

psychology. Of the materials collected for this work, Darwin provided much that he found himself unable to use in the chapter on Instinct in the "Origin of Species," and from the same materials Dr. Romanes later wrote a larger book on "Mental Evolution in Animals."

It was at the suggestion of Dr. Romanes that Sally, the chimpanzee, who recently died at the Zoological Gardens, was taught to count. He was assisted in her education by two of the keepers. He also attempted to teach her to recognise variously coloured straws, but his investigations led him to believe that she was colour blind, as though she quickly learnt to discriminate between white and all other colours, she never got any farther.

As an instance of the amount of care given by Dr. Romanes to the preparation of the book already referred to, we may mention that he borrowed a monkey from the Zoological Gardens, and kept it under daily observation for over two months, in order to notice its powers of reasoning.

Dr. Romanes was at one time President of the Sunday Society, whose Committee, on the day following his death, passed a resolution "to express its appreciation of the high character of the distinguished physiologist and disciple of Darwin, whose all too short career has been of so much value to the science he loved so well, and whose generous sympathies led him to desire to bring that science within the ken of the humblest of his countrymen, by the free opening of the national museums on Sundays."

Notes on Art.

THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.

It is very pleasant to turn from the bustle and, it must be confessed, glare of the Royal Academy, interesting as the exhibition is, and enter the cool, centre hall of the New Gallery. It is a restful place, and in the galleries we can study the pictures in comfort. The most interesting picture is, probably, No. 106, by Sir E. Burne-Jones, *Love among the Ruins*, a replica in oil of a water-colour drawing, which was, unfortunately, cleaned to death in Paris not long since. It is a little more heavy in its colour and treatment than much of Sir E. Burne-Jones' work, but the faces are full of characteristic beauty. In No. 155, by the same painter, a portrait of *Miss Amy Gaskell*, the colour is more than quiet, it has become ghastly, which is more to be regretted, as the picture represents a very charming girl, whose lovely face is perfectly drawn; but we will consider the first room. Miss Clare Montalber's *San Marco*, No. 51, is painted with the strength and deep colour we know so well. A very clever little study of atmosphere is "*The Evening Star*," by Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, and No. 29, *Portrait of Lorna, daughter of Henry Martin, Esq.*, by Mrs. Swynnerton, is a masterly portrait of a child, evidently a good likeness—and an English child—and yet there is a strong feeling of Italy in the picture. Very different in treatment is a child's portrait by Miss Blanche Jenkins, No. 12, *Portrait of Ethel, daughter of Herbert D. Cohen, Esq.*, which has much of the more delicate colouring of the English painters of the last century. In the same

room, No. 32, *Late Autumn Afternoon, Whitby*, has great beauty, and it would be well to look at No. 35, *Arnside, Morecambe Bay, Cumberland*, by J. W. Buxton Knight; *Sleeping Waters, St. Ives Bay*, No. 36, by Moffat Lindner; *Afternoon Sunlight*, by C. W. Wyllie; and No. 15, *Fading into Night*, by Fred Hall. Disappointing are the two pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., No. 76, *A Greek Idyll*, and No. 111, *Portrait of George Meredith, Esq.* Mr. J. J. Shannon sends three portraits, that of *Miss Jones, Head Mistress of the Notting Hill High School*, is strikingly vigorous and original; the others are No. 108, "*The Countess Bathurst*," and 207, "*Portrait of Mrs. Charlesworth*." No. 102, *Barine*, by E. J. Poynter, is a beautiful study of a girl's head. One of the most delightful little pictures in the exhibition is painted by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, No. 160, a carefully painted dainty interior of an old home, whose central attraction is a baby. The picture has been inspired by a pretty poem by Laurence Alma-Tadema, which forms the title,

"Now folded are the wings of night, and day
Peeps through with golden eye. The birds have risen;
The white boughs, bending to the snows of Spring,
Quiver with song. And who has waked besides?
What bird joins twitter in the nest? My babe."

the tender, simple feeling of which the little work is full, is quite charming. This is a somewhat brief notice, but we will return to the consideration of the New Gallery next week.

A Book of the Week.

"In Varying Moods." Short Stories by Beatrice Harraden, Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." 6s. Blackwood & Sons.

A new book by the author of "Ships that pass in the Night" must arouse interest, and, doubtless, the libraries will be besieged by readers anxious to enjoy again the same literary treat they experienced in reading Miss Harraden's first famous book. It is with considerable regret that I record that, personally, I was much disappointed with six out of the seven tales contained "In Varying Moods"; but then my expectations were so high that perhaps they were bound to be blighted! These stories are the conceptions of a clever, highly-educated brain; they contain intelligent well turned little sentences in first-rate English, and here and there are to be found phrases that are worth recording, sentences that are worth remembering. But when all is said, they are but pale reflections of their writer's intellect, and those of us who love "Ships that pass in the Night" will not, cannot, consider them worthy successors of that pathetic, yet vigorous and suggestive, little epic in prose.

"At the Green Dragon" is the name of the first story, and tells how "Hieronymus," a gentle, natural, philosophical historian, came to live in a little country inn, and how he dictated his history to "restless little Joan," of "The Malt House Farm." The inevitable result followed—she loved, he didn't, and they parted; and "she went on crying and no one knew." But David, her old lover, waits, and so some day we hope she will console herself, and forget the mild and rather uninteresting Hieronymus.

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