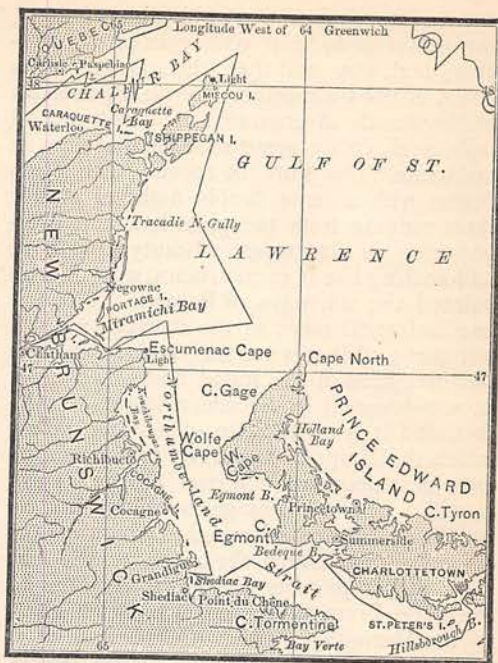


rigging of our bending barkie, soon brought us so near there was no longer any room to doubt that we had hit upon an important and beautiful town. We anchored off the spit, but soon slipped around to the other side, where we again anchored in a roadstead protected from easterly winds, and reasonably safe in summer from winds blowing in other quarters. With our usual expedition, we immediately had the boat put into the water and went on shore. The light-house and an old wreck bleaching near to it on the sandy beach first impressed us as being artistically available, as the genial editor would say regarding a manuscript upon which he is disposed to bestow the smile of acceptance. Having sketched these objects, we adjourned to the Lion Inn to dine. This quaint little hostel is on the point, with water close on either hand. A one-time much gilded lion, but now somewhat rusty, wagged his tufted tail ferociously over the door, and a green settle on either side invited the guest to an out-of-door seat overlooking the bay. The buxom landlady was a fair-complexioned, tidy, blue-eyed dame from the isle of Jersey. Wearing a huge sun-bonnet, she was feeding her chickens in the road as we approached. She served us a simple but savory repast in a cozy, low-roofed dining-room resembling a ship's cabin; through the open windows the sea-breeze wafted the roar of the sea, and we could look on the blue of the ocean fading away to distant lands.



MAP OF THE TRIP FROM CHARLOTTETOWN TO PASPEBIAC.

Everything was delightfully unexpected and charming. Sea life is made up of such contrasts. But a few hours before, we were groping in fog, grappling with a storm and shortening sail; and now we were enjoying this peaceful hour in a tranquil haven.

(To be continued.)

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A SONG OF LOVE.

HEY, rose, just born
Twin to a thorn;
Was't so with you, oh Love and Scorn? Sweet eyes that smiled,
Now wet and wild;
O Eye and Tear,—mother and child.

Well: Love and Pain
Be kinsfolk twain;
Yet would, oh, would I could love again!

Sidney Lanier.

THE HERMITAGE.*

THE present Gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg was built by Nicholas to show his taste for all the arts; it did not exactly do that, but it certainly showed his taste for architecture. It not only houses his paintings, it almost kills them as well: you cannot help looking away from the works to the walls. It is too splendid—simple Greek in form, but in substance a heap of piled riches in marbles and precious stones, in gilding and inlaid

* [The present sketch of the art treasures of the famous Hermitage has been suggested by a new series of photographs of a high order, published by Braun, of Paris. The frontispiece engraving of a head from one of the Hermitage Rembrandts will give our readers some idea of the excellence of this great collection of paintings.—ED.]

woods. It requires a considerable effort of concentration to keep your eyes on the pictures; and, now and then, the stranger, especially, is tried altogether beyond his strength by the wealth of ornament in porphyry and lapis lazuli, or by some monumental vase in malachite. The work of mental dissipation begins with a huge double flight of marble stairs running from the great hall and overpowering in its majestic beauty. We have had nothing like it, even in fancy, since Martin painted the stairways of Babylon. There is one incidental merit in the structure: it will not burn; all that is not marble or stone, with the exception of the inlaid floors, is of iron. It was designed by Klenze, a German architect, and it is on the site of a small gallery which the Empress Catherine set up as a retreat next door to the Winter Palace. There is still a covered passage between the two buildings. Catherine wanted to get away from the noise and bustle of the court, and she took some of her pictures with her to help furnish the place. From this sprang the present Gallery of the Hermitage. Other rulers bought more pictures, often buying them by entire galleries, after the fashion set by Peter the Great in his wholesale introduction of civilization into his empire. There was no time to lose, if Russia was to be placed on a level with other nations in arts as well as in arms. In 1779 the imperial buyers came in for rich paintings by the dispersal of the incomparable Walpole collection, which, if it had been kept at home, would have made England to-day absolutely the richest country in the world in the masterpieces of painting. To this acquisition the Czars added, later on, a Spanish collection bought of an Amsterdam banker for £8,700; then the gems of the Malmaison collection, formed by the Empress Josephine,—thirty-eight pictures for one hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars,—and again, thirty pictures from the collection of Queen Hortense. The death of William II. of Holland gave the imperial collectors another opportunity of which they were not slow to take advantage. William II. was a sort of monomaniac of taste: he lived in a poor palace himself, but he had a magnificent one built for his pictures, and watched it slowly rising day by day and year by year while adding to his treasures. At length it was finished and stocked; and, when this operation was fairly completed, William II. died, and his successor sold off his artistic effects. On this occasion England was one of the largest buyers, in tardy redemption of the Walpole loss.*

In theory these pictures at the Hermitage still form the Gallery of the Czar; in fact they are, to some extent, the gallery of the nation. The other imperial palaces are fairly well stocked, but the sixteen or seventeen hundred canvases in the Hermitage form the pick of the imperial collections.

Nicholas showed his usual thoroughness in everything connected with this pet work. When his new palace of art was finished, he sent for the well-known Dr. Waagen of Berlin, the first historic art critic of his time, to put it in order, and, in consequence, no gallery in the world is more systematically arranged. Dr. Waagen had to contend with one great difficulty; the architect had thought first of the palace, and only in the second place of the pictures; the rooms are not all well lighted, and most of them are far too lofty for convenient display. It is the common complaint of visitors that you cannot escape from a tour of the Hermitage without a stiff neck and sore eyes, due to the straining for a sight of the many paintings far above the line. In all else Dr. Waagen worked entirely on his own conditions; he arranged the works by schools and subdivisions of schools; and you have only to take them in his order to have something like a fair history of the development of art. There is the Italian school in its epoch of formation, then in its perfection of strength and beauty in the Florentine painters. Following these you have the Lombard school, the Florentine decline, the Venetian school, with the second great epoch when the Eclectics brought about a *renaissance* of the art, and next the final decay. In the Spanish schools, Valencia, Seville, and Madrid are richly represented; in the German, Flemish and Dutch, there is another orderly exposition of growth, maturity, and decline. Eight pictures constitute the only exhibition of the English school known to exist on the Continent. The French school, following a classification just as applicable to the French literature as to the French art of to-day, is in two sections—the Idealists, from Poussin to Mignard and Le Brun, and the Realists, from Clouet, Lancret, and Watteau, to Vernet. There is even a Russian school, a mark of high imperial favor considering how little Russian prophets in either art or literature used to be honored in their own country; but this, with the exception of the English, is the smallest of the whole collection. There are nearly a thousand Flemish, Dutch, and German paintings, more than three hundred Italian, and over a hundred Spanish, almost every one a master-piece. The Spanish and Flemish collections are among the finest in the world; and the gallery would be worthy

* The "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, from this collection is now in New York in the possession of the family of the late William H. Aspinwall.

a pilgrimage for its forty-one Rembrandts alone, to say nothing of the twenty Murillos, and the innumerable pictures by Wouvermans, Rubens, Ruysdaels, Snyders, and the like. The thirty-four Vandykes should not be forgotten; the grandest of them, the Charles I., booted and cuirassed for the field, with one hand on his baton of command, and the other on his sword, was painted for the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the currency of to-day! A picture of Queen Henrietta Maria forms a pendant to this work.

It is difficult to select examples for notice where all deserve the closest attention. In the Italian series there is a "Descent from the Cross," by Sebastian del Piombo, which must be named whatever others are left out; so too must the "Perseus and Andromeda" of Tintoretto, and, if only as a curiosity, the same painter's sketch copy of his immense "Resurrection" at Venice. Then there is a superb Ludovico Caracci, the "Entombment of Christ," and a "Death of Christ," by Paul Veronese. Most of the Rubenses and Vandykes are the spoils of the Walpole gallery; and among the Vandykes are portraits of the Wartons, of Lord Danby, Sir Thomas Challoner, and many other English worthies of the time, with a copy, by the artist's own hand, of the famous Pembroke family at Wilton. It would be all the better for the pictures if certain "candelabra and vases in violet jasper of Siberia" were taken out of this room. Murillo's incomparable "Dream of Jacob" is hard by. An "Assumption" of immense interest, as being evidently but another idea for the work at Madrid, gives you a glimpse of Murillo's method; but I hesitate to theorize about it, as I have nothing on my notes to show which is the earlier work. Velasquez has a whole series of portraits, including the Minister Olivares and Innocent X. The nine frescoes of Raphael in another room were on the walls of a Roman villa less than thirty years ago, and with them is one of Raffaele's favorite works, a "Rape of Helen," that might be traced in its growth, from the first moment of invention to the last, with the help of the original sketches that Oxford and Chatsworth still possess. The "St. George and Dragon" was painted by order of the Duke of Urbino as a present to Henry VII. in return for the Garter. It formed part of the collection of Charles I.; and when it came to Russia it hung for a long time in the Winter Palace as a holy image, a continual reproach to Russian sacred art. Among the Titians are a "Mary Magdalene" and a "Danaë," the last a copy by the master's own hand from a work at Naples.

Paul Potter's "Farm" is one of the glories

of the Hermitage. It is an attempt to put a chapter of the history of human institutions into a picture frame. Farm life is there in full and perfect representation, or very nearly so; you have sheep, goats, oxen, pigs, cows at the milking, cows at the pasturage, a woman stitching, a man frightening a dog who is frightening the baby, yet all in a wonderful harmony, and with a suggestion of perfect repose. Here and there are signs of weariness in the painter; one of the cows, according to a critic, is a direct crib from another Paul Potter at the Hague. The sewing-woman, if adroitly cut out of the canvas, would make a Peter de Hooghe. The most considerable English work is a Reynolds, the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents." This was painted for Catherine, and it was a delicate allegory of the courtier-artist. Young Hercules is young Russia; the serpents are the difficulties that stood in her way. With this work Reynolds sent his two volumes of "Discourses." Catherine, in acknowledgment, ordered her ambassador at St. James's to call upon the painter:

"The two productions equally reveal an elevated genius. I beg of you to hand to Sir Joshua, with my thanks, the snuff-box I send in recognition of the great pleasure I have derived from his 'Discourses'—perhaps the best work hitherto written on the subject. My portrait on the lid of the box has been done at the Hermitage, where we are now paying considerable attention to work of this kind. I hope you will be able to give me news of the grand picture which I mentioned in another letter.

(Signed) "CATHERINE."

The grand picture in question is supposed to be a "Continence of Scipio," now in the collection, but in an unfinished state. Scipio's arms and the hands of another figure are yet to be, at least, in their full perfection of rich color, as in other parts of the work.

But how describe the Rembrandts? To begin with, there are a good half dozen portraits of the very first order, though one of them which you feel sure must deserve to be in this category is wretchedly hung. The portrait of an old woman is worth whole chapters of writing on the nature of true finish in art. The hand has never been better painted than in this work. As for the "Benedicite," a peasant man and woman saying grace before meat, we must pass over whole centuries of painting to our own time, to Millet and perhaps to Israels, before we come to anything approaching it for beauty of feeling. It is one of the great pictorial poems of the life of the poor. Did Rembrandt definitely anticipate the mind of our age on this subject, or was he merely true to all possible sentiment by being simply true to

this fact in art? Probably: from what we know of him, there is little to encourage the belief that this noble thing was in any sense a tendency picture; he only saw the beauty as beauty—that dim interior, with its deep shadows and its mere accidents of light, and the figures of the praying pair half effaced in the gloom. His finest “Holy Family,” and he painted many of them, is without question in this gallery. Mary, reading in the chimney corner of such a room as may be imagined, turns to lift the cover of the cradle for a peep at her sleeping child; Joseph is at work; and six angels, whose presence might be dispensed with, are in the air. Blot out the angels, and it is of incomparable simplicity and force. In the “Descent from the Cross” there is the same perfection of tender human interest, and the heads of the Christ and Mary are painted as few heads have been painted since. Then there are more portraits, —half of them mere portraits of a gentleman, in respect of their present want of a name. In one, adepts in such matters point out to you a curious example of work with the brush-handle instead of the brush. “Peter Denies his Lord” is a powerful night scene: the glare of a lantern held by the servant thrown full upon the disciple, and nearly all the rest—the wondering, or indifferent, or angry figures, and the tipling men-at-arms—in shadow.

For a foreigner the Hermitage is essentially a collection of pictures; for native students it is much more—a museum of antiqui-

ties, a museum of sovereigns. There is a whole Peter the Great gallery filled with the hero's swords and walking-sticks, his lathes and turning tools, the models of his ships, the engravings of his battles and triumphs done to order by Dutchmen of the time, and corrected in proof for the minutest detail of the uniform of a regiment or the fall of a pennon. Add to this, a museum of precious stones, perfectly appointed, and the largest in the world, a great numismatic collection,—everything, in fact, a national museum should have. The picture galleries have had less effect than might be supposed on Russian art, probably because they have never been easily accessible to the Russian masses. The conditions of admission still resemble those of a private gallery. You do not often meet the Russian peasant there or the Russian workman—for one reason, perhaps, because he might be afraid of the inlaid floors. The sacred art of the country is still irredeemably conventional; and the fact that it should be so, in face of all these specimens of the sacred art of Italy, is really one of the minor mysteries of the Greek faith. The German and French schools seem to have had most influence on the secular art; half the Russian artists work from Munich as a center, and the other half from Paris. The very latest, with Vereschagin at their head, are inexorable Realists, but with a realism that affects the facts of the social and political life of the day far more than the mere facts of nature.

Richard Whiteing.

THE PHŒBE-BIRD.

YES, I was wrong about the phœbe-bird.
 Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:
 I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow
 Came from one throat, or that each note could borrow
 Strength from the other, making one more brave
 And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.

But thus it is. Two songs have men and maidens:
 One is for hey-day, one is sorrow's cadence.
 Our voices vary with the changing seasons
 Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.

Therefore despair not. Think not you have altered,
 If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
 We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
 Delight, and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
 With love, and hate, and good, and evil—all,
 At separate times, in separate accents call;
 Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
 That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
 I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
 The Listener finds them in one music blended.

George Parsons Lathrop.