

WHITECHAPEL

FINE ART LOAN EXHIBITION:

ST. JUDE'S SCHOOL HOUSE,

COMMERCIAL STREET, E.

SIXTH YEAR:—EASTER, 1886.

The Exhibition will be open Daily, from April 13th to
May 2nd (inclusive), from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

(On SUNDAYS, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.)



*"Life without industry is guilt, and industry
without art is brutality."—RUSKIN.*



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1886.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou can'st not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good !

POPE.

“ In every object there is inexhaustible meaning : the eye sees into what the eye brings means of seeing. To Newton and to Newton's dog “ Diamond ” what a different pair of universes ; while the painting on the optical retina of both was, most likely, the same.”

CARLYLE.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy.

GEORGE HERBERT.

“ High art consists neither in altering, nor in improving, nature ; but in seeking throughout nature for ‘ whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure,’ and in directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art or gentle emphasis.”

RUSKIN.

"Small service is true service while it lasts."—Woodworth.



CATALOGUE.

Ground Floor—First Room.

- 1 A Bit of the Surrey Hills *T. C. Farrer*
Lent by the Artist.
- 2 Game, &c. *Peter Castiels, 1732*
Lent by Edmund Henry Davenport, Esq.
- 3 Summer Morning *J. Constable, R.A.*
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 4 The Blind Lion *J. T. Nettlehip*
"Authority forgets a dying king."
The hyenas and jackals creep on expecting their triumph,
and the eagles gather. But the blind lion is near the
precipice and they will miss their prey. Brute force and
coward cunning carry on their warfare among men as
well as among beasts. At the triumph of either, the
world may well be darkened.
Lent by the Artist.
- 5 Landscape with Lock, a Village in the distance *J. Constable, R.A.*
Lent by Mrs. Roscoe.
- 6 "East-end boy in the hayfields" *Ed. Clifford*
The artist's idea of what the Children's Country Holi-
days Scheme ought to do—
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.
(*Mrs. Browning.*)
Lent by the Artist.

7 In Disgrace

J. W. Cole

Lent by E. N. Mannering, Esq.

8 The Bird-catcher Outwitted

W. Collins, R.A.,

1788—1847

Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.

9 The Sun

G. F. Watts, R.A.

" 'What,' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look *through* it, and not *with* it.'—(William Blake.)

Lent by the Artist.

10 W. Yelverton Davenport, Esq. *T. Gainsborough, R.A.*

1727—1728

Gainsborough is the greatest of British portrait painters next to Reynolds. "How various the fellow is," he said of Reynolds, with whom for many years he kept up a vigorous rivalry; but his last words are a beautiful reconciliation, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke (a greater even than Reynolds) is of the company." So true is Blake's saying, "There is no competition amongst great artists; none is first in the Kingdom of Heaven." Mr. Ruskin notices a characteristic of Gainsborough's and Reynolds' portraits, which may be seen in this picture (but better in the examples in the National Gallery), namely, "that the charm of all these pictures is in great degree dependent on toilette; that the fond and graceful flatteries of each master do, in no small measure, consist in his management of frillings and trimmings, cuffs and collarettes, and on beautiful clings or fastenings of investiture."

Lent by Edmund Henry Davenport, Esq.

11 Landscape—River Scene, with Mountains in the background

J. W. Allen

Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.

12 Lynmouth, Devon

R. P. Bonington

Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.

13 A Game of Whist

Erskine Nichol

Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.

- 14 Toilet of a Roman Lady of Rank, about 50 A.D.
C. W. Nicholls, R.H.A.

The lady is mistress of many servants of many nations,
but not of her own temper. The girl who has broken
the vase is to be flogged and vainly begs for mercy.
Her fellow-servants don't dare even to show pity.
These are the things which made Rome fall.

Lent by Frederic Yeats Edwards, Esq.

- 15 The Trio *Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.*

A party of strolling minstrels are "tuning-up" in a village
ale-house. "Bag-pipes" is resting; "flute" is prac-
tising his pathos.

Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.

- 16 Sick Dolly *W. P. Frith, R.A.*

Lent by James Panton, Esq.

- 17 The Logan Rock, Cornwall *J. M. Carrick*

Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.

- 18 In the Studio *A. Lampheimer*

Lent by the Marquis de Sauturce.

- 19 The Water Babies *J. E. Christie*

A picture of Young England.

There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.

- 20 "Marjorie" *G. D. Leslie, R.A.*

Lent by Henry Drake, Esq.

- 21 Coast Scene *J. S. Cotman, 1782—1824*

Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.

- 22 A Manola—Spanish Waiting-maid
Unknown, (Spanish)

Lent by Major Martin A. S. Hume.

- 23 The Lido, Venice (water colour)
Miss Clara Montalba

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

- 24 Breton Children Gathering Wood *Louis Lassalle*

Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.

- 25 On Guard *J. Watson Nichol*

Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.

26 The Little Woodman

E. Frère

The dull mist of the snowy weather is well shown, while
the boy's energy prevents the picture being gloomy.

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

27 Bovey Heathfield, Dartmoor *C. H. H. Macartney*

Lent by the Artist.

28 Hotspur and the Fop *Rainsford*

Hotspur, who leans on his sword, breathless after the
battle, is irritated at the fop who comes, pouncet box in
hand, scented like a milliner, talking like a waiting
gentlewoman of guns and drums and wounds, without
one spark of courage in his composition.

I do remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin new reap'd
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his fingers and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again.
 . . . and still he smiled and talked;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me—
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd,
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what.
 . . . He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.—
Shakespeare. Henry IV, Part I. Act I, Sc. 3.

Lent by Joseph King, Esq.

29 Portrait of a Girl

H. Hermans

Lent by R. Helbronner, Esq.

30 Meditations

Peter McNab

Lent by M. H. Spielmann, Esq.

31 Autumn Leaves

Vicat Cole, R.A.

A picture of autumn, the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." It is the afternoon of the day, and the afternoon of the year, but "summer gilds them yet."

Streaks of brown
Mark the light yellow on them, and display
One beauty more before they pass away.
Thus Nature murmurs not, nor chides in vain
The changes that must be, and will again;
Meets what she may not shun, with smiling face,
And clothes it still with summer's dying grace.
Look then around thee, and in Nature see
Love that remains and knows no misery,
So if thy soul in doubting moments grieves,
Learn resignation from the autumn leaves.

Lent by Stephen George Holland, Esq.

32 Inmates of the House

J. Charles

The dear old ladies ought all to be at home, teaching the young children lessons of reverence and gentleness; but "someone has blundered" and so they are lonely, though all huddled together, in the "House," glad of the shelter which the people's conscience has provided.

Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.

33 Fishing Village in Normandy

*R. P. Bonington,
1801—1828*

The men are preparing for the day's fishing; the women are gossiping. The dog would join the active list, but that the little child with the red cap holds him back to play with her.

Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.

34 Romeo and Juliet

A. Scheffer

"For never was a study more of woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.

35 Landscape, with Horses

G. Morland, 1763—1804

Lent by Mrs. Jessel.

36 Boats—Lynmouth

P. Pavy

The old fisher will not venture out this rough night, but there is work ashore till "dirty weather is past."

Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.

37 Landscape with Cart-horses

Shayer

Lent by Mrs. Roscoe.

- 38 Dead Game *Bristow*
Lent by Charles W. Emlyn, Esq.
- 39 A Dutch Lugger *E. W. Cooke, R.A.*
Lent by John Murray, Esq.
- 40 Welsh Lake *Henry Moore, A.R.A.*
Lent by Reginald E. Thompson, Esq., M.D.
- 41 River Scenery *J. L. Pickering*
Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.
- 42 River Scene *Corot*
Lent by L. Huth, Esq.
- 43 Coast Scene *R. P. Bonington*
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 44 Fishing Smacks at Anchor *A. Vickers*
Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.
- 45 The Culprit *A. Batt*
"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 46 Lock on the Stour *J. Constable, R.A., 1776—1837*
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 47 Donkeys to Hire *P. Pavy*
A roadside inn in Spain. The deep blue sky, the bright
colours and the intense shadows tell of a climate hotter
and clearer than ours.
Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.
- 48 Dabblers on the Beach *Henry Moore, A.R.A.*
A picture of what child-life should be. "The first virtue
of children is to be intensely happy; so happy that
they don't know what to do with themselves for joy,
and dance instead of walking—like 'Louisa.'"
No fountain from a rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.—(*Ruskin.*)
Lent by Joseph King, Esq.

- 49 Going to School *Seignac*
Lent by E. N. Mannering, Esq.
- 50 Fishing Boats *Jeanna Bauck*
Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.
- 51 The Country about Oberammergau
R. Poeppel, of Munich
Lent by Mrs. Carl Haag.
- 52 The Angler—Early Morning *Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.,*
1779—1844
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 53 View on the Italian side of the Simplon Pass
H. Horsley
Lent by Frederic Yeats Edwards, Esq.
- 54 The Return of the Missing Crew *F. B. Barwell*
Bad news has reached the young wife, and she fears that her husband has been lost at sea. The father is silent not knowing how to give comfort. But the husband has been saved, and is coming with the sympathetic villagers behind to make her glad.
Lent by Mrs. J. M. Macdonald.
- 55 Sunset on the Grands Mulets *G. Loppé*
"The feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment—are their higher missions."—(*Ruskin*).
Lent by Leslie Stephen, Esq.
- 56 Landscape, with Cattle *Stortenbecker*
Lent by Lord Hobhouse.
- 57 A Back-water on the Thames *H. C. Fox*
Lent by E. W. O'Brien, Esq.
- 58 Market Scene *Unknown*
Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.

59 Chioggian Fishing Vessels

E. W. Cooke, R.A.

Chioggia is a town nine miles from Venice, where the lagoon opens into the sea, and the population live by fishing. Bright colour is characteristic of Venice and her seas, and they make their sails to match. The boat has "Under Divine Providence" written upon it; and a rough picture is painted below of St. Mary, "of our safety." The sail, too, is painted with the cross and other emblems of the faith, which has never left the Venetian fishermen. "They that go down to the ships and have their business in the great waters, these men know the power of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."—(*Psalms.*)

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.

Ground Floor—Second Room.

60 Meadows

Sidney Cooper, R.A.

"Behold," I said, "the painter's sphere!
The limits of his art appear,
The grass, the elms, the blossomed thorn—
Those cattle couched, or as they rise,
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes—
These, or much greater things, but caught
Like these, and in one aspect brought!"

(Matthew Arnold.)

Lent by Douglas Fletcher, Esq.

61 Portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes

Anna Lea-Merritt

Dr. Holmes, the American poet and humourist, author of the "Autocrat" and the "Poet at the Breakfast Table."

Lent by the Artist.

62 The Student in Disgrace

J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.

The young man's fault finds out the characters of his teachers. One is pained, another angry, a third indifferent. A fellow pupil is satisfied that he is "not as this sinner."

Lent by H. J. Turner, Esq.

63 Mid-day Rest

G. F. Watts, R.A.

Mr. Watts has often treated Horses in an allegorical way. Here is a study from life of some splend white horses—such as he introduced into the "Horses of the Revelations," exhibited here three years ago.

Lent by the Artist.

64 Time, Death and Judgment *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Time is represented as the strong man ever moving on to the future. Death as a sad mother. Time and Death go hand in hand over the world. Both are overtaken by judgment, whose scale weighs deserts, and whose sword of fire burns out wrong. "The Lord is a God of judgment, blessed are all they that wait for Him."

[This picture is a replica of the one from which the mosaic on St. Jude's Church was copied.]

Lent by the Artist.

65 The Remnant of an Army *Mrs. Butler*

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1879. A scene from the first Afghan war, 1842. The English army at Cabul had surrendered, and in return for ignominious conditions, were promised a safe conduct. The army set out from Cabul, four thousand strong, but was treacherously murdered or made captive by the way. "One man alone reached Jellalabad. Literally, one man—Dr. Brydon—came to Jellalabad out of a warring host which had numbered in all some 16,000 when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction, in vain, for any picture more thrilling with the suggestion of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame."—(*Justin McCarthy*: "History of our own Times.")

A picture of defeat, weariness, failure; a heart-broken man, a body-broken beast. These form one side of every battle. The Afghans who won are going to their comrades triumphant and glorious. The Englishman who has lost returns as we see him. The pride of victory means also the humiliation of defeat.

Lent by Henry Tate, Esq.

66 The Swing *Emile Levy*

"I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing."—(*Hood*)

Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.

67 The Enchanted Castle

Briton Rivière, R.A.

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1884.)

In all nations there is a legend of an enchanted castle, where rich treasures are to be found, but which is left untouched by the fear of men, and is guarded by beasts. Men cannot reach their hopes, such legends tell us, because of their passions and their fears—symbolised in this picture by the tigers that are "burning bright" between the pillars, and the adders and poisonous lizards that crawl about the polished floor. At last one man—like the Knight in Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty"—strong in the strength of faith and inspired by the love of a woman, whose scarf he wears, is brave enough to face the dangers; before love and faith the enchantment is broken, and by one man's sacrifice the hopes of many are realised. The Sleeping Beauty is awakened, and "evermore a costly kiss" becomes "the prelude to some brighter world."

All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them, issue forth;
For Love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.—(*Tennyson.*)

Lent by H. J. Turner, Esq.

68 The Symbol

Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.

A wedding party has broken up, and the revellers pass merrily down the stairs. "Smiling they live and call life pleasure"; but in the shadow below is one to whom "the cup of life has been dealt in another measure." The old man asks for alms, and holds in his hands a crucifix—the symbol of self-sacrifice. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" he asks; the plaintive question catches the Bridegroom's ears; and he is startled in a moment into the sense that sacrifice is nobler than pleasure.

Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.

69 Spring in the Woods

A. MacCallum

Lent by the Artist.

70 Horses Frightened by Fire

W. Shayer

Hurry, folly, selfishness; all are seen in these horses as they trample on one another, without knowledge whither to fly, or courage to meet their fate. Panic will have done its work faster than the fire.

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.

- 71 The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G. *Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.*

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care."—(*Milton.*)

Lent by Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.

- 72 Italian Sweep *Unknown*

Lent by Isaac Seligman, Esq.

- 73 Portrait of an Actress *Angelica Kauffman, R.A.*
(1747—1807.)

Angelica Kauffmann was born in Switzerland, but she came early to England, where her paintings, especially of female characters, were much admired. She knew all the celebrities and wits of her day, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was ever her "firmest friend." Many a time does "Miss Angel's" name appear in his pocket-book to testify to this friendship. Her work, indeed, faintly resembles his own, only somewhat feebler in execution, and the present portrait is a good instance of this. It is said that she and Sir Joshua might have married, but that

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"

—And poor Angelica had a sad and romantic life-story, loving "not wisely but too well," which makes her paintings of more interest to us than perhaps they deserve on their own merits. She had, however, the honour of being the first female R.A., a distinction now no longer conferred upon women.

Miss Thackeray (Mrs. R. Ritchie) has idealized Angelica Kauffman's story in her charming romance of "Miss Angel."

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.

- 74 Head of a Girl *Jan Van Beers*

Lent by the Marquis de Sauturce.

- 75 The Meet *H. Büthner*

Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.

- 76 Head of a Girl *Hugo Salmson*

Lent by the Marquis de Sauturce.

- 77 Galatea *G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

For the story of Galatea, see No. 214.

Lent by T. C. Farrer, Esq.

78 The Oracle

J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A.

[Exhibited at the Academy, 1884.]—A ring of young women has formed in the hall of an Egyptian palace or temple, while the priestess, with the wild expression of a fanatic, places her ear to the mouth of the Teraph, a mummied human head fixed on the wall to the left. Lamps burn before it, perfumes are lighted, and the whole company, like modern "spiritualists," allow their fancies to become so much inflamed that they imagine prediction to be whispered from the dead man's lips. Horror, despair, pity, weariness fall on faces of the listeners as they variously read their thoughts into prophecies. Yet for all their listening, no word truly comes, for

"The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving."

(*Milton* : "Ode on the Nativity.")

Lent by Henry Tate, Esq.

79 The Spirit of the Dove

F. Goodall, R.A.

A baby left to itself plays and rejoices in the light,
for it sees what is hidden to other eyes. The
painter has put the dove (the symbol of the Spirit of
God) in the light, for

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still in Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
So on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.—(*Wordsworth*.)

Lent by the Artist.

80 An English Flower

W. Dixon Galpin

"Herself the fairest flower among them all."

Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.

81 The Eve of St. Bartholomew *Briton Rivière, R.A.*

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1884. An incident in the civil wars of religion which convulsed France in the 16th century. Catherine of Medicis, afraid of the growing power of the Huguenots (Protestant) induced the King, Charles IX., to believe that they were plotting against him, whereupon he gave leave that some of the chief leaders of the party should be killed. On August 24, 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day, the plot broke out in an awful massacre. At Paris the populace murdered all the Huguenot leaders, and 100,000 Protestants fell as the fury spread from town to town. When the news was known, the Spanish King, who was the head of Catholicism, as Elizabeth was of Protestantism, laughed for joy, and the Pope, Gregory XIII., ordered a Te Deum to be sung.

Here we see the other side of the picture. A Huguenot lady is crouching under a wall in one of the streets of Paris. Her heart is heavy—for the danger to those she loves and for the injury to the Faith she cherishes; and the heavier, because she can "neither strive nor cry" against the wrong. The magnificent blood-hound—better than human now in his sympathy—knows nothing of what the danger may be, but is eager "to do the next thing"—to protect his sweet mistress.

Lent by Stephen George Holland, Esq.

82 The Apothecary, "Romeo and Juliet" *H. Stacy Marks, R.A.*

[Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1876, and at the Paris International Exhibition, 1878.] An illustration of Romeo's description of the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v., Sc. 1.

I do remember an Apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this pen'ry, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

Lent by H. J. Turner, Esq.

83 Explosion of the Cashmere Gate at
Delhi, Sept. 14th, 1857 *Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.*

The Explosion Party, in the face of a very hot fire, crossed in succession the precarious timbers of the battered bridge. Lieutenant Home first lodged the powder bags, each weighing twenty-four pounds, at the foot of the gates, which had been closed in panic by the enemy. He then jumped into the ditch along with Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd Foot, who was to sound the call for the column to advance. Lieutenant Salkeld placed the next bags, and in arranging the fuse was mortally wounded, falling into the ditch below. Sergeants Burgess and Carmichael, in endeavouring to do the same, shared his fate and fell below. Sergeant Smith, more fortunate, after stopping to ignite the fuse with a lucifer, and warned that it was already alight by the upward flash of the portfire in his face, jumped into the ditch and was saved. The next moment there was a loud crash, and the massive gate, through the wicket of which the enemy kept firing, was shattered with a tremendous explosion, and the 52nd Foot, which had watched for this signal, not hearing the bugle call, but seeing the rising smoke aloft, dashed over the bridge and entered the City. The Victoria Cross was conferred upon Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and also on Bugler Hawthorne and Sergeant Smith immediately after.—See Colonel Malletson's "*Indian Mutiny*," and Sergeant Smith's account in Kaye's "*Sepoy War*."

Lent by the Artist.

84 Ischia, from Capri *M. R. Corbett*

In the Bay of Naples, claimed to be one of the fairest spots in the world. The picture represents evening time in the sunny south, where even the shade is hot.

Lent by the Artist.

85 The Fate of Proserpine *Walter Crane*

—“That fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered.”—Milton's "*Paradise Lost*."

The Greeks and Romans saw the short life of spring, and its annual return, and embodied it in a story, telling how Proserpine (or Persephone), the flower of spring, was carried off by Pluto (or Dis), the god of Death, to be his queen during half the year in the under world—"a crown of sunshine in a gloomy realm." She is here shown us in the fields of Sicily with her maidens,

but she parts from them to pluck "the fateful daffodil," when the "coal-black horses" of Death rise to carry her below. Her mother Ceres (or Demeter), so the legend goes on to say, the goddess of fruits and flowers, vainly sought for her in many lands, bringing Nature's best gifts wherever she went; and at last she gained permission from the gods for Proserpine to spend part of of each year on earth. To make the fields bright for her daughter's return, Ceres decked them each year with flowers which bloomed till Proserpine returned to the unseen world. The artist shows in his picture a mystery, which we all see. The river is swallowed up by the sea, the building is eaten by ruin, the mountain is destroyed by fire, the young life is cut short by death. The mystery of it is explained by the face of Death, on which is written a love which the maiden understands.

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
What ailed the meadow that it shook?
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wandered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell!"
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell?
Demeter, mother, far from thee.
Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!
Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"—(*Jean Ingelow.*)

Lent by the Artist.

86 The Entombment

Mme. Arendrup

A life of good doing is ended. Christ has lived his life, conquered sin, braved misunderstanding, and chosen death rather than sacrifice of principle. At length his weary body finds rest in death; and the last act of love has to be paid to the dead Friend. The mother, overwhelmed by sorrow, longs to bathe his body with her tears, and does not know that goodness is eternal. Joseph, who professed little, feels much and in vain waits for an answer to his question. The sinning Mary, uncontrolled as ever, now understands what sin really is, and is carried away by a passion of tears, while John, dumb with grief, recalls His strong loving words, and even hopes for those who slew Him. The sun sets behind the walls of Jerusalem, and shows that Nature, even to broken hearts, can live in Rest and Peace. But the Mother and Friends have yet to learn that through death comes life, through pain joy, and through darkness light.

Lent by the Artist.

87 The Lute-player

John Collier

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago.—(*Wordsworth.*)

Lent by the Artist.

88 Portrait of James Russell Lowell *Anna Lea-Merritt*

Mr. Lowell was, until lately, American Minister in this country. His face speaks humour, love, and strength. His writings and poems, by their force and feeling, have raised American opinion against slavery and bribery.

Lent by the Artist.

89 Interior of a Polish Synagogue *Stryowski*

Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.

90 Found *J. S. Kennedy*

We shall stand no more by the seething main
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
 We shall part no more in the wind and the rain
 Where thy last farewell was said ;
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
 When the sea gives up her dead.—(*Jean Ingelow.*)

Lent by Jas. R. Hoare, Esq.

First Floor—First Room.
91 The Old Neighbour gone before *Arthur Hughes*

The following is an extract from a letter in which the artist explained this picture to a friend :—

"I saw that very preparation for a funeral in that very place—a humble little back slum—where the sun only could come in for a short time by a thin streak ; but only conceive my good luck. That very place ends in a long flight of steps leading up at the top of the picture to a little opening glimpse of sky and tree in full light ; and I hoped to suggest, in the enquiring awe of the child, and the action of the answering old woman with her finger up, and the butterfly seen against the black drapery how "the old neighbour gone before," was gone heavenward up out of narrow dirty ways below—to where the sky is wide and bright."

A friend of the artist, (Mr. George Macdonald) adds :—"The prominent idea to which the butterfly gives the key is the Resurrection. Indeed the very position of the coffin about to emerge into the lovely light seems to suggest the real true view of death, as a passage into the light."

Lent by George H. Powell, Esq.

- 92 'Twixt Sun and Moon *Cecil Lawson*

The moon is up and yet it is not night,
Sunset divides the sky with her.—(*Byron.*)
Lent by the Solicitor-General.

- 93 Little Mrs. Gamp *Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.*

Dickens has made Mrs. Gamp immortal with her "species of gig umbrella," her "love of something warm," and her care for herself. Millais dresses a child in Mrs. Gamp's clothes, and points the contrast between that old lady's care for "creature comforts" and the trustfulness of childhood.

Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 94 The Cedars, Chiswick *Andrew MacCallum*

The lifeless unbroken silence of the scene recalls Keats's lines on the "Insensibility of Nature," and its contrast with man.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them,
From budding at the prime.
But in the soul's December
The fancy backward strays,
And darkly doth remember
The hue of golden days.

Lent by the Artist.

- 95 The Amateur Barber *N. Gysis*

The little fellow is anxious to be grown up, and curls, like baby clothes, do not become a man. But "fears beset even the brave;" and the clutches at the stool show the silent terror of the would-be man, as the curls fall and the clip-clip of the formidable shears sounds close to his ear.

Lent by Lt.-Gen. Hopkinson, C.S.I.

- 96 Type of Beauty *G. A. Storey, A.R.A.*

Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 97 The Fête Day *J. J. Tissot*

Lent by Mariano de Murrieta.

- 98 Hay Making *B. W. Leader*
 The artist here can paint light and air. His hay is full of
 light and we can also feel the coolness of the air.
 Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.
- 99 In the Cellar *Tito Conti*
 Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 100 A Lake in the Tyrol *F. Lee Bridell*
 Lent by Major Martin A. S. Hume.
- 101 Olden Days *W. G. Rich*
 Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.
- 102 "In His Cups" *J. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.*
 He had better have taken his wine in those grapes there
 than "in his cups."
 Lent by Stuart M. Samuel, Esq.
- 103 The Drowned Nymph *W. Etty, R.A., 1787—1849*
 Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 104 The Eagle's Crag, Vale of Todmorden *A. W. Bayes*
 "A crag of singular shape, jutting far out from the almost
 perpendicular strata beneath, and having a fanciful
 likeness to an Eagle, with its wings partly outstretched.
 The crag was, to the apprehensions of the simple-
 hearted peasantry, oft visited by the unhallowed feet
 of weirds and witches, pluming themselves for flight to
 the great rendezvous at Malkin Tower on the side of
 the 'Mighty Pendle.'"—(*Roby's Traditions of Lancashire*.)
 Lent by the Artist.
- 105 The Death of Ahab *T. M. Rooke*
 "And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote
 the King of Israel between the joints of the harness;
 wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, 'Turn
 thine hand and carry me out of the host, for I am
 wounded.'"—i. Kings, xxii., 34.
 Lent by J. T. Carr, Esq.
- 106 The Orphanage *G. A. Storey, A.R.A.*
 Lent by Francis Tagart, Esq.
- 107 An Italian Patriot *Miss Ida S. Robins*
 Lent by the Artist.

- 108 A Darwinian Question *S. Carter*
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 109 Asking Alms *J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.*
In Spain beggars wait about all the church doors and ask alms for the love of God. The artist has finely painted beggars who are not grateful and givers who are not generous.
"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."
(*J. R. Lowell.*)
Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.
- 110 Mountain Scene *J. Poole, R.A.*
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 111 Thursday *W. Dendy Sadler*
The monks are spending Thursday in catching fish for Friday's fast. The good "Brothers of the angle" will not suffer this week, for a fat pike has already responded to their call. Their profession requires them to be indifferent to earthly pleasures, but "a man is a man for all that," and the instincts of the sportsmen are not absent even in the serious and gentle trio on the right.
"We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."—*Izaak Walton.*
Lent by Henry Tate, Esq.
- 112 Portrait of a Lady *Ravenstein*
Lent by T. Woolner, Esq., R.A.
- 113 The Spelling Lesson *Paling*
"Home lessons" before the Board School days.
Lent by William Debenham, Esq.
- 114 Sheep Shearing *R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.*
Sheep shearing is a festal time in a farm. The children take holiday, the old talk of old times. Men and animals help one another, and the lamb is interested in its mother's new dress.
Lent by Humphrey Roberts, Esq.
- 115 Evening, winter—Burnham Beeches
(water colour) *A. MacCallum*
Lent by the Artist.

- 116 An Evening Stroll *Will Anderson*
Lent by the Artist.
- 117 Under an April Moon *T. Hope McLachlan*
Lent by Montague Cookson, Esq., Q.C.
- 118 Michael Angelo watching the Death-bed of Urbini
Slingeneyer
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 119 The Rival Nurses *J. S. Nottle*
Each dog is "like a Turk" who can "bear no brother
near his throne." Neither of the nurses is watching
the sleeping child ; each is eagerly eyeing the other.
Lent by Charles J. Leaf, Esq.
- 120 Pair of Chinese Scenes *Unknown*
Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.
- 121 Five Minutes' Peace *J. Hallyar*
When young drummers go to sleep, old listeners are not
sorry.
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 122 The Ballad Singer *D. MacIise, R.A.*
Lent by James Macandrew, Esq.
- 123 *Mrs. C. Wylie*
"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her bright gold ring and glittering wand."
Lent by Joseph Dixon, Esq.
- 124 St. Agnes' Beach, Cornwall *S. P. Jackson*
Sky, sea and rock are at rest, bathed in the last glory of
the setting sun.
Lent by the Artist.
- 125 Wooing and Cooing *George Smith*
Lent by the Artist.
- 126 An Early Weakness—Jam *A. W. Bayes*
Lent by the Artist.

127 The Story of a Life *W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.*

A scene in a convent school, where the girls are taught by the nuns. The nun has learnt in the school of suffering, and turning this afternoon from the school routine to a larger lesson from the Book of Life, she tells them the story which has left her face so sad. "Life is thorny, youth is vain," she tells them; and as she speaks of the past, they see each her own future. One face is full of sympathy: she feels that she too may sin; another shrinks in fear from the thought; a third is proud and scornful. The sister nun who hears covers her face in shame and sorrow.

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!
Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.—*Longfellow.*

Lent by F. G. Barnett, Esq.

128 Loved and Lost *Blandford Fletcher*

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led:
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live, whom we call dead."—(*Longfellow.*)

Lent by the Artist.

129 Réflexions Motivées *G. Gélibert*

"Reflections with a reason." The rabbit who is not caught has reason for reflection.

Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

130 Naughty Kitty *G. D. Leslie, R.A.*

Through the soft sunlight and early summer the artist makes us feel that in young life maternal instincts though not deep are strong.

Lent by Francis Tagart, Esq.

131 Daybreak in the Atlantic *W. L. Wyllie*

They who have crossed the Atlantic will be reminded of the swinging sweep of the ship's progress as she rides between sea and sky. Great and mighty are the waves, but greater and mightier is the mind of man who rides them at his will.

Lent by Jas. R. Hoare, Esq.

132 Once Bit Twice Shy *Burton Barber*

One child can take the puppy to the mustard pot, but ten couldn't make him taste it a second time.

Lent by Charles Churchill, Esq.

- 133 The Young Bohemian *T. Graham, A.R.S.A.*
Lent by Robert W. Macbeth, Esq., A.R.A.

First Floor—Second Room.

- 134 Street Scene with Balloon *Bonington*
Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.
- 135 Village Politicians *Kaufmann*
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 136 French Dunes *Daubigny*
Lent by Reginald E. Thompson, Esq., M.P.
- 137 Feeding the Calves *T. Lloyd*
A lovely picture of the Spring—when fields, and trees, and sea, and calves, and children, are all happy together in the bright freshness of the reviving year. Youth is the spring-time of life; spring is the youth of the world, when every beast and tree makes holiday.
Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.
- 138 Fruit, &c. *John D. De Heem, 1649*
Lent by Edmund Henry Davenport, Esq.
- 139 The Critic *Ruiperez*
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 140 Donkey *E. Verboeckhoven*
"Give a donkey a bad name and beat him." But this is a steady, intelligent beast, not half so obstinate as he is represented.
Lent by Frederic Yeats Edwards, Esq.
- 141 View near Henley *J. Constable, R.A.*
Lent by Charles W. Emlyn, Esq.
- 142 Landscape *J. Barker (of Bath)*
Lent by Lestocq Erskine, Esq.
- 143 A Study of Fruit *C. N. Fry*
Lent by Samuel Fry, Esq.

144 Landscape

Adams

Lent by John Ward, Esq.

145 Sir Galahad

Herbert Schmalz

According to the old English legend, the quest of King Arthur's knights was to see the Holy Grail, the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. One strove to succeed by fighting, another by meditation, Sir Galahad succeeded by purity. The artist here shows him making his vows, before he started, at the altar, whilst the villagers come to wish him God-speed. The maiden binds on him a belt formed of her hair, and bearing a picture of the Holy Grail as she had seen it in a beam of light. Her purity will keep him pure also; her look gives him her faith, and he sees what she sees. By the Holy Grail we may understand the Secret of Life, which is still the quest of all earnest men, and which is still found first by the pure in heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

"But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;
And out of this she plaited broad and long
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread
And crimson in the belt a strange device,
A crimson Grail within a silver beam;
And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,
Saying, "My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king
Far in the spiritual city:" and as she spoke
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."—(*Tennyson.*)

Lent by the Artist.

146 The Storm—(Breton Cottage Interior)

Echtler

Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.

147 Groups of Children

Unknown

Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.

148 Good Morning

George Smith

Lent by the Artist.

149 Twilight

T. H. McLachlan

A beauty which belongs to English scenery, when darkness helps us to see into the unseen.

Lent by the Artist.

150 Chatterton

H. Wallis

—————the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in its pride.

Wordsworth.

Thomas Chatterton (1752 — 1770) occupies a unique position in English poetry for his wonderful precocity. He was a posthumous child, the son of a poor widow, self-taught in all but the merest rudiments of education acquired at a charity school. So far from receiving encouragement he was thwarted at every stage; and he was buried by strangers in a pauper's grave, when only seventeen years of age. Yet he had already written poems which the world will not willingly let die. He came up to London early in 1770, and took lodgings in an obscure court in Brook Street, Holborn. His landlady knowing that he had not eaten anything for two or three days pressed him to share her dinner, but he assured her that he was not hungry. A few days later he took poison, tore into fragments all his literary remains, and was found in the morning, with limbs and features distorted by his last convulsions, a ghastly corpse. Mr. Wilson Barrett followed this picture closely in his presentation of "Chatterton" at the Princess's Theatre.

With Shakspeare's manhood at a boy's wild heart,
Through Hamlet's doubt to Shakspeare near allied,
And kin to Milton through his Satan's pride,
At Death's sole door he stooped, and craved a dart;
And to the dear new bower of England's art,—
Even to that shrine Time else had deified,
The unuttered heart that soared against his side
Drove the fell point, and smote life's seals apart.

(D. G. Rossetti.)

Lent by C. G. Clement, Esq.

151 Shipping on the Zuyder Zee

H. Koekkoek

Lent by Joseph King, Esq.

152 The Day's Decline

Walter Shaw

"Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray."—

(Matthew Arnold.)

Lent by Charles J. Leaf, Esq.

- 153 A Welsh Interior *J. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.*
Lent by the Artist.
- 154 Fisherman's House *W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.*
It is evening, and the mother is putting baby to bed, while the other child holds the basin of bread and milk for supper. The father is absent and all that tells of him is the little glimpse of sea through the lattice window. The sun has set and the night will be stormy.
Lent by Thomas D. Galpin, Esq.
- 155 Lady Jane Grey the Day before her Execution *S. A. Hart, R.A.*
Lent by Louisa, Lady Goldsmid.
- 156 Martello Tower, Hastings *Henry Moore, A.R.A.*
Lent by Reginald E. Thompson, Esq., M.D.
- 157 Apple Orchard *T. M. Rooke*
Lent by Joseph Dixon, Esq.
- 158 Venice at Sunset *Tilton*
Lent by E. W. O'Brien, Esq.
- 159 Refreshments by the Way—The Prisoner's Turn *E. Blair-Leighton*
The Royalists have a Roundhead prisoner. They have bound him hand and foot; they will refresh him on his journey, but such a Roundhead dog must not be allowed to have his food too comfortably.
Lent by E. N. Mannering, Esq.
- 160 An Insurgent Outpost *F. Rouband*
A picture, perhaps, of the Bulgarians on their rugged hills, which they love better than life itself.
Lent by E. N. Mannering, Esq.
- 161 The Lesson *D. Hardy*
Lent by Lord Hobhouse.
- 162 Little Things Amuse Little Minds *Mrs. A. Stokes*
The children of the poor have but few playthings, but fancy can make up for many toys. "The perfection of childish fancy is to make everything out of nothing, and my gift of imagination was early cultivated, because I had no toys given me except a bunch of keys, a ball and some bricks"—(*Ruskin.*)
Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.

- 163 The Maiden's Walk *A. W. Bayes*
Lent by the Artist.
- 164 In the Gloaming *Will Anderson*
Lent by the Artist.
- 165 Venice—Sunset *J. Holland*
Lent by C. H. L. Woodd, Esq.
- 166 A Life for a Life *J. T. Nettleship*
Sorrow, cold and privation have been too much for the
tired frame of the poor mother, and her life has fled.
Her little one has already found friends, and the saving
care which has begun with the dog will not end there.
Lent by the Artist.
- 167 Petitioners to the Young Heir *H. S. Marks, R.A.*
The young heir is proud of his wealth, and his dog shares
his pride. The petitioners are greedy of the same
wealth and make fools of themselves to get it.
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 168 View on the Arun *Vicat Cole, R.A.*
Lent by George Gurney, Esq.
- 169 Dog Chasing Ducklings *Lassow*
Misunderstandings sometimes spoil sport. The spring
day makes puppy dogs to play; but the ducklings
don't quite see the fun, and "quack—quack" their
refusal to join.
Lent by Isaac Seligman, Esq.
- 170 Ride-a-Cock-Horse *Gertrude Martineau*
The little fellow has found a quiet horse and is adding to
the music of the woods by his merry chatter to it.
Lent by the Artist.
- 171 "Miriam" *Miss Ida S. Robins*
Lent by the Artist.
- 172 Village Scene *Unknown*
Lent by Mrs. Jessel.
- 173 Poles on the Banks of the Vistula *Stryowski*
Lent by Francis Tagart, Esq.
- 174 Jungfrau *Voscher*
Lent by John Ward, Esq.

175 Mother and Child

Unknown

Lent by Isaac Seligman, Esq.

176 The Jungfrau

E. Mignet

The clouds are on the Oberland,
 The Jungfrau snows look faint and far,
 But bright are those green fields at hand,
 And through those fields comes down the Aar.
(Matthew Arnold.)

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

177 Cattle

Sidney Cooper, R.A.

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.

178 River winding through a Town

French

Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.

179 Greenwich

Nieman

The great city is near, on whose wants the world waits.
 Air and water are darkened by its smoke.

Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.

180 A View in North Wales

John Syer

Lent by J. Seymour Lucas, Esq.

181 Love the Wanderer

F. Hamilton Jackson

Love wanders alone through the silent streets, and leaves
 his message while the world sleeps. About his steps
 grow the lilies and the vine.

"When the revellers are past,
 And the East is growing bright,
 Love comes down the silent street
 With a footstep swift and light :
 Clad in guise of one who seeks,
 Faring on without repose ;
 Where the children lie asleep
 Long he lingers - ere he goes
 Regretfully—"

Lent by the Artist.

182 Drowning of the Princess Terra Nuova
in her cell in the Fortress of St.
Petersburg*F. Nift*

This lady was imprisoned in the fortress of St. Peters-
 burgh by order of the Empress Catherine.

Lent by John Ward, Esq.

- 183 "The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended"
G. F. Wetherbee

In the light of her summer, nature has called men to work; in the gloom which is already darkening the earth, she is calling them to rest.

Lent by the Artist.

- 184 Venetian Scene *Guardi*

Lent by John R. Hollond, Esq.

- 185 The Market Place, Verona *John O'Connor*
Verona, a city in North Italy, near Venice, famous for its Roman amphitheatre and its noble architecture. The market goes on in the open square, and makes a picture out of merchandise.

Lent by the Artist.

- 186 In the Villa Doria, Albano *M. R. Corbett*

Lent by the Artist.

Second Floor—First Room.

- 187 Consolation *Frank W. W. Topham*

Lent by the Artist.

- 188 Gossip *J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

- 189 A Roman Lady *Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.*

Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.

- 190 The Rialto, Venice *W. W. Warren*

Lent by Major Martin A. S. Hume

- 191 The Pet Kid *Bouguereau*

M. Bouguereau, as President de l'Institut, occupies very much the same position in France as Sir Frederick Leighton does here. Through the sunny land of pictures and poems, the little girl strolls carrying the kid's clover supper, but he is greedy and likes his meal "in between times."

Lent by Lt.-Gen. Hopkinson, G.S.I.

- 192 The Home Orchard *Alfred Parsons*
Lent by the Artist.
- 193 Dutch Harbour-master *G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.*
Lent by L. Huth, Esq.
- 194 Sarah Walker *J. Pettie, R.A.*
Lent by Charles James Longman, Esq.
- 195 A Rest in the Wood *Arthur Hughes*
Lent by the Artist.
- 196 A Wet Day in Venice *J. McWhirter, A.R.A.*
Lent by Thomas Wood, Esq.
- 197 Over the Sea *Arthur Hughes*
Lent by the Artist.
- 198 Moore's House near Paris *J. Creswick, R.A.*
Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.
- 199 A Cornish Headland *John Brett, A.R.A.*
"We regard the sea, too often, perhaps, as an enemy to be subdued: let us at least this once, accept from it, and from the soft light above, the image of the state of a perfect Human Spirit,—
The memory, like a cloudless air,
The conscience, like a sea at rest."—(*Ruskin.*)
Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.
- 200 A Hill Side *Vicat Cole, R.A.*
"There is nothing to see there," is what most of us would have said, but the artist has seen and made a picture out of the "nothing."
Lent by J. T. Carr, Esq.
- 201 Blackwall Point *W. L. Wyllie*
A piece of poetry at our doors. The artist has found a picture where we find only smoke and swamps, steamers and barges. Painters and poets do, indeed, see what other men see, but they "look *through* their eye, not *with* it," till they see far enough to add "the consecration and the poet's dream."
Lent by Mrs. William Dobson.

202 Expectation

L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Mr. Alma-Tadema is a great painter of Neapolitan sunlight, and has spared no pains in elaborating the beauty of the scene. Notice especially the wonderful painting of the marble, and the contrasts of light and shade with the flickering of the bough, pink with blossom, upon the marble steps. The blue sea with the mountains and the bay of Naples are at their loveliest on a fine summer's day; but the girl is not thinking of them—"her eyes are with her heart, and that is far away,"—watching the little brown sail in the far distance, that will bring her dear one home.

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.

203 The Island of Cos

G. F. Watts, R.A.

The blue island of Cos, poised in the golden west, is seen across the sea, whilst in the foreground where the spectator is supposed to be standing are the ruins of an old Greek temple. The isles of Greece remain; her temples are in ruins. Art is fleeting, nature permanent.

Lent by the Solicitor-General.

204 The Face in the Moon

Anna Lea-Merritt

The moon, far away from the stars and nearer to the earth, wanders alone. In the face in the moon the artist would express the thought of one who, lonely, sees the sorrows of men.

"Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth?"—(*Shelley.*)

Lent by the Artist.

205 The Blessed Damozel

Dante G. Rossetti

The Blessed Damozel—in the artist's poem—is in heaven, and looks down through "the gulf of air" to see her betrothed who is mourning for her on earth:

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

* * * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

Lent by Lord Mount Temple.

206 Ideal Portrait of Dante Alighieri *Henry Holiday*

The artist shows us Dante when his life's work was done and had been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame; but he still holds in his hand a copy of the "Vita Nuova," the book which he wrote in his youth, to tell of his love for Beatrice and in which he dedicated himself to a "new life" of love for those higher things of which the love of woman is but the prelude.

Yet if his Lady's home above
Was Heaven, on Earth she filled his soul;
And if his city held control
To cast the body forth to rove,
The soul could soar from earth's vain throng,
And Heaven and Hell fulfil the song. (*Dante G. Rossetti*.)

Lent by the Artist.

207 A Dryad *Evelyn Pickering*

Lent by the Artist.

208 Tee-to-tum

Even idle hands must have something to do, and here the players are idly watching to see what figure will turn up.

Lent by Lord Mount Temple.

209 Sketch of Blake's Room, &c. *F. Shields.*

Lent by Henry Rowley, Esq.

210 The Infant Hercules *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Hercules was to the Greeks the personification of human strength and endurance; and since "the child is father to the man," many tales were told of his prowess in his infancy. The artist here shows us in the face of the child the man who was to prevail in after life by strength and steadfastness.

Lent by the Artist.

211 Mrs. Frederick Myers *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

212 Lazarus. *F. Shields*

Unto the dead body a sound has pierced which awakens the sleeper to new life. The picture suggests how to others who being alive are yet dead the same sound might arouse their buried life.

Lent by George Gurney, Esq.

213 The Whisper of Love

G. F. Watts, R.A.

Love, depicted as a happy child, whispers words of hope
to the tired, worn and despairing man; and he sees as
it were a light in his darkness. For

Love indeed is light from heaven;

A spark of that immortal fire

With Angels shared, by Alla given,

To lift from earth our low desire.—(*Byron.*)

Lent by the Artist.

214 Galatea

G. F. Watts, R.A.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1868.

A Greek sculptor, Pygmalion, once made a statue of the
nymph Galatea. It was so beautiful that he prayed
the gods to change it into flesh and blood. His prayer
was granted; and Mr. Watts here represents Galatea just
after she has become human. The face may be taken
as a type of Greek beauty, for it is adapted from an
antique bust preserved amongst the Arundel Marbles
at Oxford.

"The soft severity of perfect beauty might serve alike for
woman or statue, flesh or marble; but the eyes have
opened already upon love, with a tender and grave
wonder; her curving ripples of hair seem just warm from
the touch and the breath of the goddess, moulded and
quickened by lips and hands diviner than her sculptor's.
So it seems a Greek painter must have painted women,
when Greece had mortal pictures fit to match her
imperishable statues."—*A. C. Swinburne.*

Lent by L. Huth, Esq.

215 "Amor Vincit Omnia;" or, "Love's Triumph"

Walter Crane

"An Allegory," says Mr. Crane, "of the power of love."

A fanciful picture more or less in the spirit of Spenser's
"Fairy Queen," with, perhaps, a touch of Tennyson's
"Princess" in idea.

"Amor vincit omnia:" love conquers everything. The
city of the warrior queens has defied all former foes;
its walls are unbroken, and over them are seen the signs
of its glories. But what the city refused to force, it
yields to love; the queen gives up the keys to Love's
favoured lieutenant, and welcomes the conqueror.

"Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream, and all in vain;

Let the great river take me to the main;

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more."—*Tennyson: "Princess."*

Lent by the Artist.

216 Love and Death

G. F. Watts, R.A.

In many a house money and prayers are vainly spent to keep out Death, who is here seen with hidden face entering with resistless might. Love with garlands of roses and with a look of petulant passion on his face is trying to stop the way. Small love like this does not know what is best nor see the light which is on God's angel of Death. It requires "larger other eyes than ours" to see that Death may be the best fulfilment of our prayer for life:

Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death.—(*Tennyson.*)

Lent by the Artist,

217 Designs for Christmas Cards.

Miss Thompson.

Lent by Henry Rowley, Esq.

218 The Sirens *Lady Wentworth (Mary Stuart Wortley)*

The Sirens lived, so the Greek story ran, by the sea-shore, and by the sweetness of their songs drew the passing mariners from their course. Their voices were like the voices of human passions, which draw men from the straight path in life. The upright traveller fills his ears with wax as he passes by.

They say there are such maidens in the deep,
Charming poor mariners, that all too near
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,
As drowsy men are poisoned through the ear.—(*Hood.*)

Lent by the Artist.

219 Dedicated to all the Churches *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Above the cities and plains of the world, all sorts and conditions of men are gathered. The artist says "to all the churches" that God's care is not confined to any sect or persuasion—"God's Kingdom is wide—else, let me stand outside it with the beings that I love." (*George Eliot: "Romola"*); and he would remind each one of them in turn of Christ's saying "other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." (*St. John x. 16*)

Lent by the Artist.

220 The Spirit of the Ages

G. F. Watts, R.A.

A figure representing the Spirit of the Ages waiting for the truth which is to be revealed. A trumpet is in the hand ready to blow the news to the end of the world. Wings encircle the figure to bear it to where it listeth. A heart is in the centre, for the world is moved by feeling more than by thought, by love more than by letters. A star is on the forehead receiving and giving light. The figure sits, but not in repose. The arms are folded, but are ready for action. The head is crowned with wings, that so the imagination may soar to realms not reached by grosser things.

I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.—
(Tennyson.)

Lent by the Artist.

221 Portrait of William Morris

W. B. Richmond

Known for his poems, his art, and his enthusiasm for making people happier. A picture of one artist by another, and like all good portraits it tells the character as well as the features.

Lent by the Artist.

222 Type of Beauty

Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.

Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

223 A Woman with a Mirror

G. F. Watts, R.A.

A woman beautiful enough to be a blessing, but found, through want of conscience and of reverence, to be a curse.

Lent by the Artist.

224 "Sleep"

F. Hamilton Jackson

The artist shows us sleep, represented, as the poets called her, as "twin sister of Death," and death as being only dreamless ease.

"Sleep to the end, true soul and sweet
Nothing comes to thee new or strange,
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet."

Lent by the Artist.

225 Messenger of Death

G. F. Watts, R.A.

The sick man lies wearily back in his chair, waiting in fear for the summons of man's arch enemy. But when it comes, his fears disappear, for the messenger is a

kind mother, bearing tenderly in her arms a little undeveloped child, whom she will nurse into the larger fuller life beyond the grave. When the man has obeyed the summons, he too will become again as a little child, fit to enter the Kingdom of heaven.

Death is but a covered way
That leads into the light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Out of the Father's sight.—(Whittier.)

Lent by the Artist.

226 A Portrait

W. B. Richmond

Lent by the Artist.

227 Sunset near Ghizeh, Egypt

F. Goodall, R.A.

The Pyramids look out amid the sunset on the rising Nile, which brings life to the palms and sustenance to the poverty-stricken peasants. Even the sunset seems to remember a greatness that is dead.

Lent by the Artist.

228 Past and Present in Egypt

F. Goodall, R.A.

A picture of the two largest Egyptian pyramids during an overflow of the Nile. The pyramids were built for the tombs of Kings of Egypt and their Queens in the past, and they look down in the present on the mud houses of the Egyptians of to-day. But the sunshine falls on the humble as well as on the great; and the artist has chosen the hour of evening when rest settles on the living as well as on the dead.

Lent by the Artist.

229 The Young Jeremiah

S. Hart, R.A.

Lent by Ernest Hart, Esq.

230 The Butterfly

C. N. Fry

Lent by Samuel Fry, Esq.

231 Cromwell

Ford Madox Brown

There had been a massacre of the poor Protestants in the South of France. Cromwell indignant and impatient, determines to use the English power in their defence.

Here he is shewn eager, crumpling the paper on which he has written the heads of his despatch. Before him are his secretaries, Milton and Marvel. Milton quiet and restrained, is dictating the terms of the despatch and seems to be calling on the others to wait

while he turns the sentence. Milton's face, blind and beautiful, tells the character of the poet. He celebrated it all in two noble sonnets—one "On the massacre in Piedmont," the other to

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed."

Lent by Henry Rowley, Esq.

232 Fishwomen—Boulogne *Legros*

M. Legros is one of the swiftest of draughtsmen. By a very few lines he here succeeds in giving us the character of women who watch and work and wait.

Lent by Mrs. Coronio.

233 Breton Woman *Edouard Frère*

A touching picture, showing a life of hardships, but the old dame does not look as if her troubles had crushed out her womanliness.

Lent by H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.

234 Grandmother and Grandchild *Meyer, of Bremen*

Which face is the prettier, that of the grandmother who has learnt life's lessons, or that of the baby who has not yet forgotten "the palace whence he came?"

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God who is our home.—(Wordsworth.)

Lent by Lord Hobhouse.

235 Portrait of a Lady on Horseback *F. Tayler*

Lent by Miss Alice de Rothschild.

236 The Stray Cat *Mrs. Allingham*

The girls growing up amongst the flowers become sweet flowers themselves. The younger one is "entertaining the stranger within the gate."

Such cottage life is a poem. Mrs. Allingham's pictures breathe, says Mr. Ruskin, "the radiance and innocence

of infant divinity," and have more in them than many
"loudly trumpeted magnificences" of war or town life.

The cottage homes of England
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.—(*Mrs. Hemans.*)

Lent by Mrs. William Dobson.

- 237 The Medway near Aylesford (water colour)
Philip Norman
Lent by the Artist.

- 238 North Sea *Henry Moore, A.R.A.*
Lent by Reginald E. Thompson, Esq., M.D.

- 239 St. Martin's, Tours (water colour) *Lennard Lewie*
St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, is the kindly saint who
shared his cloak with the beggar, and whose memory
is preserved in "St. Martin's Lane" and other names
of London streets.
Lent by C. H. L. Woodd, Esq.

- 240 Fishing Boats on the Riviera *John O'Connor*
Lent by the Artist.

- 241 The Twenty-fourth of December *Miss J. Macgregor*
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 242 Lucentio and Bianca (water colour)
W. H. Wehnert
A scene from Shakespeare's play "The Taming of the
Shrew." Under the pretence of a Latin lesson,
Lucentio contrives to make love to his pupil.
"All the Latin I construe is, 'Amo, I love.'"—(*Browning.*)
Lent by C. H. L. Woodd, Esq.

- 243 "The Giralda"—Tower of Seville Cathedral
W. W. Warren
Lent by Major Martin A. S. Hume.

- 244 Study of Sea *Henry Moore, A.R.A.*
 All around with slumberous sound,
 The raging waves slide up the strand,
 And there, where the smooth wet pebbles be,
 The waters gurgle longingly. — (*Lowell.*)
 Lent by Reginald E. Thompson, Esq., M.D.
- 245 Late in the Autumn—Evening—Valley of the
 Severn (water colour) *C. Branwhite*
 Lent by Mrs. Roscoe.
- 246 The Youthful Ulysses *Richard Doyle*
 Lent by Charles James Longman, Esq.
- 247 Dreadnought Hospital *J. C. Dollman*
 Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 248 Transformation Scene: Night *C. J. Staniland*
 Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 249 The Entombment *Ford Madox Brown*
 Lent by Henry Lowley, Esq.
- 250 Church of Ste. Barbe, Brittany *L. Lewis*
 This church was built some miles away from any town,
 as a thank-offering from one who was riding at great
 speed on horseback, and narrowly escaped being
 precipitated over the cliff seen on the left of the
 church. The rider ascribed his deliverance to the
 intervention of Ste. Barbe, and dedicated the church
 to her accordingly.
 Lent by George H. Powell, Esq.
- 251 Mushrooms *Richard Doyle*
 Lent by Charles James Longman, Esq.
- 252 Leaf of Child's Book *Miss Kate Greenaway*
 Lent by M. H. Spielmann, Esq.
- 253 Transformation Scene: Morning *C. J. Staniland*
 Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."
- 254 Frustrated Social Ambition (drawing) *G. Du Maurier*
 The original drawing for one of the series of illustrations
 in *Punch* in which Mr. Du Maurier sets forth the
 fashionable follies of the age. The subject of this picture
 is written by the artist below it.
 Lent by Mrs. William Dobson.

- 255 Heads for the Pilgrim, Love and Beatrice,
out of "Dante's Dream" *D. G. Rossetti*

Beatrice, the beloved of Dante (see No. 88) died, and as she lay on her bier, Love led Dante by the hand and kissed her. This sketch shows the head of Beatrice, and the sorrowing face of Love touching her.

Lent by B. Bosanquet, Esq.

- 256 Portrait of Miss Amy Herbert *Dante G. Rossetti*

Lent by J. J. Stevenson, Esq.

- 257 Eton Playing Fields *P. Naftel*

"The battle of Waterloo was won," said the Duke of Wellington, "on the playing fields of Eton." He was thinking of the education of heart and limb that English boys receive from the out-door games at the great public schools. But the Eton playing fields are famous also for their sylvan beauty, and the poets who have described it—

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.—(Gray :
"Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.")

Lent by Lord Hobhouse.

- 258 The Boat House *G. D. Leslie, R.A.*

Lent by Rupert Potter, Esq.

- 259 Sketches of Rye, Sussex *John O'Connor*

Rye is one of the oldest English ports. In its architecture are written the changes in English history. "Great nations write their autobiographies in three books—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their arts; and of these three, the only quite faithful record is the last; for the architecture of a nation can only be great by the common genius of all her sons."—(Ruskin.)

Lent by the Artist.

- 260 Hill Side—Woman and Geese *E. Ellis*

Lent by Robert Hampson, Esq.

- 261 The Church and Convent of San Michele,
Venice (water colour) *Carl Werner*

In an island near Venice is a convent where young Armenians are educated for the priesthood. Two of the monks are rowing in the gondola in front. Around Venice is "a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange, spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declines in the west."
—(*Ruskin*).

Lent by John Murray, Esq.

- 262 Carnarvon Castle (water colour)
Copley Fielding R.A.
Lent by John Murray, Esq.

- 263 The Flight into Egypt
W. De Morgan
Lent by Mrs. De Morgan.

- 264 Interior of Westminster Abbey *Ernest George*

Westminster Abbey—with its aisles and chapels, where lie the quiet dead, and where the living may seek for strength in prayer—is one of the great rallying points of the British Empire. "Our hearts turn" said an Australian statesman the other day, "to that old fortress by the river whose records for good or evil are inextricably interwoven with English history in all times; or to that great City Cathedral where the saviours of the silver-coasted isle, Wellington and Nelson, sleep side by side; or, most of all, to that hallowed Abbey, where rest the bones, or are inscribed the monuments, of those great men, to whose genius, to whose labours, and sacrifices we owe so much of all that makes life worth having."

More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,

A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,

From fields where good men walk, or aisles wherein they rest.
(*Wordsworth.*)

Lent by Mrs. F. H. Leaf.

- 265 The Fisherman's Wife (water colour) *Ph. Sadle*

It is "weary waiting" at home when he is "leagues on leagues away;" so the trio have come down to the shore and are rewarded by seeing the fishing smacks in the distance.

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

266 The Holy Mother—Cartoon *F. Goodall, R.A.*

Cradled in love and safe from fear the child looks out into the depths beyond its mother's vision. But she, too, can see in her child what others cannot; for love and pain can clear human eyes of the selfish blindness which would choose the lesser rather than the greater, the wreath of roses rather than the Crown of Thorns.

Lent by the Artist.

267 River with Boat *Arthur Severn*

The sun rising over a distant hill kindles the sleeping world into light and life once more. But the shades of night still hold half the picture, and the morning mists still linger, out of which the boat moves slowly towards light and the day's work.

Lent by Lord Mount Temple.

268 "The Captive Maid of Israel" *Miss Marion Ivey*

"Now Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a great man; but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." The little serving-maid's fidelity to her master was thus the means of curing him from his disease. There is a look on her face of the queenship of true service. "Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching; the throne set upon the steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives but queens?"—(*Ruskin.*)

Lent by the Artist.

269 St. Alban's Abbey (water colour) *Harry Hine*

St. Alban's Abbey, in Hertfordshire, (within an hour of London) is one of the oldest historic spots in England. It was on the ground now covered by the church, that Alban, the first Christian martyr in England, was killed nearly 1600 years ago. Between 400 and 500 years later, Offa, King of the Mercians, built a Monastery on the spot to the martyr's memory, and round it the town of St. Alban's gradually grew. A later event in its history connects it with East London. This was during the Peasant Revolt, when King Richard granted a charter of Emancipation after an interview at Mile End to the men of Hertfordshire.

The burghers of St. Alban's, on the strength of this charter, broke into the Abbey precincts, and forced the Abbot to deliver up the charter which bound the town in bondage to his house.

Lent by C. H. L. Woodd, Esq.

- 270 A View in Devonshire *John Syer*

Lent by J. Seymour Lucas, Esq.

- 271 Venice (water colour) *Roussoff*

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

- 272 Venice from the Lagoon *Arthur Severn*

A picture which shows at once the pride and humility of Venice. Her palaces are of marble magnificence, but their foundations rest on mud banks, which are still sometimes (as here) left bare by the receding tide. "If, 2000 years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow setting of the slime, how little could we have imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was a preparation for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth.

(*Ruskin.*)

Lent by Leonard Courtney, Esq., M.P.

- 273 Fir Trees (water colour) *Gertrude Martineau*

Lent by B. Bosanquet, Esq.

- 274 Teaching the Choir (Italy) (water colour) *F. Filsoni*

Lent by W. A. Michael, Esq.

- 275 Mountain Road in Scotland (water colour)

Gertrude Martineau

Lent by the Artist.

- 276 Italian Lake Scene *Whittaker*

Lent by Lord Mount Temple.

Second Floor—Second Room.

- 277 Transit of Venus *C. J. Garland*
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 278 Fishing Boats *Miss Clara Montalba*
Lent by J. T. Carr, Esq.

- 279 A Mountain Scene in Wales *Lady Artist*
Lent by Mrs. F. H. Leaf
- 280 View from Leith Hill, Surrey *J. Martin*
Lent by Lord Hobhouse.
- 281 Aylesford, Kent (water colour) *Philip Norman*
A pretty English village in which the House of God is the
largest house.
Lent by the Artist.
- 282 Ancient and Modern Venice *Henry Darvall*
Venice is the city of contrasts; at every turn you may
see the ruins of past magnificence alongside the
squalor of present poverty, the refinement of art
beside the brutalities of commerce. In this picture
the artist has cleverly chosen a point of view from
which the masts and rigging of a huge, unsightly iron-
clad "ram" hide the slender proportions of the
Campanile, the famous clock-tower built four centuries
ago; whilst nearer to us we see the spick-and-span but
ugly houses of the present century looking down on the
procession of priests and acolytes, the picturesque
survival of an old faith.
Lent by George H. Powell, Esq.
- 283 General Gordon *Ed. Clifford*
An hour's sketch of General Gordon, the hero of Khar-
toun, taken just before he left for the East, 21 Dec.,
1882.
Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,
Saviour of empires, servant of the poor.
(*Ernest Myers.*)
Lent by the Artist.
- 284 L'Incroyable *Leo Herrmann*
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 285 Ightham Mote (water colour) *Philip Norman*
Lent by the Artist.
- 286 Interior of Hall of Barnard's Inn (water colour)
Philip Norman
Lent by the Artist.
- 287 Sunrise on the Sea *Copley Fielding,*
1787—1855
Lent by Mrs. Hawes.

- 288 Highland Sportsmen (water colour) *Fredk. Taylor*

Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.

- 289 The Coming Storm *B. Evans*

Lent by Robert Hampson, Esq.

- 290 A Monk's Cell

Rayner
Lent by Lord Hobhouse.

- 291 Deep Sea Fishing (water colour) *F. Powell*

"Life is an island between two eternities." In this picture two "common men" seem to be resting with infinity above and infinity beneath them.

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

- 292 The Bridge of the Rialto, Venice (water colour) *W. Callow*

The Rialto (the bridge over the "deep stream") crosses the Grand Canal at Venice, and it is one of the famous bridges of the world. "Its interest, architecturally, is largely due to its being more than a bridge; it is, in fact, a row of shops sustained on an arch. No such effect can be produced merely by the masonry of the roadway itself." The Rialto has always been the centre of Venetian commerce; its "central market" and "exchange" all in one, and as such it was the scene of Shylock's bargaining in the "Merchant of Venice." There was no "West End" in Venice, but the palaces of the nobles stood side by side, as we see them here, with the markets of the traders.

Lent by Mrs. Roscoe.

- 293 On the Rhine (water colour) *J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

Those who care for Turner's pictures will find hundreds of beautiful water colours like these in the National Gallery. Turner's secret is that he saw and painted the *spirit* of things as well as their *forms*, the soul of them as well as their shapes. In these drawings he shows us the spirit of the Rhine—the river around which gathers so many legends of mystery and romance.

Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.

- 294 Fishing Boat (Pastel)

J. M. Whistler
Lent by L. Huth, Esq.

- 295 The Young Drummer (water colour) *Edouard Frère*

Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.

- 296 Bazaar at Constantinople *Preclosi*
Lent by Miss Alice de Rothschild.
- 297 River Scene *F. Danby*
Lent by Lord Mount Temple.
- 298 On the Rhine (water colour) *J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*
Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.
- 299 Old Elvet Bridge (water colour) *Philip Norman*
Lent by the Artist.
- 300 View near Rome (water colour) *David Roberts, R.A.*
Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.
- 301 Cardinal at Supper *A. Simionetti*
Lent by Miss Alice de Rothschild.
- 302 A Village Church *J. Syer*
Lent by J. Seymour Lucas, Esq.
- 303 Spanish Girl *Lundgun*
Lent by Mrs. F. H. Leaf.
- 304 Windsor Castle *Evans, of Eton*
Lent by Mrs. F. H. Leaf.
- 305 Richmond Hill *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*
Lent by Edwin Lawrence, Esq.
- 306 Lichfield Cathedral (water colour) *C. Stanfield, R.A.*
Lent by John Murray, Esq.
- 307 Luccombe Chine, Isle of Wight—Low Tide
Miss Bruce
Lent by the Artist.
- 308 View of the Grand Canal, Venice, as seen in the
year 1730 A.D. *Canaletto*

Canaletto (1697 — 1780) had a great reputation as a painter of Venice. Several of his pictures may be seen in the National Gallery. They give, however, a better idea of the form than of the colour of the city. The building on the right of the picture is now used as the Academy of Fine Arts—the Venetian Picture Exhibition.

Lent by Frederic Yeats Edwards, Esq.

- 309 Evening (water colour) *F. Shalders*
Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

- 310 Fishing Boats entering Calais Harbour
J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 1775—1851

Turner is the greatest of all landscape painters, and splendid examples of all phases of his work may be seen in the National Gallery. This picture belongs to his "first period," when he was still under the influence of the older painters who exaggerated all the darks to bring out the lights. In his later pictures and in the water-colour drawings (two of which are exhibited in this collection) a complete reversal of method may be seen.

Lent by Henry Drake, Esq.

- 311 Place Fell, Cumberland *J. Sutcliffe*

"The mountains, unfathomable in their darkness and unshaken in their faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism:—'Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.'"—(*Ruskin*).

Lent by Mrs. Buckton.

- 312 Edinburgh (water colour) *C. Stanfield, R.A.*

Lent by John Murray, Esq.

- 313 Portrait of Dr. Livingstone *Henry Phillips*

Dr. Livingstone, the famous African missionary and explorer, who died in 1873, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

The dying traveller in his lonely hut—
His spirit keener that his eyes were shut—
Whispered that he was "going Home" at last,
His wanderings o'er, his life-long troubles past . . .
True home, indeed, and worthy resting ground
His weary wandering way-worn feet have found,
Laid by his country in a glorious grave.
Amidst her seers, her patriots, and her brave.

Lent by John Murray, Esq.

- 314 Portrait of Thomas Guy, founder of Guy's
Hospital *Vanderbank*

Thomas Guy, at whose "sole costs and charges" Guy's Hospital was founded, was a merchant in the City of London (1645—1724), who gave the best of his fortune in this way to the relief of his fellows. The sum expended during his lifetime in the building and furnish-

ing of the Hospital, together with that received for its endowment under his will, amounted to £250,000. "He was," says his biographer, "a man of unbounded charity and universal benevolence. So was he likewise a great patron of liberty, and the rights of his fellow subjects, which to his great honour, he strenuously asserted in divers Parliaments whereof he was a Member."

"Let us praise great men and our fathers that begat us These were honourable men in their generation and their memorial has not perished with them."—(*Ecclesiasticus*.)

Lent by the President and Governors of Guy's Hospital.

- 315 A Winter Song *J. MacWhirter*
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 316 Sunrise on Mont Blanc *G. Loppé*
The artist shows the loneliness of greatness:

The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;
Alone the sun rises, and alone

Spring the great streams.—(*Matthew Arnold*),

Lent by Leslie Stephen, Esq.

- 317 Sheepish *B. de Monvel*

"Baa, baa, white sheep,
Have you any wool?

Yes, missy, have I
Three bags full.

One for my master,

One for my dame,

But none for the little girl

Who cries in the lane."—*Nursery Rhyme, adapted.*

Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

- 318 The Madonna of the Fishermen *H. Darvall*

Rising from the shallow lagoons (the mud banks covered with water at high tide) round Venice, one sometimes sees rough wooden shrines containing an image of the Virgin, before which the faithful keep a lamp burning. In the early morning this sorrow-laden woman has rowed herself to the emblem of pity and is gaining help from her prayer in the loneliness.

Lent by William Smither, Esq.

- 319 "Heigho! the Wind and the Rain!"
J. Macwhirter, A.R.A.
Lent by J. J. Stevenson, Esq.

- 320 Venice *James Holland*
Lent by Thomas Wood, Esq.
- 321 Roses *Fantin*
Lent by L. Huth, Esq.
- 322 One of the Bridesmaids *Hugo Salmson*
Lent by the Marquis de Sauturce.
- 323 "Miss Jean" *J. Farquharson*
Lent by J. J. Stevenson, Esq.
- 324 Through the Long Grass *Bertha Newcombe*
Lent by the Artist.
- 325 Sorely Tempted *L. C. Henley*
Lent by a Friend.
- 326 A Dragoman *Miss C. Goldsmid*
Lent by the Artist.
- 327 French Market-place *V. Gilbert*
Lent by E. W. O'Brien, Esq.
- 328 Roman Campagna *Sir A. Calcott, R.A.*
Sir Augustus Calcott was a chorister boy at Westminster Abbey, who afterwards took to painting, became R.A., and was Knighted by the Queen. He is sometimes called "the English Claude," and this picture is one of those "classical landscapes" of which several by Claude may be seen in the National Gallery. "There is a solemn calmness and stillness about Calcott's work," says an eminent critic, "which some of his successors would do well to imitate," but there are plenty of pictures in this exhibition which show how much the later painters of landscape have improved in transparency and light.
Lent by L. Huth, Esq.
- 329 Fisherman's Hut *J. Israels*
A poor hut; and the mother, too busy to amuse or play with the baby, has put it in a box. The cat is the baby's playmate. The mother stops her work and looks up for a moment; the look will make her work all the better.
Lent by Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.
- 330 Portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. *G. F. Watts, R.A.*
Lent by John Murray, Esq.

331 The New Wig *A. W. Bayes*

A wig maker has come with an assortment of wigs, and is assuring his customer that "It suits you to a 't,' Sir."

Lent by the Artist.

332 River Scene, North Devon

F. R. Lee, R.A., 1799—1879

Lent by William Debenham, Esq.

333 Head of an Old Man *Sir Martin A. Shee, P.R.A.*
[1770—1850.]

Lent by Louisa, Lady Goldsmid.

334 Holy Family *Andrea del Sarto (Florentine, 1487—1531)*

Andrea del Sarto was one of the masters of the "Florentine school," in the 16th century, and was called "the faultless painter;" "All is silver-grey, placid and perfect, with my art" Mr. Browning makes him say. The great masters painted the Virgin and Child in likeness of the people they knew; in their eyes every home had the possibility of the highest.

Lent by John Hardcastle, Esq.

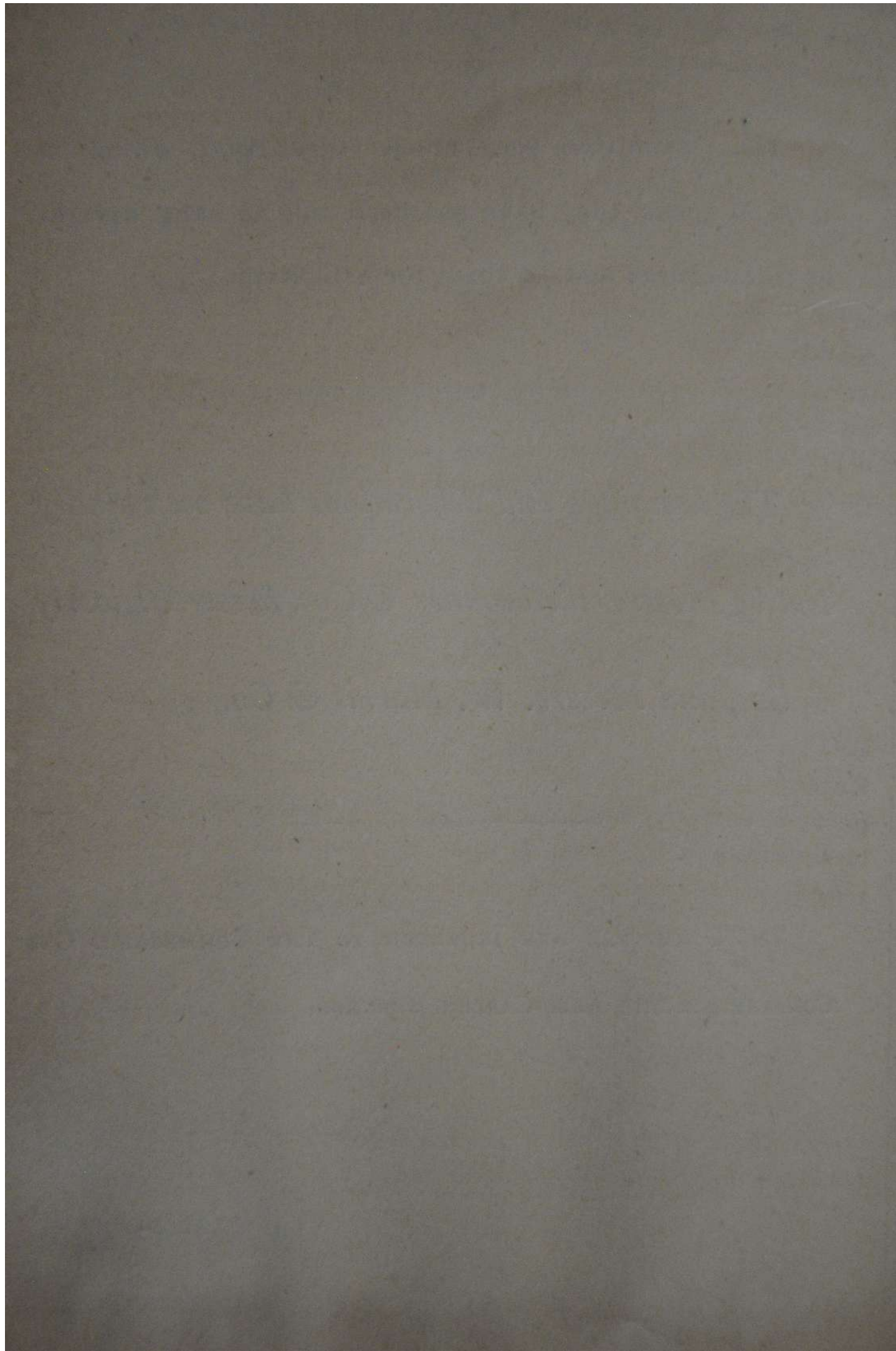
335 Madonna del Cardellino *Raphael (1483—1520)*

Raphael, the best known and perhaps greatest of the Italian masters, has enjoyed the distinction in these latter days of fetching the biggest price ever paid for a single picture—£70,000 having been paid for one of his Madonnas which is now in the National Gallery. This picture is a replica of another famous Madonna which is one of the chief treasures of the Gallery at Florence — "the Madonna of the little Goldfinch." Raphael was the painter of motherhood. In this women there are the nobleness, and the self-forgetting, ever-watchful, care of a true mother. In the children there are the friendship and the tenderness which are ever found in a true home.

Lent by H. Drake, Esq.

336 The Repose in Egypt *F. Baroccio, (Italian, 1528—1628)*

Lent by Major Martin A. S. Hume.



"No art was ever truly great but that which represented the living forms and daily deeds of the people among whom it arose; all previous historical work records, not the past, but the present. Remember, therefore, that it is not so much in *buying* pictures, as in *doing* pictures, that you can encourage a noble school."

RUSKIN.

"Every right action and true thought set the seal of their beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought their seal of dissolution. On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of the disobedience."

RUSKIN.

"Our citizens must not be allowed to grow up amongst images of evil, lest their souls assimilate the ugliness of their surroundings. Rather they should be like men living in a beautiful and healthy place; from everything that they see and hear, loveliness, like a breeze, should pass into their souls, and teach them, without their knowing it, the truth of which beauty is a manifestation."

PLATO: *Republic*.

"We cannot arrest sunsets nor carve mountains, but we may turn every English home, if we choose, into a picture which shall be 'no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.'"

RUSKIN.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

KEATS : *Endymion*.

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

WORDSWORTH.

"A little girl was taken by her mother to see the poet-painter, Blake, in his dingy garret. He looked at her very kindly for a long while, without speaking ; and then, stroking her head and hair, said, ' May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me.' She thought it strange at the time—vain little darling of fortune!—that such a poor old man, dressed in shabby clothes, could imagine that the world had ever been so beautiful to him as it must be to her. But in after years, she understood plainly enough what he meant, and treasured the few words he had spoken to her."

Gilchrist's Life of BLAKE.

"None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses, built without hands, for our souls to live in."

RUSKIN.