

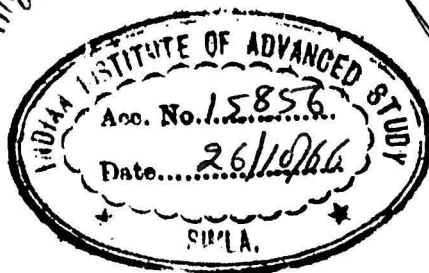
The limits of this paper forbid more than a passing reference to the Churches of Australia and New Zealand. It must suffice to say that the American Church constitution supplied for these communities, as for Canada, the general model on which their own systems were framed.

Cursory as this glance over daughter or sister communities of the Church of England has necessarily been, we venture to think that it sufficiently substantiates the contention that the Church amongst us occupies an anomalous and quite unjustifiable position as regards its internal administration. In no accurate sense can it be described as self-governed. And such extraneous government as holds is practically ineffective. We do not assert that the activities of the Church are in consequence paralysed; but we emphatically contend that they are straitened, and that questions of mere procedure occupy attention to an extent scarcely short of lamentable in her quasi-authoritative Councils. Is there anything to be said against a speedy settlement of this still constantly shelved question which the above survey may not be taken conclusively to refute?

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ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

WITH the majority of Londoners who crowd to it the Franco-British Exhibition is evidently not an institution to be taken seriously. It is the playground of the season ; a place to dine at and meet your friends and spend a summer evening amid fairy architecture and lights and fireworks—a view of its function which is certainly countenanced by the extent of space allotted to feeding establishments and the predominance of such innocent amusements as gravitation railways and toboggans and the vast piece of moving structure irreverently dubbed ‘the flip-flap’ ; the latter, however, a more interesting piece of mechanical engineering than most of those who are slung in its cages are aware of. But there is more in the Exhibition than this, else had it been but a wanton expenditure of money.

To begin with, the question of the architectural treatment of a collection of temporary structures is one of some interest. It is an opportunity for realising, for the moment, architectural effects of a richness and exuberance such as can seldom be afforded in permanent buildings in these days of economy and the competitive cutting of prices. The architectural designer is let loose, as it were, into a dream-country, in which he may give the reins to his fancy without the fear of the Quantity Surveyor before his eyes. Should he aim at producing vast combinations of architecture in orthodox form, ephemeral in actual structure but in outward aspect monumental ? Or should he frankly accept the situation and treat his buildings as obviously temporary and evanescent, fragile fancies in fragile materials :—

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them ?

There is something to be said for either principle. Inigo Jones or Bramante would have preferred the first alternative, and would have produced for us visions of stately combinations of columnar architecture such as have really been carried out only, perhaps, in the great days of Selinus or of Paestum. At the Chicago exhibition the tendency was in favour of this kind of stately classic scenery, and

fine effects were produced ; whether the knowledge that the structure is not what it appears destroys the enjoyment of the effect, is perhaps a question of individual temperament. The French, who have a keener æsthetic sense in matters of this kind than any other nation, in their more recent great exhibitions (1889 and 1900) have rather favoured the adoption of special forms of temporary architecture ; though M. Formigé, in the two palaces of ' Arts ' and ' Arts Libéraux ' which faced each other in the 1889 Paris Exhibition, adopted an honestly visible construction of a then new type—steel framing filled in with decorative terra-cotta. But in general, and in the 1900 Exhibition especially, the French adopted a style of obviously temporary architecture founded in the main on reminiscences of classic forms, but treated with a great deal of freedom and in many cases with admirable effect.

It is difficult to classify the architecture of the Franco-British Exhibition—it is a medley ; but for the most part, though derived from very various types, it does not simulate monumental architecture. There are some pavilions in which classic columnar orders are introduced, as in the British Applied Arts pavilion, designed by a young English architect of genius, Mr. J. B. Fulton ; but in this and other cases the treatment, at all events of the upper portion of the structure, is so far playful and (as one may say) unreal as to preclude the idea of a monumental structure. The Canada pavilion has the most monumental appearance of any, and is rather imposing in its general effect. The *Daily Mail* pavilion is a rather bad imitation, in faulty proportion, of Chambers's octagon pavilion with concave sides in Kew Gardens, itself a weak imitation of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. The part of the Exhibition architecture which most closely follows the detail of existing styles is the first and largest quadrangle on entering from Wood Lane ; but here the model followed is in the main that of Dravidian Hindu architecture, combined (in the upper portions) with some reminiscences of Indian Mohammedan architecture—

By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,

but the two elements harmonise well enough, and no style could be better suited for festal temporary architecture than the school of Hindu work which has been adopted. It is as essentially an ornamental architecture as the Spanish style which has been called ' plateresque ' from its resemblance to silversmith's work ; and has the same kind of resemblance, with better detail ; for in a good deal of the Hindu decorative detail there is a certain finish and purity of line which has something the character of Greek ornament. A great deal of modelled ornament in this first court is charming work, and the design as a whole has a coherence and restraint which contrasts favourably with some of the pavilions further on ; the Women's Work

and the Palace of Music pavilions, for instance, on the right of the central court, have a good deal too much of the pie-crust order of detail about them ; a criticism which applies also, to some extent, to the façade of the Fine Arts pavilion on the extreme right. In one particular respect we realise that we are here in an exhibition in London and not in Paris, viz. in the scarcity of figure sculpture in the decoration. In the 1900 Paris exhibition the nude figure was to be seen at every turn ; figures seated or recumbent on cornices everywhere, in precarious positions, as if blown there by the wind and left where they chanced to fall ; but all with a vigour and suppleness of line and modelling that spoke of the artistic instinct of the French decorator, and in curious contrast to the tame and matter-of-fact manner in which figure decoration is used, where it is used at all, at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. However, the first court of the exhibition forms a fine piece of architectural scenery and is worth seeing as such. Its defect is the lack of any colour ; it is too white. The gilding of all the small cupolas would perhaps have been too costly an expedient, but it would have immensely enhanced the total effect.

The special intellectual interest of the exhibition is of course the joint display of French and English sculpture and painting in the Fine Arts pavilion, compared with which every other interest is only secondary. The sculpture is placed in a central hall on the plan of a cross, the French work on the left of the central axis, the English on the right, the picture galleries of the two nations being grouped around and beyond their respective domains in the sculpture hall. Nothing could have been more interesting, or in a sense more instructive, than an opportunity of studying a collection of the best products of French and English sculpture and painting side by side ; but unfortunately the representation of the two countries is not sufficiently well balanced to afford a fair standard of comparison. It was no doubt an easier task to get together a representative collection of English art on our own soil than for the French Committee to send the works of their artists across the Channel ; but the result is that England is far more favourably represented than France. On the English side of the Sculpture Hall are collected a considerable number of the best sculptural works of late years, and this can hardly be said of the collection on the French side. Falguière and M. Mercié are inadequately represented ; M. Alfred Boucher also ; M. Jean-Boucher not at all ; Gérôme only by a bronze equestrian statuette of Napoleon—a splendid little work certainly, but not an example of what Gérôme could do in sculpture ; and Carpeaux's group of Ugolino is hardly a happy example of his genius. The result is an impression that French and English sculpture, as represented here, are pretty evenly balanced as to genius ; but could we have seen on the French side such works as Carpeaux's *La Danse* ; Falguière's *Juno* ;

Jean-Boucher's *Antique et Moderne*; Bartholomé's pathetic group of the man and woman looking into the tomb (the central group of the *Monument aux Morts*); Mercié's monument to Alfred de Musset, and a dozen others that might be mentioned, there would have been a different story to tell. In regard to painting the discrepancy is still greater. The English galleries contain one of the finest, most varied, and most typical collections of modern English painting that have ever been got together; not to speak of a very fine collection of water colours also, an art of which the French show nothing, and have in fact very little to show. Moreover, the English Committee had the fortunate idea of exhibiting in two or three special rooms a selection of the works of deceased English painters, both recent and earlier, which forms one of the most interesting portions of the exhibition. The French have a few works of their artists of the early and middle nineteenth century, but they are not collected together so as to make a special feature, nor do they form a very typical selection. There is, it is true, one splendid Troyon (forming a pendant to an equally fine example of M. Harpignies); but neither the name of Diaz nor Théodore Rousseau appear, and no one need think they get any notion of such a grand landscape-painter as Dupré from the two small pictures by him that are exhibited; and as to Puvis de Chavannes, it is absolutely melancholy to think that English visitors should get their only idea of him from his unfortunate *Décollation de Saint Jean-Baptiste* (probably an early work). Nor are the living artists more satisfactorily represented. Instead of any one of M. Gervais' great works we have only an insignificant portrait by him; neither MM. Didier-Pouget nor Quignon appears among landscape painters; the semi-nude figure entitled *Beauté* is hardly a typical example of M. Henri Martin; and M. Carolus-Duran is not shown at his best. And one is almost as much inclined to complain of what is there as of what there is not. Some of the worst pictures are among the largest. What is the credit to French Art of such a huge piece of commonplace as M. Detaille's *Victimes du Devoir*?

In one point, however, the French picture galleries score heavily over ours—in their decorative treatment; and the difference is one which is unfortunately characteristic of the two nations. The English galleries, it is understood, were got up under the direction of the Royal Academy, who apparently could think of nothing better than covering the walls with a dull red, and finishing them with a very ordinary plaster cornice. Go into the French galleries, and you find a delicate diaper on the walls and a fine bold frieze at the top made up of gilt 'swags' and festoons; the whole aspect of the galleries is refined and decorative, in strange contrast to the crude and coarse effect of the English galleries; a contrast not creditable to us. A redeeming point is that the English are certainly better lighted than the French

galleries; the skylight draping in the latter is overdone, and the effect of the pictures somewhat dulled in consequence.

Taking the sculpture as it stands, we have the rather unexpected result that the English collection shows a larger proportion of works of subjective interest, of intellectual suggestion beyond mere modelling, than the French, though the case would be certainly reversed if French sculpture were as well represented as English. There is perhaps nothing among the French sculpture exhibited so poetically suggestive as Mr. Colton's *Crown of Love*, nothing so full of historical point and individual character as Mr. Reynolds-Stephens's *A Royal Game*. Chapu's kneeling figure of *Jeanne Darc*¹ is beautiful in pose and in the fine type of the head, but it has no special character; it might be any handsome woman in trouble. On the other hand there is an elevation of style in the nude figures, such as M. Sicard's *Baigneuse* and M. Marqueste's *Hébé* with the eagle, and M. Mercié's *David après le Combat* (in one of the picture galleries), which makes most of the English nudes look tame and commonplace. Among the most powerful works on the French side of the gallery is M. Alfred Boucher's *À la Terre*, the colossal nude figure of a labourer digging, which was in the Salon two or three years ago. The difference between the largeness of manner in French sculpture as compared with English may be noted in comparing M. Mathurin-Moreau's *Sommeil* with Mr. Walker's *Sleep*, both of them nude groups of mother and infant sleeping; the latter is a charming work, but it rather suggests the nursery; the French sculptor's group has the large abstract manner which suggests the ideal type of life. Among other works on the French side the Luxembourg lends us one of its most remarkable modern works, M. Sicard's *Œdipus and the Sphinx*; and those who have not seen it before should not miss M. Puech's poetic fancy *La Seine* (also from the Luxembourg), where the river is symbolised by a recumbent nude figure in alto-relief, the decorative semblance of Paris in bas-relief forming the background. It was exhibited at the Salon a good many years ago, and bought by the Government.²

But the glory of the Art collection lies in the galleries of English painting, of which one cannot speak without a certain enthusiasm. The two rooms devoted to deceased British artists contain, among other things, Gainsborough's incomparable portrait called *The Blue Boy* and his *Lady Bate Dudley*; some fine examples (though not quite equal to these) of Reynolds; Burne-Jones's *Chant d'Amour*, his best

¹ The form 'Jeanne d'Arc,' which the modern French writers persist in, as if she were a lady of family, is of course absurd. Balzac writes 'Jeanne Darc' in the one reference to her I have noticed in his works.

² Perhaps English artists might take the opportunity this exhibition affords of knowing a little more about contemporary French sculptors than they do at present. I sat opposite two Royal Academicians at a public dinner, one a sculptor and the other an architect, neither of whom had ever heard of the name or works of M. Puech, one of the most prominent and most gifted of modern French sculptors.

work ; Albert Moore's *The Quartette*, the most perfect example of his peculiar type of decorative art ; Romney's *Lady Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel*, and Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel*, each among the painter's best works ; Walker's *The Plough*, perhaps his finest picture ; Lewis's *In the Bey's Garden* ; and two or three very fine examples of Watts, though not one of his greatest works. Among the painters of the last generation perhaps none holds his place so well as Millais. His *Over the Hills*, which I had not seen for some years, seems finer than ever, and shows how a painting on which the highest pains have been bestowed will keep its place in virtue of that kind of genius which consists (in part at least) in the infinite capacity for taking pains. In the room devoted to the works of living artists we have an example of the modern Scottish school of landscape in *The Storm*, by Mr. W. McTaggart, R.S.A. (lent by Mr. Carnegie) ; a landscape splashed rather than painted, with a certain boldness and vigour ; but will this, like *Over the Hills*, hold its own and be returned to with admiration thirty or forty years after its date ? I trow not. But Millais's *Autumn Leaves* is more than conscientious work ; it is an inspiration in colour and poetic feeling, and it is as such and as a whole that it must be judged, not picked to pieces in detail. Those who wonder why the faces of the girls are so dark ('dirty' they were called when it was first painted) do not recognise that they are parts of the rich solemn harmony of the whole, including that deep purple distance ; Millais was not going to have them making light spots in his composition. A picture that I met again with great interest is Falconer Poole's *Seventh Day of the Decameron*, exhibited many years ago at the Academy under the title *The Song of Filomena on the Margin of the Beautiful Lake*, and which I have never seen since. Coming to it again one recognises that the figures are open to criticism ; but it is steeped in poetry, and I owe the author of it for a youthful day-dream. Figures were not Poole's strong point ; he painted landscapes with a meaning in them, not understood of the people, and hence he was never a popular painter ; he should have been represented by *A Lion in the Path*, a grand work in which the landscape itself seemed to threaten like the lion. It hung in the large room at the Academy many years ago, nor have I ever seen it since. What has become of it ?

Then there is Leighton's beautiful work *Summer Moon*, hanging just by Millais' landscape—as a poetic conception perhaps the most perfect thing he ever did, with an almost Greek reticence and completeness about it both in colour and design. (I remember hearing it referred to by a spectator, the year it was first exhibited, as 'that præ-Raphaelite thing.')

No one, I suppose, would attempt to paint such a picture nowadays ; it is not ugly enough. It is significant to notice that, with such a work as that hanging a few yards off, the critic of a certain influential paper could find nothing better to single

out for enthusiasm than Mr. Orpen's *The Valuvers*, a study of two or three figures of the meanest and most repulsive types of humanity. Is that our progress during the last forty or fifty years, according to the contemporary 'art critic'? From Millais' landscape to Mr. McTaggart's splashes; from Leighton's *Summer Moon* to Mr. Orpen's *Valuvers*? A pretty descent in the period! These amateurs of the ugly and repulsive remind one of Mephistopheles' contemptuous gibe at the habits of mankind, in the *Prologue in Heaven*—

In jeden Quark begrüßt er seine Nase.

However, thank goodness, there is not much of the New English Art Club element in this fine and representative collection of the work of living English painters. Not a few are represented each by almost his best work. Mr. Sargent certainly, by his two grand portrait groups—that with the pearl necklace in it, and that with the great yellow jar (though I do not see how the lady's face in the latter can show light against the sky); Sir E. Poynter by the finest of his large pictures, *Atalanta's Race*, and by that remarkable little work, *The Sirens* (or *The Storm Nymphs*, as it was originally called), a masterpiece of drawing which, as such, will always keep its place; Mr. Holman Hunt by *The Pot of Basil* (not forgetting also that beautiful little work, *Morning Prayer*); Mr. Tuke by his best work, *The Diver*. Then there is Mr. Orchardson's *The Borgia*; Mr. Somerscales's first exhibited sea-painting, *Corvette shortening Sail*; two of the finest of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's works; Mr. Leslie's *In Time of War*, the best example of his later style; and perhaps the very best of Mr. Adrian Stokes's landscapes, exhibited at the Academy a good many years ago under the title (I think) *Changing Pasture*; here called simply *French Landscape*. It is that in a double sense; it is a landscape of the French school, and the best French school; and those who would realise what *style* in landscape means should look at the treatment of nature in this painting; the broad and perfectly effective manner in which the long meadow grass (*laetae segetes*) and the blowing of the wind over it are indicated, without the slightest realism; the consentaneous movement of grass, trees, and cattle, all in one direction, giving such a unity of expression to the picture. It is one of the best landscapes ever exhibited at the Academy, and it is a satisfaction to meet it again.

Style in landscape is shown, too, with equal perfection in the largest of the works of M. Harpignies in the French picture-galleries, in which, as has been said, the selection is less typical and representative than in the English galleries. There are a good many things one does not care much for, and there are eminent painters who are not represented by their best works. Henner, however, appears to advantage in one of his earlier nudes, *Jeune Fille endormie*, painted before he lapsed into that exaggeration of Hennerism in which his figures look as if, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, they had

been dissolved in a nitric acid bath. Among pictures to be noticed is M. Albert Maignan's grand work *Eve et le Serpent*, not only as a remarkable conception, with its iridescent serpent with the human torso and head, but as a fine example of style. The nude figure of Eve, it will be observed, does not attempt realism either in finish or texture; the figure and the details are all harmonised down to a unity of effect, and the picture is a fine piece of colour, one of the best in that sense in the French galleries. Colour has been the difficulty with M. Emile Friant's large picture *Douleur*, which no one can miss, and in which all the figures are clad in deep mourning. M. Friant, who is always worth attention, seldom paints on so large a scale as this, and perhaps this would have done better on a smaller scale; yet it seems to me now, as it did when I first saw it at the Salon, one of the most pathetic of modern pictures dealing with scenes in real life. It is now apparently in the Museum at Nancy, and must, therefore, have been a Government purchase. Among other pictures that should not be passed over are M. Humbert's portraits, especially *Mlles. Legrand* and the singularly spirited and characteristic portrait of M. Jules Lemaitre; Delaunay's *La Peste*, an allegorical picture of the old school, interesting on that account, and as representing a class of picture and a style of execution much esteemed in their day and entirely *passé* now; and Delacroix's *Mirabeau et de Brézé*, an historical picture of a past generation which still keeps its place, and always will, for its dramatic realisation of the situation and of the principal actor in the scene.³ Those who do not know the work of M. Joseph Bail, that masterly painter of interiors, should not pass over the pictures by him, though they do not represent the best that he has done; nor is M. Paul Chabas's *Joyeux Ébats*, from a recent Salon, quite one of his best works, but it gives an idea of the work of a painter who has made a style of his own, and whose picture in this year's Salon has already been mentioned in these pages as perhaps the most perfectly-balanced work of the year. M. Tattegrain, also, a painter of great and very versatile powers, is shown to advantage in his seashore scene *L'Epave* (a much better work than his larger shipwreck picture). M. Hébert's *Le Matin et le Soir de la Vie* was exhibited a great many years ago at the Royal Academy, I think under the title *Youth and Age*, when it made an impression on me which renewed acquaintance does not quite ratify. It is painted in a somewhat loaded manner, and is perhaps a little theatrical, though it is a powerful work in the style of a past generation. And if the visitor wishes to realise to what depths of vulgarity the vagaries of the 'New Salon' can descend, he can have an object lesson in the preposterous and impudent scrawl by M. Willette

³ It was, perhaps, just this kind of dramatic element in his work which puzzled and alarmed the men of Delacroix's own generation. It seems odd now, but it is the fact, that Delacroix in his own day was considered as a dangerous innovator, who was breaking away from the old traditional classic formulæ of historical painting.

called *Parce Domine* ; apparently a coarse satire on modern life. It is to be hoped that the Committee of the French Section are ashamed of it, as they have skied it. At the New Salon, a year or two ago, it hung on the line, and it is an instance of what journalistic art-criticism has come to with us, that this vulgar caricature (looking like a *Punch* picture magnified to the *n*th power) was praised in some of the leading English journals as a remarkable picture. Apparently nothing is too ugly and *outré* for the modern art-critic ; that it should be ugly and *outré* seems, in fact, to be a positive recommendation.

A general retrospective glance over the whole comparative show of paintings leads to the conclusion that in the eighteenth century, and in the latter part of the nineteenth, the English painters were, and that on the whole they are now, better colourists than the French. There was a ghastly interval, no doubt, when the pictures of the elder Leslie, and Maclise, and Ward, and Landseer, passed for colour ;⁴ and even the early works of the P.R.B. produced on Philip Hamerton's clever French wife, when she accompanied him to England, a feeling which she could only compare to 'setting one's teeth into unripe fruit.' But looking round the walls at the Franco-British Exhibition, and taking the average of the two collections, it seems to me that there is better colour, and more of the sense of colour harmony, on this side of the Channel than on the other.

It is worth while to give a glance at the architectural designs to be found in a narrow gallery in each suite. The two collections are characteristic of the two nations. The French architects can hardly be got to exhibit drawings of the current architecture of the day. They produce much finer and larger drawings than are usually produced in England, but these are chiefly of restorations of ancient buildings, or highly worked-up illustrations of them, many of the latter being made for the archives of the 'Commission des Monuments Historiques.' That is always the defect of the architectural gallery at the annual Salons ; you get very little idea from it of the architecture in progress at the moment. On the other hand, at the Academy, hardly anything is supposed to be exhibited in the architectural room except drawings of buildings executed, or in contemplation ; and at the Franco-British Exhibition there is quite a representative collection of drawings of the principal English buildings recently completed, or intended to be carried out. There are illustrations of a good deal of what is going on in London in the way of new street architecture, as well as of such public buildings as the Victoria and Albert Museum, the London County Hall, the Cardiff Town Hall, the new Wesleyan Methodist Hall at Westminster, and other large and important buildings. The collection

⁴ This with all deference to Landseer's great and incontestable powers as an animal painter. But his sense of colour was truly Early-Victorian. And after all, M. Aimé Morot's lion in the Franco-British Gallery would eat up any possible lion of Landseer's.

gives a pretty good *résumé* of what is being done in English architecture, public and domestic, at present. As far as public architecture is concerned, it shows that classic architecture, or architecture based on classic forms, is in the ascendent at present; and there are some signs that new combinations may be evolved from it. For public buildings revived Gothic is entirely at a discount now. And if there must be a revived style, there can be little doubt that the classic type of architecture is more suited to modern public buildings in England than the Gothic, both as regards practical requirements and sentiment. Our civilisation and habits of life are much nearer to those of the Roman or Renaissance periods than to those of mediæval life. There may, no doubt, be such a thing as a modern style evolved which is dependent upon neither form of precedent. But it must be acknowledged that there is not much sign of it in the architectural exhibits at Shepherd's Bush.

Among the more important erections in the grounds is the 'Ville de Paris' pavilion, built for the special exhibition of the Municipality of Paris, and no doubt designed by one of their official architects. Almost needless to say, it is one of the best designed structures in the exhibition; refined classic architecture with some good decorative use of modelled figures in the round and in bas-relief. But, alas! the 'Ville de Paris' is hopelessly unpunctual. In the Dublin exhibition they had their own pavilion, which, a month after the opening of that exhibition, was still closed; and at the time this is written, more than two months after the official opening, the 'Ville de Paris' pavilion is still not ready. Whenever its doors are opened, it will probably be found to be one of the most interesting special exhibitions in the place. Meantime, we can take a glance at the French and English pavilions of 'Applied Arts.' The contents of these do not exactly bear out their name. With one important exception (to be noted just now) they do not represent the work of artists in applied art. If they did, we should feel (patriotically) happier. For no nation is now producing such good work, in such things as jewellery and silversmith's work, as English artists such as Mr. Fisher, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Miss Steele, and others are doing, combining so much invention with such pure taste. The jewellery of Lalique, about which so much fuss has been made lately, exquisite as it is in execution, is false and tawdry in taste compared with the best English work; the trail of the *article de Paris* is over it all. But it is not in these pavilions that we shall find the jewellery or silver work of the artist. These are *shop* exhibitions; the productions of such firms as Christofle, and Barbédienne, and Mappin and Webb. But it is worth while comparing the results, which are significant. In the French pavilion the one quality which seems to be aimed at before anything else is what may be called movement of line—all things are twisted, convoluted, restless in outline and detail. This is an element of vulgarity, but it cannot be denied

that there is a pervading quality of cleverness, of a certain 'go' about it. In the English pavilion we do not find this element of vulgarity; there is, in a sense, better taste, but unhappily the good taste is entirely of a negative order; the designs are absolutely dull and commonplace. They look as if they might have been designed by machinery, and that at all events cannot be said of the French work. The latter includes some finely modelled bronzes, too, replicas of statuary; and Barbédienne's miniature reproductions of the works of Barye, the great animal sculptor, are distinctly good. But the curious thing is that amid all this shop work there is one unpretending case, which no one looks at, containing purely artistic work of the highest class, exhibited by the French 'Administration des Monnaies et Médailles.' Let visitors to the French Applied Art pavilion look at this work, at the exquisite art displayed in the modelling of the medals by MM. Chaplain, Roty, Bottée, Cariat, and others of the French medal engravers—sculptors on a minute scale—work worth all the other exhibits in the room put together. The right place for such a collection would have been in the sculpture hall, not in a trade exhibition.

The British Textiles pavilion does not show much in the way of artistic work. It is worth notice how far more artistic are the patterns of Manchester goods prepared for the half-civilised races than those for home use. Almost the only two artistic stuffs of the kind are on lay figures of Indian wearers; home taste seems to be content with simple stripes and checks. Among the contents of this pavilion is a little historic exhibition of dresses during the last century, enabling us to realise the hideousness of the mid-Victorian costume, and to see how Emma Woodhouse would have been dressed when she went out to dinner at Randalls. One or two of the dresses of that early Nineteenth Century period are very pleasing, and say much for the taste of the day. Nor does the Women's Work pavilion display anything very noticeable in the way of artistic design; but it presents a contrast between French and English work in one instance, which is characteristic. There is an exhibit of dresses by one or two London firms, which impress one as made of very handsome materials cut into a satisfactory shaping; but in the dresses exhibited by a Biarritz firm one is not struck either by the richness of the materials or by any particular line that the eye can single out, but by a charm which seems undefinable, and to be the result of a kind of happy inspiration rather than of formal design. The contrast is rather a parallel one with that between the contents of the English and French Applied Art pavilions, and serves again to illustrate contrasts of national character and taste.

The Colonial pavilions contain only displays of useful products, and it is curious to observe how completely the artistic instinct, in the method of displaying them and of decorating the buildings, seems wanting here. We have triumphal arches of wool from Australia,

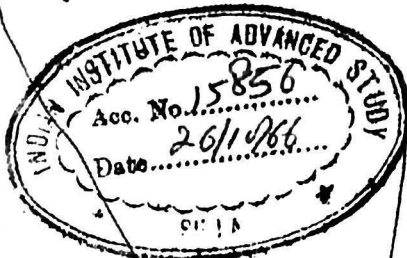
for instance ; and the attempts of Canada to treat the interior of her pavilion in a decorative manner are the worse for their very pretentiousness, and remind one of that dreadful trophy arch which Canada was allowed to erect in Whitehall at the period of the Coronation. The sense of Art will dawn on the Colonial mind some day, no doubt, but the time is not yet.

However, we must not be too superior, for we can be as Philistine ourselves in other ways. Music is also an art, and there are one or two good bands in the grounds. That they should, for the most part, play very poor music is perhaps only what was to be expected in a place of public entertainment in this country. But there is worse than that to be charged against them. One day I heard from a distance the familiar strains of the opening of the *finale* to the C minor Symphony, started by the band in front of the Fine Art pavilion, and moved nearer to hear what they made of it. The first thirty or forty bars were played, as far as the end of the intermediate subject (the unison passage leading up to it being absolutely vulgarised by the omission of the *contra tempo* accent which gives it all its force) ; the principal 'second subject' was omitted entirely, and a jump made to a few bars of the *prestissimo* passage at the end, which concluded the performance. No one seemed disturbed ; no one offered to throw anything at the bandmaster's head. Is such a piece of Vandalism possible in any other European country ? No ; when we can thus hear Beethoven's grandest *finale* reduced to a *pot-pourri*—

Butchered to make a British holiday—

we realise, in spite of the word 'Franco-British,' that we are in England—very much in England.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM,



THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED DEER ON EXMOOR

IN an article in this Review, towards the close of the last season on Exmoor, Lord Coleridge described with hereditary eloquence a stag-hunt from the stag's point of view. Reduced to plain prose that article tells how he saw a stag hunted and killed, and how the onlookers, old and young, male and female, lay and clerical, all seemed to enjoy themselves. But the sight spoilt the pleasure of Lord Coleridge's walk. He does not judge us, and asks us to think kindly of him in return.

Now the sport of stag-hunting with the Devon and Somerset is supported by the practically unanimous opinion of the countryside. It attracts hunting men from every county in England, and from many foreign countries; and not hunting men alone, but men distinguished in politics, literature, law, medicine, and the Church. Could they be consulted I believe the deer would support it too. That, I own, is matter of conjecture. The support of the countryside and the field is undeniable, and that support implies that a very large number of good men and women look on stag-hunting as a pursuit which none need be ashamed to enjoy. The object of this article is to show the reasons for that belief. And though sentiment operates quite as strongly on the one side as on the other, I wish at first to treat the matter on the strict Benthamite system: to strike a balance of pains and pleasures.

Let us take the stag first. His size and beauty win for him a degree of sympathy that is not extended to the fox or hare. And an eminent philosopher propounds a curious theory that the cruelty of killing varies with the nearness of the animal killed to man on the ladder of evolution; so that the slayer of a deer is more guilty than the slayer of a fish. This is surely moonshine. It is more reasonable to say that the amount of cruelty varies with the amount of pain inflicted, and I know of no evidence to show that a large animal feels pain more intensely than a small one. In the words of one who was no mean naturalist,

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

