

women in the church at Corinth to hold their tongues during the sermon." This throws quite a new light on the interesting topic of gossip in Ancient Greece. Are we to infer that the men of Corinth were better behaved, or that, if they discussed the sermon while it was proceeding, the preacher did not mind?

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

THEIR EXHIBITION FOR 1900.

On first entering a picture gallery, it behoves the accustomed critic to anchor at once on the comfortably padded lounge thoughtfully set in the midst for the purpose, and—after recovering the breath lost in ascending thousands of stairs—devote a few minutes to contemplation and meditation on generalities before descending to particulars.

First occurs a vague stare around, the mind being emptied of all bias, to allow of the incrowding of the new impressions, secondly, the surging conviction that there aren't any, thirdly that the blessed red star—the sign of sale—is scarcely visible on the horizon, fourthly, and to conclude, comes the remembrance that this is not the seat of the scornful, for that is always kept at the end of all self-respecting galleries, and you have no right to occupy it until you have earned the same by a pilgrimage around the rooms.

Well! well! well! Pretty, pretty little things! Such a crowd of dainty darlings! Charming "bits," running into hundreds, and all up to a certain level, scarcely one below that average, and hardly one higher. If you wanted to buy one for an Easter offering, say, you would be puzzled which to select; whether you would prefer the violet and silver twilight or the orange and red sunset, the green and gold of this landscape or the grays and umbers of that one, their merits being equal, it only remains to you to choose after the manner of the sheerest Philistine, and get the thing that comes nearest to matching the furniture you wot of.

In this exhibition there are few pictures that have been painted with subject or intention. Pretty inanities abound, and the absence of "vim" is quite astonishing. The two or three really clever things—of a humorous description—give one a downright shock, a pleasant one, when one lights upon them, at extremely long intervals, be it noted, of this class is No. 469, J. C. Stollman, called "The Good Old Days," showing a stage-coach filled with Pickwickian country folks, alarmed by the distant apparition of a mounted man in pink, who may possibly be a highwayman. The driver whips the team into a scrambling gallop over the rough road through a wild heath, the passengers get out their pistols, and they all hold on as best they may. The dust and movement, the jolting and the panic, are capitally given. One wants to know what the upshot was, and if the pursuer was really a highwayman or only a simple sportsman going home.

E. Gregory (President) has a little group of three very small works hung together. No. 341, "A Guard-room Dandy," which might almost be mistaken for a Meissonier; No. 345, "Beggars Maid," a ragged child's figure lying prone on a stony sidewalk; and No. 349, "The Inception of a Song," an intense, red-

haired, green-eyed woman in miraculous clothes gazing into space, her brain obviously buzzing with heavenly melodies. All these are admirably worked and finished like miniatures, as are also two small panel-shaped drawings by Carlton Smith, No. 312, "The Message," a nice girl in mediæval dress of green, and No. 381, "Melody," same young person in Empire costume this time, playing on a mandoline. The satins, tiger skins, blue china jars, in fact, all the textures and surfaces are as well done as is possible—"finish" could hardly go further.

No. 106, by Gordon Brown, "The Troubadour," is delightfully comic, and a real joy to meet in these doleful days. Beautifully drawn and coloured is the gallant gentleman sitting cross-legged on a low stone wall, howling a jingo ditty, his awe-struck audience being a solitary girl-child sitting at his feet who is literally strangling her rag-doll unconsciously, so rapt is she. The expressions in this tiny gem of a work are killing.

No. 96, J. Finnemore, "On a River Omnibus: North Holland," is very blue—in colour strictly—the sentiment is most cheerful. No. 395, Leslie Thomson "Near Beccles," a charming view, quiet in color and broad in treatment. 394, S. Curnow Vosper, "Bretons in Prayer," grim men and ugly women kneeling or standing in a church, bigoted and fanatical is the impression given.

No. 440, by C. Maciver Gierson, "A Portrait of Colonel C——," seems designed for the teetotalers answer to the popular conundrum "Where are the brains of the Army?" The Colonel has an array of empty wine glasses before him, and the stumps of some half finished cigars, another is between his lips, moodily he appears to ask himself "Am I really so out of drawing as this artist fellow has made me?" Evidently this has preyed on his mind and driven him to seek consolation in the juice of the grape.

No. 421, W. Langley, "Motherhood," has the quality of strength, is dignified, earnest and well executed, wanting only that one touch more that would have made it a fine thing, the missing quality is the want of beauty in the woman's face.

Miss G. Demain Hammond, who is developing into one of our best "black and whites" sends an excellent bit of work in No. 322.

"Unless he gives me all in change,
I forfeit all things by him;
The risk is terrible and strange,
I tremble, doubt, deny him."

and very wisely too—but the wooer's blue taffetas coat is most fascinating, more so than his full and flowing wig—the young lady's satins and furbelows are delicate and real, and her perplexity well understood.

No. 316, a couple of lovely Persian kittens, serene replete, aptly named "Beatitude," by Madame Henrietta Ronner, the *only* Persian cat painter.

No. 313, by the late W. M. Simpson, "The Praying Wheel," Thibet. A great gilded Buddha with his triple "Aura" round him; before him kneels the priest, engaged with a piece of string that pulls the huge wheel of a thousand prayers—the representative of automatic repetition, so handy and logical. This is valuable as evidence of what ritual is capable of.

There is a nice hillside across a loch by J. Vedder. All the rest are as before—their name is legion, and is to be found on any catalogue for the last half-dozen years and more—much more, alas! EMILY CRAWFORD.

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