

# Liverpool



# Mercury

PUBLISHED DAILY.

AND LANCASHIRE, CHESHIRE, AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ABROAD.

WEEKLY ON SATURDAY.

No. 8659.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1875.

DAILY—ONE PENNY. }  
WEEKLY—TWO PENCE. } 11 40

# THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, FREE LIBRARY.

## SEVENTH AND FINAL NOTICE.

No. 719, "Court Collingwood, a relic of Owen Glendower," by W. Collingwood.—This well known and picturesque building is given in this drawing with a fine broad effect. It is very clever in the handling, showing a master's hand everywhere.

No. 725, "Waiting at the Loch," by E. G. Warren.—One of the most able drawings in this room. We would call particular attention to the admirable manner in which the grass has been scattered about. It is at all times difficult to manage, but rarely have we seen grass nearer to nature. The picture is full of good material, managed with fine effect.

No. 732, "Sunday Morning," by Alfred Perry.—A quotation from Sam Slick seems to imply that animals have, or should have, their day of rest on the Sabbath as well as man. This has been well carried out by the artist, for, whilst the throng of the village are flocking to the church porch, three horses in a field close by seem to have a quiet service of thought amongst themselves. They say nothing, but we know not what they think. They are very cleverly done.

No. 733, "Market Folk, West of Ireland," by William Small.—A most remarkable drawing for freedom of touch. It leads one to strange thoughts of the utility of high finish, when such boldness as we see here gives everything that is wanted in character and telling the tale. It is something marvellous in execution.

No. 749, "Valley of the Mawddach, North Wales," by J. Wimperis.—This gentleman has several very high-class drawings in the exhibition. They are all well selected, good in colour, and very satisfactory in execution. This is one of admirable aerial perspective.

No. 755, "Morning on the Alps; Koenigssee, Bavarian Alps," by J. C. Reed.—A large drawing, treated with deep poetic feeling. It is wonderful to see what fine language can be produced from a few paints, when there is a mind to do it.

No. 763, "A Portrait," by W. Holman Hunt.—Is this the portrait of himself which was promised? It is an exceedingly fine work. The hands are particularly good, especially in their anatomy.

No. 764, "Flowers," by William Huggins.—Our friend has come out in the flowery line, and we wish he had found out his talent sooner, as they are just suited to his fine eye for colour. It is brilliant in the extreme.

No. 776, "Ben Ari-charr, Fion Loch, Ross-shire," by A. W. Weeden.—A very singular drawing, wild and cloudy; the effect and the almost savage scenery are strangely in harmony with each other. It is one of the most novel drawings in the exhibition, and given with fine talent for observation of nature's rare effects.

No. 777, "Undine Rising from the Fountain."—A high-class drawing, to which we could have wished to do better justice than in this brief notice.

No. 784, "Ludlow, from Whiteliff," by S. H. Baker.—The ancient castellated town, with its fine surrounding scenery, is here given with great ability. It is a place rich in massive foregrounds and far-stretching distances, with all those river accompaniments and stately woods—with glorious ruins on steep banks—that we have often thought was too much neglected by our artists, who would find little to excel it in romance on the continent, not even on the Rhine.

No. 791, "The Stille of All Hallows Church," by John Pedder, is a small but well-executed drawing.

No. 810, "The Chapel Curig Road," by J. Jackson Curnock.—A beautiful drawing—but we do not often see a cattle drover dressed throughout in black. A rustic figure in varied colours would have been more appropriate.

No. 808, "The Windmill," by E. M. Wimperis, is a magnificent drawing; as also is No. 911, "Near Barmouth," by H. Sutton Palmer.

On looking round this room before leaving it, we find several works by our esteemed townsman Mr. Ephraim Pugh, as No. 745, 920, and others, all very badly hung. Really they are very nice drawings, nicely selected, with a fine taste for natural beauties and how to render them permanent as works of art. We think an artist who has so long been amongst us should have some attention. We have noticed year after year he never receives the justice he deserves.

No. 959, "The Well," by S. F. Mills, is a beautiful work of art.

No. 969, "The Appeal."—A singular drawing, showing great originality in conception and treatment. It is a most laborious drawing, though at first sight it does not seem so. A cavalier is entreating a surly, hard-hearted chief to do something for a poor lady sitting by—probably to spare the life of her husband, or liberate him. We fear the appeal will be useless; and we would advise the chief, instead of turning his head away in disdain, to have an eye to that long sword of the cavalier's—for it is a long one—lest it reach him, and render his refusal a matter of no importance.

No. 989, "A Group of Horses and Cattle on the Inston Marshes, North Devon," by H. Brittain Willis.—Now, if we are right in our judgment of excellence in water-colour painting, we should say at once that this is the finest water-colour in the exhibition. In drawing, finish, grouping, and attitudes—in all the accompaniments of scenery around, it is simply exquisite. We cannot imagine anything can or ever will go beyond this. This is just one of that kind of works which, judging from prices given lately for water-colours, though now marked only £250, will in ten or twenty years fetch about £3000. That is to say, what of course will be understood, that we get rid of the artist to some other planet. He must by no means stop here, hindering some hundreds of hungry sharks from enjoying the rich feast he will leave behind him.

No. 993, "Lighting the Beacon," by John Tenniel.—A singular work, the execution and conception of which partake strongly of the tragical, whatever the subject may be. "Ha, ha! rescue!" is all the interpretation vouchsafed to us.

No. 997, "The remains of the causeway, which originally extended from the Nile to the Lybian Hills, described by Herodotus as a work more wonderful than the Pyramids," by Edward A. Goodall.—How nice it is, in these days of locomotion, to sit and enjoy scenes visited by Herodotus. One wonders how he travelled—how many miles a day he accomplished—what sort of inns he stopped at in the deserts of Egypt, or were there any, and how he managed about all sorts of comforts which in these advanced times we think it impossible to do without. But where there was a causeway in the days of Egypt's greatness, there must have been a civilisation we could like to know more about. We are apt to be too inflated about our 19th century; but when we are told that the masonry and mortar of the Pyramids of Gizeh are of much better workmanship, construction, and materials than anything we do, or have done, the last thousand years, was not their general civilisation more advanced than we give them credit for? The picture is most valuable as a work of art, independent of its historic interest.

No. 1004, "A Theological Argument," by A. B. Donaldson.—This is one of those works we hinted about at the commencement of these notices, as a work revealing profound thought in the persons represented. Almost the exact nature of the subject of those thoughts is here given. We are of opinion that art is yet unacquainted with the profound accuracy and powers of its ability, in both painting and sculpture, to give us the exact traits of thought, which must be individual, of the representation given. It is not of a very high character of manipulation, but it is valuable from what we have written, and the price put upon it is ridiculous. It is about the cheapest picture in the exhibition.

No. 1010, "A man overboard in the Baltic Fleet," by O. W. Brierly.—A clever picture, but we do not much like local accidents of this nature in art; they are only fit for a Board of Trade inquiry; and we ask, why do artists endeavour to realise subjects that only give pain? It is quite a mistake.

No. 1013, "Chartres," by Lennard Lewis, is a very clever drawing.

No. 1015, "Dangerous Quarters," by H. B. Roberts. We like this artist's works; there is always a fund of sound wit about them. A boy is plucking a goose, and some geese are peeping in at the operation. If those geese enter there, they are geese.

No. 1023, "Spring," by R. Thornwaite.—A lovely drawing of spring time, with lambs, beautifully executed.

No. 1036, "Watching the Games," by Margaret Gillies. A very high-class work. Is there not an error in the catalogue? Should it not have been "Watching the Gamesters?"

No. 1041, "Falls of the Llugwy," by W. L. Kerry. What a blessing that Llugwy must be to artists. One would think some dozens of them must have been baptised there. It is a remarkably bold and free drawing, full of energy, having truth for its foundation.

On looking around we find there must be some mistake about the cataloguing of No. 220, "To be left till called for," by A. Dixon. This is only the sketch; for the original picture—which was exhibited at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy—was sold, and was highly spoken of by Mr. Ruskin in his notices of the Royal Academy exhibition.

No. 1065, "At the Piano," by G. G. Kilburne, is marked in our catalogue as a very fine drawing.

The miniatures and sculpture are small, numerically, but all of a very high standard of art. We fear we are stating the truth when we say the days of miniature painting are numbered. They were once a glorious feature of British art. Its professors were unequalled by any continental neighbours; and from the early days of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House, through the days of Trafalgar-square, nothing from any country equalled the fine displays now nearly gone. Nearly all the crowned heads of Europe with their families came to England to have a magnificent Ross, or a beautiful Currier, or a splendid Newton. We fear there is no chance of a revival. Here are only half-a-dozen frames, which E. Warren and Agnes Fairfield divide between them. They are all high-class works of their kind. "The Fan," by A. Durer Lucas, is a curious and very valuable work.

There is a considerable amount of sculpture from local, London, and foreign artists.

The most remarkable statue is a model in terra cotta for marble, called "Forsaken," by A. Bruce Joy, No. 1092. The subject is taken from Burger's "Des Pfarrers Tochter Tuchenhayn." The tale is that a female, finding herself forsaken by the father of her child, in her wild passion seizes a large jewelled hairpin out of her hair and murders the child by stabbing it in the heart with this pin. In her agony (she being on her knees), the child falls dead at her feet; and she, with the dread hairpin in her hand, lifts up her arms, and, seizing her own luxuriant hair, cries out, "O Jesu, mein Heiland, was hab'ich gethan" (O Jesus, my holy one, what have I done). The passionate attitude of the woman is well conceived; nothing could exceed the "abandon" of the poor creature. The grouping of the whole and the expression of the features are perfection. If we dare venture to give any advice to so great a master as that of this fine study, we should say a little more of nature and a little less of dress in the female would add classic interest to the figure; and we fear the sculptor will have some trouble with that amount of hair at the back, which in its present form is highly objectionable, and in marble will be worse.

No. 1079, "Innocence" (marble), by G. Fontana, has all the high merit we always find from this able master.

No. 1098, "Mrs. Hamilton, sen., of Craighlaw-Kirkcowan, N.B." (marble), by J. Warrington Wood, is an excellent bust; there is such a sweet, mild expression in the countenance.

No. 1100, Marble bust of a youth, and No. 1105, "After the Bath" (marble group), by J. A. P. MacBride, are both very high-class works by our talented townsman.

No. 1103, "The Weary Gleaner," by George Halse.—A fine spirited head of a child, weary with gathering flowers, and fallen asleep. The hair is particularly fine.

No. 1080, "Mrs. Laurence E. Baily" (marble), by A. Bruce Joy.—A fine intelligent head, executed with consummate ability.

No. 1082, "Hubert and Prince Arthur," by G. A. Lawson, is in but a crude state, but promises well.

No. 1083, "Summer" (marble).—A little gem, by Signor Nicoll.

No. 1107, "Homeward Bound," by the late J. Birnie Philip.—A good, natural group; rather short in the figure. We know it may be right enough from the original, but anything in sculpture requires the usual classical height.

No. 1110, the model bust (for marble) of the late Michael James Whitty, Esq., is excellent. It is by J. A. P. MacBride.

W. G. H.