

of movement, far from being vertical, is always describing reactionary curves and winding ways, and is varied by backward movements.

It is hardly credible that we needed a professor of a foreign nation to teach us this. We can imagine that there are people who, at the present moment, deplore what they consider to be such a backward movement in the domain of politics.

Professor Lombroso, however, seems somewhat of a pessimist. He discerns progress not so much in morality nor even in religion, but unquestionably in the life of intellect and of politics. This reminds us of his book on "Female Offenders," in which he credits "higher education" as the cause of much female crime. Lombroso's remarks about the mixture of the old and new in England are interesting. "England," he says, "has succeeded in establishing a form of monarchy the most liberal in Europe, and is working out without disturbance the aims of Socialism. But, at the same time, she not only maintains the privileges of her Peers, but actually dresses them up, as well as her judges, in the wigs and robes of the Normans; and still uses on ceremonial occasions the language of her ancient conquerors. These retrograde customs are indeed only superficial; but England has others much more real in her superstitions about the Bible; in her religious exaggeration and intolerance; in her observance of a weekly day of rest as a sacred duty. Then this very positive and practical nation insists on retaining a system of weights, measures and coins, which is opposed to that of all modern Europe, and is an obstacle both to commercial exchange and to scientific research." As we noticed in this column last week, England will probably not insist much longer on the antiquated weights and measures. In the more important matter, too, of our use of Sunday, we may claim to have made very great progress even within the last ten years, without having lost, we hope, any religion which is worthy the name.

Lombroso enumerated many examples of knowledge and practice which are much older than is popularly supposed. The Romans were familiar with the practice of massage, and with the use of the lightning conductor, and they sank artesian wells even in the Sahara. Paracelsus speaks of homœopathy, and the speculum, the probe and the forceps were known in the year 500.

The fact that such discoveries as the above may sink into oblivion and be re-discovered later on, Lombroso explains by saying that "man naturally detests what is new, and tries his best to escape it." In another connection he says, "The moment a new discovery comes out, it meets with so much opposition from the mere hatred of novelty that it is speedily buried." Genius the Professor considers to be a form of "neurotic degeneration," but is bound to admit that most persons are loth to believe in his teaching. "Genius, besides displaying a liking for novelty, which is a tendency quite contrary to human nature, and a rapidity of conception above the average, presents us with a whole series of well-marked signs of retrogressive atavism, low stature, left-handedness, sterility, sub-microcephalism, complete callousness extending even to moral insanity, deadened sensitiveness of touch, and insensibility to pain, a restricted range of vision, sometimes, indeed very often, distorted sense of hearing, and in many cases an interchange of sexual characteristics (absence of beard, &c.), above all, very commonly perverse, degenerate, or ignorant children." What a much better world would it be if there were no geniuses and no women!

Notes on Art.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

MR. HENSHALL has two figure-pieces, marked with his usual distinguishing quality of great strength. One of these is quite a *tour de force* in its way: a child thrown backwards over a chair in the full abandonment of child-like glee, scraping on a violin, to the consternation of her four-legged companions; but his other picture is far the more lovable, "The Cradle Song" (167). The little sister left in charge is evidently painted from the same model that inspired his pretty oil, No. 1 in the Academy of this year. The cottage room is almost in darkness, but the last faint remnant of twilight is glimmering on the protecting arm of the small guardian, and is most cleverly mingled with the glow of the unseen fire. The feeling is admirable.

Mr. Herbert Marshall has some of his clever London bits. In days to come these pictures will doubtless be even more valuable than they are now, that is, if they survive to tell the legendary New Zealander what the great city was like. "The Pool of London, February, 1895," struck me as one of the most interesting, showing the rare sight of the huge waterway half blocked with floating ice.

Professor Herkomer's "Golden Rill" is too yellow, but he has two wonderful portrait heads, showing him to be as evidently a master in water-colour as in other mediums.

Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury has some little gems of landscape, just the sort of thing one longs to possess, notably Nos. 27, 33, and 34. There are good points in Mr. Jackson's "Old Weir at Streatley," but it suffers somewhat from too much care.

Some of Mr. George Fripp's careful studies of Wales are well worthy of attention. Mr. Callow's pictures are delightful; they are architectural without being too much so. His colour is clear and warm, but never hot, and he is a positive education as to how buildings ought to be treated. To those of us who are sketchers in our humble way, and mean to bring away some notes, however rudimentary, of our summer holiday, an hour at this gallery is strongly to be recommended.

And what a blessed recreation this same sketching is! Why, you do not know what a thing is like until you have tried to paint it!

"Don't you know we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see?"

The poet knew! and so will any hard-worked woman who tries, during her approaching short vacation, to carry away with her some hint of "the light that never was, on sea or land!"

A great many of Mr. Thorne Waite's are also very interesting. Mr. Charles Davidson's realization of a storm sweeping over Dartmoor (No. 135) is wonderfully true in its desolation and wiping out of all colour. The same artist has a charming picture which is a complete contrast to the storminess of this, No. 137.

Mrs. Allingham is always charming, but the only one of hers this year that appeals to one very strongly is "A Kentish Cottage," which is as delicate as a dream. But on the whole, Mr. Callow must be considered the chief contributor to the delight of the exhibition. Carl Haag sends only one head, and that of no particular note.

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