

THE TABLET

A Weekly Newspaper and Review.

DUM VOBIS GRATULAMUR, ANIMOS ETIAM ADDIMUS UT IN INCEPTIS VESTRIS CONSTANTER MANEATIS.

From the Brief of His Holiness to THE TABLET, June 4, 1870.

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—THE ENGLISH PICTURES.

HOW English art is represented in an International gathering has a natural interest to English readers, as foreigners with even best intentions must institute comparisons between their schools and ours, and form their decisions upon the art "samples" submitted to their inspection.

That their verdict will be favourable we have little doubt, as the English art of the day is well represented in all its phases, and English artists are displayed in many of their representative works. We think it would be well, however, if her Majesty's Commissioners for the eight subsequent gatherings were to set aside one portion of the gallery yearly for the display of the works of some one of our great artists of past days; thus—if next year all William Hogarth's canvases were collected from every gallery in the kingdom, so as to form a Hogarthian collection in its entirety, and on subsequent occasions the works of Sir Joshua, of Gainsborough, of Wilkie, of Constable, and Mulready were exhibited, so that comparisons might be made, not only on changes of style, but that questions of priority or identity might be solved, as in the case of the two "Blue Boys" of Gainsborough, and thus perfect the work commenced in 1862.

Foremost in the present collection we must rate, both for its notoriety and a certain meed of future fame, "The Railway Station," by Mr. Frith.

The picture is so well known to all through its travels and by engravings, that paying the tribute due to the skill with which the artist has contrived to avoid the monotony of a series of pillars and arches, we must only note its present condition, bearing as it does symptoms of much travel, and lacking an air of freshness without having acquired any added richness of tone.

His other work, "Charles the Second's last Sunday," realizes the words of gossiping old Pepys. The court with all its display of beauty and worthlessness, the king toying with "Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine," the courtiers dicing and gaming, bishop's lawn and gallant's ruffle meeting on the common "board of green cloth." The church bell rings, but his Grace is too intent upon his stakes, there is hob-nobbing and gossip, the dogs and their puppies sprawl over the rare Turkey carpets; and but two figures, Evelyn and a friend, feel that the monarch's race is nearly run, and that White Hall gallery will soon witness another scene and welcome another king.

"Die Todten reiten Schnell"—fast ride the dead to-night—as Lenore is borne over land and sea in that wild ride, mopping and mowing phantoms gibber and scowl around her, as the demon horse and his rider out-pace the winds; in the weirdness of the painting we seem to conjure up the wildness of the legend, and Mr. Elmore would appear to have seized the mantle and the brush of Fuseli, or Höllen-Brueghel.