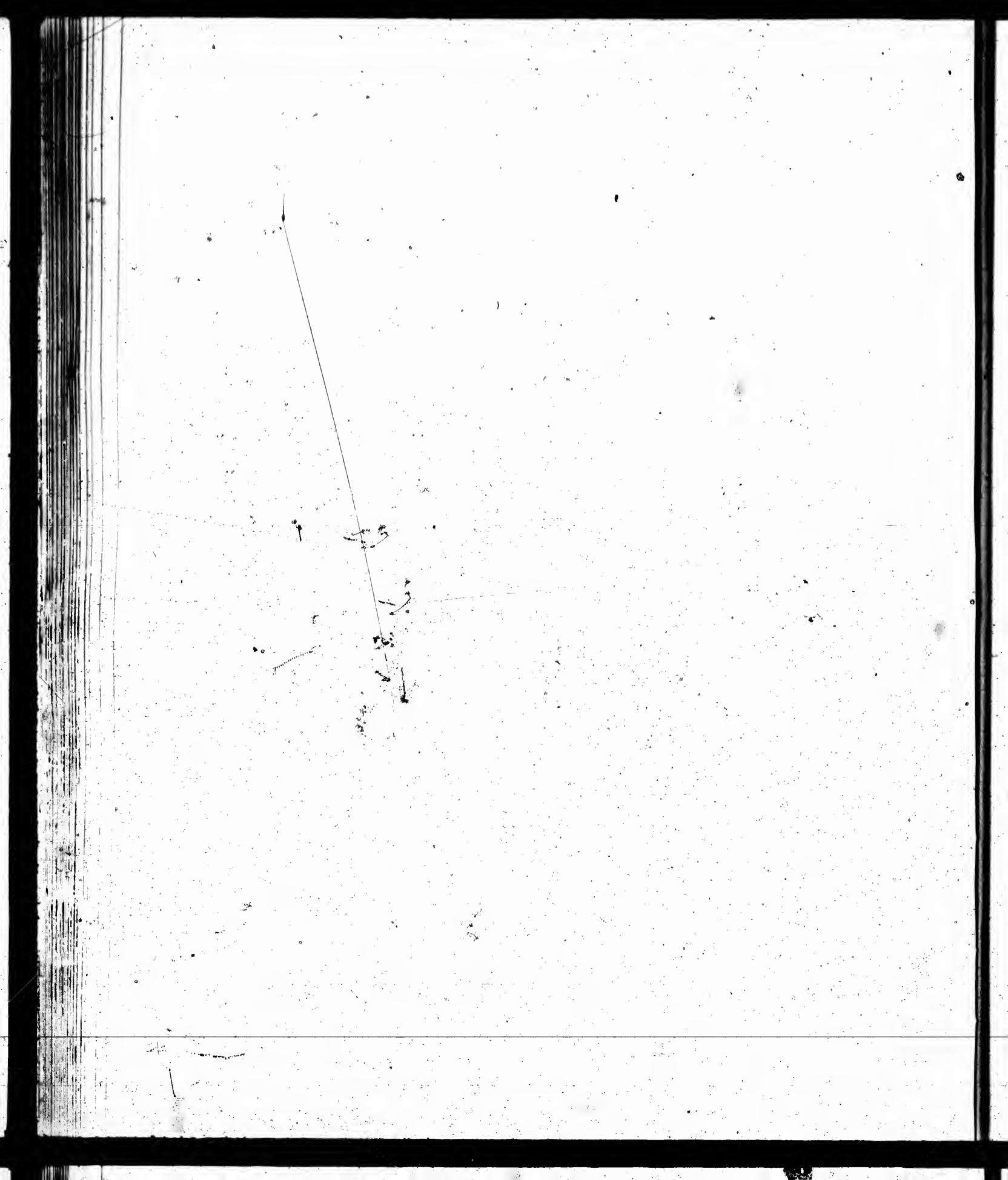
This noble work is specially to be regarded as a memorial Picture. As such it was, in a spirit of deepest earnestness, designed by the artist, and he has concentrated in it all that is noble in human character, as exhibited in these events, all that Art is entitled to draw from them as capable of teaching lofty lessons, or as worthy of permanence in our hearts and memories.

It is a fitting companion to the "Invalid Soldier at Home," a picture like this "full of all blessed conditions." They both take you in an instant by the heart, and they hold you there.

The photograph is from an artist's proof by W. H. Simmons.







KEY TO THE
PAINTING

BY DELAROCHE
FRENCH SCHOOL

OF THE HEMICYCLE DU PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

PAINTERS.

- Correggio,
- Paul Veronese,
- Antonello di Messina,
1. Murillo,
5. Van Eyck,
6. Titian,
7. Terburg,
8. Rembrandt,
9. Van-der Helst,
10. Rubens,
11. Velazquez,

12. Van Dyck,
13. Caravaggio,
14. Bellini,
15. Giorgione,
16. Ruysdael,
17. Paul Potter,
18. Claude Lorrain,
19. Gaspard Poussin,

SCULPTORS.

20. Peter Fischer,
21. Bontemps,

22. Luca della Robbia,
23. Benedetto da Maiano,
24. Giovanni Pisano,
25. Bandinelli,
26. Donatello,
27. Ghiberti,
28. Palissy,
29. Goujon,
30. Cellini,
31. Pillon,
32. Puget (Pierre),
33. Jean de Bologne,

34. Gothic Art,
35. Grecian Art,
36. Etruscan,
37. Apelles,

38. Phidias,
39. The Genius of Art,
40. Roman Art,
41. La Renaissance,

ARCHITECTS.

42. Delorme,
43. Peruzzi,
44. Erwin de Steinbach,
45. Sansovino,
46. Robert de Luzarches,
47. Palladio,
48. Brunelleschi,
49. Inigo Jones,
50. Arnolfo di Lapo,
51. Lescot,
52. Bramante,

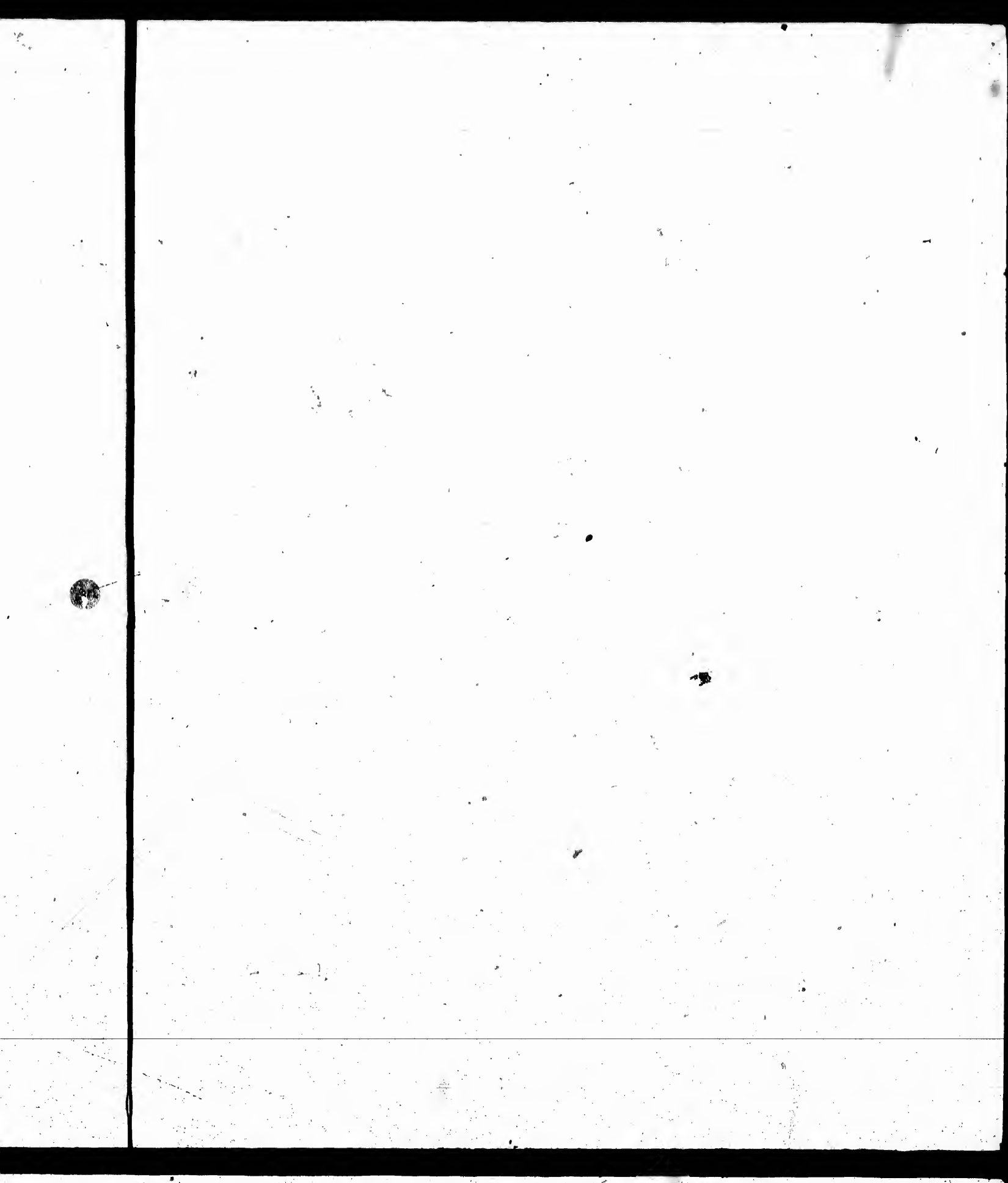
53. Mansart,
54. Vignole,

PAINTERS.

55. Beato Angelico,
56. Marc Antoine,
57. Edelinck,
58. Holbein,
59. Le Sueur,
60. Orgagna,
61. Sebastian del Piombo,
62. Albert Durer,

63. Leonardo da Vinci,
64. Domenichino,
65. Fra Bartolomeo,
66. Andrea Mantegna,
67. Julio Romano,
68. Raffaello,
69. Perugino,
70. Masaccio,
71. Michel Angelo,
72. Andrea del Sarto,
73. Cimabue,
74. Giotto,
75. Nicholas Poussin,





HEMICYCLE DU PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.

DELA ROCHE

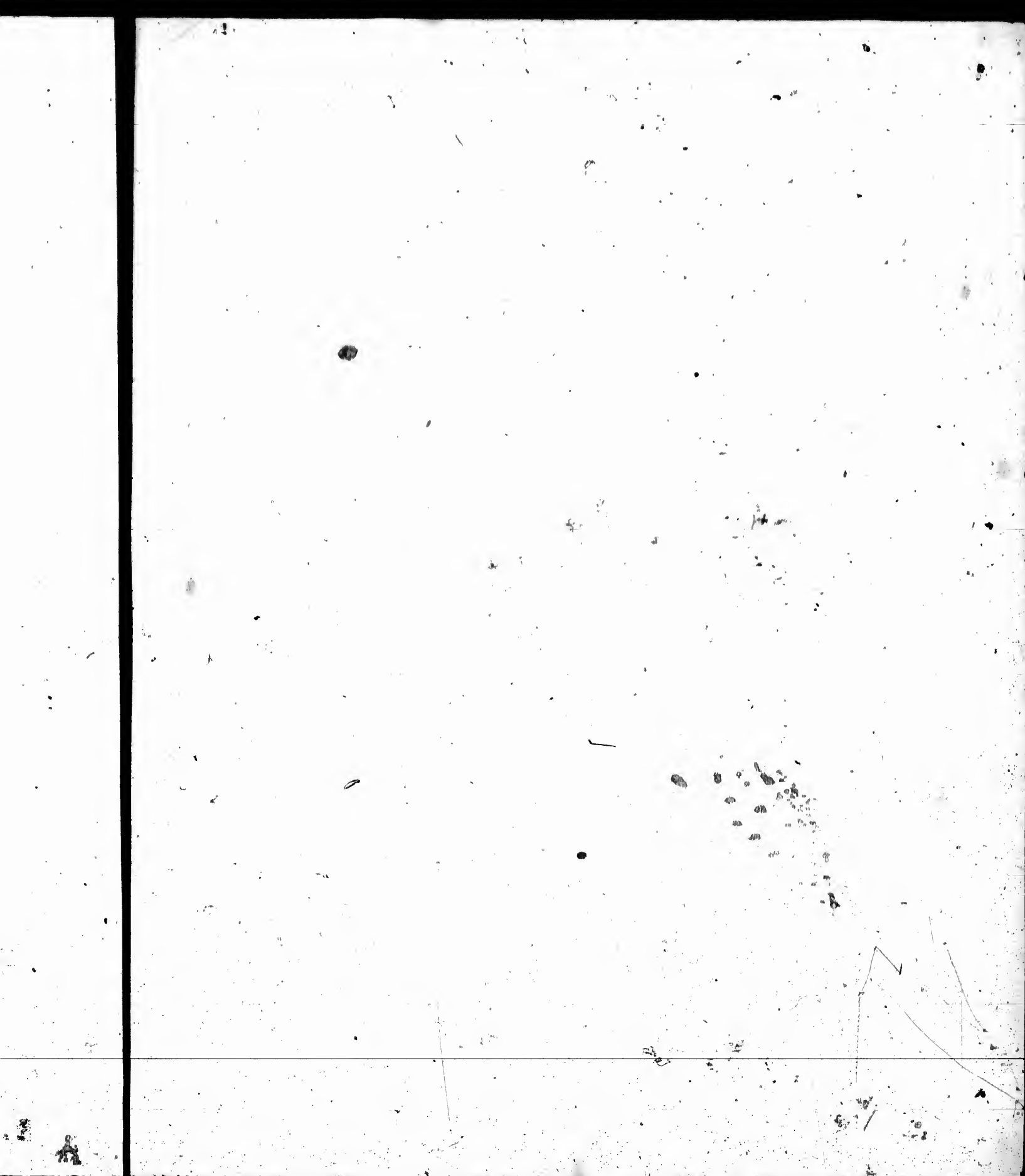


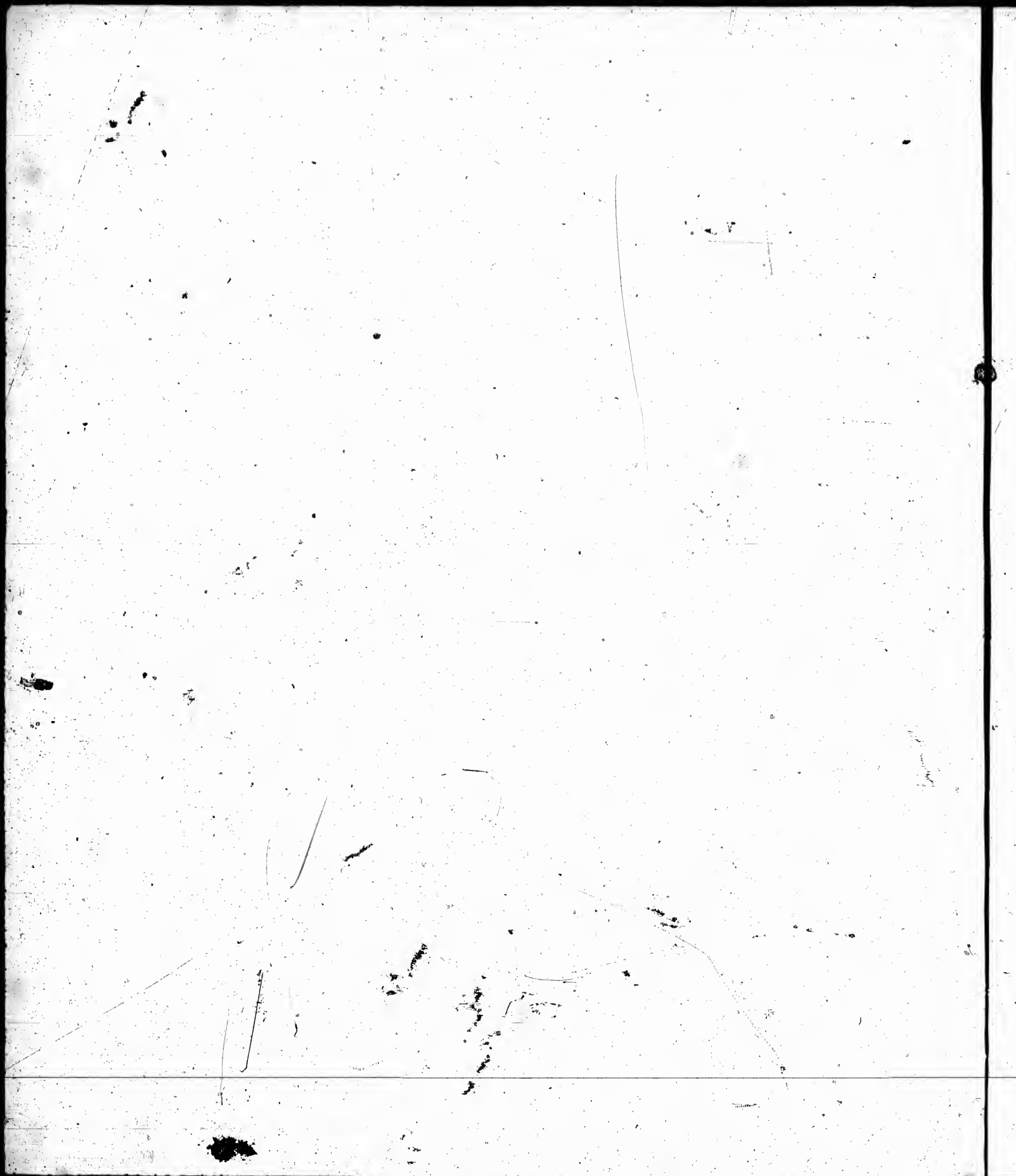
AUL DELAROCHE was born at Paris in 1797. Early intending to follow art as a profession, he at first studied landscape, and was in 1817 an unsuccessful candidate for the Academy prize in landscape-painting. Convinced that landscape-painting was not his vocation, he entered the atelier of Baron Gros, under whose guidance he made rapid progress in the study of the figure. His subjects were chosen to a great extent from modern history, occasionally painting a few scriptural subjects. In 1821 he painted his "St. Vincent de Paul Preaching in the Presence of Louis XIII"; and "Jeanne d'Arc interrogated in Prison by Cardinal Beaufort," which produced a great impression. In 1826 he exhibited the first of his very remarkable paintings from English History,—*"The Death of Queen Elizabeth."* This picture was purchased for the gallery of the Luxembourg. In 1831 he again trod on English ground, and established a reputation in England by his successful picture, *"Children of Edward IV in the Tower";* but of a far higher order was his next essay, *"Cromwell Contemplating the Corpse of Charles I."* In this picture he has imagined a circumstance in itself sufficiently probable, and he has treated it with a calm dignity worthy of the theme. The attention of the beholder is at once arrested by the thoughtful head of the Protector, directed to the lifeless form he is brooding over; and it never wanders from the victim and the victor. This picture is in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

In 1834 he exhibited his *"Execution of Lady Jane Grey";* in 1837, *"Charles I in the Guardroom, insulted by the Parliamentary Soldiers,"* and *"Lord Strufford on his way to the Scaffold, receiving the Blessing of Archbishop Laud."* The last is in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland. These subjects are all well known by the engravings. Among the French, his *"Napoleon at Fontainebleau,"* and *"Napoleon crossing the Alps,"* are universally popular. Perhaps the most remarkable of Delaroche's productions, however, is his painting of the *"Hemicycle of the Palais des Beaux Arts,"* engraved in three parts by Dupont, and kindly lent the publishers by the "Institut Canadien." It is one of the large series of engravings so graciously presented to that Institute by the Prince Napoleon in remembrance of his visit to Canada.

In this picture he has represented many of the great painters, sculptors, and architects from the earliest time down to the present. From the centre of the triptich, where Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus are enthroned as the representatives of the arts in ancient Greece, and marshalled under figures which symbolize the principal eras in the history of art, the great sculptors and architects are arranged in groups, the painters occupying the extremities. The artists chosen, and those in more instances omitted from this artistic wall-halla, will probably raise a smile on the lips of the student of the history of art; but the work cannot fail to excite admiration, it is so elevated in style, treated with so much refinement, and is so simple and effective in arrangement and execution. This great work employed the painter during the years 1837-41.

M. Delaroche is justly regarded by the French as one of their greatest painters. He has undoubted genius; is a master of his art; and is always truthful, correct in drawing, and tells his story with admirable perspicuity. He was created an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1834.









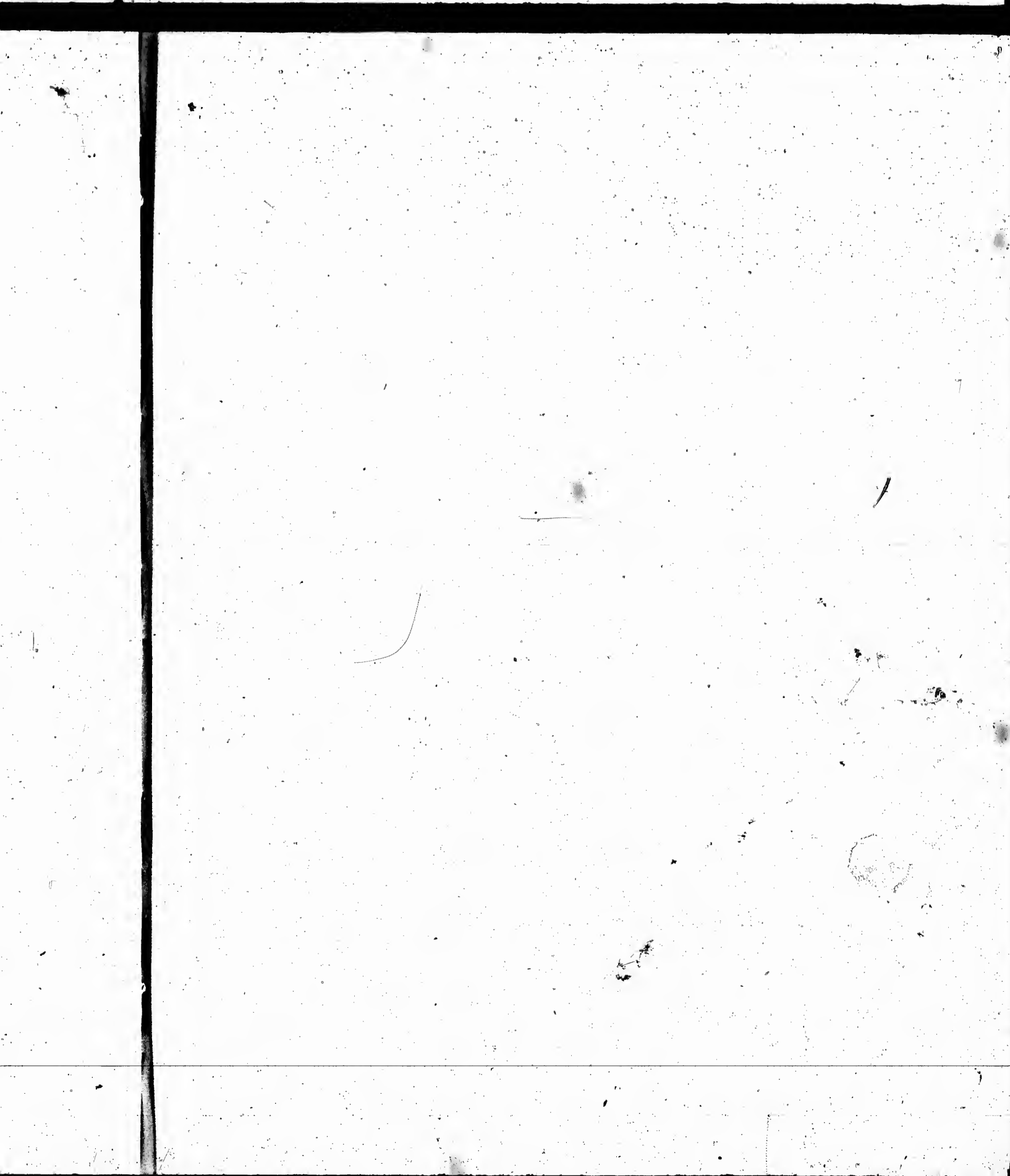
ROAD SCENE, LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS.



If any artist who is in the habit of composing his pictures, would but take the first copse he meets with, and would carefully study and paint its trees, with their wreathed branches, "robed in their proud prosperity of leaves," and its thick leafy foreground of tangled creepers, he would be more satisfied with the picture than the best and most elaborate he ever invented.

This granted, will be reason sufficient for the selection of this bit of road scenery—photographed from nature—it will be refreshing to all true lovers of landscape painting, and specially those acquainted with the works of Creswick, Hunt and Linnell,—artists who are not content to compose and imagine, but who do draw from nature, and try for nature—nature in her liberty—and who feel with Wordsworth that

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold,
Is full of blessings."





MERCURY AND ARGUS.

J. M. W. TURNER.



ATURE in all her varied aspects Turner delighted to study; and perhaps no other artist, ancient or modern, has ever represented her on canvas in so many moods.

His pictures are hard to be understood; and the reason is, that we have not looked upon the heavens with the same spirit. A setting sun to some, is but that glorious orb sinking below the horizon, a fiery red colour, tinged the neighbouring clouds. Turner looked upon the Heavens in the same spirit as Shakspeare did when he says

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

In that spirit must we be taught in order to appreciate Turner;—he who, at all hours, in all seasons, has watched every modification of the sky, and given its every phase and feature.

There is scarcely an atmospheric effect that Turner has not produced, from an hour before sunrise till midnight—calm and tempest—winter and summer—the thunder-storm and the serene sky—fog and mists—sun and moon—snow and hail—the glorious rainbow and the forked lightning—cataracts and hurricanes—these seem to obey his will.

Again: look at his sea-pictures. None but those who "occupy their business in great waters," or who have had by the sea-side an opportunity of watching the sea after a prolonged storm, the broad heaving of the whole ocean, and have realized the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, limitless sea, can appreciate such a picture as his "Slave Ship," painted in 1810, a work in itself sufficient to render the artist immortal.

Ruskin in his "Modern Painters," Vol. I, has eight distinct references to the "Mercury and Argus," citing it as a glorious example of cloud-painting; as shewing the fulness and mystery of Turner's distances; as the perfect painting of thick leafy foreground; and the spirit of repose pervading it. It has been selected as an example of Turner's landscapes before he sacrificed everything else in the effort to attain the utmost splendour of light and colour—to make (in the strange language of his own "M.S. Fallacies of Hope") "the sun

Exhale earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
Reflect her forms, each in prismatic guise."

Turner was born in 1755: he entered the Academy as a student in 1787, and regularly contributed from this time till his death—a period of sixty years—to every exhibition of the Royal Academy, with the exception of 1821, '21, and '48, sending in all two hundred and fifty-nine pictures. But these alone would give a very inadequate notion of his remarkable facility and industry. During that period he sent to the British Institution twenty pictures, and painted many other of his chief works, which were never exhibited at all, besides many hundreds of water-colour drawings and designs for engraving.

He died in 1851, and was buried with some state in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Reynolds, Wilkie, Fuseli, and others of our eminent painters. By his will he bequeathed to the nation all the pictures and drawings then collected in his residence. The oil-paintings, one hundred in number, include many of his finest works, as well as examples of his pencil, from the very outset to the termination of his career. The nation also possesses in the collections presented by Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshank, several other choice examples of Turner's pencil.

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ALFRED TENNYSON

WATTS



OUR great modern poet, apart from his literary career, can boast a pedigree superior to that of many of the English nobility, and can trace his descent back to the D'Eyncourts of the Norman times: he is the third son of the late Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, Rector of Somersley, Lincolnshire. The children of the Lincolnshire Clergyman inherited genius in kind and degree; the writing of tales and verses was the amusement of all the children—from the time they could use a pen. The three eldest sons, in going to Cambridge, carried this literary taste and talent with them. In 1828, Frederick Tennyson obtained the medal for a Greek poem recited at the commencement of that year; and in the following year, 1829, Alfred obtained the Chancellor's Medal for an English poem in blank verse, entitled 'Timbuctoo.' In or about the same year, Alfred, in conjunction with his brother Charles, published privately a small volume of poems, which Coleridge is reported to have noticed with praise. But since 1830, it has been mainly Alfred that has vindicated by his actual career the practical genius of the family.

In 1833, a volume of 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson,' then at the age of twenty-three, was published by Moxon: it included 'Enone,' 'The May Queen,' 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'The Lotus Eaters,' &c., &c. Many of these poems are exquisitely musical; great command of the resources of metre is manifest; and a richness of phraseology everywhere abounds.

From that time the circle of Tennyson's admirers gradually increased, and his name began to be known. In 1842, was published in two volumes, 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson.' These contained, besides reprints of many of his pieces, in its predecessors, a series of new pieces, including 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' 'The Two Voices,' 'Godiva,' and many others.

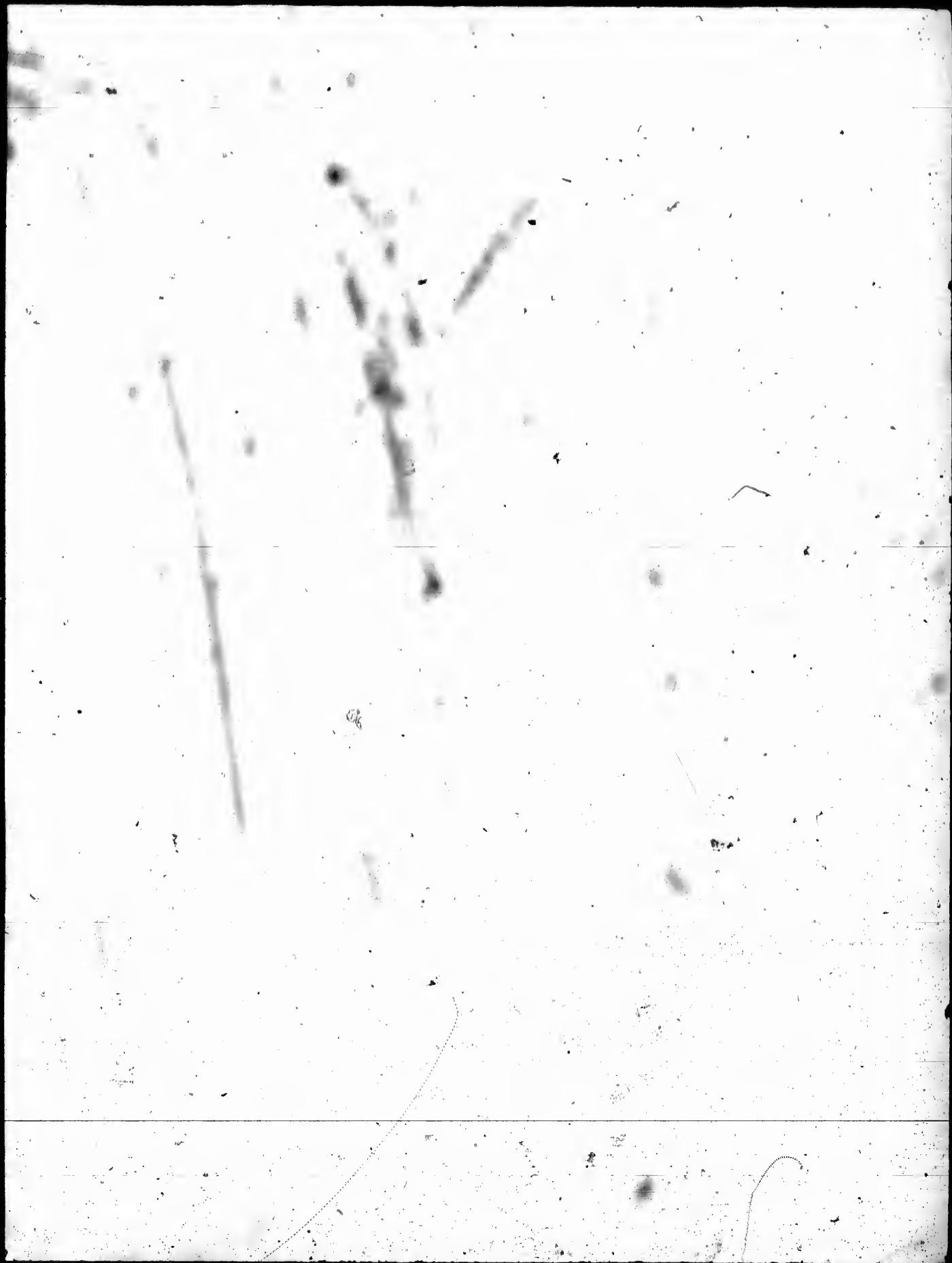
In 1850, he published the wonderful series of elegies, entitled 'In Memoriam,'—a tribute, gathered through years, to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the son of the historian, and a dear college friend and associate of the poet. In no language, probably, is there such another series of poems so deep, so metaphysical, so imaginative, so musical, and showing such impassioned personal and solemnising affection for the dead.

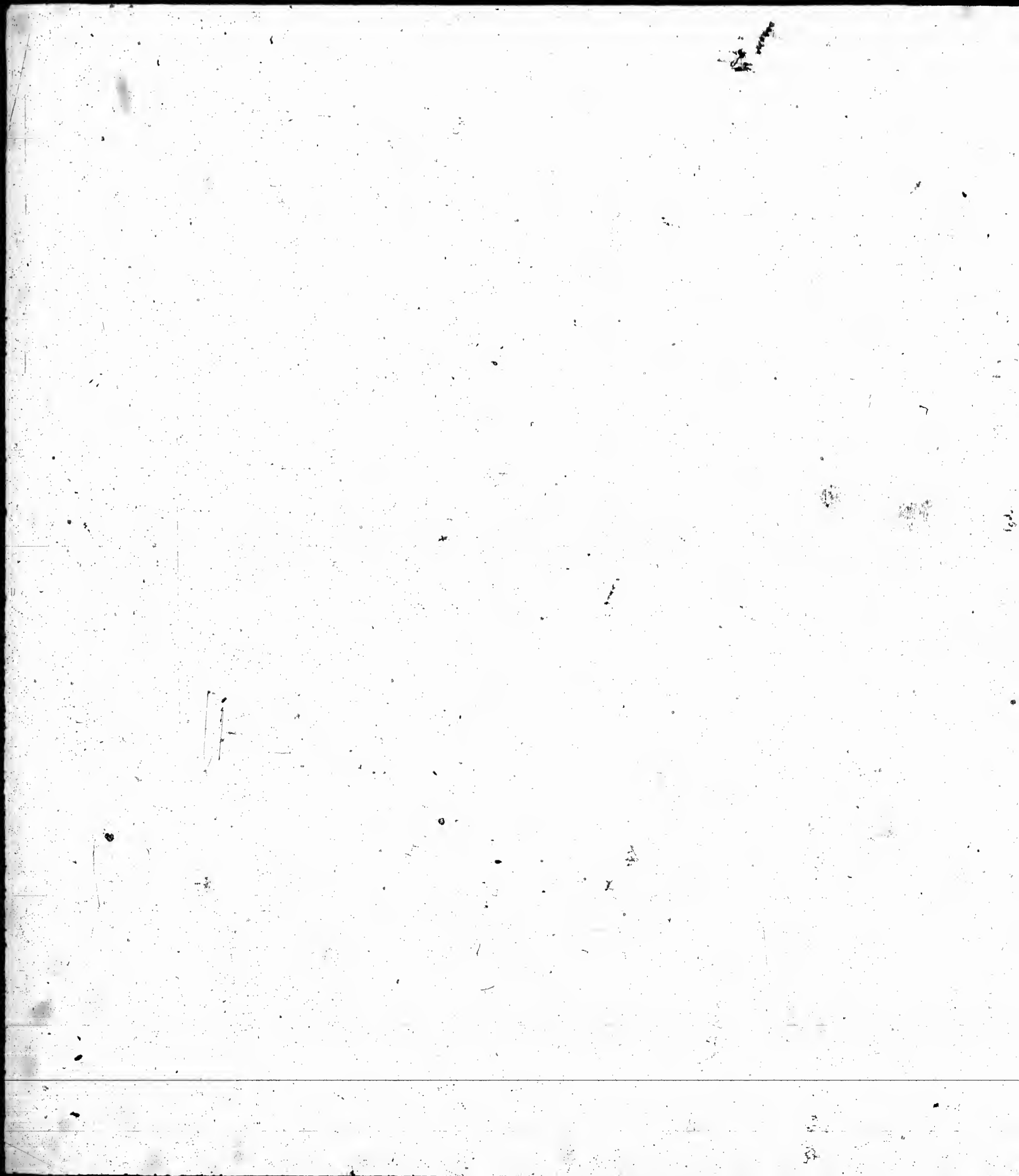
It was about the time of the publication of 'In Memoriam,' that Tennyson, on the death of Wordsworth, was named Poet Laureate. In 1852, was published his 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' and in 1855 was published 'Maud.' About 1857, was published a splendidly illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems, with renderings of some of them, by some of the most eminent artists of the day.

Of the Poet Laureate there has been no portrait yet published but the present one by Watts,—engraved by Stephenson—that is destined to live. It is a beautiful rendering of the poet's noble face and head, and is characterized by deep thought, and is suggestive of that reclusive manner that has distinguished Tennyson during the whole of his life.

The 'Times' speaks of Mr. Watts as the most worthy to do great heads amongst the portrait painters of Great Britain. It is also reported of Mr. Watts that he will not employ his talent in painting the portraits of otherwise than great heads. Certainly he has done justice to Tennyson: it is a portrait which the poet and his friends may be proud of, one fitted to hang side by side with the poets, who, ages ago, placed the English foremost amongst the literature of the world.

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FALLS OF THE SHAWANEGAN

C. J. WAY.



THE productions of this artist are so well known and appreciated in Montreal, that little need be said in his behalf. His great aim and object was to be truthful, and to faithfully represent what he saw. Perhaps there has been no artist, certainly no water colour painter, resident in Canada, who has given to us so much variety of subject, from the grandeur of our mountain solitude, to the quiet dell and babbling brook—and has so happily caught the peculiarities of our Canadian landscape, and given so much expression to our beautiful skies. In the present subject Mr. Way has not attempted anything beyond a literal rendering of these wild and romantic Falls, which are situated on the River St. Maurice, about 25 miles from the confluence of that river with the St. Lawrence, near the city of Three Rivers. They are well known to all tourists, and perhaps have a greater interest than any other in Canada, with the exception of Niagara. There is a grandeur and solitude about them, and when it is considered that the River St. Maurice drains an area of 21,000 square miles, their impetuosity can well be imagined.

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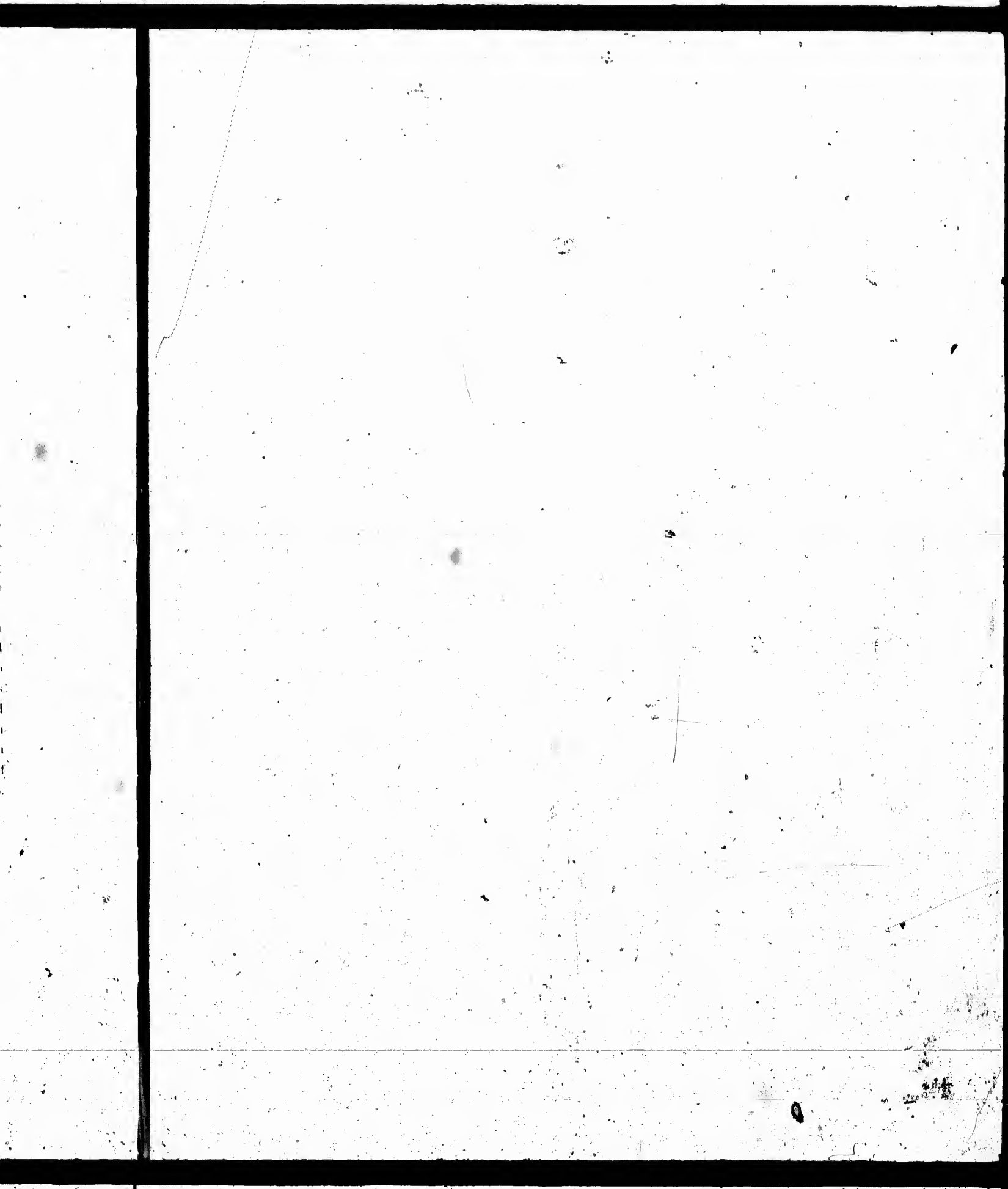


FARM-YARD WITH HORSES.

G. MORLAND.



UNFORTUNATELY for himself and art, George Morland spent most of his days in reckless dissipation, and was but little elevated above the animals he essayed to paint. His taste was coarse and uncultivated; nevertheless he rendered his subjects always interesting by the faithful expression of their essential character and picturesque arrangement. His favourite subjects were domestic animals,—horses, dogs, pigs, sheep, &c.—which he painted in a very skilful manner. He had a correct eye for effect; he observed and executed with equal rapidity. It makes one sigh to think how such a genius was degraded, to see such promise nipped in the bud. Morland's name might have been associated with Snyder, Rubens, Landseer, and Stothard,—the latter, one who had studied the horse, and had the power of transferring it to canvas, with a life and animation rarely equalled, but who was not only admired in his works; but was revered as a man. What a contrast these horses are to the sleek, well-fed, well-groomed horses of Landseer, yet equally true to nature! and not more marked than the contrast between the reception given to Landseer at the Exposition Universelle of 1855, when the large gold medal, and the only medal of that class for English art, was awarded to him, amid the deafening cheers of his friends; and the pitiful end of Morland, who died in 1806, at a sponging house in Eyre Street Hill, Cold Bath Fields, dishonoured and neglected.





CITY AND HARBOUR OF QUEBEC.

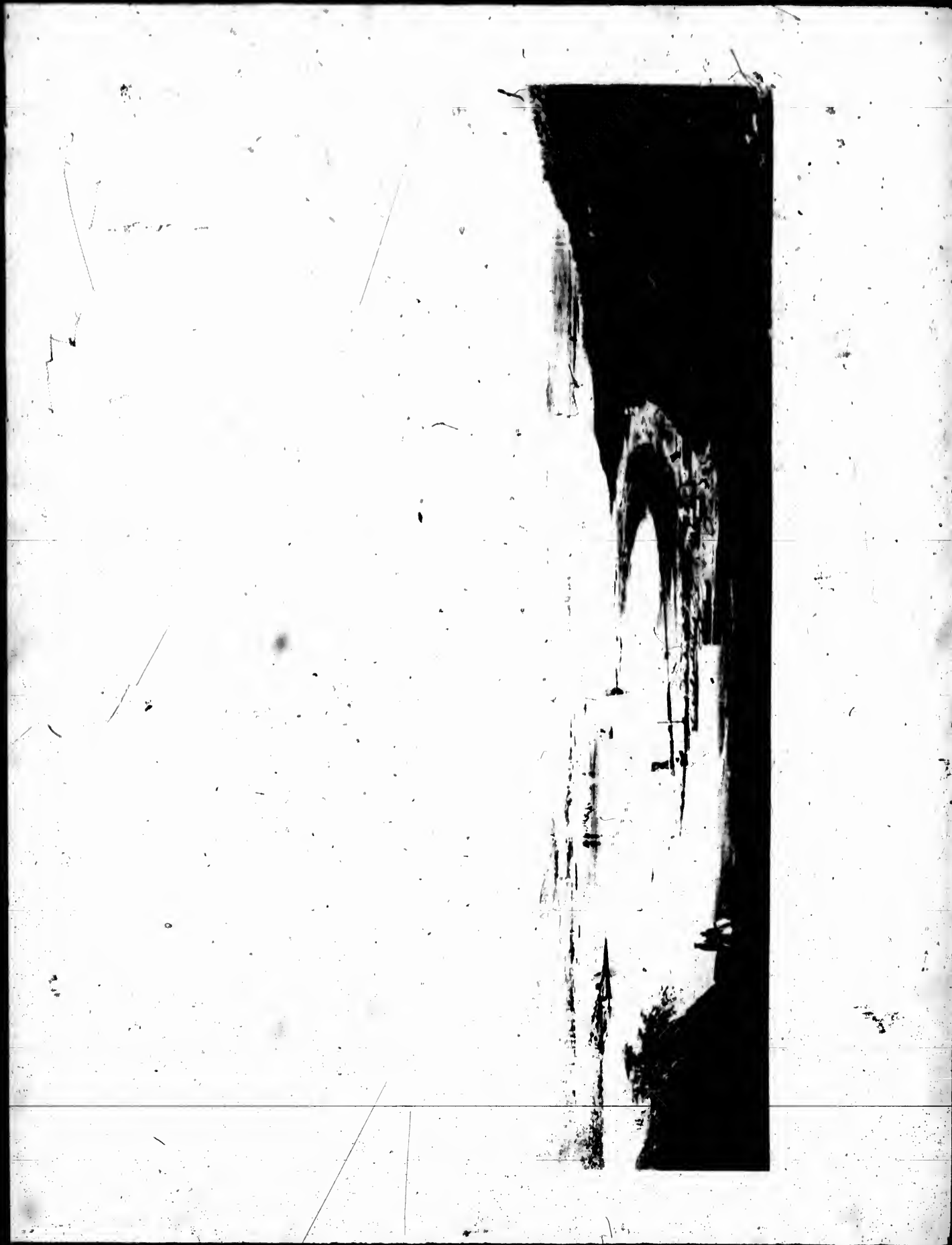
DUNCANSON



FROM the Falls of Montmorenci the artist has selected his point of sight, and with judgment,—for perhaps from no other spot could so magnificent a view of the city and harbour of Quebec be obtained: and he has literally succeeded.

The picture will always possess an interest. The old citadel, with its frowning battlements, ever recalling to mind the glorious deeds of the heroic Wolfe and Montcalm, stands as a sentinel to protect the commerce of the St. Lawrence. What a goodly sight! On the right of the foreground is the precipitous and woody heights of Montmorenci, with the glittering spires of Beauport church rising in bright relief, and pointing the cross to the clear blue sky, symbolic of that faith which gives us a hope of immortality. In the centre, the extensive saw mills, emblematic of the great lumber trade which is the chief support of ancient "Stadacona." On the left, the Island of Orleans, famed in the great struggle of 1759. In mid-distance, Point Levi and the harbour covered with ships riding peacefully at anchor, girt in with the distant hills radiant with the beams of the mid-day sun.

Mr. Duncanson has been for some time resident in Montreal; where he has met with that success and encouragement in his profession as a landscape painter, which he was entitled to expect as the painter of the Lotus Eaters.



REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

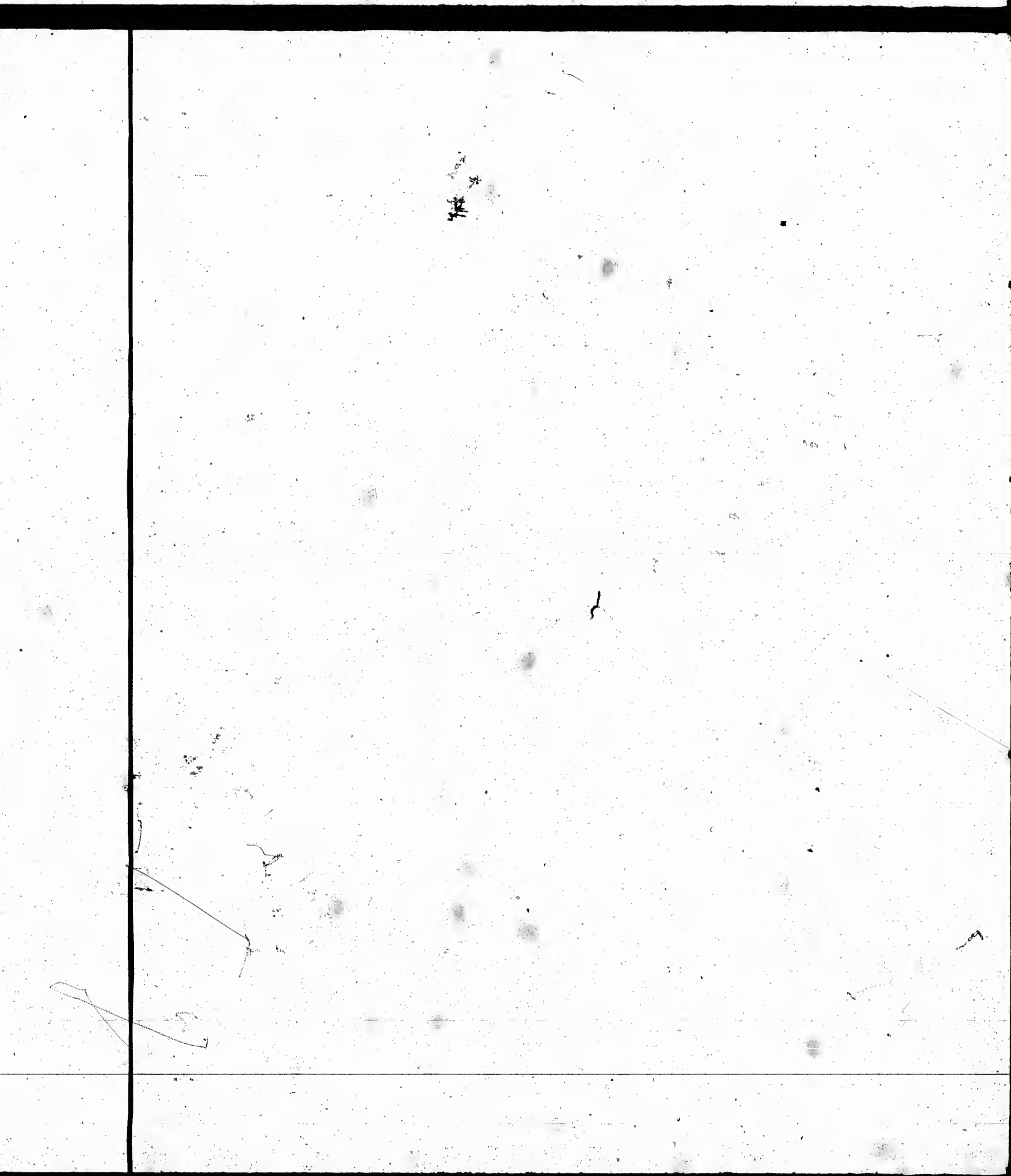
MASSON.



REMBRANDT was born on the 15th of June, 1606, in his father's mill, on the banks of the Rhine, near Leyden, whence the agnomen of Van Ryn. When very young he was sent to a Latin School at Leyden, but he shewed such a distaste for learning, that his father gave up the idea of making a scholar of him, and consented to his becoming a painter, as he had manifested a decided talent for it. After a few years study under various masters, he returned to his father's mill, where he commenced painting, taking the immediate vicinity, and the peasants of the neighborhood, as his standard of nature, and applying himself enthusiastically to his work. He had not finished many pieces before he was considered a prodigy by his friends, and he was persuaded by them to take one of his early productions to a dealer in the Hague, who, to his no greater joy than astonishment, gave him 100 florins for his performance. From this time he rapidly acquired both fame and fortune.

Rembrandt's best etchings realise enormous prices, both the portraits and historical pieces, varying from 30 to 100 guineas. His great power was portrait; his pictures of that class are in the mass incomparably superior to his historical pieces, which though wonderful for their effects of light and shade, exhibit frequently an utter want of taste in design. Rembrandt is supposed to have acquired his peculiar taste for a brilliant concentration of light from an appearance he had been familiar with from his infancy in his father's mill, where a strong beam of light, coming from a small and lofty aperture, cast on the surrounding objects that peculiar tone which we see so happily illustrated in his pictures. He arranged the light of his own painting-room upon similar principles, and generally fixed a drapery behind his sitter of such colour as he intended to paint the ground.

The present portrait of Rembrandt was painted by himself in 1633, and is a copy of a very rare engraving by Masson, a self-taught engraver. The fantastic and eccentric mode in which Masson sometimes engraved his portraits has been condemned by some critics as mere bravura, to display his own remarkable facility in handling the graver.





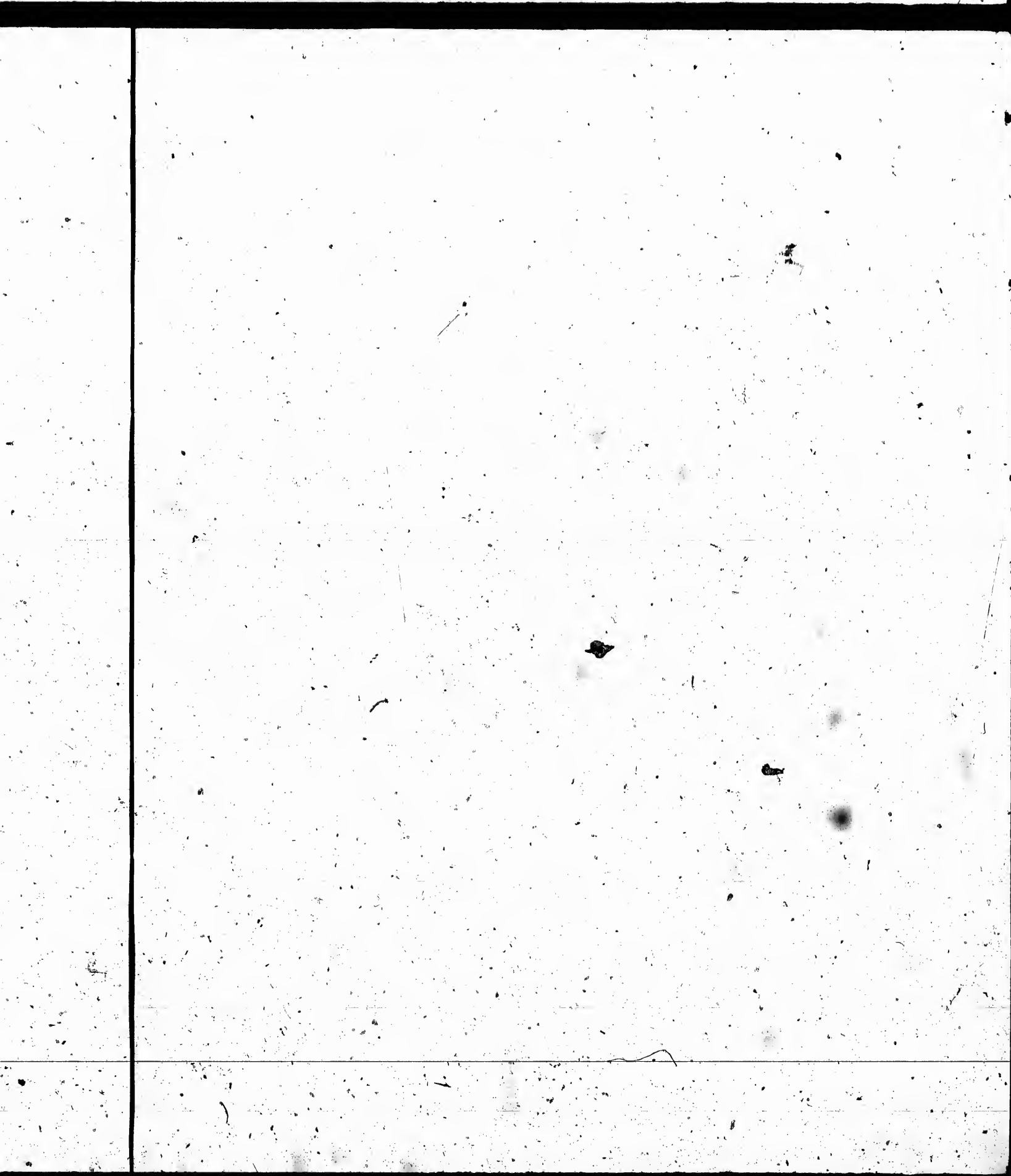
CONVERSATION GALANTE.

LANCREZ.



At the beginning of the 18th century, Gillot, Watteau, Pater, and Lancrez rendered themselves famous by painting landscapes with grotesque figures, fauns, satyrs, &c., theatrical scenes, and fêtes champêtres: the subjects were popular, and nearly all the French engravers of the time were occupied with the works of these artists. Watteau was appointed *peintre de fêtes galantes du Roi*, and was elected a member of the French Academy of Painting. The present subject is an elegant example of the style of art of that period: it comes strictly under the denomination of scene painting, though perhaps the best term to apply to it is decorative: it pleases, but the enjoyment is only transitory: it invites no study, and consequently offers nothing for thought to feed upon. The figures are well *mise en scene*, to use a theatrical phrase or expression: the characters are effectively grouped, and each plays a carefully studied part: they are picturesquely costumed, and altogether compose into a pretty tableau, significant of the dames and cavaliers of France, in the beginning of the last century.

This picture was engraved by Philippe le Bas for the reception of the Academy in 1743.





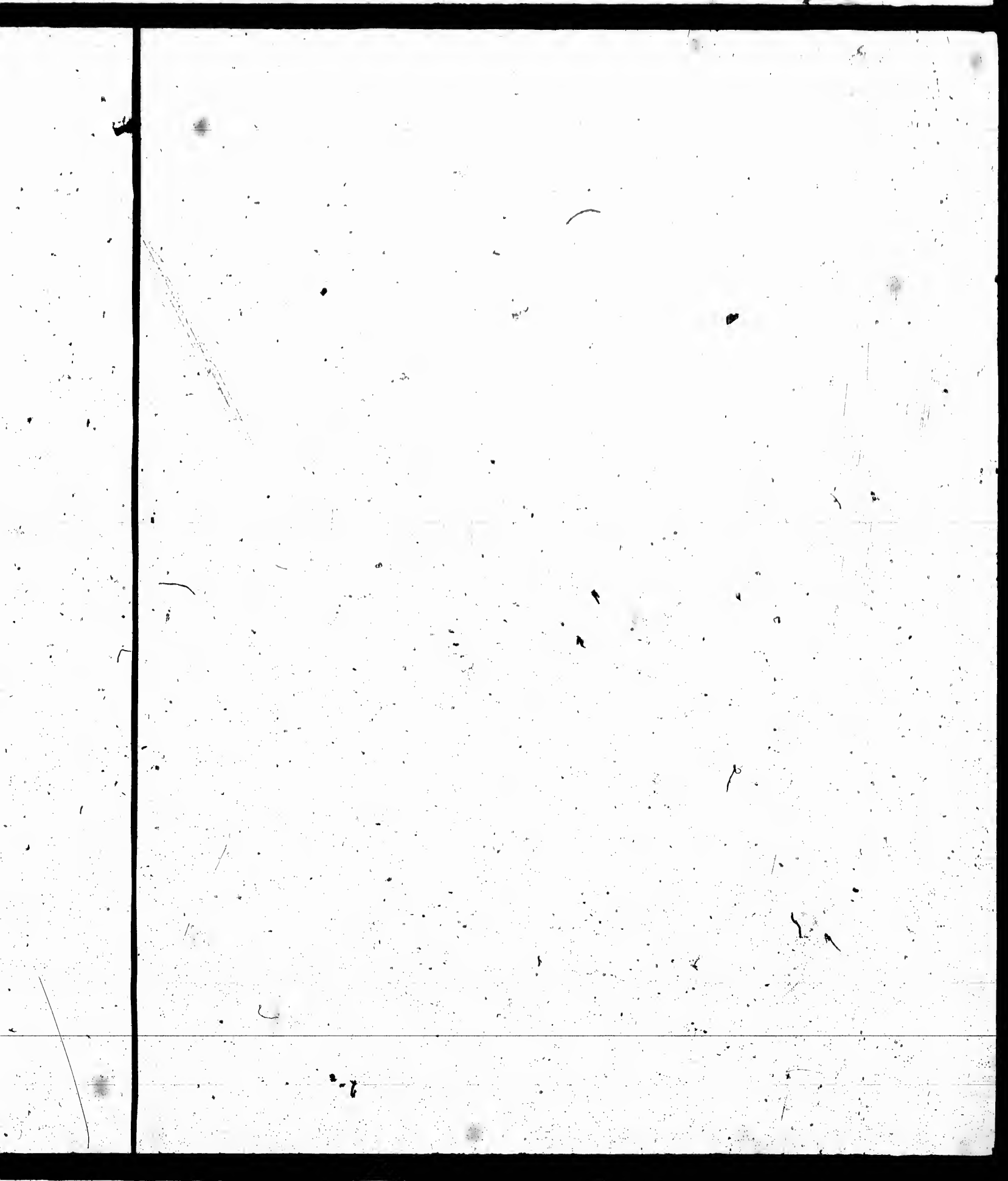
FETE DE LA MAITRESSE DECOLE.

VERHEYDEN.



We are indebted to the kindness of Benajah Gibb, Esq., Vice-President of the Art Association of Montreal, for the privilege of photographing the original picture. It is a subject that will commend itself to every one who has not forgotten his childhood. One longs to see the face of the worthy school-mistress who could draw forth such feelings from her pupils. It must be as radiant with benevolence and motherly affection as those of the children are with joy, as they come laden with fruits and flowers,—free-will offerings to celebrate the birth-day of one who is their instructor and benefactor. The picture is full of interest, and must be acceptable to all, who, next to their love of Nature, enjoy, and can participate with the innocent amusement of children. It is the selection of such subjects that has imparted so great a charm to the works of Mulready and Webster, and with whom Verheyden may justly take a position.

This picture was exhibited at the Exposition Générale des Beaux-Arts, at Brussels, in the year 1860: in which city the artist is resident, and where he is thought highly of by his confrères. This is a specimen to shew the capability of photography, and it will go far to prove the assertion of Tom Taylor, the art-critic of the "*Times*," that the finest engraving by the ablest master is infinitely inferior as a reproduction of a painting, than a good photograph. Some of our best painters, such as Millais, Sant, and Noel Paton, have painted pictures, with an express view to their reproduction with photography.





DEJANIRA.

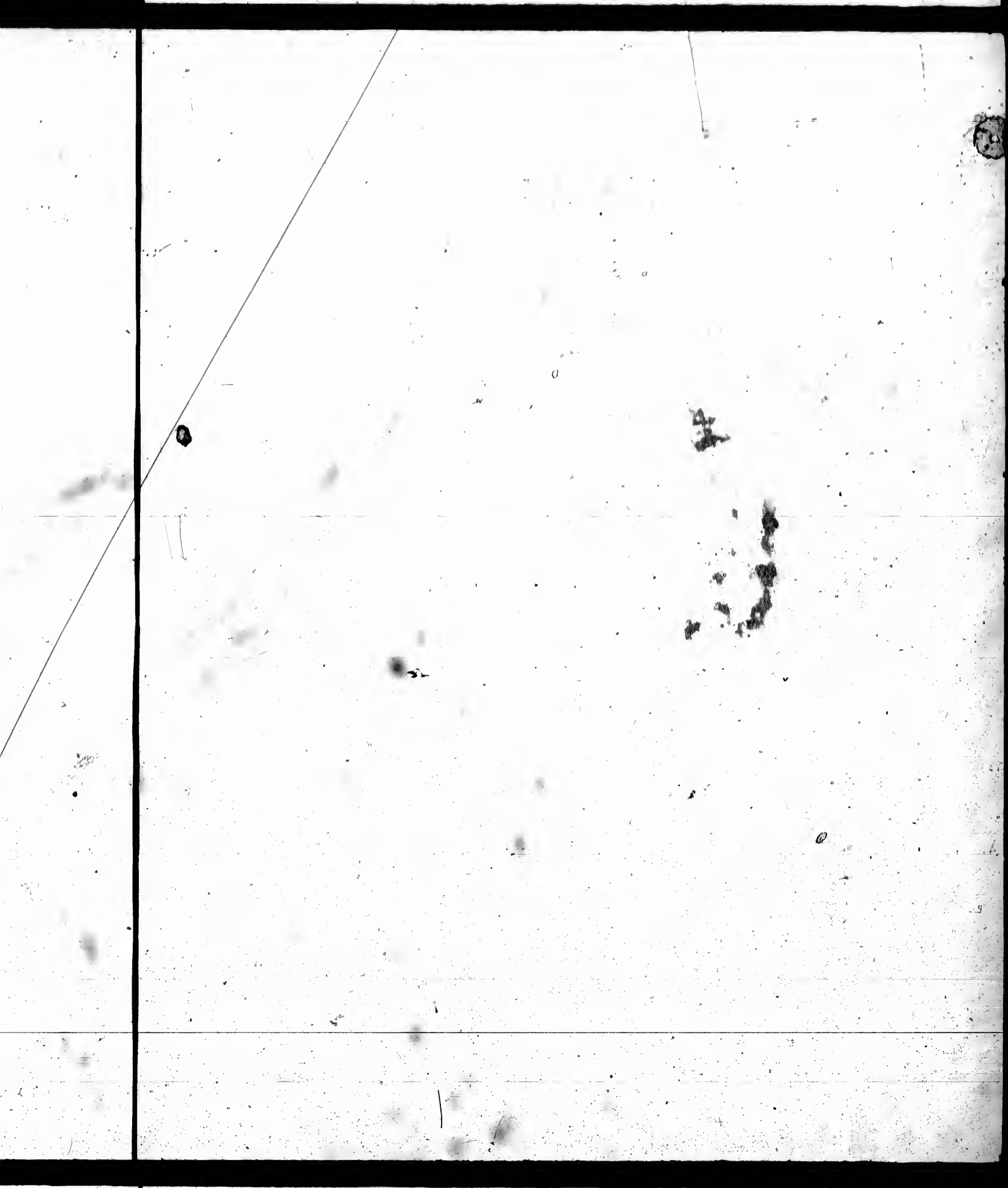
GUIDO.

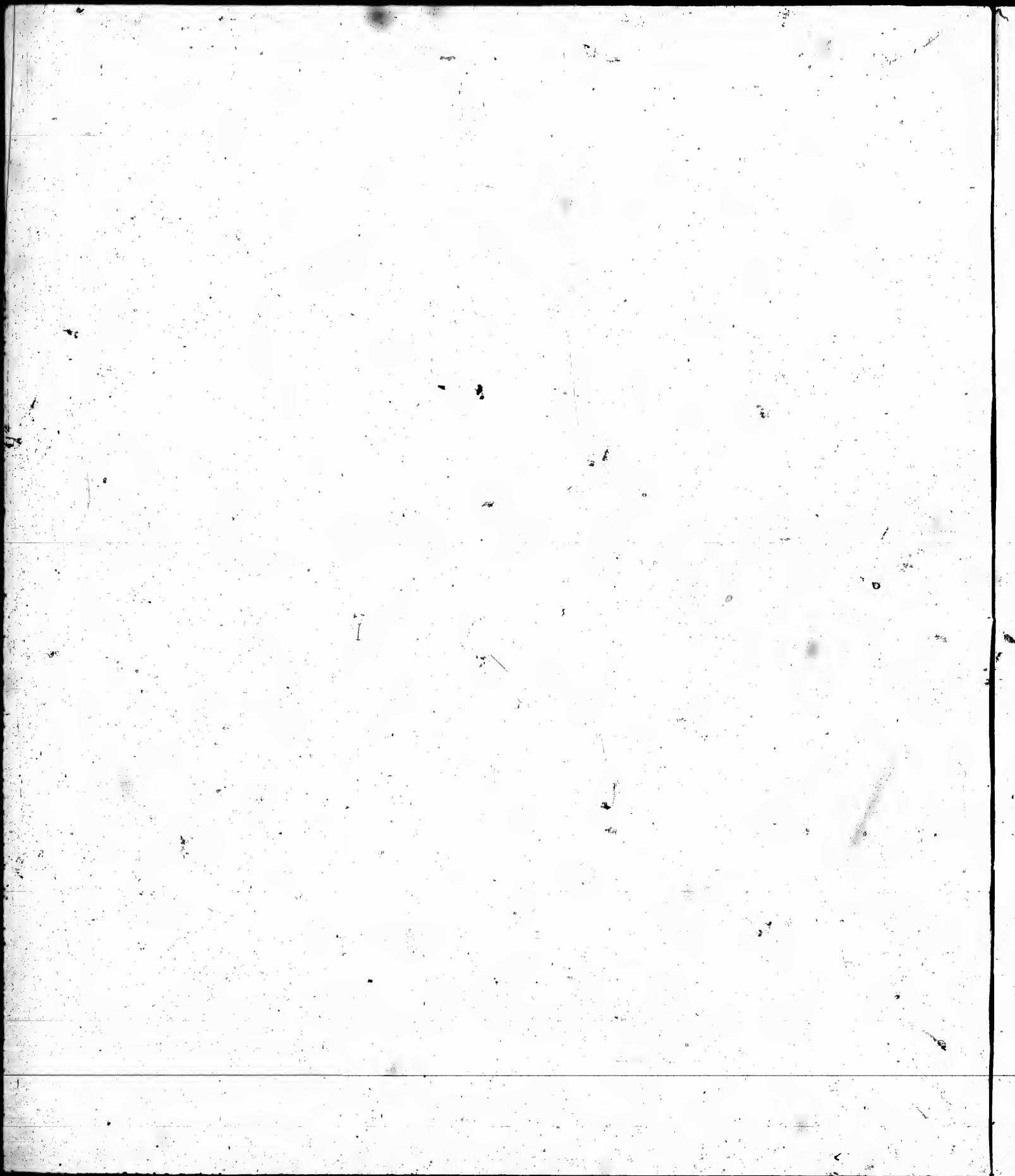


All readers of Grecian mythology are acquainted with the story of Dejanira. The artist has illustrated that episode, where the Centaur Nessus endeavoured to ravish her. In the back-ground is Hercules, by whom Nessus was eventually slain with a poisoned arrow.

The works of Guido have always, and justly been admired all over Europe, and continue to rise in estimation and value. His style is peculiarly his own, one in which the felicitous combination of grace, ease, grandeur, and elegance, with the highest perfection in the mechanical parts, lightness of pencil, freedom of touch, and exquisite delicacy, obtained him the universal applause of his contemporaries, and have secured him the lasting admiration of posterity. Among his most celebrated works were an altar-piece in the church of St. Philip Neri at Fano, representing Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter; a St. John in the Archiepiscopal Gallery, at Milan; the Virgin and Child, and St. John, in the Tanaro Palace, at Bologna; and the Penitence of St. Peter after denying Christ, with one of the Apostles comforting him, in the Lampieri Palace, one of his most excellent works.

Guido was born at Bologna, in 1574, and died in 1612.







THE LOTOS EATERS.

DUNCANSON.



FROM Alfred Tennyson's poem, "The Lotos Eaters," the painter has caught his inspiration. In the foreground of the picture is the "gleaming river," with its

From the inner land:—

"Seaward flow,

Wherein the "mild-eyed melancholy Lotos Eaters" are bearing branches of that enchanted stem, laden with flower and fruit. The mid-distance is

"A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below."

Far-off in the distance are seen—

"Three mountain-tops,—

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow
Stood sunset-flushed: and dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine about the woven copse.
The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West; through mountains clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!"

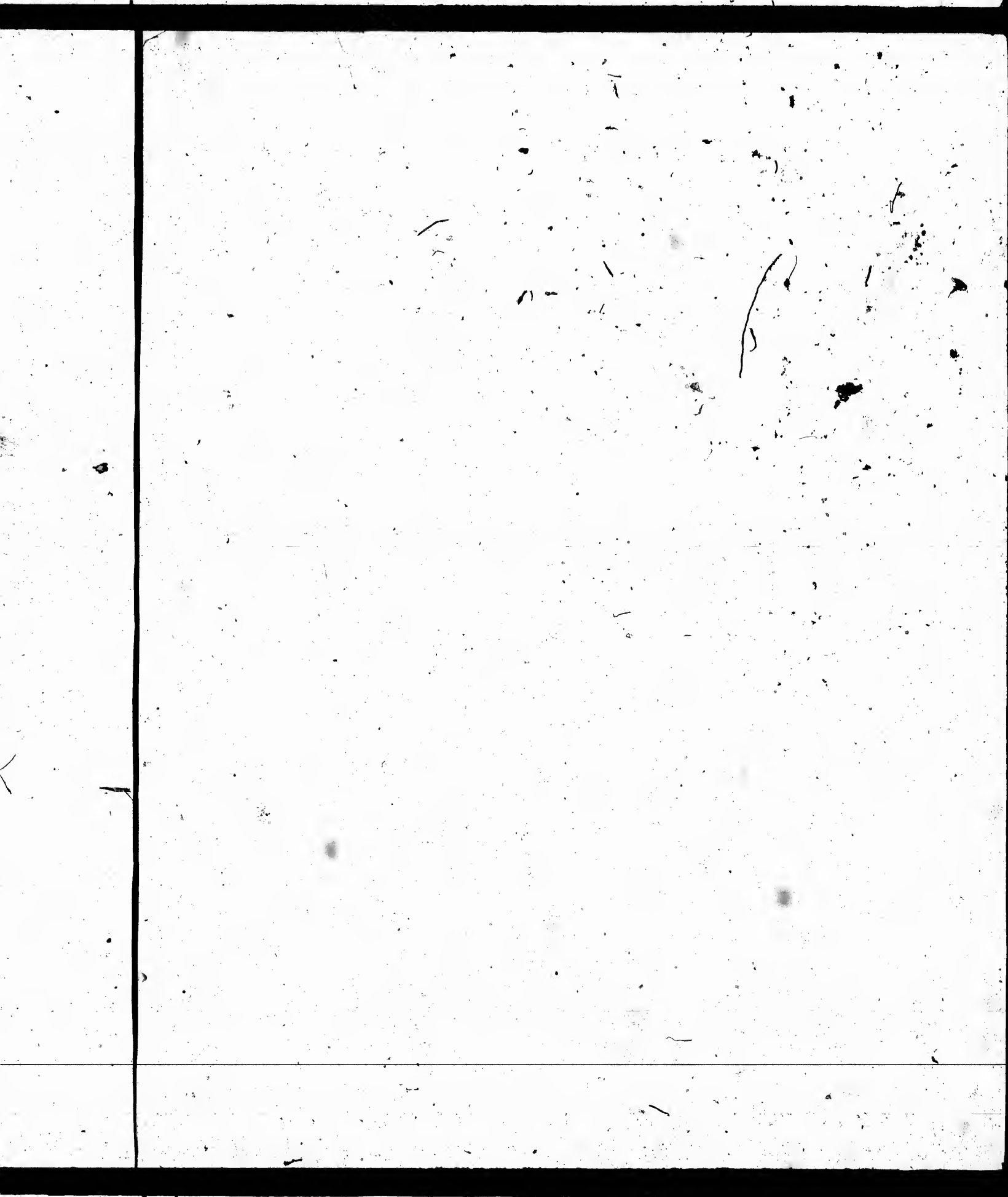
The artist sent a proof photograph to the Poet Laureate, which brought the following grateful acknowledgment:

"Come whence it may, your landscape is delightful; and though not quite my Lotos land, is a land in which one loves to wander and linger.

"Accept my thanks, and believe me,

"Truly yours,

"A. TENNYSON."





THE CARD PLAYERS.

D. TENIERS.

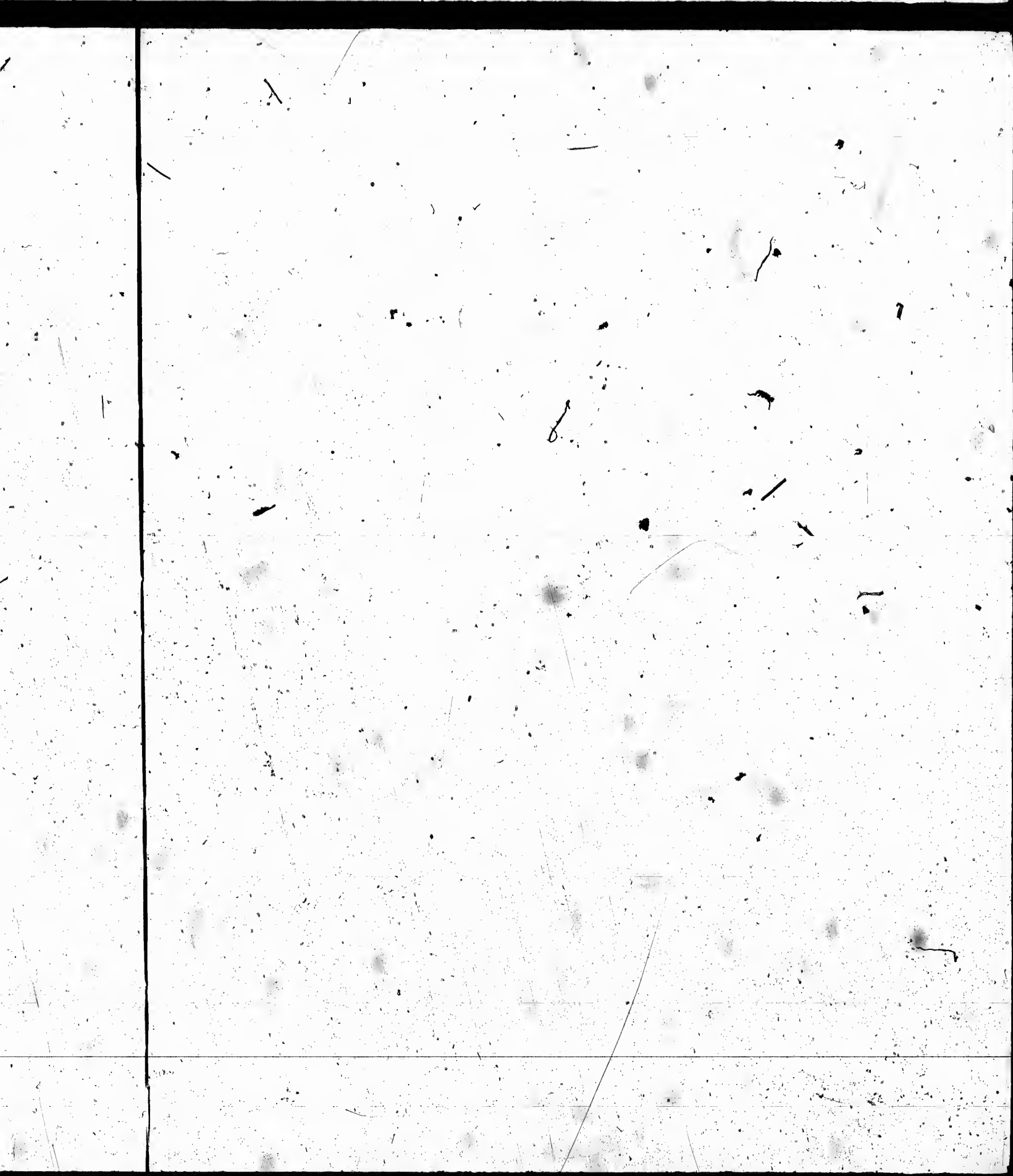


HE works of this highly esteemed painter are so well known as scarcely to require description: village fairs, festivals, and rustie sports; interiors and exteriors of ale-houses, with peasants gambling, smoking, and drinking, were his principal and favorite themes. His works are deservedly held in the highest estimation. If in his pictures we sometimes see what would offend our notions of propriety, we must recollect the times in which he lived, and the people among whom he dwelt. Like our great Hogarth he painted from the life; and who will say that those capable of reading his wonderful delineations on canvas were ever demoralized by their perusal?—Modern taste and manners may be more refined, but perhaps less natural and unaffected.

Teniers was a gentleman in the true sense of the word: he was a man of wealth, and his biographers relate that he mixed in good society, and was given to hospitality; his natural disposition inclined him to the gay and humorous. It was his custom to visit the villages and feasts, and his pictures are the faithful mirrors of the scenes incident to revelling, and such like. The Archduke Leopold William, of Austria, and Christina, Queen of Sweden, were his patrons; both were so pleased with his pictures, that they each presented him with their portraits and a chain of gold. The King of Spain, and the Elector Palatine held him in high repute: in short, he was in universal favour, and accumulated wealth and honours. William, Prince of Orange, honoured him with his friendship; and Rubens not only esteemed his works, but assisted him with his advice.

Art to Teniers was an amusement. He painted very rapidly; sometimes he painted landscapes, and occasionally mythological history. The number of his pictures, considered as genuine works, exceed, perhaps, those of any other painter.

Teniers was born at Antwerp, in 1610, and after a long life passed industriously and honourably, he died in 1690, at the age of 80 years.





BIENFAISANCE.

DUBUFE.



T. PAUL, whose kindness and charity was truly admirable, and who had a compassionate tenderness for the poor, and a quick sense of the wants of others; and who, to what Church soever he came, made it one of his first cares to make provision for the poor, and to stir up the bounty of the rich and wealthy, has aptly said: "Charity never faileth." St. James says that pure religion is "To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction." Out of the Schools of the Apostles the Heroine of this picture must have been taught; her hand is "open as day for melting charity," and though she be not a vestal virgin, or by her garb a member of the celebrated order of the 'Sœurs de la Charité,' or one of the Beguines of Flanders, she is evidently one, who, knowing her duty, is with true womanly pity and tenderness, in the act of practising it;—one, who has been taught by Him who first set the most beautiful example of charity, and displayed his Almighty power, not by removing mountains or destroying cities, but who went about doing good, curing the diseased, and relieving the distressed. Such pictures as this, teach; they go direct to the heart,—they are a pictorial sermon to those who are unwilling to take some trouble, or to spare some little of their substance, to relieve another's wants, and who are apt to forget the sentence of the great Judge: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

Dubufe, as an artist, will be popularly known by his portrait of Rosa Bonheur, where she is represented standing with a portfolio in her left hand, and with her right arm resting on the neck of a young bull.





DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES.

S. PERCY.

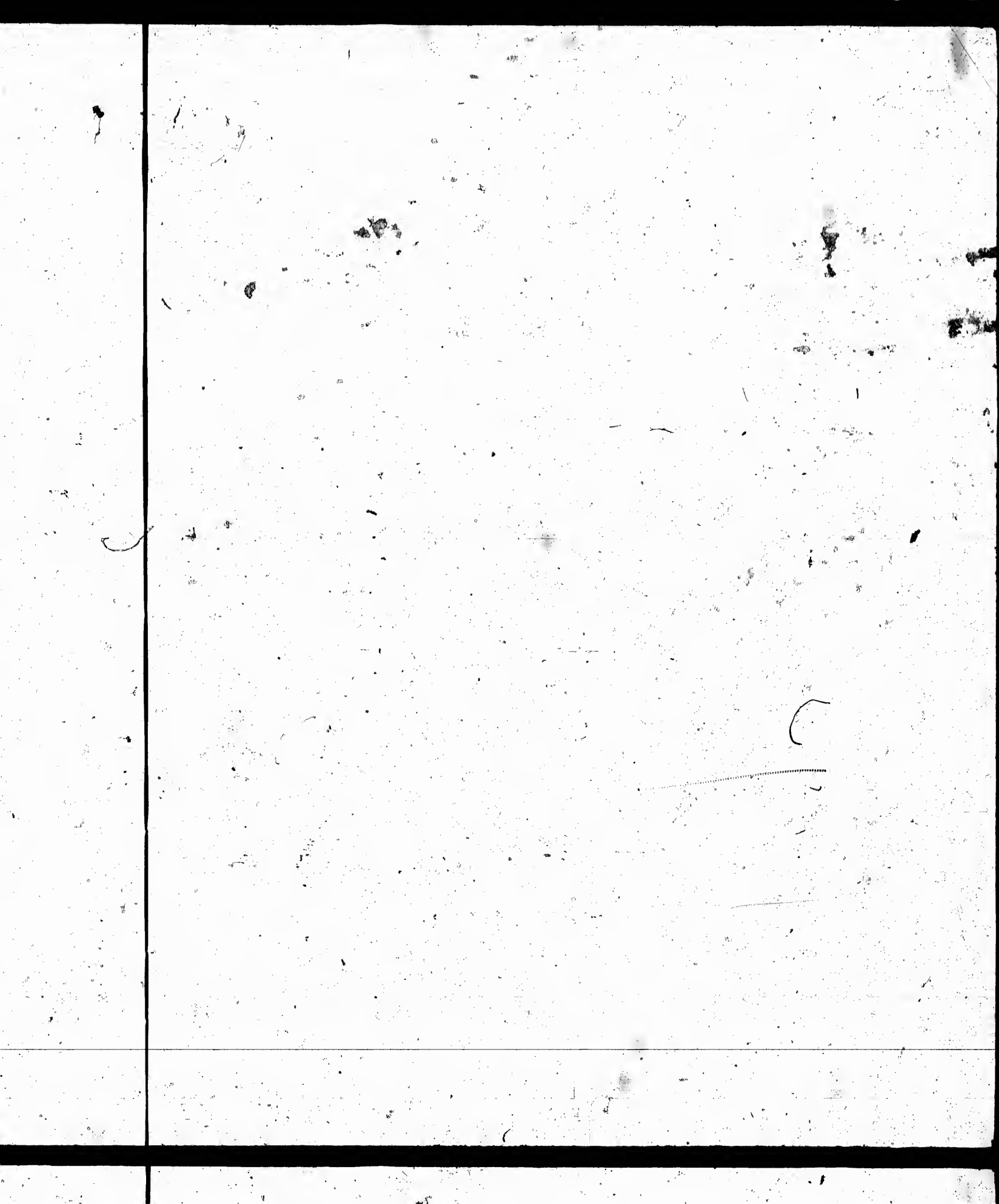


HERE is health of mind in the simple contemplation of external nature, for all,—but mostly for those who seek the mighty mother to recruit worn thoughts and wearied spirits, to throw off the long coil of busy care, to wake, and hear the murmur of the groves, to breathe the fresh breath of the early morning, to look upon the pastoral upland, the flowing river, the clear blue sky,—when thought seems to stand still, and the heart floats in tranquillity and light, reflected from the physical world. In the absence of the glories of Nature's landscape, Art has done much; and few disciples of Nature have endeavoured more faithfully to interpret her than Sidney Percy. We can look upon his glowing landscapes during our long Canadian winters with pleasure, and with hope that the coming Spring will set our rivers free,—when, as Milton expresses it,

"The winds, the waves, and all the finny drove,
Beneath th' moon, will in mazy morris move,"

when in the still more beautiful language of the Psalmist,—the floods will clap their hands, the hills will be joyful together before the Lord; and all the earth will be glad!

The proprietor of the present picture, Mr. B. Gibb, and other of our citizens, have some fine examples of Sidney Percy's paintings; he is evidently a favourite, and deservedly so with our Canadian patrons of Art, and we can but hope that such an artist will be soon resident amongst us.





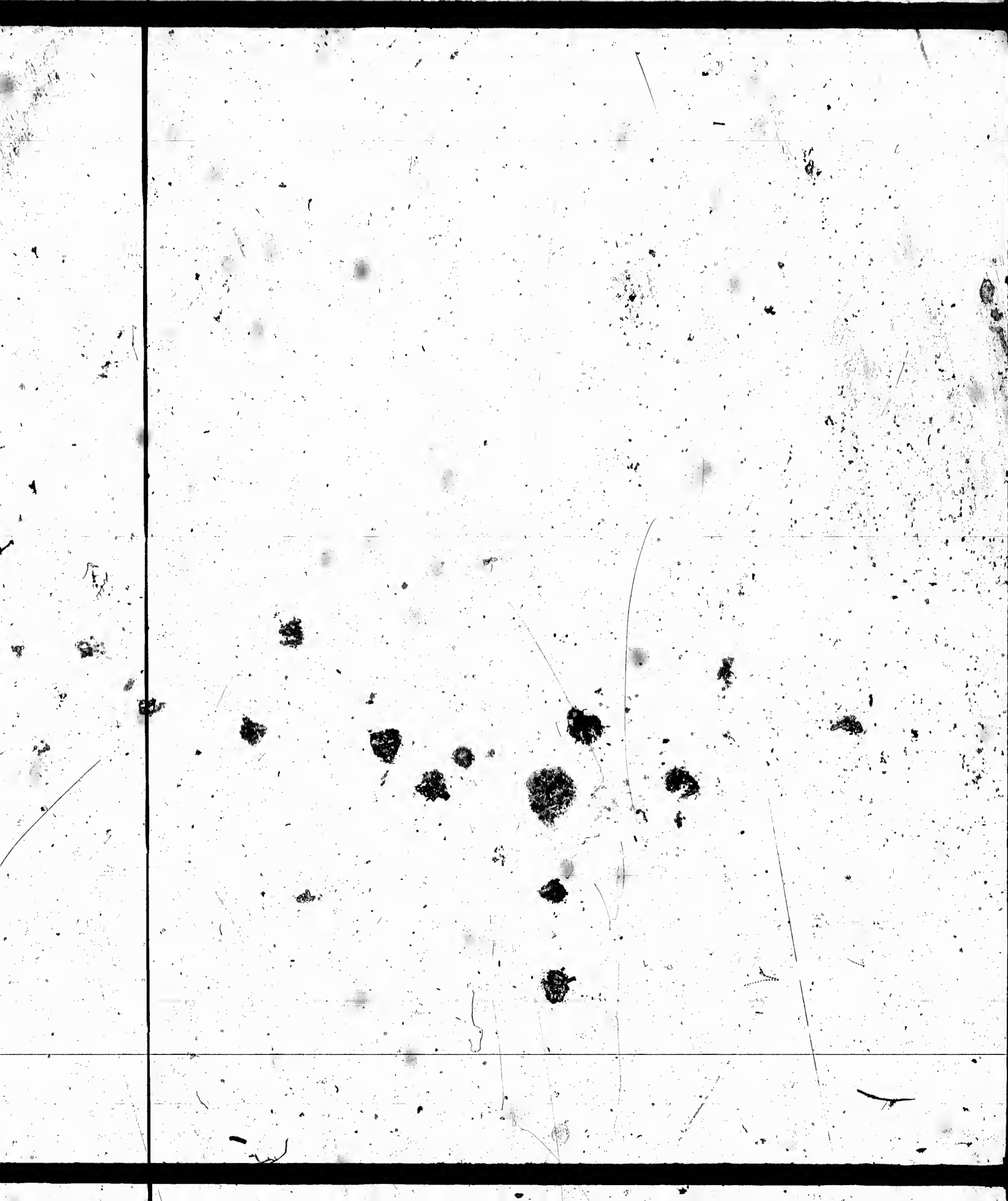
LA MADONNA DEL SAN FRANCESCO.

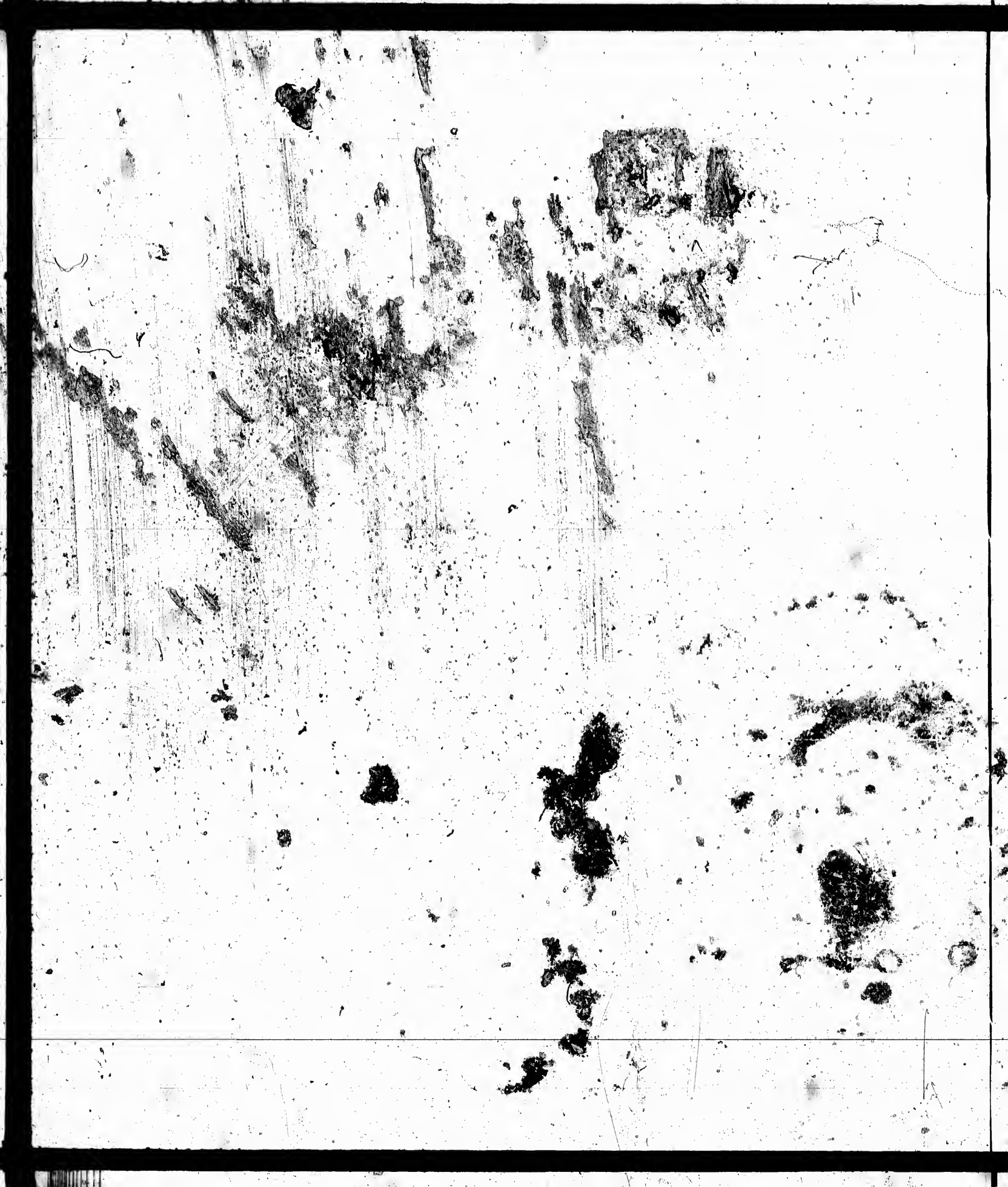
DI CORREGGIO.



ALLEGRI, called Correggio, from the place of his birth, was born in the year 1494. His history is still obscure. His fame as a painter, with few exceptions, is unrivalled. The best criticism of his works will perhaps be the exclamation of Titian: "If I were not Titian, I would be Correggio," and also the fact that the two Caracci adopted him as their model of excellence. He never visited Rome, and was unacquainted with the works of the established schools. Nature was Correggio's guide; he was one of her favourite pupils. He was one of the most original painters, as well as one of the greatest of colourists. To express the facility with which he painted, he used to say that he always had his thoughts at the end of his pencil. The original of the present subject, admirably engraved by Peter Lutz, is in the Gallery of Dresden, where also is his master-piece of Chiaroscuro, the 'Notte,' or rather 'Dawn,' a grand picture on the subject of the Nativity.

In the National Gallery, are three or four of his best pictures. 'Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus,' and an 'Ecce Homo,' were purchased by the British Government for £10,000. The latter fact gives a force to a letter written by Annibale Caracci to his cousin Lodovico, wherein occurs the following passage: "My heart is ready to break with grief when I think on the unhappy fate of poor Correggio—that so wonderful a man (if he ought not rather to be called an angel) should finish his days so miserably, in a country where his talents were never known."







SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS.

T. FAED, R.A.



HAT has been made sacred in the sphere of poetry by the writings of Crabbe and Wordsworth, finds many followers in the ranks of living artists. Webster and Faed select pointed character and simple incidents from every day life, and in their paintings nothing can be more healthful, honest, and heartfelt. In scenes of humble life Faed has won much distinction. He must not be placed in the ordinary muster-roll of genre-painters; in all his pictures he aims, and successfully too, to imbue them with the qualities which every sound and true critic expects to find in a really good picture.

About eight years ago, Faed, like his fellow-countryman Wilkie before him, came to London from Edinburgh, and his subsequent success shows that he neither over-rated his powers, nor formed a wrong estimate of the judgment others would pronounce on his works, which now rank among the highest attractions in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, of which institution he has recently been elected a member.

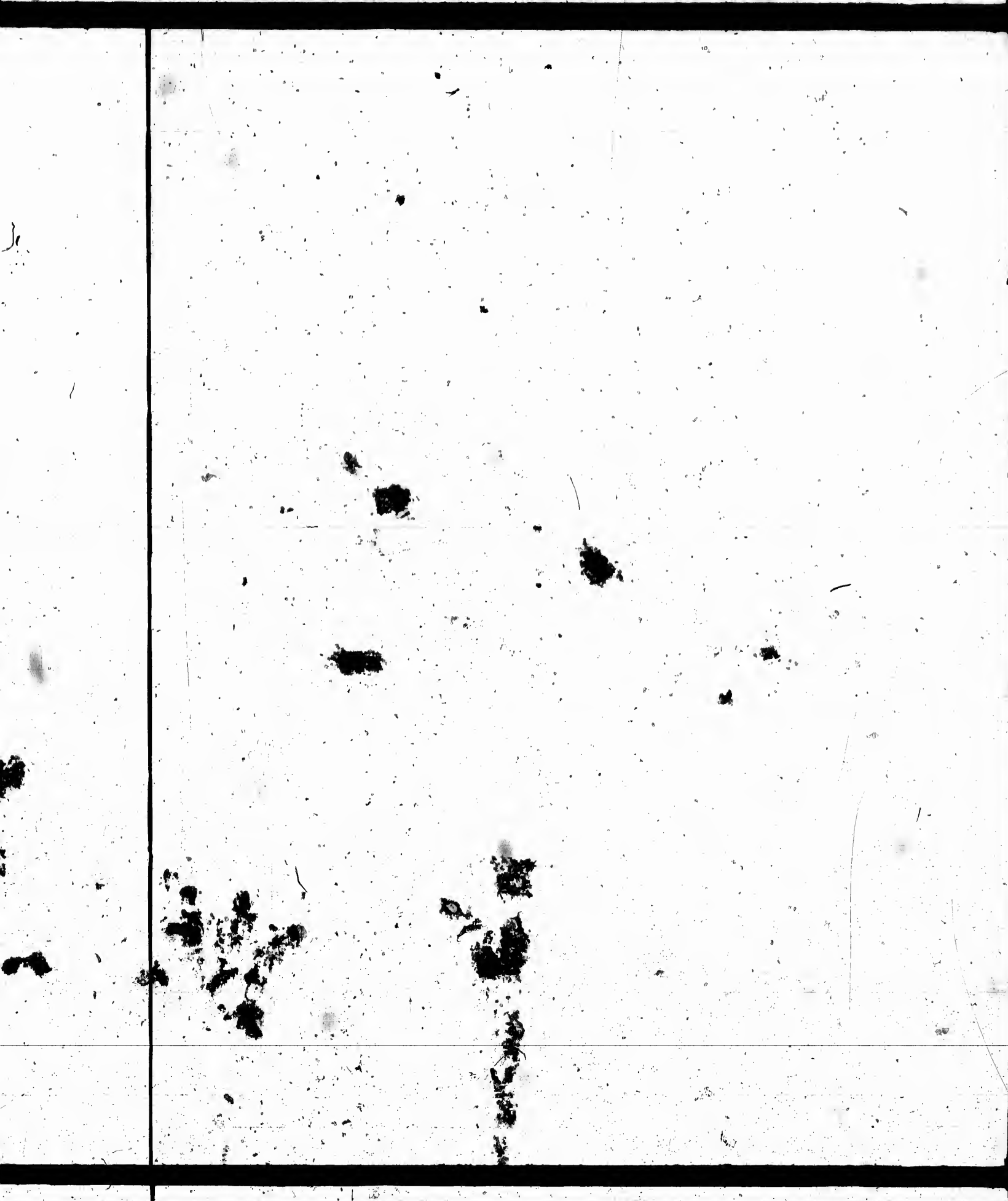
The present scene, though not strictly Canadian in its treatment, is, nevertheless, full of interest. The family are engaged in the act of devotion; one is reading and perhaps expounding a chapter of the Bible; and though there be no altar,—

"No high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly light
Casting a dim religious light."

Who knows what words of comfort may reach the heart of the invalid, who is intently listening to the word of God! Well might Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," say

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

Such themes are admirably suited for Art: they both gratify and teach, suggesting thought, and inducing gratitude.







DAWN TO SUNSET.

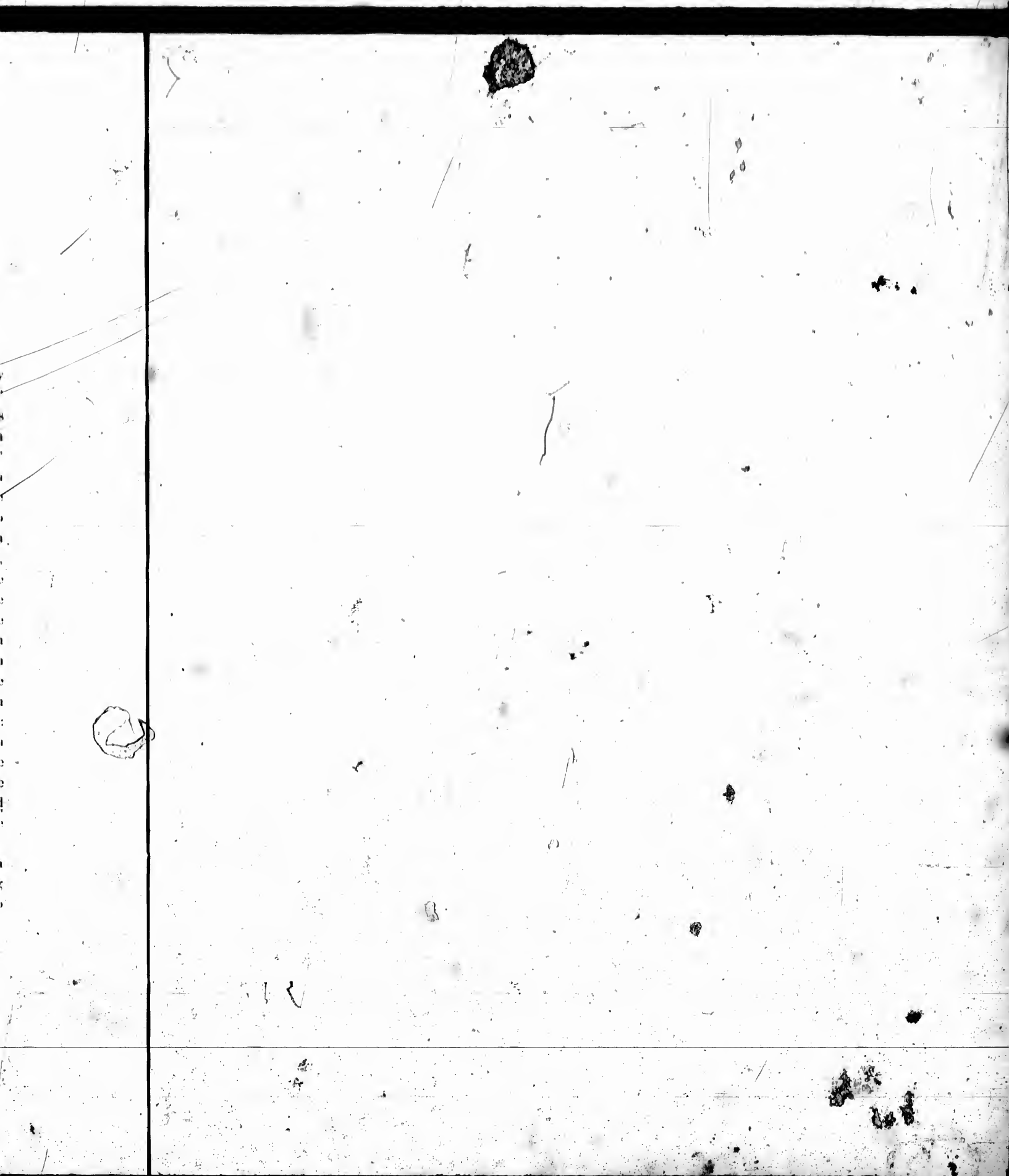
T. FAED, R.A.

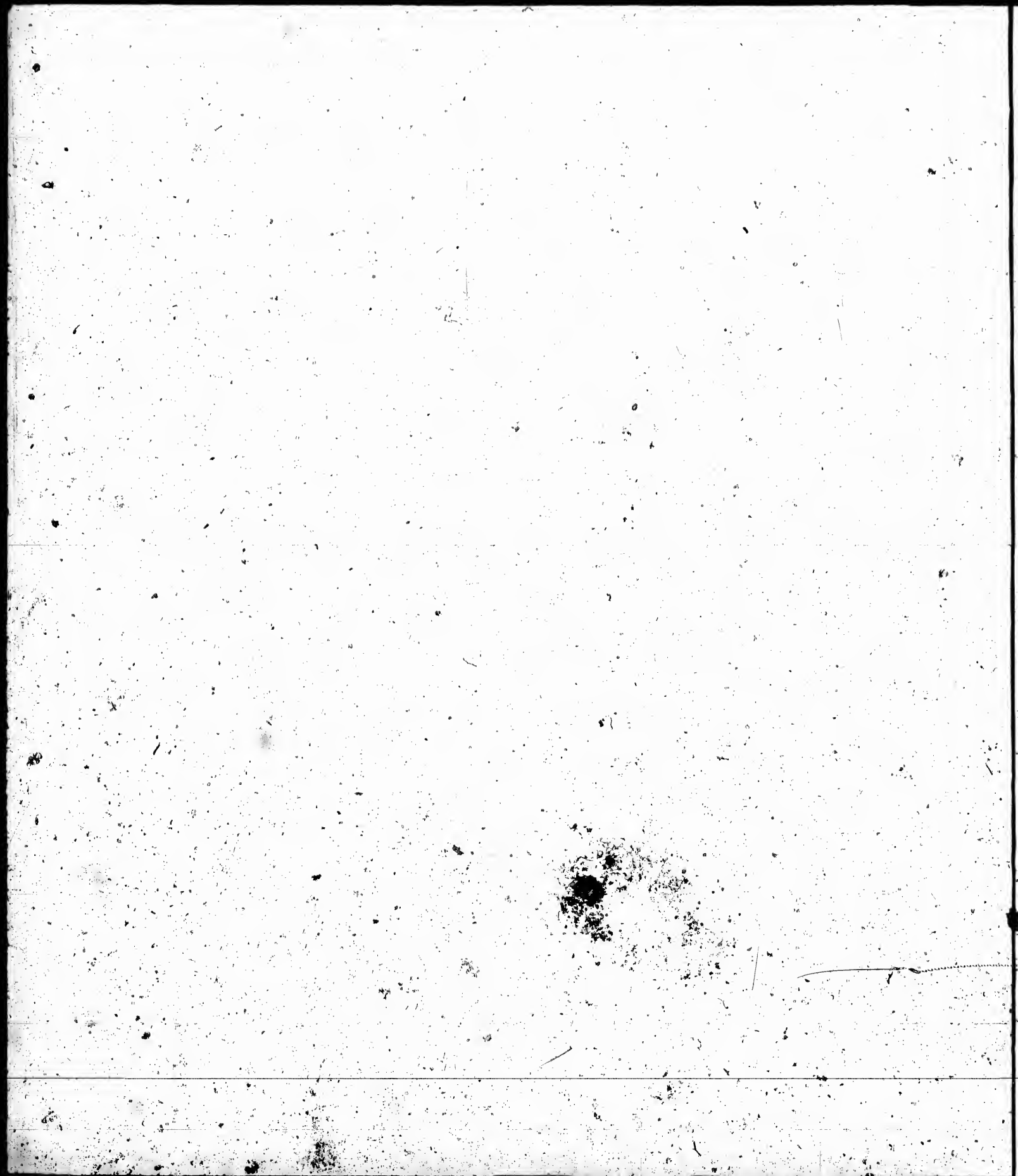


SHAKSPERE, in his celebrated "Seven Ages," has in words most beautifully painted man from the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," until he arrives at the state of "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!"—Who but himself could have created the wonderful individualization of the several changes? The artist, in representing man from "Dawn to Sunset," may possibly have had the melancholy Jaques in his mind's eye; and though he has not literally or wittingly attempted to realize the poet's description, he has imparted to his picture a poetry that we are at a loss adequately to express.

Firstly, there is the radiant baby in the mother's arms, smiling in her face, unconscious of the solicitude on her brow, or the sorrow that weighs upon her heart, as she raises her hand to enjoin silence upon the boy just returned from school, and the girl just arrived with a bottle of medicine, and with a basket containing perhaps some delicacy sent by some considerate angel to comfort and relieve the sick. The group at the feet of the mother,—how true to nature!—they are not yet arrived at that time of life when grief gives place to joy; they are unconcernedly amusing themselves with a playful kitten and a sand-glass,—the one typical of their condition, the other of the ebbing life of the patriarch, who with dramatic propriety, is hidden from view. Look at the calm resignation of the father, probably an only son, who has sought comfort in that Holy Word, which says: "I will be a Father to the fatherless,"—he has partially closed his Bible, and is gazing with an earnest but saddened affection upon his aged father, whom he soon expects to be, if he be not already, ransomed home to our common Father who is in Heaven. The female at the bed-side is abandoning herself to that grief which words cannot utter, but which can only find utterance and relief in tears; and is perchance offering up her fervent prayer for that peace which passeth all understanding.

The figures are all harmoniously grouped; they tell their story admirably: there is even thought and care bestowed upon the accessories, and there is great significance in the flickering candle against the wall, nearly burnt to its socket, symbolic of the text, "Man fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."







AURORA.

GUIDO.



IN the Palazzo Rospigliosi at Rome is the original fresco, which retains its freshness and brilliancy, though painted about two hundred years ago. Filled as the Palazzo is with works of art, if the edifice contained nothing but the Aurora, it would amply repay a visit. This celebrated work is so well known that it scarcely requires any description, yet it demands a few explanatory words. Dawn, Sunrise and Day are here symbolized, the first, by the figure floating on a dark cloud, scattering flowers on the earth as she flies along; Sunrise by a winged cupid, bearing a lighted torch; and Day by a figure of Apollo, reining in the fiery coursers, as if to show his gradual and steady approach. Around the chariot are the hours—a bright and joyous train, dancing with graceful action. The grouping of the figures is admirable, they are full of life, motion, and buoyancy, and seem to be sailing on the bosom of the air.

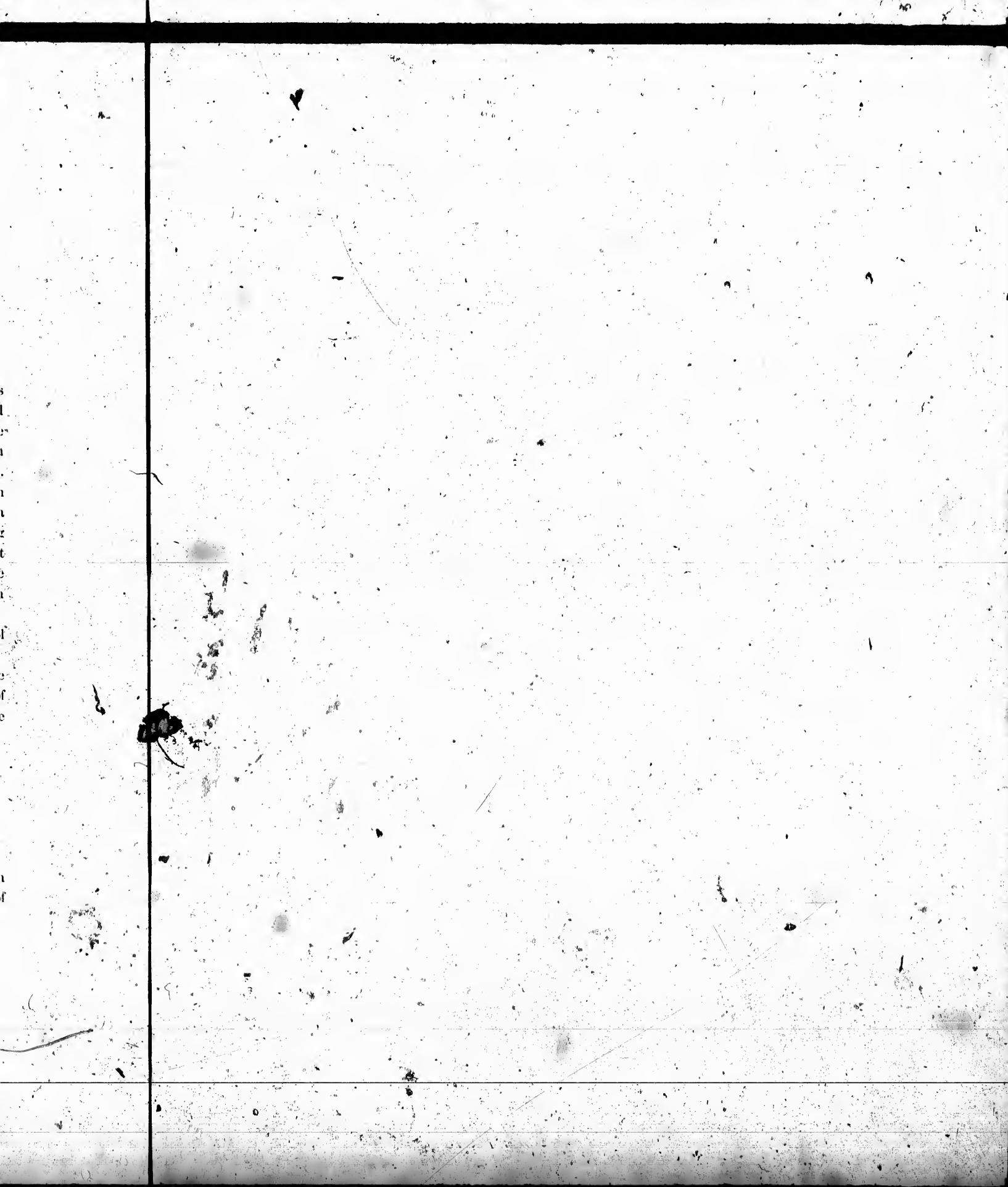
Guido in this composition has combined the freedom and grace of the Italian School with the severer practice of the ancient Greek bas-reliefs.

To the Engraver's art we are indebted for the present translation, and also to the kindness of Mr. George Frothingham, the possessor of this beautiful example of the burin of Raphael Morghen, an artist, who, by his rendering of the *Last Supper*, (Da Vinci), and of the present subject, will be immortalized as a line engraver.

Underneath the engraving is the following quotation:—

“Quadrijugis invectus Equis Sol aureus exit
Cui septem variis circumstant vestibus Horæ
Lucifer antevolat. Rapidi fuge Lampada Solis
Aurora unbraſum victrix ne victa recedas.”

Aurora, the Eos of the Greeks, is generally represented by the Poets as ascending from her ocean bed in a flame-coloured chariot, and opening with her rosy fingers the gates of the East, pouring dew upon the earth, and causing the flowers to spring.





A PASSING STORM.

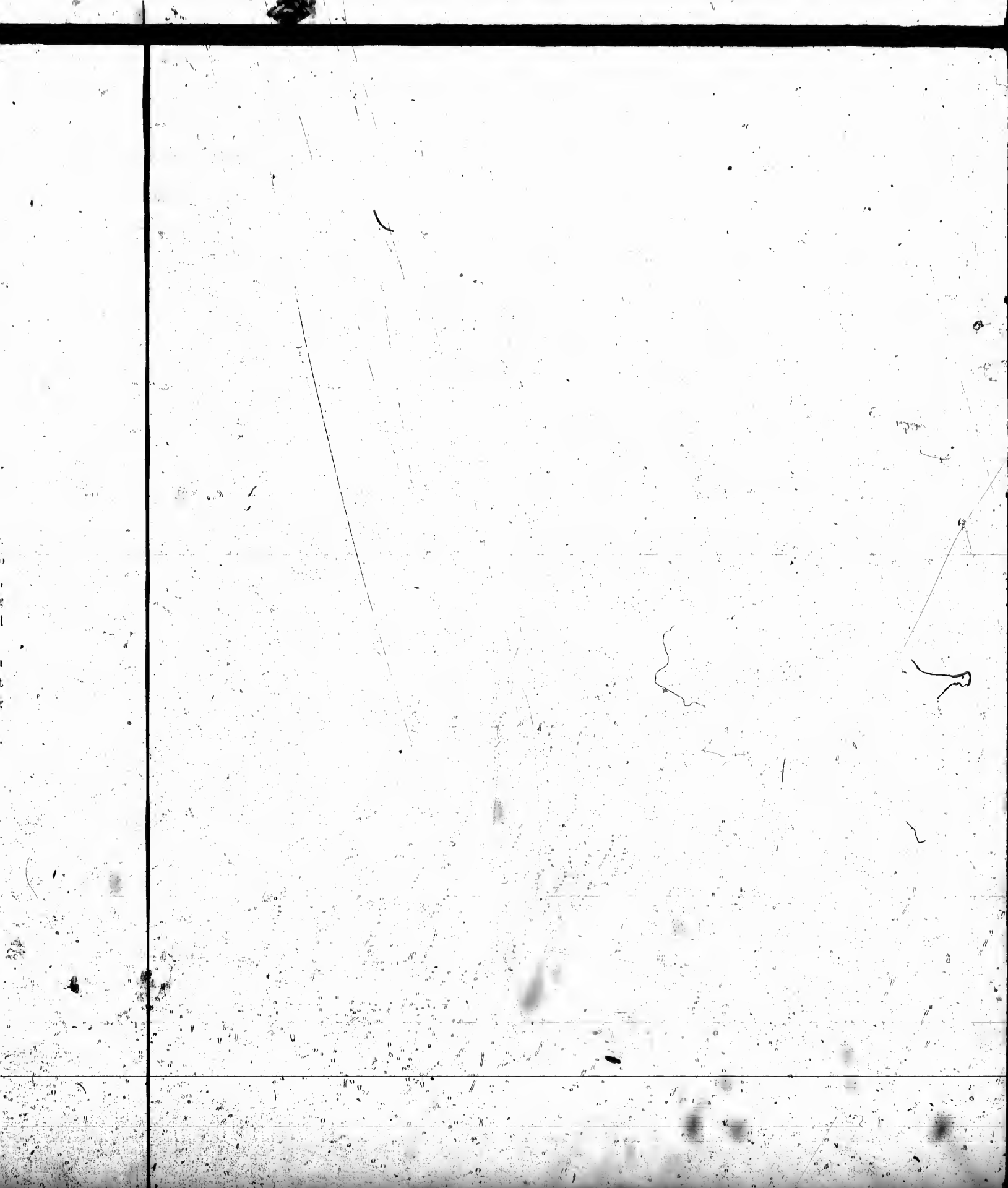
H. J. BODDINGTON.

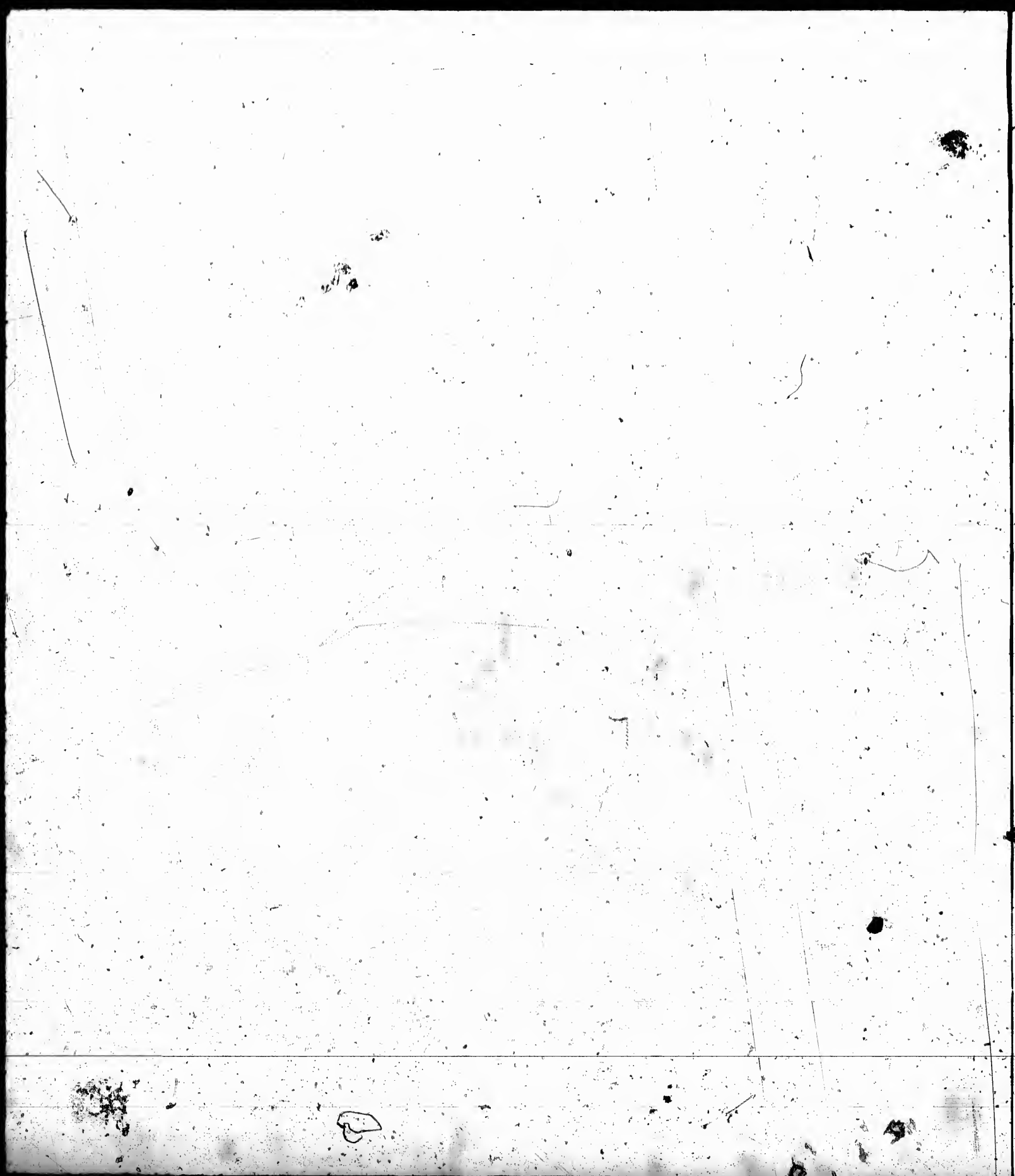


HE family of the Williams, under the names of Boddington, Percy, and Gilbert, are landscape painters of more than ordinary merit. To them seem to belong that special monopoly which genius usurps over the domain of nature, in her mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, with an endless variety of recurring springs, summers, autumnus, and winters. Insatiable is the thirst for pictorial conquest, which incites this gifted family to untiring enterprise.

This will be a fitting companion to Percy's *Dolgelly*. It is painted with Boddington's happy felicity. There is power and truth in the gleam of light breaking through the dark clouds, and illumining the water, upon which are peacefully riding some ducks, unmindful of the fitful and gusty storm.

The original picture is in the possession of Mr. Aitken, to whom we are indebted for the privilege of copying it.





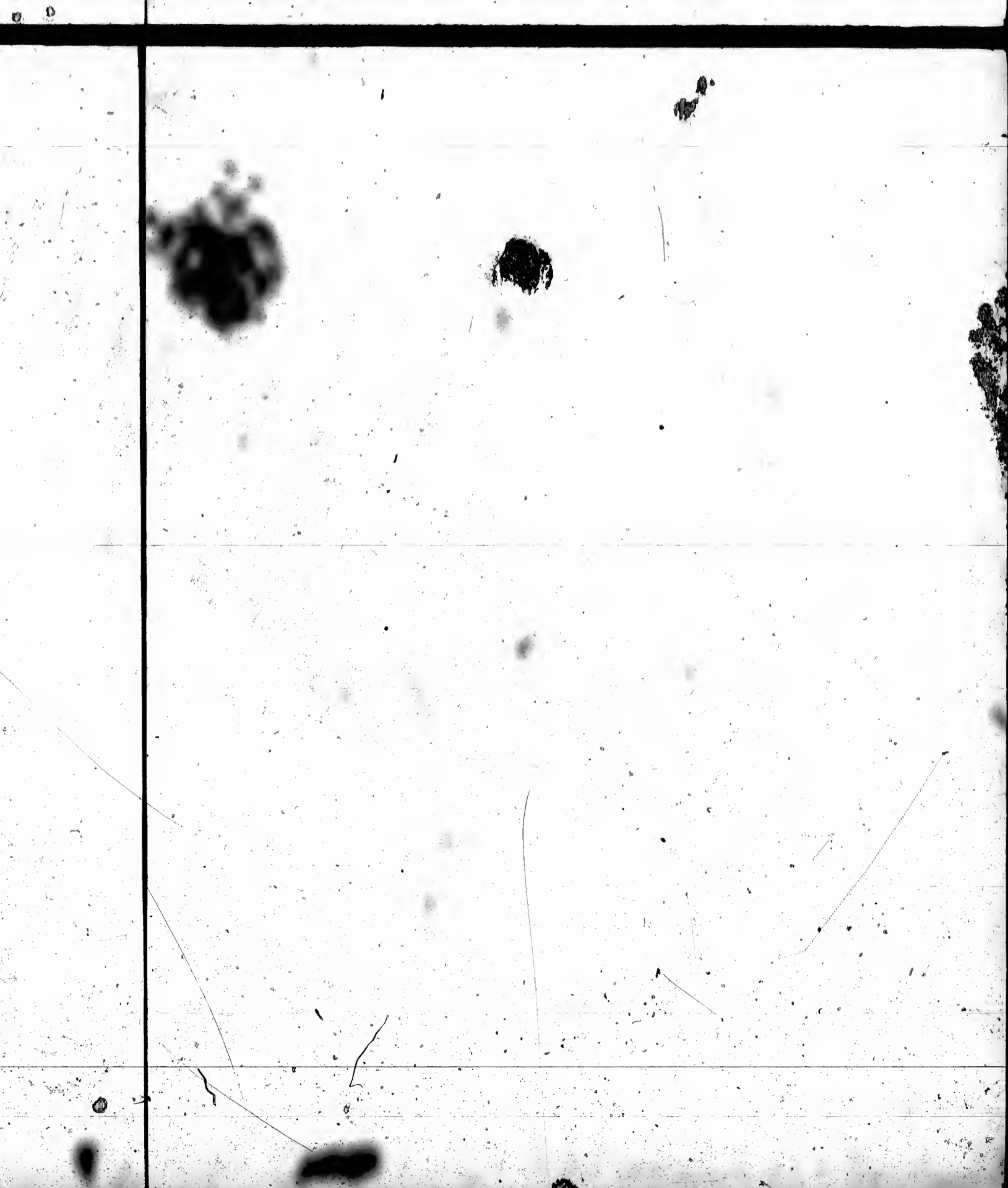


TITIAN'S SCHOOLMASTER.

MORONI.



O artist of the Venetian School, besides Titian, has excelled Moroni in the truth and nature of his portraits, and in the life and spirit of his heads. Titian so highly appreciated his works, that, he recommended him to the Governor of Bergamo, as the best face-painter he could offer him. In the Carrara Collection exist many specimens of his portraits,—they appear to breathe and live. Moroni was born about 1510, at Albino, in the territory of Bergamo; the date of his death is not known. The original picture and the engraving are both celebrated: the latter, in which there is great truth and tenderness, was executed in the year 1813, by J. Fittler, A.R.A., a line-engraver of repute, and better known by his two great works, "Lord Duncan's Victory," and the "Battle of the Nile," after Louthembourg.







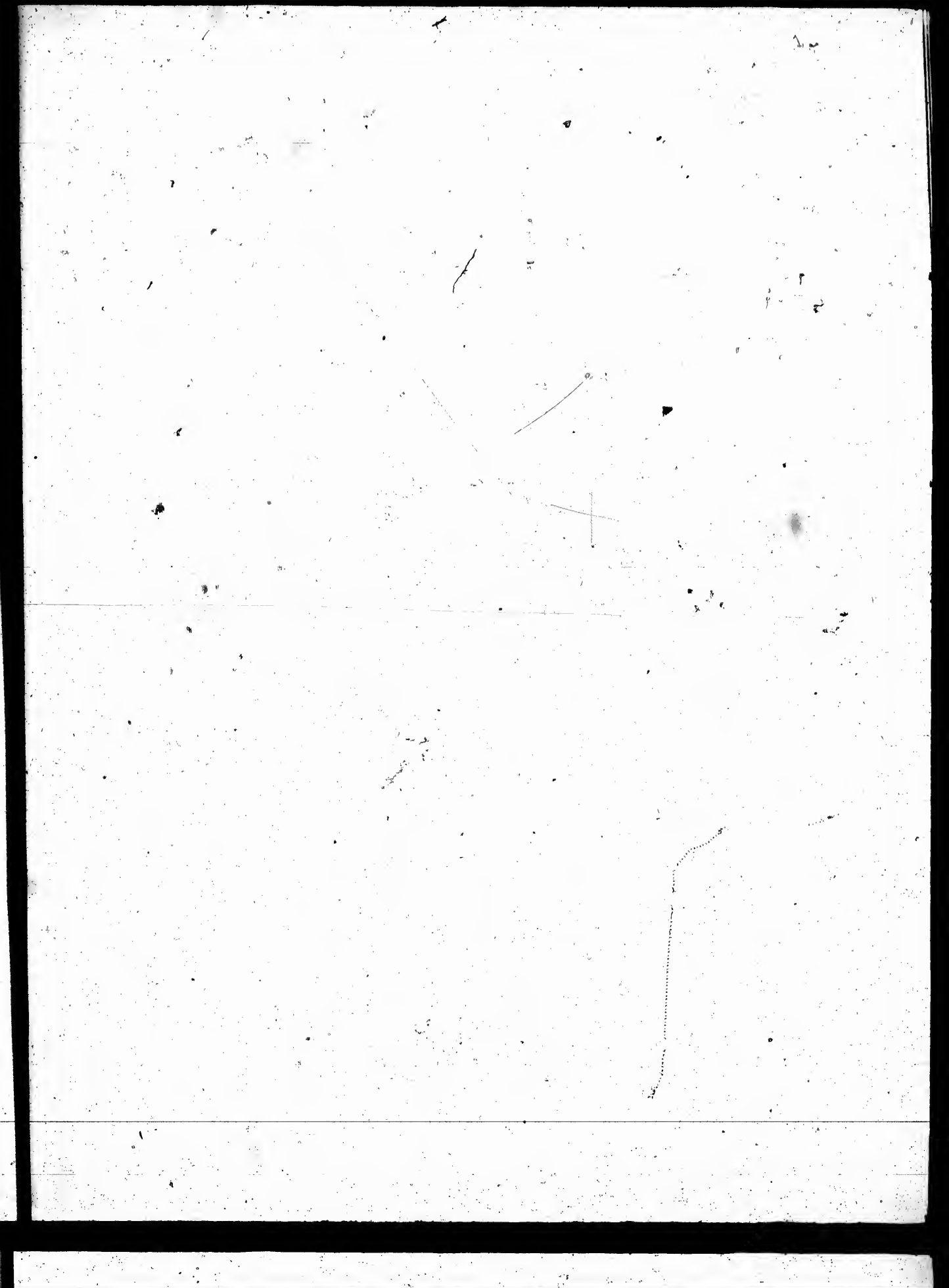
THE STAG AT BAY.

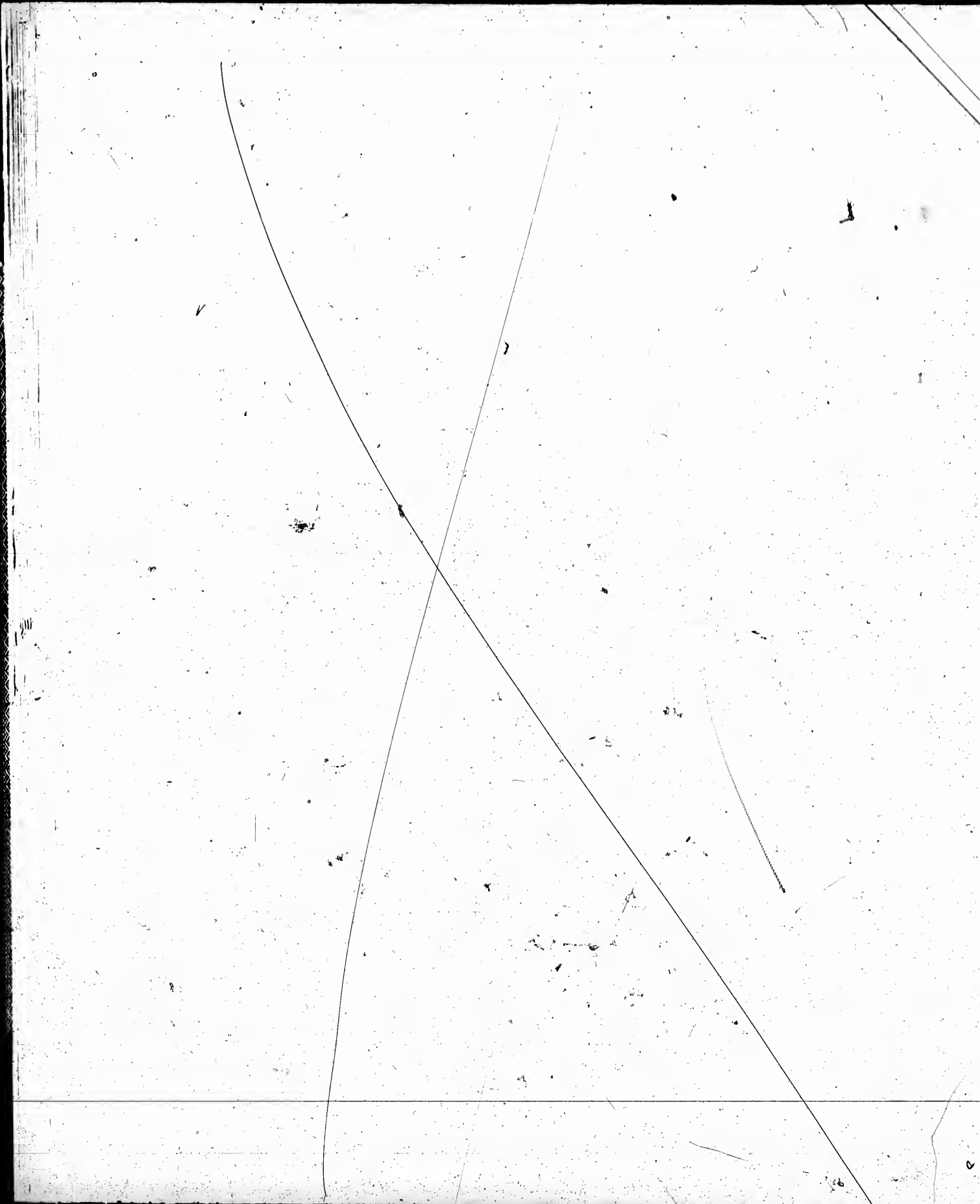
LANDSEER.



MR EDWARD LANDSEER, R.A., was born in 1802. The first work that brought him prominently before the public was 'Dogs Fighting' exhibited in 1819: and since its exhibition, his career has been one of unbroken and almost unequalled success. Most, if not all his pictures, have been engraved: they are general favourites with the English people. Landseer is regarded the best animal painter of his time: his conceptions are often highly poetical; the sentiment which he throws into his representations of the 'dumb creatures' is quite wonderful, and the felicity of his execution is unsurpassed. The whole of his paintings are characterized by accuracy of detail, and he has succeeded in reproducing to perfection the minute traits of his subjects in such a manner as to direct attention to all peculiarities of breed, and other such incidents in the animals which he represents on canvas. As a Landscape painter, he necessarily demands our admiration; his Highland scenery, forming the back ground of many of his pictures, conveys to the mind a vivid idea of the grandeur of many of the wilds, lochs, and mountain passes of Scotland.

The present subject is engraved by his brother Thomas, who is one of the best living engravers in England.







A WEDDING PROCESSION IN ALSACE.

GUSTAVE BRION.



An English wedding in the time of good Queen Bess was a joyous public festival: the ceremony generally wound up with banquetings, masques, and pageants. A gay procession formed a part of the humbler marriages, the bride was led to church between two boys wearing bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves, and before her was carried a large silver goblet, filled with wine; next came the musicians, and then the bridesmaids, and the procession marched to church, amidst the shouts and benedictions of the spectators.

In Norway the marriages of the bonder or peasantry are conducted with very gay ceremonies: and in each parish there is a set of ornaments for the temporary use of the bride.

In France, on the Rhenish frontier, there is a custom which is so graphically drawn in the present picture, that it requires no comment,—it is intelligible to all,—the scene is inspiring, and in imagination the joyous marriage bells can be heard. It requires no connoisseurship to criticise this picture,—the figures are truthfully disposed, and their easy natural action is evident enough.

The Painter, Gustave Brion, holds a foremost rank in the French Academy; he has fairly entered the lists with our own Wilkie and Webster, and is not likely to have his lance broken. The original picture was in the French division of the International Exhibition, London, 1862.



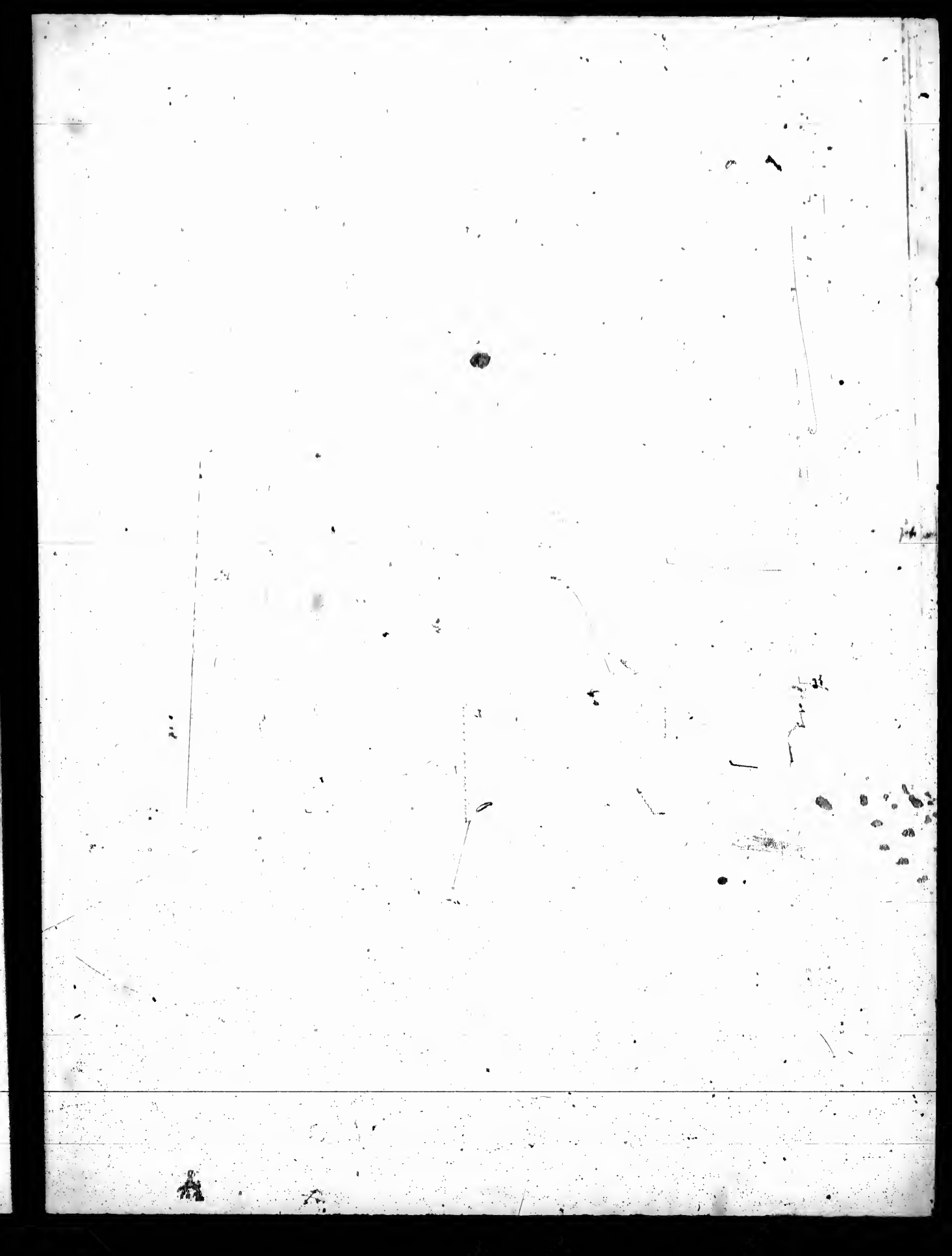
SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

J. FRASER.



HIS is one of the few landscapes that the artist has produced since his residence in Canada. His practice is to paint in the open air, direct from Nature; and many of his sketches are faithfully transcribed from particular spots: there is a freshness and natural tone about them that makes us regret he has not had more opportunity of following a branch of art in which he would be successful. We may say of them, in the felicitous language of the present Archbishop of Dublin:

If we in deed
And pure hearts are seeking what is fair
In Nature, then believe we shall not need
Long anxious quests, exploring earth and air,
Ere we shall find wherewith our hearts to feed:
The beauty which is scattered everywhere
Will in our souls such deep contentment breed,
We shall not pine for night remote or rare.









of the Emperor Charles V. and Cardinal Ximenes. Paul Veronese has crowded into the scene seventeen persons, chiefly consisting of portraits of the painter, his wife and family. By Rembrandt—'that divine Dutchman,' as Mrs. Jameson terms him—it has received a more reverent and perhaps a more literal treatment: here is "no lust of the flesh or pride of the eye,"—no theatrical effect,—on the table are the simplest utensils;—the room is more like a prison than a palace,—the only light seems to emanate from Christ. The general treatment is highly characteristic of Rembrandt's style. He has, in one of his etchings, treated the subject differently, and with wondrous conception;—the Lord is gone, and the astonishment of the disciples extends to the spectators,—the empty chair mocks the sight,—the broken bread remains on the table, but the Bread of Life is vanished.







