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ABERDEEN is proud, and has reason so to be, over the success of her seventh Annual Exhibition. The Aberdeen Society has followed the example set by Edinburgh and other places, in hanging along with the modern work good examples by deceased and living masters, which have been lent for the occasion by their owners. This is a step in the right direction from an educational point of view, and is a great means of making an exhibition more popular. One has the satisfaction of paying his money to see something better than a mere sale-room of the year's efforts. Loan pictures are, as a rule, the best work of the artist's life.

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A pleasant and profitable hour can be spent by student or connoisseur in the galleries at Schoolhill, and he cannot but carry away with him a good impression of art. Of the modern works the standard is high, and many are exceptionally fine canvasses.

The outstanding features are, in landscape, the pictures of David Murray, Joseph Farquharson, Robert Noble, and John Muirhead; in figure subjects those of John Phillip, R.A., T. Austen Brown, J. Pettie, R.A., and A. S. MacGeorge.

The exhibition as a whole is, however, strongest in portraiture. There are many beautiful examples by Scotland's first portrait-painter, George Jameson; also by Vandyke, Raeburn, John Phillip, R.A., W. O. Orchardson, Professor Legros, Sir George Reid, and Robert Brough.

Nearly all these men were born, or have lived and worked North of the Tweed, and the Exhibition, as a whole, as well as every individual effort, reflects credit on Caledonian art.

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Following this, it may not be out of place, though rather late in the day, to note an addition lately made to the Natural Gallery, London, of a picture by a Scottish artist, *vide* the Athenæum, "the best artist Scotland has produced." It is a picture of St. John leading the Virgin to the Tomb of Christ, given to the nation by an anonymous donor, and painted by W. Dyce, R.A. The picture is in excellent preservation, and is a good example of the artist's best work.

Dyce was born at Aberdeen in 1806, and studied in the Academies of London and Edinburgh. He was appointed head of the administration when the Government Schools of Design were established, and he did much to foster the art education of this country.

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Considerable excitement prevails in art circles just now in Edinburgh. The whole affair is a matter of jealousy between the two Societies, the Royal Scottish Academy and the Society of Scottish Artists. That such jealousy exists between the members, or at least a large proportion of them, there can be no doubt, and much discussion has been wasted on side issues. It seems the S. S. A., composed of the younger men, is flourishing, and has held two very successful exhibitions in the rooms of the R. S. A. Now the old Society wish to deprive them of the use of these rooms, and play the part of the dog in the manger. Much better feeling, it is to be hoped, may be engendered by this discussion, but it is cheering to know that the interests of art in the capital will not suffer, at least permanently.

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The loving life work of a careful hand has again been demolished, and the treasures cast to the four winds, in the sale of books, paintings, and MSS., belonging to the late J. M. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It is a pity that such a collection could not remain intact and complete as he left it. I am glad to see that a memorial volume on Mr. Gray is in preparation, edited by Mr. Balfour Paul, Lyon-king-at-arms.

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Messrs. T. & R. Annan & Sons announce the publication of a handsomely-illustrated book on George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and

the art of his time. The photogravures are by themselves, and the biography is written by Mr. Ed. Pinnington, Glasgow.

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The first of the Armitstead Lectures, a series delivered annually in Dundee, was given by Professor A. Herkomer, the other day. The Professor's subject was Portrait Painting. With his enthusiasm, lucid explanation, and plain stories, which were very much *a propos*, he succeeded in making the lecture intensely interesting and very successful.

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The Scottish Art Club have moved into new premises at Rutland Square, Edinburgh. These premises were opened with a reception given by the President, Sir G. Reid, P.R.S.A., and members of the council and club. Mr. Hall Caine performed the opening ceremony, and at the dinner in the evening proposed the toast of the club. In doing so he, in a very honest and straightforward manner, referred to one or two of the shortcomings of the artist of to-day. He thinks, and not without reason I am sure, that the 19th century artist has grown too conceited in his art, for art's sake; with him all is paint and technique, and instead of meeting the public half-way, and giving them something they can understand and appreciate, he performs great feats in "harmonies" and "values." Mr. Caine pointed out that this had something to do with *log rolling*. The public, which can not make up its own mind in such a case, is prone to follow the advice of critics, and reputations are often built up by one critic for another, or one set for another set. He made it clear, however, that such practices must always fail to affect the really great artist or his work.

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The Royal Scottish Water Colour Society has arranged its exhibition this year in the Fine Art Institute, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. The exhibition is a very successful one, and represents the best work of its old and new members. There is also a good collection of the works of some members now, alas, gone over to the majority.

J. YOUNG.



GLASGOW has been excited for some time over that excellent picture of the "Victor and Donor" in the Corporation Galleries. It is of course a matter of the first importance that we should know, as far as possible, the true history of all our art treasures. Should the picture be labelled a Van Eyck or Raphael on the one hand, or with some obscure name on the other, it will, notwithstanding, still retain the position it has always held among art lovers. Too often the esteemed merits of a picture hang on the painter's name which it bears, but such is not the case with the "Victor and Donor."

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The journal of the Ex-Libris Society opens with an article on the bequest of Heraldic works left to the Lyon office by the late J. M. Gray of Edinburgh. Mr. J. Forbes, Nairn, designs a book-plate to be placed in the volumes forming this valuable collection.

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A series of Saturday evening lectures on art is being given this winter in the Corporation Galleries. I noticed that Art and Photography formed the subject of one of the lectures delivered lately by Bailie Primrose. This subject is at present attracting the attention of the art magazines and papers, as well as art circles and camera clubs. After a little experience or two, I have a word to say on the subject.

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I have met a great many ardent devotees to the little mysterious

box on the tripod stand, and have seen the work of many more, who finish and manoeuvre their plates and prints, then uphold that they have done as much for the world as the best artist has ever accomplished, and with far more truth to nature.

Without knowledge and without thought, they have not as yet discovered how bald and unacceptable the truth (with regard to picture-making) generally is; also that the be-all and end-all of art is not to be literally true and to rival nature. If so, we might as well stop at once, and be content with the actual thing.

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Art is not nature at all in one sense. It never pretended to be. It is an impression, it may be, of nature in some phase or other that has struck the artist, which he has worked out and stamped with his genius, or it may be the inspiration of a high ideal that has stirred him, or a divine message which he is to give to the world—but it *must* be the light and truth of nature shining through the tinted windows of his poetic soul, to make the impression which he faithfully gives us, or fails to make a picture that can rank as a work of art.

Yet in this same sense art is nature, and of the highest and truest kind, for the genius himself is the medium through which nature is working. Surely, then, it is he who gives us the truth—a nobler truth than the faithful reproduction of every single and uninteresting blade of grass, every stitch that holds a patch in an urchin's jacket, or every pebble on the shore, where all are the same shape, monotonous and dull. All such copying, be it ever so faithful and in what manner executed, has never been called art, nor can it ever have any lasting value as a picture. If it records the placement of features of individuals, their costumes, their houses and general environment, for that it is always valuable—but this does not make art. The interest is more historical than scientific.

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Photography, to my mind, is science from beginning to end, and the turning of a screw to give a sharp or foggy effect, or the subsequent "finishing up" of any plate, does not remove it from the pale of science, and crown it with any glory of art.

And why should the photographer wish it to be so? Is he dead to the merits belonging to the craft itself? Has it no glory of its own? Are its triumphs not sufficient to satisfy its followers

without trying to usurp a place in art, to attain which is an impossibility? Photography must be looked upon as one of the greatest scientific acquisitions of the century. Every one knows, or ought to know, the unlimited aid it has given to all science in the reproduction of sections and parts, showing the construction and formation of all kinds of machinery, from that of the human frame and the tender plant, the complicated working of the steam and electric engines, to the simplest diagrams of the elements of every scientific law.

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It has also given to the world innumerable faithful copies of the masterpieces of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, and it has lifted engraving and book illustration to a much higher sphere. In the latter it has made the results sure, easy of attainment, and installed it as a craft for many clever workmen. It is true that photography has killed the mediocre portrait-painter and the poor engraver, and has banished entirely the art of miniature painting. (This last, however, is more a loss than a gain). We all hope that it may continue on this course, and rid us of the manufacturer of "pot-boilers" and the "stencilled horrors," which are produced by the dozen, and palmed off on an innocent public as genuine work.

It appears to me that on these lines it has a high vocation—one which many may consider higher than that of the Painter; but to expect that the genius of art will ever forsake her palette and brush to think out and execute her noble inspirations with a camera, is to expect the impossible.

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I once heard a master tell a pupil, who had a nicely pointed pencil, and leaned his hand on his work, taking infinite pains over every little line, to stand up and work with his whole arm, as his shoulder joint was nearer his head than that of the wrist, meaning thereby that he must first of all think out and appreciate his idea fully in his own mind, then draw directly from that fountain-head. The camera, besides being further removed from the artist's brain, has got limits and capacities of its own, which of course would reduce modes of expression to one dull level, and must greatly hinder the process of the thought crystallizing on the canvas. The ideal, the artist's images of the unseen, and his impressions, are by far too subtle and refined for such a leveller as this would be.

A very good comparison has often been drawn between the artist and photographer. A reporter may be present at any interesting scene or event, along with a poet or novelist. The first will publish a full and truthful account in his journal; the second will carry away an impression, to make it the outstanding feature of a novel or poem, which lives and interests mankind long after the journalist and his paper have been forgotten.

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Railway stations come about last in the list of places in which we expect to find art—unless, perhaps, the architecture of the hotels built in connection with them, which are sometimes decorated. The Caledonian Railway has gone a step higher for once in their new station at Princes Street, Edinburgh. The face of this building is to be ornamented with four groups of sculpture, representing Mechanics, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Fine Arts. They have just been finished by Mr. John Hutchison, R.S.A., who has done the work carefully and well.

The groups have been suitably designed and executed, each to fill its proper place, and will, when in position, greatly enhance the appearance of an already fine building.

We may yet expect to see the frescoes of some of our best painters decorating the interior walls of large stations, instead of the heterogeneous mass of vile-looking advertisements which at present do duty for ornament, but which, alas! sadly fail in that respect.

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An engraving of special interest to the readers of "Caledonia" has been issued by Messrs. Aitken Dott & Son, Edinburgh.

The original from which it is taken is an oil painting representing the meeting of Burns and Scott, painted by Charles Martin Hardie. The artist has introduced portraits of some of the literary celebrities of last century, who very probably had been present at this meeting in the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson.

As the picture lends itself to engraving, and the story is interesting, this print will be a popular one.

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In the sudden death of Mr. James Hamilton, A.R.S.A., our national art has lost a devoted exponent. Mr. Hamilton had

strong Scottish sympathies, and painted pictures of Highland life in our glens and farms and cheery cottage fires, also pictures of

“Old unhappy far off things,  
And battles long ago.”

J. YOUNG.







“ THERE is a time when Art burrows in the dark, when its activities are underground, planting the roots of a new beauty.”

Few, I believe, would agree with me if I said that our Scottish Art, since it sprang into being, had at any time burrowed in the dark; but all must acknowledge that our Art, for the past month or so, has flowered and borne fruit, giving abundant evidence of a long but steady growth and healthy development.

Four recent events bring Scottish art into unusual prominence, namely, the opening of the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition in Edinburgh; the Institute of Fine Arts in Glasgow; “Scotland—her old masters,” at the Grafton Gallery, London; and a smaller exhibition in the same city by four of our younger artists.

We are also favoured by a lengthy article in Harper's Magazine for February on the Glasgow School. Our book-binding is likewise noticed in the Magazine of Art.

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Extremely varied are the opinions afloat as to the merits and demerits, artistic or otherwise, of our two Annual Exhibitions. On the one hand, they are simply “popular,” “not up to the *general status quo*”; on the other hand, “Better than the Royal Academy, London,” “eclipsing all previous efforts,” etc., etc., all of course reflecting the personal impressions of the different writers.

With pictures such as the “Kelpie,” by T. Mellis Dow; “Vanity Fair,” by J. E. Christie; the portraits of J. Lavery, J. Guthrie, E. A. Walton, and Sir G. Reid, the *genre* work of Martin Hardie, R.

S. Macgregor, and Alexander Roche; the landscapes of Sir G. Reid and R. Noble, and many other works of outstanding merit, a triumphant list of brilliant and successful individual effort, may be adduced to uphold a high position for our present Scottish School. But to what extent is this modern school characteristic of the land of its birth, and how far can it be called truly and distinctly national?

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Jameson was styled our Scottish Vandyke, and his work distinctly shows this foreign influence, so far as manner goes. Raeburn was at times undoubtedly influenced by Reynolds, but he has left us many treasures revealing great powers of technique with a sympathetic rendering of the native strength of character belonging to the people of his own life and times.

Wilkie was intensely Scotch, Chalmers and Pettie endowed their canvasses with national feeling akin to that which is the life and spirit of our Scottish Songs.

But to-day we are much the same as other nations in this respect, we acknowledge Art as a universal language to be used as a means for the expression of the beautiful alone. With our ablest men it is a thing sufficient in itself, and Art is pursued for Art's sake.

The home-life of to-day or of times gone by is to a great extent neglected, or left to the painter whose artistic enthusiasm is mixed with patriotism and politics, and his work seems to suffer from the mixture.

Our Art has never reached the same national position, or touched the same patriotic spirit as Scottish Song; and now I fear the opportunity has passed, and we will look in vain for a Burns in painting. At present the whole field seems to be occupied by the litterateur.

The modern Scottish School has certainly gained a creditable position in the artistic world, but it is not by means of any peculiarly national characteristic as obtains, for instance, with our younger school of story-writers. The general public delight to distinguish things Scottish from that which bears the stamp of any other nationality.

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Mr Martin Hardie and Mr G. W. Johnstone have been elected to the rank of Academicians of the R. S. Academy. Mr Hardie is

a native of East Linton, and is a painter who has done much for our National Art by his two important pictures of Burns. Mr Johnstone hails from the historic little village of Glamis; he is a landscape painter, whose work is well known beyond the borders as well as at home.

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An excellent medallion portrait of Thomas Carlyle, modelled in wax by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, has been placed in the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh. It is the original from which bronze and silver medals were struck for subscribers on Carlyle's eightieth birthday. This excellent piece of workmanship is very characteristic of the Sage of Chelsea.

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Under the bequest of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, the Scottish National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery have been enriched by a valuable addition each—the former by a family group of the donors, painted in Raeburn's best style; the latter by a portrait of Margaret, mother of James V., which is attributed to Mabuse.

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A statue of Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected on the rocks skirting the beach at Dunoon. W. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., has produced an excellent design for the work, which is intended to be unveiled on the centenary of the Poet's death, 21st July, 1896.

J. YOUNG.



“ROYAL Scottish Academy Pictures,” published by Stevenson and Ogilvie, Edinburgh, is a very creditable production, giving about eighty engravings of the principal pictures in the Academy exhibition of this year. Although the printing is not at times all that could be wished, our Academy souvenir compares favourably with similar publications from over the border. The use of process blocks gives one a much better idea of the finished pictures, but I think it is a pity that the little sketches reproduced from the pen and ink work of the artists, should have been dropped entirely.

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Last month I bewailed the want of national spirit in our Art, but apparently there is no lack of enterprise to boom the work of Scotsmen as it is at present in London. The latest effort in this direction is Mr. J. Denovan Adam's exhibition in Dowdeswell's Galleries. He has painted pictures of Scottish scenery illustrating each month of the year. Mr. Adam's choice of subject is peculiarly happy, and the whole idea is one which affords much scope for his skilful treatment of Highland cattle and scenery.

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Mr. W. Raeburn Andrews' life of our “Scottish Reynolds” is published at a very appropriate season. The interest of artists and amateurs in Sir Henry Raeburn has received a great impetus recently from the Exhibition of Scottish Masters in London, and doubtless Mr. Andrews' biography, and the increasing opportunities

of judging Raeburn's work, will place him in a more exalted position as a portrait painter of the first rank.

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The death is announced of Mr. Waller Paton, R.S.A. Mr. Paton was a native of Dunfermline, and has been a member of the Royal Scottish Academy for many years. He was the younger brother of Sir Noel Paton. His work was chiefly landscapes, which it was his peculiar characteristic to carry to the highest pitch of finish.

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Sir Noel Paton's new picture, "Beati Mundo Corde" is being exhibited in Glasgow. The Knight Sir Galahad, typical of the pure in heart, is gazing steadfastly on the Angel seated in the bow of the boat which carries him across the stream. As he looks he listens to the promise "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," while the forms of Pleasure and Despair tempt him on either side.

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It has been decided that there will be no new Associates elected this year to the Academy in Edinburgh. Is this the effect of the Academy's new charter? There are at least three positions to fill and many who deserve the honour.

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Mr. R. Gibb, R.S.A., has been appointed principal curator of the National Gallery, Scotland. Mr. Archibald Dickie, A.R.I.B.A., who hails from Glamis, has accepted an important appointment in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund. Mr. Dickie studied for his profession in Forfar and London.

J. YOUNG.



A SUCCESSFUL exhibition, promoted by the Graphic Arts' Association, was opened last month in Dundee, by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

Mr. Wingate delivered an address on "Art Culture," in which he mentioned (rather mildly, I think) the all-important questions of apprenticeship, and scholarly knowledge, in painting. He also made it clear to his audience that nothing was denied to well-directed labour, even in Art. In these days of keen competition and speedy achievement of excellent results, in all branches of industry and education, this is a sentiment which is often questioned by the indolent, and we are repeatedly told that Artists are born, not made. To a certain extent this is very true, but it is none the less true that "as we sow we shall reap," and the student who works with untiring application, and worships with unflinching passion, is rewarded with success, even if he should begin late in life. The world has had many such men who have become famous in Art and Literature.

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The present exhibition is superior to any yet held under the auspices of the Dundee Association. I trust its increasing enterprise and zeal in this cause will be crowned with success.

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"The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal," a new organ of Literature and Art, has been promoted in Edinburgh. The numbers are to

be in harmony with the seasons, in matter as well as in name. The Spring number is almost ready, and will be issued immediately.

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It is particularly interesting to note the farewell meetings, held in London and Arbroath, in honour of Mr. James Greig, a Scotch artist, who has left for Paris to study. Mr. Greig went to London some years ago, and has made a good name as illustrator in some of the best periodicals. In Paris he will find himself in an atmosphere of Art, and the talent of which he has already given ample proof will be fully brought to maturity.

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It is there, in Paris alone, that one can measure himself with the best of his contemporaries. The great leaders of French Art are his teachers, and the "*creme-de-la-creme*" of students of all nationalities work beside him, and stimulate his emulation.

Many and curious are the letters one reads, written by faddists of this and other countries, characterizing this pilgrimage to the capital of Art as a huge mistake. The press seems to have satisfied itself on this point, but the fact still remains, that every year crowds of earnest students cross the channel in search of the teaching which our schools do not or cannot give. The silly argument, that it stints their national inspiration—"clips the British wings with French scissors"—is given, but it is a weak one. The acquisition of a better technique surely does not mean the expunging of inspiration, national or artistic. It may have occurred in one or more cases, but then, I am afraid, the good qualities were not there to be lost. He who is already an artist in thought will remain so, no matter where he learns his technique, and why should he not learn it in the best school? After all, it is the thought which charms, not the manner of putting it down. Words, Melody, or Paint may delight our outward senses, but it is the thought alone which excites our emotions, and satisfies the love of the beautiful which is in us:—

" Unless with sacred meaning fraught,  
 Words are but words. To 'perfect praise'  
 Is the sole aim of Art. The thought  
 Of daily bread too dearly bought  
 Deters no Poet."

J. YOUNG.



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PROF. BALDWIN BROWN has been elected President of the Scottish Art Club, in succession to Sir G. Reid, P.R.S.A.

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In a side chapel of St. Giles', Edinburgh, a beautiful mural monument to the Marquis of Argyle is about to be erected. The memorial consists of a full size recumbent figure of the Marquis, carved in white alabaster by Mr. C. McBride. This is enclosed in a very elaborate frame of Renaissance design, which will be worked in various coloured marbles and gold by the same artist. The designer is Mr. Sydney Mitchell of Edinburgh.

This memorial is being erected by the Presbyterians; the Episcopalians erected a similar one to the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles' some years ago.

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Mr. J. A. Buist has presented a landscape, by Horatio McCulloch, to the permanent Gallery, Dundee. It is a picture of a Border Keep, and is considered a good example of this Artist's work.

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But a few years have elapsed since the time when we read any notice of the Art Exhibitions in London or Paris much in the same spirit as we now read reports of war in the east. It was something removed from us—something we all read about, but few of us saw. To-day, through the medium of photographic reproduction, to a certain extent, "nous avons change tout cela." We are not carried to the spot to view the wonders we read of, but for



the modest shilling we can have a pretty good copy in Black and White of all the principal pictures in more than one of the London Galleries. True, that in these we miss the all-important factor of colour, but herein lies the vocation of the local critic. With a copy of the "Pictures of the Year," or any of the kindred publications, and his glowing descriptions, one can form a fairly accurate idea of the Exhibitions, and that too following close in the opening days. Thus everyone is able to discuss the useless and silly question, "Which is the picture of the year?"

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Yet, as before, the privileged individual who can travel south and feast his eyes on the actual works is to be envied, that is to say, if our interest in a picture extends beyond the story it tells or the incident depicted. To him whose tastes are more artistic than literary, who thinks more of the Artist's work, and the manner in which it has been accomplished, than in the subject, study of the pictures alone will suffice. To him, then, comparison with the black and white translation becomes odious, and he will change his ideas considerably.

In speaking of these souvenirs, I cannot help comparing the catalogue of the Salon at Paris with our Royal Academy pictures, much to the disparagement of the former. The French, ever more mindful of technique than of subject, makes but a poor show in the small reproductions. Here the Englishman scores. His love of subject, and the ultimate end of many of the best pictures being reproduction by photogravure, they are admirably suited to the Art of the process man, who at this time must reap a rich harvest.

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This leads me on to the consideration of illustration. At present it is rampant, and many authors are beginning to feel that they are over-illustrated. Like other blessings, process engraving has brought a train of evils in its wake, and it is very apparent that in many ways it is overdone. Its cheapness and facility has brought upon us a fearful amount of poor mediocre work by hand and camera, and eccentric rubbish that bears the usual label, "The New" Art.

The latest suggestion comes from America, and is worthy of that wonderful nation—authors are now to become their own illustrators, and the *modus operandi* this: He selects his models, drapes and

arranges them as per recipe in his written chapters. They are then photographed, and the plate is sent to the *process man*, who makes a block for him ready for printing in his book. Ingenious, isn't it? Every man may yet become his own washerwoman.

I do not know if the authors are dissatisfied, but if so they shall remedy the defect by using more discretion in the selection of an Artist. A glance at the average magazine story or article will easily show that in many cases he has sufficient reason to be offended, but often the opposite happens, and we see illustrations that far surpass the writings they illustrate, and which very often are the only means of bringing about the sale of such a work. It stands to reason that the author who would have his works properly illustrated must select an artist whose tastes are similar to his own, and whose technical ability in Art is not inferior to his own in literature. To find one qualified in the latter sense will be easy enough; a man with similar tastes and equality of thought is not so easily got. Hence, I think, the reason for our present-day illustrations that cleverly depict the actions described by three or four words from a sentence, but would be equally suitable for a hundred others in the same or any other story. However, these things will in time remedy themselves. At present the attitude of the British public towards illustrations is one of indifference to quality so long as it gets plenty of it. There are signs already of the turn of the tide, and authors will rather forego the accompanying pictures than risk the fall.

They have realized that the thing *called* an illustration is easy and common enough, but the thing which is an illustration is rare.

JOHN YOUNG.



AFTER pondering on Scottish Art for the month, I was compelled to acknowledge that I had no current notes of any value to record. I struck out the "Notes" from my heading, kept my eye on Art, and thought anew. On Art I have three distinct questions, to which I will try to give three distinct answers. First, what is Art? What are its properties, its characteristics, its boundary lines, and how can we define the same? In answer to this, I first of all sought counsel of the dictionary, and there found a very evasive meaning attached to what is a very definite and tangible thing. "A thing executed with skill" is loose and vague, there is no indication of the necessary amount of skill, or of the success of its application. It certainly required skill to produce the works say of G. F. Watts, or of Puvis de Chevanne, and these we call works of Art. But the meanest vendor of wax-cloth and muslin styles his productions *Art Fabrics*. Jews in the slums sell prints and inferior paintings, which have something in common with the productions of our great men, and they, too, call themselves dealers in *Art*. How flexible must be the word that applies equally to these things which, though like, are so widely dissimilar.

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I again looked to the same source, and sought the word picture, "A painting or drawing representing the resemblance of anything." Now it occurred to me that many of the present day exhibits, which boast the proud title of Art, are so distorted in drawing and colour, that one might truthfully say they resemble "nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath." The goods of the poor

Jew, however, convey a resemblance of something that we know, no matter how cheap or vile the execution may be, if it does not resemble something he knows better than expose it. From this I conclude that a work of Art may or may not be a picture, and a picture may or may not be a work of Art.

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On further thought, it seems to me that it is the function of Art to idealize the earth, its mission to reveal the beauty and loveliness of life, and its ultimate end to leave the world in possession of a record, nobly written, that will tell of the highest aspirations of man, his triumphs over human discords, and his sympathetic inspirations of divine harmonies, an inheritance to his children for their joy, and the development of their minds. How necessary then is a term under which to classify the multitude of productions that, though serving another purpose, fall short of fulfilling these conditions. We require a name for the "works of skill" which are not Art, a name for the verses which are not Poetry, a name for the jerry-built huts which are not Architecture, and a name for the writings which are not Literature.

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Of question two, I thought "how far do we appreciate the priceless inheritance of all the love, and thought and work, of our fathers in past ages." What of the number of monuments and noble buildings, that have been ruthlessly destroyed in the petty quarrels of sect, party or nation, of the accumulated wealth of Ecclesiastical Art, work of all kinds, that has perished by fire, at the hands of some thoughtless Vandal; how every day brings record of sales in which the works of old masters change owners, rich speculators buy and sell them as they do shares at the Stock Exchange, not because they possess any love or reverence for the work itself, but because, at a more favourable season, they will realize a good percentage on their money by another sale. If a few should exert themselves for the right preservation of these treasures, it is generally at a time when the interests of self are secure, and press not upon the indolent minds of the would-be champions. What, too, of the mass of people who have lived, live now, and will live, without seeing or knowing the value of these things, the treasures which are free and open for their use has apparently no fascination for them, they have no power to appreciate such. Others again come minus the interest, they look through galleries

from beginning to end, but, like the man of old, straightway forget what manner of thing they have seen.

Seemingly, then, this rich inheritance is only for the few, and this also is corrupted far too often, the man of recognised power, the man of guineas, carries off the treasure, and, like the miser, glories in the selfish and exclusive possession of all he can lay hands on.

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Of question three, I considered "the means adopted at present to disseminate a knowledge of these works, and of our present day education in Art."

Of late years one can see that we have made vast strides in the right direction; many agencies have been set agoing, and have accomplished much.

To see the remaining beauties of Painting and Architecture in other countries, the facilities of travel have been greatly increased. Photography assists those who cannot take advantage of this, and publishing descriptions is an easier matter than it was. At home we have libraries and museums, containing books and copies of what is beautiful or instructive in the Art of all ages; and schools, too, have been established for the teaching of old methods, and the encouragement of new effort.

Will these, in the end, accomplish more than has been done in former times, or are they simply the necessary machinery to do our present-day work? Shall we be able to boast of having brought the masses to the right appreciation of the beautiful—in short, will the Millenium of Art be ours?

In this age of Education we must guard against over-anxiety. We may teach the doctrines of Art to the loiterers in the highways and byways; we may cheapen and degrade it to compel the attention of the uninterested. But the Goddess will brook no ruthless intrusion, she remains enthroned and undefiled in the inner temple, and until we have purified the masses in the fire of preparation and worship, they cannot taste of the joys within. I fear if too much is expected of the present-day schemes for the teaching of Art, that the result will undoubtedly be confusion worse confounded.

J. YOUNG.