

The Pestalozzi-Fröbel Haus and Lette Haus, the former furnishing kindergarten instruction for the children of the poor, as well as the training of kindergartners; the latter principally given up to the preparation for old and new associations for women. The Victoria Lyceum, in which, since its foundation more than twenty-two years ago, thousands of young women have received excellent lectures on the modern languages, history of art and literature in its broadest sense, science and philosophy, as well as powerful impressions upon character, and numerous other great institutions, all owe their origin to the genius of this truly great woman.

Writing in the early days of her widowhood, and referring to the loss of her noble husband, the Empress Frederick wrote:—

"I know not whether they will build him—this noblest, purest of men, this pearl of the kingdom—a national monument; but how would it be if his people were to carry out some of his long-felt desires and ideas? For instance, an institution for the higher education of women, the Hospitals for throat affections, the Working Men's Homes, the Kindergarten Training School of Pestalozzi-Fröbel Haus. This would be more my darling's wish than any monument of stone or bronze. He was himself so beautiful that his statue would be an ornament anywhere, but how often has he said: 'The only way to make a memorial to our dear ones truly is to render it in some way a benefit to the poor and the suffering.' And in his mind the care and culture of his people—their schools, Hospitals and institutions—were the best monument.

"But only a small part of this advice has been carried out; we confess it sadly. The large children's Hospital at Reinickensfeld, which bears the name of the illustrious pair, is the outcome of this desire. To-day, however, opportunities offer themselves to wipe out the willingly-acknowledged debt of this pious memorial. It is not by chance that the words, 'the institute for the higher education of women,' were the first in the enumeration of his wishes. From the deep shadows of the dark valley, with the breath of the Dark Angel still lingering in the words, the Empress has assigned, from the very lips of the dying Emperor, the foremost place to the higher education of the women of Germany. The time has come, and even now is, for fulfilling the wish of Frederick III."

## Notes on Art.

### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

IN the last paper, I proposed to consider certain pictures in the National Gallery, but the Autumn Exhibitions are opening, and it will be well to look at them first. The Exhibition, which opened its doors for the private view on the 27th in the Galleries of the above Institute, is in every way a fair average one, although—if we except Mr. F. G. Cotman's "*Whitby*," a really beautiful impressionist study of atmospheric effects in whiteish reds; Mr. Alfred East's "*Morning at Hayle*," "*Gommers Hawke from Newly Bridge*"; and Mr. Ernest Parton's "*Joyous Summer*"—there are few striking pictures. There are, however, many charming works, notably "*Faithful and True*," by Mr. C. Burton Barber, who has drawn a young girl bending

forward towards a dog, whose head she enclasps with her hands, looking the while into his faithful eyes.

There are several flower pictures by Fantin-Labour, whose work is always admirably painted if somewhat uninteresting. The studies of cats by Mme. Ronner are, of course, charming. A clever little picture by Miss Hilda Montalba, "*A Burano Boat*"; the "*Saucy Maid of the Peacock Tavern*," by Miss Ethel Wright; "*A Study*," by Miss Maude Porter; "*Sunny Hours*," by Miss Ida Lovering; "*Good-bye*," by Miss Edith Gregory, and several flower studies by Miss Blatherwick and Miss C. M. Wood, all deserve special mention, and show that women's work is well to the front.

We have by no means exhausted the list; a very clever study in rich dark colour is a sketch, "*Spain*," by F. Brangwyn, and "*The Rescue*," by Thomas Sommerscales, shows originality. "*A Chalk Pit*," by George Whetherby, with a rich sky behind it, is excellent in its strong colour, and in contrast to it, on the same wall, is the tender colour of "*Soft and fresh, comes the wind from the west*," by Mr. Val Davis.

We talk and hear of "bad times" for artists, and much is said of the union between the artist, the architect and the craftsman, as leading painters away from the production of "easel pictures" to the field of decorative art; but the number of pictures marked as being sold, seems satisfactory. There are few signs of hasty and indifferent work in the Exhibition, but there is certainly a tendency, as a whole, to crudity of colouring, poverty of subject, and "patchiness" of effect.

FLORENCE M. ROBERTS-AUSTEN.

## A Book of the Week.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.\*

Shakespeare says that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; therefore, two thick books full of human nature from cover to cover, should inspire sympathetic interest in any reader who has time to peruse them, and intelligence enough to appreciate poor Lady Burton's ecstasies of admiration for her extraordinary husband at their true worth. Throughout the book, she constantly refers to herself as the "bellow-blowers to the organ," and her honest endeavour is to sink her individuality in his; yet her personality is nearly as interesting as that of her husband, and, from first to last, the book is the most extraordinary revelation of a woman's devotion and self-sacrifice for love's sake.

Miss Isabel Arundell fell in love with Capt. Burton almost at first sight. The frankly told story of his courtship of her is delightful reading. They were both staying at Boulogne, and—

"He followed us and chalked up, 'May I speak to you?' leaving the chalk on the wall, so I took up the chalk and wrote back, 'No, mother will be angry'; and mother found it — and was angry."

\* "*The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.*" By his Wife, Isabel Burton. With numerous portraits, illustrations, and maps. In two vols. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)