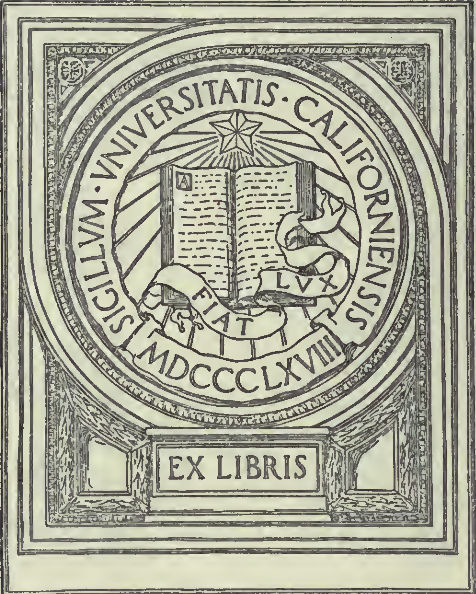
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AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light;
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore,
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

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Rudolf Lehmann

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AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

BY

RUDOLF LEHMANN

> Tutti gli uomini d'ogni sorte, che hanno fatto qualche cosa che sia virtuosa, ossia veramente che la virtù somigli, dovriano, essendo veritieri e dabbene, di lor propria manu descrivere la loro vita. Ma non si dovrebbe cominciare una tal bella impresa prima che passata l'età di quarant' anni. . . . . .
>
> VITA DI BENVENUTO CELLINI.

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1894

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY DEAR BROTHER HENRY

BORN IN KIEL 1814 : DIED IN PARIS 1882

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

AS A TOKEN OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE

LONDON : 1894

M220721

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Part I

PLACES I HAVE SEEN

CHAPTER I

HAMBURG 1819–1835

According to Benvenuto Cellini's motto on the title page, he is of opinion that all sorts of men who have done something virtuous, or that resembles virtue, should, if they are sincere and good, write their lives with their own hands, when they have passed their fortieth year.

It would be presumptuous on my part to lay claim to the qualifications which he names as being essential to such an undertaking, but my shortcomings in most of these may to some extent be counterbalanced by the fact that I have nearly doubled the term of life which he deems necessary for beginning such a task. I am in my seventy-fifth year, and during that long life have seen many lands and many people; and although I have scarcely any notes to go upon, and though my hand has been more accustomed to wield the brush than the pen, still some of my reminiscences

may, even in so crude a shape (English not being my mother tongue), prove of some general interest. They will at any rate have helped me to beguile a time of otherwise forced inactivity.

It is not many years since the gates of my native town of Hamburg were closed at sunset, and a vexatious toll was levied on those who wished to pass in and out. This toll was levied after dark, and was increased according to the lateness of the hour. This condemned people of limited means to a very irksome confinement within the narrow, crooked streets of the city during the stifling summer months. To escape from it, my parents had taken rooms at Ottensen, a small neighbouring Holstein village on the Elbe, in a still existing little country inn called the 'Grünbaumsche Wirthschaft.' There, in close proximity to Klopstock's grave, I was born, the fourth of seven children, on August 19, 1819. I was confided under my mother's supervision to the tender care of a beautiful young girl of the village, the step-daughter of a poor jobbing-tailor, and, it was rumoured, the natural daughter of the Duke of Oldenburgh. Her exceptional career may excuse my mentioning here that a scion of a wealthy Jewish family fell desperately in love with her, married her, after having induced her to adopt his religion, and took her to England, where he was,

and possibly still is, at the head of a great commercial firm in the North.[1]

Not till 1814 had Hamburg been delivered from the well-nigh intolerable yoke of a foreign occupation and the cruel exactions of the French Marshal Davoust, by the Russians who laid siege to the town. All poor inhabitants were on that occasion ruthlessly expelled in mid-winter, whereas young and well-to-do men were at the same time forcibly detained. As my mother had fled to Kiel, where she gave birth to my eldest brother, my father was naturally anxious to join his young wife at that solemn moment. He succeeded in eluding the strict vigilance of the guards at the gate by disguising himself as a working man pushing a wheelbarrow before him.

Tenacious clinging to traditions and pride in the most punctilious old-fashioned respectability were the characteristic features of the venerable free old Hanse-town of Hamburg. It was governed by merchants, some of them merchant-princes, but all as proud of their privileges as any Venetian Doge could ever have been. The Jews, who abounded, were most reluctantly tolerated and

[1] Forty-six years later, in 1865, this lady, spending the winter with her family in Rome, happened to take apartments above the one we inhabited. Mutual friends arranged a meeting, and the old lady, now a handsome stately matron, displayed a most touching tender interest in her once golden-curled, but then grey-haired charge.

were hemmed in and hampered by nearly as many legal disabilities as those in the Roman Ghetto used to be. Well I remember more than one rising of the populace against them, when they were driven from the streets and forcibly ejected from all public places. On one such occasion, when a recent convert had been ignominiously ousted from a café, he protested that he had been baptized. 'Throw him in again!' shouted the facetious mob.

In such a town as this my family must have appeared an anomaly. Not only was my maternal grandfather an Italian from Padua, and my paternal grandmother an Englishwoman, but my father was an artist, a rare exception in the midst of those uncongenial surroundings. Both my grandfathers were, like everybody in Hamburg, engaged in business. My paternal grandfather was a broker, the other was at the head of an extensive jewellery business. It must have had a certain prominence, for his widow has often told us how sorely his patriotism was tried, when Marshal Davoust would come to his stores to choose in advance the costly presents with which the Senate vainly hoped from time to time to bribe him into a milder mood and the abandonment of his intolerable exactions.

My father was for many years at the head of his profession as a miniature painter—luckily pre-

vious to Daguerre's famous discovery—and a great favourite as a drawing master. His pupils, mostly of the gentler sex, were touchingly faithful to him, and at the end of his career he would in some families teach three generations at the same time. He was of a most genial disposition, and his witty sayings made the round of the town. A pupil of Andreas Romberg, he was an excellent violinist, and after a hard day's work would find solace in playing first fiddle in a quartette, or in the orchestra of a symphony concert.

The merit of bringing up so large a family and at the same time keeping up a pleasant social position on the slender means at her disposal belongs to my mother, a highly intelligent and very energetic woman. The house was kept on the strictest economical principles. We were told that only holes, not patches of which we had many on our elbows, were dishonourable. As my father was daily kept from his painting room for many hours by his lessons, that room—where in the intervals he contrived to paint admirable miniatures—was devoted to all sorts of domestic purposes. To begin with, it was the family breakfast-room, then a seamstress was established in it, and then it was assigned to us for our school tasks, not to mention the detested weekly scrubbing, which was done with floods of water on the carpetless boards.

Many a time do I remember that my father, coming home to paint, and finding the Gentiles in possession of his sanctuary, would complain bitterly, though quite in vain, and turn everybody out. I fear there was no other place for the performance of those domestic functions. Notwithstanding these difficulties my mother contrived to keep the house at a high intellectual standard, and scarcely a distinguished author or artist would visit Hamburg without honouring our house with his presence. There were weekly quartette evenings, operas were sung in the drawing-room with pianoforte accompaniment, and dramatic masterpieces, French as well as German, were read in allotted parts; and my mother's good management I am led to admire the more when I remember that the very hospitable customs of the old Hansetown demanded that substantial refreshments should be freely supplied to counterbalance the previous mental efforts.

On the principle which still holds good in most German families, that every child ought to learn to play some musical instrument, my father undertook to teach me to play the violin—a hopeless task, as I am not by nature musically disposed. Many a precious hour have I thus lost during nine years, in which I vainly attempted to attain some proficiency in playing that delightful instrument.

The dreaded lessons were almost the only occasions when my father, placid though he was by nature, would lose his temper. He would insist that taking the notes too low was the result of sheer laziness, but would not allow that taking them too high was a laudable excess of zeal. Many a time would he break his long Dutch clay pipe over my back in a fit of despair at a wrong note, but, though in tears, I was delighted when he would bid me stop to fetch a new one from the grocer round the corner. Still, by dint of practising, I was enabled after a few years to play second fiddle regularly in Mozart's or Haydn's quartettes during a season.

My maternal grandmother, a stately matron, with much natural wit, though scanty education, who lived to see her granddaughter a grandmother, was left in affluent circumstances by her husband. Her house, stretching back to one of those canals [1] that make Hamburg a Northern Venice, was much too large and lonely for her. She let it to my parents, reserving to herself a fine suite of rooms

[1] These canals are in direct communication with the river Elbe. According to Hamburg custom a cellar under our house, accessible from the street, was let to a working man, whose wife kept a ginshop. At spring-tides their underground rooms were almost yearly inundated, when the family had to seek shelter in our house above. Well I remember the boom of the cannon giving hour by hour warning of the rising tide, and these people with their numerous children and their goods and chattels encumbering our hall.

on the first floor. Many a time with beating heart have I peeped through the keyhole of one of these, the state room, always wrapt in mysterious gloom, and with its furniture in brown holland. One evening in the week was devoted to card-playing, when three of her female friends solemnly assembled round the green cloth table. Their combined ages must have far exceeded three hundred years, and they would have done capitally on the stage in the opening scene of 'Macbeth.' We were allowed to enter this sanctuary on tiptoe, to bid good-night, and receive a sugarplum on our way to bed. On one of these occasions I remember seeing only three of the old ladies playing boston. The fourth had slipped from her cushioned seat, and was lying under the table. The remaining three, finding themselves too weak to reinstate her in her arm-chair, had, after making her comfortable with pillows, abandoned their repeated efforts, and were continuing their game with the dummy, pending the advent of the strong maid-servant with the supper.

My paternal grandmother, a highly educated little Englishwoman, lived with us, and for a while we daily sat down eleven round the dinner table.

Preparatory to my entering the 'Johanneum' public school, I was sent to a private one. I may be excused for recording here an apparently trifling

event, the memory of which still, after so many decades, rankles in my mind, as an instance of the sufferings often innocently inflicted on sensitive children. Two of my mother's sisters were married to wealthy German bankers in Paris. Among the highly appreciated presents which they sent from time to time to their Hamburg nephews and nieces were two large white felt hats of the chimneypot shape, with thick hair standing off nearly an inch long. They were, no doubt, magnificent, but not customary for Hamburg schoolboys. Both my elder brothers had found means of getting rid of them under trifling pretexts, in the shortest possible time. But they were too costly to be thrown away; so it was decreed that I should wear them out, one after the other. Not unnaturally they provoked the gibes of all my schoolfellows, and such daily teasings, insults, jeers, even stone-throwings, that I was made thoroughly miserable, and my life not worth having. My father wrote a note to the master complaining of his boy's persecutions. It was affixed in the schoolroom, and the whole class, except myself, was for many weeks detained a quarter of an hour after lessons, to allow me to get home unmolested. As may be surmised, it did not contribute to make me more popular with my comrades.

I was only too glad to be in due time promoted to the public school provisionally located in an old abandoned convent of Gothic architecture in process of demolition. After a preliminary examination, exclusively in Latin, I was placed in the lowest, the sixth form, where the usual Latin drudgery was one morning relieved by the top of an enormous pillar of brick falling with a thundering crash on to the vaulted ceiling of our class-room, which was luckily strong enough to resist the tremendous shock. However, one hole was knocked in it, through which came falling bricks and clouds of dust, that filled the room. The master, deadly pale, jumped out of the high window, and we all after him. We thought it rather fun, all the more as it resulted in a half-holiday.

When I had worked my way slowly up to the third form, it was manifest that I had little disposition for classical studies. My father, who could hardly afford the expense of a second university education, such as my eldest brother aspired to, readily assented to my choice of a commercial career. So, pending the completion of the arrangements for a commercial branch of the public school, just then in progress, I was excused from attending the Latin and Greek lessons. Sitting apart during these, and probably bored, I took to writing verses, for which I had a certain natural dispo-

sition. These poems—notably one of them on no less a subject than 'The Death of Cæsar'—so struck my mother and her friends, as showing exceptional poetical gifts, that she took them to all the professors in turn, and even sent them to her sisters in Paris, whose houses Heine and Börne frequented, to get their opinion—which seems to have been favourable. The result was that she declared that I was on no account to be articled as office boy in a counting-house, which was the other alternative. So I was readmitted to the classical studies, grinding away at Latin and Greek—I confess with scant enthusiasm.

At this time (1831) an event happened which to a great extent shaped my future life. My eldest brother Henry, five years my senior, whom nature had lavishly favoured with her gifts, in mind as well as in body, suddenly displayed, at the age of about seventeen, an irresistible vocation to become an artist. He left the second form, a much regretted pupil, and entered the painting class of a local artist. When the question arose whither to send him for further instruction, not to be obtained in Hamburg, he was sent, after much anxious deliberation and on the advice of our French relations, to Ingres' studio in Paris, at that time famous. There he worked most assiduously, and having at the age of twenty-one achieved a real

success with his first picture, 'Le départ du jeune Tobie,' at the Salon of 1835, he wrote home that, if one of his brothers showed artistic inclinations, he offered to take care of him, and instruct him in his art, in order to alleviate his father's heavy burden.[1] The prospect suited my mother in more than one respect. As I was the only available brother, mysterious hints were thrown out to me, and I got an inkling of what was impending. That I had not as irresistible a calling to become an artist as my brother had shown, the following may go some way to prove. A time of probation had been decided on, and as a beginning my father established me in his studio one fine morning before a cast of the well-known antique head of Niobe, and, having provided me with the requisite materials, left me for his lessons, with an order to draw it as best I could. No doubt it bored me, for after a while I put down my crayons, put my father's dressing-gown over the ideal plaster of Paris shoulders, his spectacles over her eyes, his smoking cap over her head, fixed his Dutch clay pipe so as to touch her pathetic lips, and left the

[1] My brother made a brilliant career in France, where he was naturalised. He died in 1882, at the age of sixty-eight, officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institute, and Professor at the 'Ecole des Beaux-arts.' Of the various public buildings which he has partly decorated in Paris, the principal ones, the Hôtel de Ville and the Palais de Justice, were ruthlessly destroyed by the incendiary Commune. Many are his masterly portraits.

room delighted with my achievement. My father's feelings on his return, when he had looked forward to seeing the result of my application, are better imagined than described. He was as angry as his amiable disposition would allow. He felt thoroughly discouraged, and my mother has in after years confessed to me that he would more than once wake her in the night, and declare that his conscience compelled him to withdraw his consent as to my becoming an artist. But she had her reasons for not being so easily shaken. She thought that, as poetry might not pay, painting would prove a useful addition to the income. She hoped to take me to Paris, to see her beloved eldest son after the long separation, her sisters, and—though last, not least—the famous capital of the civilised world. So the die was cast.

As it has turned out, I seem to once more confirm Sir Joshua Reynolds's much-contested saying, that every normally organised person can attain a certain degree of proficiency in art by honest application.

CHAPTER II

PARIS 1835–1837

We started, after a tearful leave-taking on my part, on our journey for Paris in March 1835. However alluring the prospect before me, the first departure from home is a painful tearing asunder of tenderest ties. For those who could not afford to travel with post-horses in their own carriages, nor endure the tedium of travelling with job-horses (called 'Hauderer' in German, and 'Vetturini' in Italian), the 'Diligence' was at that time the only mode of locomotion. Of its discomforts it is difficult for the present generation to form an idea. The luggage, the weight of which was strictly limited, had to be sent to the office the day before the departure, and places had to be secured many days, if not weeks, beforehand. The passports had to be viséd by the consul of every country through which your journey lay, and the many different coins current in each had to be provided. My father accompanied us to the little Hanoverian

town of Harburg, on the opposite shore of the Elbe, where the diligence awaited us. It was to be reached by steamer, for the wooden bridge that connected the two shores at the time of the French occupation had been by them built with wood, requisitioned, but not paid for, and so, when the town was free again, each wood-merchant had taken his property back. My recollection of this journey of six times twenty-four hours, which however we broke four times by resting for a day and night, is a perfect nightmare. The conductor, an absolute autocrat, was entirely under the thumb of his chief tipping clients, the commercial travellers. No matter how long beforehand you secured your seat, the coupé, holding two places beside him, was always, engaged. In the 'interior,' the main body of the coach, which was much too narrow for six people, the windows were mostly, and at night always, closed. Nearly everybody smoked, and the conversation was more often than not offensive to refined female ears. I had one of the two middle seats, with no side rest for the head, and suffered agonies. I was sick, and trod on everybody's feet. The notion that I made myself a thorough nuisance to our travelling companions was scant compensation for the tortures I underwent. We traversed the dreary Lüneburger Heide, an absolutely flat moor of many square miles, and

slept the first night in Hanover, a journey of twenty-four hours. Our next halt was at Cologne, where we arrived at night. It was carnival time, the last Tuesday before Lent, and not a room was to be had in any hotel for love or money. For hours we sat on our trunks in the diligence office, dead tired after the twenty-four hours' ride in the crammed diligence, awaiting till long after midnight the return of our messengers, who found nothing for us, when luckily my mother remembered an old friend of the family, now living in Cologne. The kind man, though his wife had just been confined, came and fetched us to his hospitable house. After seeing next day the very brilliant and amusing carnival procession, we left for Aix-la-Chapelle, where we rested again, as well as in Brussels. Finally, on the ninth day, after a most troublesome examination at the French frontier, where ladies' under-garments were searched for Brussels lace by coarse females in men's attire, we reached our longed-for destination.

For a boy of sixteen the change from the very modest Hamburg surroundings to brilliant, dazzling Paris was overwhelming. One of my aunts had a much-frequented salon. Her husband being not only an eminent German banker but also an accomplished musical amateur, it was the rendezvous of most of the distinguished musicians, such as Meyer-

beer, Liszt, Chopin, and Hiller, and of scientific and literary Germans, such as Humboldt, Heine, and Börne, to name only a few among a host, for at that time Germans abounded in Paris. I well remember Heine's finely cut features and thoughtful expression. He had a way of asking young students, 'Are you going to achieve something in the world?' and of drawing his conclusion from the way in which that question was answered.

Börne was a little dark man, of the most pronounced Semitic type, strongly marked with smallpox. Usually silent, he could be very eloquent when expounding his ultra-democratic principles, and on occasion most entertaining. Humboldt was a very ready talker, and his little innocent weakness to pose as a rabid democrat, while on friendly, almost intimate terms with his king, William III. of Prussia, whose Chamberlain he was, was rather amusing. I shall speak of Liszt and Hiller at greater length in another place. Chopin was of almost diaphanous aerial appearance. His finely cut features, with a rather prominent aquiline nose, were crowned by an abundant crop of fair curls. His body, too thin and flexible, foreshadowed the cruel disease which carried him away in the prime of life. He would readily play the piano in an intimate circle, when his fingers barely seemed to touch the keys, pro-

ducing that dreamy fairy-music so characteristically his own.

Meyerbeer, of middle height, with features strikingly resembling Cardinal Antonelli's (as can be seen in my album of eminent men), paid generally an almost exaggerated politeness to everybody indiscriminately. He was on intimate terms in my uncle's house, where I met him very frequently. Just then the last rehearsals of his new opera, 'Les Huguenots,' were taking place, a great event in the musical world, and he gave us pit tickets for the first representation, which he himself in a state of great nervous excitement witnessed from my aunt's box.

The old opera-house was in the rue Lepelletier. We gained our seats not without difficulty, even danger. The crowd was so dense that the 'queue,' though well regulated, reached the Boulevard. Once inside the house, the pit was like a seething sea, and people were thrown over the heads of others to reach front places. The public, in a rather stolid mood during the first acts, warmed thoroughly at the monks' chorus—the blessing of the swords in the fourth act—and reached a pitch of enthusiasm at that passionate final duet between Mademoiselle Falcon (Valentine) and Nourrit (Raoul), who were both then in the zenith of their glory. The former, a most handsome charming singer, soon

afterwards lost her voice; the latter was driven to leave France through the successful appearance of his rival Duprez. He went to Italy and vainly tried to acquire the Italian style of singing by taking lessons from Donizetti. Not succeeding, and growing too corpulent besides, he threw himself from a fourth floor over the iron banister into the well formed by the stone staircase of a Neapolitan restaurant. The melancholy spot was pointed out to me a few years later. We used to know him in Paris, and were hospitably received at his house by his charming wife.

Among the numerous general circle which frequented my aunt's salon was a young and strikingly handsome Countess Kielmansegg, the wife of the Hanoverian minister. She was the daughter of the Viennese banker, Geymüller, and introduced with signal success Schubert's immortal songs, then still unknown to the Parisians, which she sang with a remarkably sympathetic voice.

My aunts were on terms of intimacy with the family of the famous Baron Gérard, the first Napoleon's court-painter, and I was by my brother introduced to him on a Wednesday, the evening of his weekly receptions. The old master, a small man with a noble head, stood before the fireplace, his hands behind his back, surrounded by a wide circle of guests eagerly listening to his well-told

anecdotes out of his rich store of experiences, embracing the First Empire and the Restoration. Scarcely a distinguished personage of those epochs from the great emperor downwards passed through Paris but had craved the honour of being painted by him. Napoléon had commissioned him to paint his full-length portrait in his coronation robes, and for that purpose had allowed him to pass before him along with many others at an audience. His large historical picture, 'L'entrée de Henri IV dans Paris,' is well-known through an excellent engraving. He sent it, with engravings of many of his portraits, to Goethe, who mentions them in terms of enthusiastic approval. The family consisted of his wife, a little fat Roman lady—I believe a cousin—and a Mlle. Godefroy, a friend and pupil, assistant in his studio, still showing, though advanced in age, traces of great former beauty. I remember that evening that I was horrified to see at a card-table some old cronies, over-décolletée'd, according to the fashion of that time, and with marabout feathers on their heads. They looked like performing monkeys.

When we called again the following Wednesday, the porter received us with the words, 'M. le Baron died this morning.' After a few months' stay my brother accompanied my mother on her way home again, and I was left alone in Paris.

No. 1, rue de la Michodière was (and I believe still is) a dirty old house of very many stories, on each of which dwelt two separate workmen's families. On the fifth floor under the roof was our studio, a part of which had been cut off to form a bedroom. My camp-bed (*lit de sangle*), next to my brother's, nearly occupied the whole space. I still cannot think without gratitude of my brother's touching devotion, who, in his straitened circumstances, voluntarily saddled himself at the age of twenty-one with the care of a younger brother.

On July 15, the day of the Fête Nationale, I naturally went on the Boulevard to see King Louis Philippe reviewing the soldiers. The Gardes Nationaux were drawn up on one side, the troops of the line on the other. The king passed at full gallop, with a brilliant retinue, quick as lightning, amidst the rather meagre cries of 'Vive le Roi!'

Immediately after his passing I heard a distant detonation. To this I did not pay any attention, but wended my way to Place Vendôme, where, at the Hanoverian embassy, Countess Kielmansegg had invited me to witness the march past of the troops before the king. From their balcony I saw a crowd of *maires* from the Banlieue, with their tricolor *écharpes*, surround the king's horse, pressing and kissing his hand, quite enthusiastically. This, I learned later on, was to express their joy at

the king having escaped unscathed from Fieschi's murderous attempt on his life with his 'machine infernale' in the Boulevard St.-Denis. Among the many innocent victims it had made a few minutes before was the old Maréchal Mortier, who had escaped death on so many glorious battle-fields. That was the explosion I had heard.

As a contrast to this grave event, I may be allowed to relate a very small one, which, however, caused me many hours of vexation in its consequences. Finding myself alone in Paris on a Sunday morning, I entered a neighbouring confectioner's shop, thinking to regale myself with a real boy's treat. Finding the front door closed on account of the Sunday, I entered by a side-passage, and was rather taken aback by the question, 'Qu'est-ce que monsieur désire?' Now, my French was still rather defective, and I easily confounded 'buying and selling' (*vendre et acheter*), also *confekt*, which means cakes in German, with *confitures*, which means 'jam' in French. So I boldly answered, 'Ce que je demande? Je voudrais vendre des confitures.' (What I want? I want to sell jam.) The pert answer was, 'Nous n'achetons pas de confitures.' ('We don't buy jam.') 'Essayez l'épicier du coin.' ('Try the grocer at the corner.') With that the young shop lady very unceremoniously opened the door, and I found myself

in the street, utterly at a loss to understand why that confectioner refused to sell me the wares which he invitingly displayed in his window. When, after a long time, I confided, in a weak moment, my discomfiture to my sarcastic brother, there was, naturally enough, no end to his and his friends' teasing, and it was some time before I lost the nickname of 'marchand de confitures.'

I now began my studies in earnest. Ingres being absent in Rome, my brother, his fanatical pupil, would on no account allow me to enter one of the other masters' ateliers, but preferred sending me to a private academy, kept in the rue St.-André des Arts by a M. Boudin, ex-sergeant of the Grande Armée, where my brother occasionally came to correct my work. For one who, like me, had so recently left the quiet family home and the stern Johanneum school, the ways of the *rapins* (the French art-students), the *charges* (tricks) with which they used to harass new comers, and force them to regale their older comrades, the incessant *blague* (jawing) of a few bold members with the gift of the gab, were irksome enough. But above all was I shocked at the loose, immoral tone that pervaded everything and everybody, and seemed the rule, not the exception. As an instance I may quote that one of the nude female models being the mistress of one of my

fellow-students, they used to arrive and leave arm in arm like an honest bourgeois married couple, nobody remarking it. I used to lunch without leaving the atelier on two sous worth of fried potatoes, bought, wrapt in paper, in passing the Pont-neuf, a penny loaf, and two sous worth of *crème* from the *laitière* at the corner. The pauses were enlivened by the loquacious ex-sergeant telling us of his prowess, his booty, and how good an opportunity a battle would occasionally afford to get rid, as by mistake, of an obnoxious superior against whom one had a grudge.

In the afternoons I would draw from the antique in the Louvre, and from the casts in the adjoining *moulage*, where they were lit to more advantage; also from engravings at the Bibliothèque Royale. Interrupting my attendance at the private academy, I went for some months to copy in the Louvre Gallery Giulio Romano's portrait by himself, and Leonardo da Vinci's 'Belle Ferronnière,' whom a jealous husband is said to have used as an instrument to kill her royal lover Francis I.; also a head from Giov. Bellini, Raphael's 'Maître d'armes,' and the head of the Archangel Michael by the same master. In the evening I went to an academy kept by a M. Rioult behind the Château d'Eau. After a while I obtained admission to the classes of the Ecole des

Beaux-Arts, where, as the result of a competition, I gained the seventh place in a drawing from the nude.

The sale of his picture, 'The Marriage of Young Tobias,' even before the opening of the Salon of 1837, to the well-known amateur, M. Paturle, afforded my brother the means of satisfying his long-cherished wish to visit Italy. But we wished first to take part in the festivities at our parents' silver wedding. Accordingly, whilst he went by land, I took the cheaper route by water, along the Seine, sleeping in mediæval Rouen, passing Robert le Diable's ruined castle, and embarking at Havre on board the then directest steamer for Hamburg. In the several days' passage, during which I suffered agonies, I made the acquaintance of a most amiable old Parisian notary, who was about to enter his son in a Hamburg commercial academy. He became and remained for many years an intimate friend of my family, and I owe him that important event in the life of a young artist, my first commission.

CHAPTER III

HAMBURG 1837; MUNICH 1838–9

O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
CATULLUS, xxxi. 6–13.

In Hamburg we spent some delightful weeks with our family, a happiness which those will understand who for the first time return home after a long absence. Alas! it was the last time we were all united under the paternal roof, which I was destined never to see again. It was one of the twelve hundred which a few years later were consumed by the great Hamburg conflagration.

When, with a heavy heart, my brother and I finally prepared for leaving, the news about the cholera in Rome sounded so threatening, that going thither was out of the question, so was our spending the winter in Hamburg. We decided to await the end of the epidemic, halfway, in Munich, which was then, in 1837, at the very height of its artistic fame.

The new era, which had sprung up as by enchantment at the royal enthusiast's command, was in full vigour. An astounding amount of work was in hand—Cornelius, Klentze, Kaulbach, Schnorr, Hess, Schwanthaler, and many others, were all engaged in carrying out the royal commands, with the view of changing the old Gambrinus capital into a modern Athens.

Coming as we did from Paris and Ingres' teachings, the contrast of the Munich school was overwhelming. Nature, the antique, the great masters of the Italian Renaissance had been Ingres' watchwords. Anatomy, composition, perspective, learning nature by heart, cartoon-drawing, were the aims of the new, or rather resuscitated, Munich school. Very little attention, if any, was bestowed on colour, none on oil painting. Cornelius was the head of the school and director of the academy. He was a small, rather thick-set man, with a very expressive face. The forehead advanced with a quite exceptional development over his deep-set, round, piercing black eyes. The thin-lipped sharply cut mouth was rather distant from the aquiline nose. The soft black hair fell smoothly to the neck. No beard. His movements were measured, rather solemn. He had been commissioned by King Lewis to decorate two or three entire monuments with frescoes: the Glyptothek

(gallery of antique statues) with scenes from the Iliad and the Odyssey; the Ludwigs Kirche with sacred subjects, the most important among which was the Last Judgment; the Loggie of the Pinacothek (gallery of oil paintings by old masters) with scenes from the mediæval history of art; but of this he only drew the cartoons. An army of pupils worked under and for him. We were hospitably received at his house by his second wife, a handsome young Roman lady, no older than his only daughter by his first marriage, if indeed as old. His first wife had also been an Italian, and so was the third, whom he married at an advanced age in Rome. He allowed me, as a great favour, to join a select evening class, under his special supervision, for drawing from the nude.

Kaulbach, the most prominent among his many pupils, had just finished his large composition of the 'Hunnenschlacht' (The Battle of the Huns), no doubt his greatest work. The weird subject of this grand picture is the fight which, according to a late Roman historian, the souls of the slain continued after the battle, in the air. It was on canvas, rubbed in with Cassels-earth (whence the French 'Casselé'), as a preparation for its being painted in oil. Prince Radzynsky, however, who had commissioned the picture, had, when he saw

it in this state, the good sense to insist on getting possession of it at once before it was painted. It certainly was a grand and most impressive composition, and the sight of Kaulbach's later finished pictures, especially those in the well of the Berlin Museum, emboldens me to express my conviction that the painting in oil would not have added to, but rather detracted from, its merits.

It was the general shortcoming of the artists then engaged on great decorative works in Munich, that they utterly neglected the study of colour, treating it as an accessory of no importance, as a thing which was sure to turn up naturally whenever wanted—a mistake which has cruelly revenged itself.

Kaulbach was in every respect the counterpart of Cornelius, tall, slender, delicate, bald, with a heavy moustache, and caustic in his utterances. He was at that time engaged (besides a cartoon for his next great composition, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem') on his famous illustrations to Goethe's 'Reineke Fuchs,' a work full of wit and satire, admirably suited to the turn of Kaulbach's mind. He kindly received us at his house, where his handsome young wife entertained us gracefully.

I was among the first pupils at his short-lived

art class, for which he lacked every requisite qualification.

The somewhat quixotic figure of the romantic king, Ludwig I., fair, blue-eyed, plain, with a straggling moustache, was frequently met walking in the streets. He would stop you, ask for your name and birthplace, and if, knowing that he was rather hard of hearing, you raised your voice, he would frighten you out of your wits by angrily saying, 'Don't bellow as if I was deaf!' His was partly a mediæval, paternal government. In the public promenade you would meet with such appeals as, 'Don't injure the shrubs, out of love for your king who has laid out these walks,' or in a summer house, 'Fools besmear walls and tables' (which rhymes in the German: 'Narrenhände beschmieren Tisch' und Wände'). On the other hand he would revive an obsolete mediæval statute, imposing on political offenders the humiliating penalty of apologising on their knees before his painted portrait. He published a volume of very indifferent poetry. His hexameters under Rottmann's beautiful fresco landscapes in the arcades of the so-called English Garden are apt to evoke a smile.

I cannot leave Munich and its art of 1838 without the melancholy reflection that to-day, after a lapse of some fifty years, the hoped-for result of an

art revival has proved an utter failure. Impressionism, the very reverse of what King Ludwig aimed at, reigns supreme, and lucky would it be for Kaulbach and Cornelius if they were only forgotten.

I may anticipate here, and say that eight years later I met King Ludwig in Rome, which he used regularly to visit in alternate years. Every day he would ask two artists in turn to dine with him at noon at his 'Villa Malta' on the Monte Pincio, after spending his mornings in visiting artists' studios. I had twice the honour of being invited to the royal table. Finding that the other artist was a Swiss and that I hailed from Hamburg, the king jokingly complained of sitting between two Republicans. Of course the conversation was mainly kept up by him alone, partly on account of his deafness. He told us that, while Kaulbach's illustrations to 'Reineke Fuchs' were publishing in monthly parts, he got no end of anonymous denunciations, that royalty was ruthlessly ridiculed and the throne undermined. 'They did not know,' he added, 'that I had seen every drawing beforehand, and knew that the lion-king was always treated with due respect. It was the clergy that were hurt, and not without some reason.' During the dinner, despatches from Munich came to hand; he read out that the newly married Prince Luit-

pold[1] (now Prince Regent) had not taken part in the Corpus Domini procession as was his wont, the excuse being that he had sprained his ankle.

[1] I saw him in 1838 in a common soldier's uniform, a sentry before a public building in Munich, as a strict rule compels even a royal prince to pass, at least for twenty-four hours in each, through every grade in the Bavarian army.

CHAPTER IV

ROME; FLORENCE 1839–40

I LEFT Munich at the end of the second year to join my brother in Rome, but not without previously having bid good-bye to my family in Hamburg. There I was lucky enough to be able to cover my travelling expenses by painting a few portraits, though I did them with some difficulty; my studies in Munich had not been favourable to that branch of my art, but quite the contrary. Late in the autumn I started in company of a young Swede, a pupil of my father's. Elsewhere I have described the hardships connected with those days of diligence travelling. A new one was on this occasion to be added to them.

By travelling uninterruptedly, we were to reach Munich early on the afternoon of the second day. Finding at dawn, after two nights' shaking, that the horses were crawling up a steep hill, we left the lumbering vehicle, to stretch our weary limbs, and ran forward to restore our stinted circulation,

when, looking back, we found to our dismay the diligence vanished.

We had missed a turning, and the conductor, bound by the strict, almost military, post-office regulations, possibly also because we had not sufficiently greased the wheels, had passed on, leaving us in the lurch. There we stood, half frozen, famished on the high road of a strange country ever so many miles from our goal. Under these perplexing circumstances we were only too glad to accept a peasant's offer to convey us in his vegetable-laden cart to the nearest station, where of course we found the diligence gone. There we took post-horses, in the hope of inducing the postillion by a liberal tip to put on extra speed, and so to overtake the fugitive vehicle. But, whether it was, as he pretended, on account of his strict regulations as to time, or from 'esprit de corps,' nothing could induce him to quicken the pace of his horses, with the result that we again found the bird flown. So, seeing that the attempt was hopeless, we determined to go leisurely on in a hired cheaper conveyance; but now we were met by a post-office privilege, according to which anyone who had arrived with post-horses was not allowed to leave the town by any other kind of conveyance before the expiration of twenty-four hours. By a successful ruse we persuaded a local coachman to

wait for us some distance beyond the gates, and walking leisurely as for a promenade, we joined him. Instead of in the early afternoon, we reached Munich late at night, dead tired, in a pitiable plight and a good many florins the poorer. When partaking of some refreshments in the coffee-room of our hotel, we had the additional pleasure to hear some individual, no doubt a fellow-traveller, relate our sad mishap with many amplifications, provoking roars of laughter from the large beer-drinking company.

After a few days' rest we continued our journey to Venice, which at that time could only be reached by water, and contenting ourselves, on account of the advanced season, with a hurried view of that fairy dream of a town, we pushed on towards Rome, which we reached *via* Bologna, late in November, where I found my brother busily engaged on his pictures for the forthcoming Paris Salon. The Palazzetto or Palazzo della famiglia (*servitù*) Borghese, where he dwelt, which adjoins the famous palace of the same name, was originally built for the families of the court functionaries of the Princess Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's beautiful sister of Canova fame.[1] It is a quadrangle

[1] The reclining nude marble statue of Princess Pauline as Venus by Canova in the sculpture gallery of the Villa Borghese is world-renowned. So also is her answer to an indiscreet lady, who, in hopes

surrounding a courtyard, the top or fifth story being an open terrace, which gives access to a number of artists' studios. There, amid a confraternity of French and German artists, my brother had prepared a little studio for me, adjoining his own. But he had to leave me again after a very few months to take his pictures to Paris after a two years' absence. Alas! the result did not answer our expectations. Possibly he had not had sufficient time to digest and assimilate harmoniously the powerful influence of the Munich school. Besides, it is a well-known fact that the public is, as a rule, most leniently disposed towards an artist's first effort. It is agreeably surprised, and, conscious that it has no right to expect anything, is grateful for anything it receives that is at all promising. It is widely different with the artist's further efforts, when it has a point of comparison, and thinks it has a right to find a marked progress at each further step. But inspirations do not follow each other in logical and mathematical progression—more often by fits and starts. Besides, a first effort, a so-called *début*, is often the cumulative result of many previous years of study. Be that as it may, to the Parisian public my

to embarrass her, asked 'whether she did not feel cold during the sittings.' 'Not in the least,' the Princess is said to have replied; 'Canova always made an excellent fire.'

brother seemed to have gone astray; it was bewildered, taken aback, and it was some time before he regained its favour.

Left again alone I tried to make the best of my stay in Rome, studying its galleries, its antiquities, its beautiful surroundings, and copying Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. I also had some agreeable social relations. The foreign visitors in Rome were at that remote epoch very different from those of to-day. Lord Brougham had not discovered the Riviera, nor were there railways to allow of a flying visit. People came for as many months as they come for days now, and, strange as it may sound, Rome was considered the healthiest and pleasantest of winter resorts. Those who usually came to spend the winter may roughly be divided into members of the English aristocracy, travelling with a numerous retinue in their own carriages; Legitimist, ultra-Catholic French families of the Faubourg St. Germain; German families of all classes and creeds, under the spell of Goethe's enthusiastic Roman letters; shoals of Russians, and American families and artists; professors and literary men of all creeds and nationalities in untold numbers. The papal court would keep aloof from this yearly invasion of the barbarians, which began in the autumn to disperse after Easter. But they were joyfully welcomed by the Romans,

whose only source of income they were at that time.

We knew some of the French families, whose acquaintance dated from our sojourn in Paris, and through them we got to know others. The French ambassador, Count de Latour-Maubourg, gave brilliant fêtes in the Palazzo Colonna. An old Duchess de Fleury travelled with a fascinating young Madame de la Prunaraide. Other names I remember were those of Count and Countess de la Ferronaye, of whom more hereafter, Count and Countess de Menou of ominous fame, Monseigneur de Falloux, in vain pursuit of a cardinal's hat, and the Duke and Duchess of Cadore, with whose family we remained for many years in friendly social intercourse. It consisted of the Duke who was stone deaf, the Duchess, who, being consumptive, talked in a scarcely audible whisper, their very lively daughter, Mademoiselle Fanny de Champagny (the present Principessa Rospigliosi), who modelled and wrote poetry, her baby sister (the present Baroness Baude), and their two uncles, the Counts de Champagny (much employed in diplomatic missions by the third Napoleon), and the Duke d'Istrie, an amateur artist.

I was asked to make a pencil drawing of Mademoiselle Fanny, for her future husband, the then Duke of Zagarolo. The young lady was very com-

municative during the sittings, and gave me a sketch of her plans for bringing up her sons, should she have any. They were to have a most liberal education—not by priests, as was customary with the Roman aristocracy, but in some German college. Both her sons were papal Zouaves in 1866. Since Rome has become the capital of United Italy the Rospigliosi have left it in dudgeon, but during many years before that event they used to give every winter a series of most brilliant fêtes in their Palazzo on Monte Cavallo, filled with the rarest articles de vertu and world-famed works of art. Among the latter I need only name Guido's eternally copied 'Aurora' and Carlo Maratta's splendid portrait of the Rospigliosi Pope Clement IX., and among the former Benvenuto Cellini's famous salt-cellar, and a harpsichord adorned with paintings by Nicholas Poussin.

By giving me a commission to copy for her Raphael's famous 'Madonna del Granducan' in Florence, the once celebrated cantatrice Carolina Ungher saved me from spending my first summer in the Roman fever heat. This picture was a great favourite of the grand-ducal family. The late Grand Duke had a special carriage built in order to enable him never to travel without it. The picture was even now not, as we had hoped, in the Pitti Gallery, but in the Grand Duchess's

private oratory, and it was only after much waiting and through the exertions of the Austrian Embassy that I could get it placed at my disposal during her absence, and for so short a time that I had to get access to the Pitti Gallery in the early mornings, two hours before it was opened to the public. Notwithstanding these difficulties, together with the tropical heat and the exasperating plague of midges, I succeeded in the opinion of competent judges in making a good copy both of this picture and of a second one, a commission from M. Ingres, the director of the French Academy in Rome. This was a fragment of a much-dilapidated fresco painting in the vestibule of the Church of the Annunziata by Jacopo da Pontormo, alongside Andrea del Sarto's beautiful paintings.

In the spare hours I sketched in the galleries and in the churches as well as in the streets, and collected materials for a never executed great composition, 'The Triumphal Transfer of Cimabue's Madonna Picture to the Church of Santa Maria Novella.'

My sketching rambles took me to one of the most interesting monuments of mediæval architecture which abound in Florence, I mean the staircase in the courtyard of the Palazzo del Bargello, where I drew some of the splendidly carved

coats of arms which adorn it. On the gallery at the top was a scaffolding, and on it a workman leisurely occupied in removing from the outer wall the thin coat of whitewashing which was supposed to hide some ancient fresco paintings. Half in jest, he asked if I was inclined to assist him, and on my assenting gave me a flexible sort of palette knife, a sponge, and a basin of water. I set to work. The coating of lime yielded easily after abundant wetting, and presently under my careful manipulation appeared first a human eye, and by-and-by a male profile, which turned out to be Dante's, and is now generally recognised as the only authentic contemporary likeness of the great Tuscan poet. I have been too modest until now to claim my share in this great discovery.

This is not the place to extol at length the charms of Florence, the purity of its air, the wealth of historical and art treasures, the ease with which one obtains access to them, and the cleanliness and urbanity of its inhabitants, in striking contrast to Rome. I studied it assiduously and enjoyed my stay thoroughly.

CHAPTER V

FIRST SUCCESSES—LETTER FROM ARY SCHEFFER

THE remuneration for the two Florentine copies enabled me to take a small studio on the roof of the Palazzo de' Pupazzi in Via Capo le Case, and there to try my hand on a first picture. It was the life-size half-length of a girl in the Abruzzi costume, walking through a cornfield, spinning. I was an almost daily guest at my friend Hiller's hospitable house, and had much intercourse with the pensionnaires of the French Academy, where Ingres still ruled, and where Hébert, who was one day to fill his place, and Gounod, whose portrait I painted, had just arrived from Paris, the two latest 'Grand Prix de Rome,' for painting and music.

At the beginning of 1842 my outlook was gloomy enough. A small stipend from a fund, the bequest of a Hamburg millionnaire for needy art-students, which I had enjoyed during two years, had come to an end. Our home had been laid in ashes in the recent great Hamburg conflagration. My father, whose income was chiefly derived from

his drawing lessons and miniature portraits, wrote that his duty towards his other children would not allow him to assist me any longer in Rome. I could not blame him when he reluctantly proposed that I should come home and try my luck as a portrait painter. My juvenile ambitious dreams seemed for ever buried.

In my despair I resolved to spend my last month and my last penny before taking leave of what would so soon be my Paradise Lost, in Molo di Gaeta, that enchanted spot halfway between Rome and Naples, where the ruins of Cicero's Villa are embedded in the orange groves which cover the smooth Tyrrhenian shore for miles.

But 'the darkest hour precedes the dawn.' My brother, who had returned from Rome to paint a Flagellation, a government commission for a church in Boulogne, had accompanied his very successfully finished work to Paris, where it was to be exhibited in the approaching annual Salon, and had taken my picture with him. His first letter now announced that it had been passed by the jury, a second that it was well hung and remarked by the public and the press, and the third that it was sold and had been awarded a gold medal.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of a first sale of any work in the career of a young

artist. Until that takes place, his family and friends, if they consent at all to sit to him for their portraits, consider it a charity, and if he offers them his work as a present, accept it as bestowing a favour, to oblige him. The encouragement to the struggling, often desponding artist, is invaluable. Ruskin may be only partially right when he says that a picture is only worth what it fetches in the market, though it may not be worth all it fetches. As a rule, if it fetches nothing, it is worth nothing.[1]

Relieved of my most pressing cares, I could now, at least for a while, postpone the dreaded home journey. I returned to Rome and employed the time of respite to paint during the winter another half-length female figure, a Capri grape gatherer, which I called 'Grazia,' after a then famous model from Capua who had sat for it. She was a wild, untamed beauty, who, conscious of being indispensable when once a picture of her was begun, made the poor artist's life a hell. I showed her at the first sitting three silk neckerchiefs, which I had bought, a great effort under my circumstances, to secure her regular atten-

[1] In this connection a sad exception to this rule may here be quoted. When that master of masters, Rembrandt, was sold out, a bankrupt, the catalogue of his belongings contained sixty-four unsold pictures, which brought a paltry sum, and would be worth millions to-day.

dance. When I held out the hope that they would gradually become her property, as a reward for punctuality, she disdainfully declared that unless I gave her the lot then and there, she would not come back to my studio—and I had to submit.

This picture was, when exhibited in the next Paris Salon, bought by the Duke de Montpensier, my brother receiving the following letter from his secretary.

'Le 12 avril 1843.

'MONSIEUR, Je m'empresse de vous annoncer que Mgr le duc de Montpensier prend le tableau de votre frère et qu'il lui sera payé 2000 frs. S. A. R. est heureuse de donner cette marque d'encouragement à un artiste qui, si jeune encore, s'annonce par de telles œuvres.

(Signed)

'LATOUR.'

The picture was rewarded with a second gold medal, and was, with its predecessor, published by Julien as 'Etude aux deux Crayons,' in which form it became very popular. Baron de Rothschild in Naples bought a replica of it, and I have seen it reproduced on Birmingham blinds and screens—a barrel-organ popularity. An engraving of it was published in the London 'Art Journal.'

The most liberal French Direction des Beaux-Arts, which at that time gave—and doubtless still gives—government orders after the Salon to encourage successful beginners, irrespective of their nationality, sent me a commission for a Madonna and Child, to be placed in the Church of Perroy (Médoc). Portrait painting in Hamburg was no longer thought of.

In another place I relate how I was lucky enough to get Adelaide Ristori to sit to me as a model for the Madonna. When the picture was exhibited in Paris, where it attracted some attention, I received the following letter from the great artist Ary Scheffer, which speaks for itself.

'Paris 1844.

'Sir,—I have seen at your brother's the pictures you have successively sent to Paris. Will you allow me to make some observations on the progressive course you follow, without having any other claim to do so than the interest aroused in me by the fine qualities which your works reveal? If these observations appear erroneous to you, I hope you will not be on that account offended with me. Your pictures have generally what is called a fine and grand aspect (*tournure*), but your outlines and your modelling lack research and firmness. The execution, which is broad and much

too slipshod, particularly lacks research. I insist much on this latter observation. Nothing is so likely to interfere with the development of a great talent as a certain facility before that talent is ripened. With a very powerful feeling for colour, you seem often to fall into affected and heavy tones. Upon the whole I find that your works aim too much at producing a striking effect.

'In your last picture there is an immense progress. Several of the nude parts are even modelled in a remarkable manner, and parts of the background are perfectly beautiful. But the whole picture does not convey the impression of an original conception, nor is it a reminiscence of the great masters. It would rather remind me of those pictures painted with more facility than knowledge, more ambition than conscience, which mark the beginning of the decadence of art.

'You will understand, my dear sir, that I would not take the liberty of thus candidly addressing you, did I not think you destined to have a great and real talent. In a bad epoch for art, such as we live in, one must above all distinguish oneself through an individual character, and the artist's work must bear the stamp of a deep conviction. Facility, if one possesses it, must be hidden, and never form the most conspicuous part of the work.'

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'I trust, my dear sir, that you will see in what I have written the proof of a vivid sympathy with your talent and with the brother of my friend Henry Lehmann.

(Signed)

'ARY SCHEFFER.'

CHAPTER VI

ROME 1843—ABBÉ RATISBONNE

In the winter of 1843 the aristocratic French society in Rome scored a triumph which stirred the whole population to the utmost enthusiasm. They had admitted into their intimacy a young Jew, an Alsatian of the name of Ratisbonne, elegant, wealthy, and refined. One morning as he accompanied his friend M. de la Ferronaye through the always interesting Roman streets to the Church of Ara Cœli on the Capitol, the latter asked him kindly to wait inside during his absence. He had to make arrangements in the adjoining convent about a friend's funeral procession, of which the monks were to form a part. When, after a short absence, he rejoined the young man, he found him in one of the side-chapels on his knees before a picture of a Madonna, bathed in tears. She had appeared to him, he said, and urged him to abandon his errors, and embrace instead the only true faith. The picture before him was reproduced on a medal that Madame de la

Ferronaye had jokingly begged him to wear for a short time on a ribbon round his neck, just to satisfy a whim of hers, as it could do him no harm, and would make her so happy.

The thing was done now, and young Ratisbonne was then and there converted. As he was shortly to be married in Strasburg, he broke off the engagement, was baptised, entered a Roman seminary, and left it a most zealous Jesuit priest. The miracle was sung from all the barrel-organs in the Eternal City during that winter.

About that time all Rome went to see a miraculous picture, a head of Christ, in a little church at the foot of the steps that lead to the Capitol. It was said alternately to shut and open its eyes, and thousands had flocked to see the miracle, including his Holiness and most of his cardinals. My natural curiosity made me follow their example, and I entered the church just as it was reopened after having been closed, like all Roman churches, for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. The church was still empty, and finding the picture on a pillar over a small unused stone altar, I climbed upon it, so that my eyes were level with those in the painting. I clearly saw that the optical illusion, called a miracle, was not the result of any trick, but the chance effect of the way in which the strong

shadows contrasted with the high lights. I had scarcely had time to satisfy myself on that head, before an angry beadle pulled me by the legs, angrily urging me to leave a place where I had no business to be. Meanwhile the church had begun to fill; an excited crowd surrounded the picture. Hysterical women began to cry out, 'Have you seen it? Now he has opened his eyes! Now he has shut them! Madonna mia! assist us! What is going to happen?' Tears—fits—swoons—such a state is catching! I hastened into the open air.

CHAPTER VII

THE ABRUZZI—PISCINISCO—LA MADONNA DI CANETO

1843

The models from whom the Roman artists painted those Italian costume pictures which at that time swamped all the European picture-markets, and of which Leopold Robert's were the highest expression, nearly all came from the 'Terra di Lavoro,' a province in the Abruzzi mountains on the confines of the Papal States. This picturesque race is said to be descended from Moorish pirates, who accepted the province of 'Abruzza Petrea' as a bribe offered them by a Neapolitan king in order to free his subjects from their depredations, for they were for centuries the scourge of that vast and ill-protected stretch of Italian coast. Be that as it may, the type is certainly oriental enough, as also are the ornaments which so profusely decorate the picturesque costumes of their women. From the sandals which they wear, called *ciocie*, they take their name 'Ciociari.'

Partly to escape the malarial heat of Rome and

partly in order to see the inhabitants in their natural surroundings, not got up with a view to impress artists and the *forestieri* in the Piazza di Spagna, where they congregate in Rome, I resolved on a trip into their country. My route through the beautiful Alban Hills, supposed to be the cradle of the Eternal City, has been described *ad nauseam.* I therefore begin where I left the beaten track at Sora, the seat of the sotto-prefetto of the province. It was market-day when I arrived, and the one primitive little inn was crowded. The exceptional appearance of a foreigner naturally attracted some notice. An apparently well-to-do gentleman inquired, not indiscreetly, about my intended route, and, when he heard the name of the first little village in the mountains for which I was bound, asked where I was going to lodge. I replied, 'At the inn, of course.' 'But there is no inn,' he exclaimed; 'allow me to give you a letter of introduction.' He then and there sat down, without asking so much as my name, to pen an introductory note to his brother-in-law, the sindaco of the village of Alvito. He then gave me his own name and address, and, after making me promise to call on him on my way back, took his leave.

After a few hours' riding on a mule up a very steep mountain pass, I reached my goal, a pic-

turesque village. These villages are very unlike those we are accustomed to see at home. They are mostly pitched like eagle's nests on the top of a rock, of which from a distance they seem to form a part, and are generally protected against a hostile attack by a wall with an ornamental gate. The solemn address on my letter, a remnant of the ceremonious Spanish rule, ran: A Sua Eccellenza, il Signore colendissimo, il Signor Don Luigi Lecce, Sindaco, &c. &c. It was to the chief inhabitant of the hamlet, and procured me a most hospitable reception. After a comfortable night's rest, another mule and guide, supplied by my host, brought me to the village of Piscinisco, where a letter from the sindaco procured me another friendly welcome.

The inhabitants of this picturesque village in the mountains are, like the Swiss and Tyrolese, a very enterprising race. Many are their ways of making a livelihood, especially during their rigid winters. Some even manage to amass enough money to enable them to become landed proprietors on their return home from their wanderings in foreign parts. As *pifferari*, accompanying their devotional hymns with their bagpipes before every image of a Madonna in Rome, they are known through innumerable pictures. As they do not wish to appear to accept payment for their religious

performance, they give in exchange for the money thus earned a wooden spoon of the kind that they carve during the summer months in their long leisure hours while tending their flocks in the mountains. As artists' models they are found in all continental and even transatlantic studios—one of them has even started very successfully a Students' Academy in Paris. As sellers of carpets very cleverly woven on hand-looms by their women, or with dancing bears caught in their mountains during the winter, or as barrel-organ players and ice-cream sellers, they are found all over the civilised world. In summer, formed in companies headed by a *capitano*, they undertake the harvests in scantily inhabited, though fertile, tracts of land like the Roman Campagna or the Pontine marshes.

The family of my host, Sua Eccellenza Don Lorenzo Demarco, consisted of the grandfather, a shrewd yet kind and very intelligent old jurisconsult, with only one eye, his son Don Filiberto, with his very active wife Donna Maria, and a host of children of all ages. Another son was the good-natured limping canonico Don Pietro, who assured me that the female part of his flock never had anything to confess. In the morning, after a much-needed rest in a colossal state-bed, I was awakened by my host, who brought the customary cup of

black coffee to my bedside. Surprised at the utter silence in the house, after a rather noisy evening, I asked where were the children? 'Oh!' was the answer, 'we were afraid that they might disturb your rest, so we have temporarily moved into another house we have in Piscinisco.' Here was an instance of true hospitality!

The ceremonious etiquette which forbids them to let an honoured guest be seen unaccompanied anywhere out of the house rather interfered with my sketching; but I gladly accepted my host's offer to accompany me to a great annual church festivity held high up on a lonely spot in the mountains, called 'La Festa della Madonna di Caneto.' It originated with a not uncommon miracle—the Madonna appearing to a shepherd to indicate or create on the top of a steep hill a source for his thirsty flock. The small rivulet which it afterwards forms is called La Melfa, and carries tiny particles of some bright mineral. Women and children, their scant *panni* tucked up rather high for northern notions, wade in the rapid stream to fish these out, and afterwards wear them, sewed in bits of linen, as amulets round their necks.

A little church has been erected on the spot where the miracle took place, and a figure of the Madonna as she is supposed to have appeared is carried in state from the village of Settefratte, its

usual dwelling-place, a distance of several miles, to reside in it for twenty-four hours, on the anniversary of the occurrence.

Of course this is, like all church festivities, an occasion for the faithful to obtain extra indulgences, after confessing, hearing a certain number of masses, and taking the Holy Communion. As this constitutes only a diminution of the indefinite period everyone is supposed to have to spend in Purgatory, the church is safe against being found at fault. The clergy sell the anticipated income from masses on this occasion beforehand by public auction, and I was told that it often yields as much as 300 scudi (over *60l.*); this, considering that it chiefly comes out of the pockets of poor peasants, is no mean sum.

As I entered the little church, with its rather oppressive atmosphere—a mixture of incense, fresh boughs, flowers, and not over-clean humanity—the dense crowd suddenly separated, not without some difficulty, to leave a free space from the entrance to the altar opposite for a young woman who was creeping along on her elbows and knees, and, without ever lifting her head, licking the unpalatable slabs that formed the flooring. An elderly woman guided her, holding one end of a handkerchief while the creeping figure held the other. So she went along until she reached her

goal, the altar. What heavy fault she hoped to expiate in this way, only God and her confessor know.

I hastened to escape from this painful spectacle and the vitiated atmosphere, and to breathe the balmy mountain air outside among the motley crowd that filled the space between the church and the rivulet. It presented a very gay scene. At that remote time the picturesque female costumes were still exclusively worn. Almost every article of which they were composed was home-made—gathered, spun, woven, dyed, and embroidered at home. Thus were produced those brilliant yet subdued tints, so dear to artists, the despair of the professional dyer. Fashion or cut had no part in it, as, with the exception of the embroidered linen shirt, the costume was chiefly composed of square pieces of red and blue cloth, fastened round the waist and over the shoulders with many-coloured woollen ribbons. To-day, 1894, these costumes have almost entirely disappeared. Commercial travellers from Manchester, Bradford, and similar towns have succeeded in introducing their cheap cotton stuffs into the remotest corners of these mountains. They are no doubt much more economical than the homespun *panni*, but certainly much less picturesque.

To return to the fair outside the church, here

in rows of small stalls everything for the comfort of the body as well as the soul was for sale. Eatables cooked and raw, salt and sweet, polenta bread, golden-hued but hard to digest, bacon, hard-boiled eggs, onions and garlic, stuffed sucking pigs, sweets, the look of which was enough to give you an indigestion, figs and grapes, were ranged side by side with every kind of devotional object—medals, rosaries, saints in all shapes and sizes, pilgrim-staffs gaily adorned with ribbons, and stories of miracles in prose and verse.

Imagine my surprise when an elderly woman suddenly issued from that black-eyed crowd, and, to its delighted surprise, addressed me in broken German with a broad Hamburg accent. She told me that she had met her husband, a native of Piscinisco, on the 'Hamburger Berg,' a kind of permanent fair on the small strip of territory between Altona and Hamburg. She had come with her husband to settle in his home after years of travel all over Europe with a bear. They were evidently well-to-do; they had bought land, and she was looked up to and called 'la signora.' But with her pale blue eyes and fair false curls, her broad-brimmed straw hat and enormous white tippet, she still looked the typical woman who takes the money in a booth at a fair, and seemed delighted to ventilate the little which

after so many years she remembered of her native tongue.

Towards evening the Madonna, which is a wooden doll about three feet high, with a wig of fair hair, and a blue silk dress richly ornamented with tinsel spangles and pearls, is carried back to her permanent home in Settefratte, with ringing of bells and firing of small cannon, escorted by an immense crowd singing litanies and bearing candles and torches.

We followed till we came to the spot where the road to Piscinisco branches off, but for a long time we could see the procession winding its way through the mountain passes, the lights glittering in the dusk, and the evening breeze carrying the solemn chant fainter and fainter to our ears.

Anticipating, I may here interrupt my narrative to record how sadly I was surprised, in 1886, by a man who called at my studio in London, to offer himself as a model. He turned out to be one of those noisy children of my kind host Don Filiberto. The political vicissitudes that followed in the train of the unification of Italy had so impoverished that once wealthy family, that their son had been driven to seek his bread in this ignominious way. With him was his wife, one of the servants of the family, also a model.

To vary my route I made my way home by

Frosinone. As I enjoyed my midday rest in a little inn at the foot of the hill along which stretches that picturesque town, a cart drawn by two fine horses stopped at the door, and out came an old woman, a young man, and what seemed to be his handsome young wife, who was crying. They were all in the Sunday attire of well-to-do peasants. A huge parcel of clothes remained in the cart. In those not much frequented parts fellow travellers get easily into conversation, the English fashion to ignore anybody who has not been formally introduced not having penetrated those remote hills. They soon told me that the afflicted young woman had been bitten by a mad cat as she entered the wine-cellar where the poor beast had been accidentally shut up for several days. They were on their way, a two days' journey, to the church and convent of San Domenico in Cuculla, a saint whose speciality was the healing of bites from mad animals. To obtain this, so they said, the first condition was that all the clothes the bitten person had worn at the time were to be offered to the saint. A woman who had forgotten one stocking was on that account not cured. The monks make the key of the saint's chapel red hot and apply it to the wound, and a bell rings if the cure will be a successful one. My suggestion, timidly expressed, that they would have had a

better chance if they had tried the cauterisation immediately after the bite, was received with pity and scorn. I fondly hope they were not too late. Outside, on the huge bundle of clothes to be delivered to the monks, lay a little dog also bitten. I forgot to mention that the hill on which the church and convent are situated is said to be swarming with serpents, the bite of which is rendered innocuous through their holy neighbourhood. *Relata refero.*

CHAPTER VIII

THE VOLSCAN MOUNTAINS

My first pictorial successes were followed by others of the same kind. A 'Girl winnowing Corn,' a 'Pilgrim in the Roman Campagna,' a 'Shepherdess carrying a new-born Kid,' a 'Girl selling Grapes,' were among the many which now followed each other in quick succession, and found ready purchasers, almost more so than was good for my art, inasmuch as they induced me to repeat the same subjects over and over again. Most of these pictures were published in various forms by Julien or Goupil, and through them made rather popular.

This is perhaps the place in which to say a few words about the Roman art life of that epoch. Even in the art world Rome was still, though erroneously, considered to be one of the most important modern art centres. There was no public exhibition worth naming. In the preface to his famous travellers' 'Guide-book to Rome,' Murray expressly said that no introduction was needed for visiting artists' studios; that they expected it, nay,

depended on it. English, Russians, and a few Germans, but above all newly enriched Americans, would consider Rome the best picture market, and were, one and all, bent on bringing home some pictorial remembrance of their visit to the Eternal City.

The consequences were, first, that artists were encouraged to make innumerable replicas of the same subject; secondly, that, in the absence of sound criticism, no healthy public opinion could be formed; and last, not least, that in business transactions the so-called ciceroni and couriers acquired an undue and fatal importance.

I knew of one talented artist who ended by living on the repetition of one and the same subject in various sizes. It represented a young peasant with his girl, in Albano costume, riding on a donkey. The sun shining on their large outspread red umbrella enveloped the couple in a rosy light. This proved evidently most attractive to the travelling public. The artist, who had come from Germany full of youthful enthusiasm, ended by marrying a model who kept a 'locanda' while he painted his replicas.

My studio neighbour, a young Roman, lived exclusively by copying year after year Guido's celebrated 'Aurora' in the Palazzo Rospigliosi.

When I expressed my astonishment at finding

an artist who was known for his keen attention to the business side of art newly established on the sixth floor of a Palazzo, he coolly answered that this was the result of a well-considered calculation, as he had found that picture buyers were more prone to make up their minds when they could thereby save themselves the trouble of repeatedly climbing six pairs of stairs.

Most of the artists paid the ciceroni and the couriers. At the beginning of my career a friend came to my studio accompanied by a Russian, Prince Kotchoubey, who bought a little picture and ordered a pendant. Great was my surprise when the next morning a 'domestico di Piazza' made his appearance to claim his due as the cicerone of the Russian family, adding that he knew that my friend did not claim any percentage as a commission. He showed me a long list of artists in whose pay he was, vainly trying to induce me to add my name.

No doubt there were artists who kept aloof from these shady transactions, but they ran the risk of falling victims to a kind of lethargy, the result of the utter absence of a fresh pulsating public life. Thus I knew a Russian artist, who for over forty years was busy upon an enormous canvas, representing with innumerable figures 'The Baptism of Christ.' It was said that the same models who

sat for the children ultimately served him for his venerable bearded elders. When he took his finally finished work home to St. Petersburg, he felt cruelly disappointed at the indifference of an ungrateful public, and soon afterwards died, a modern Rip van Winkle, of a broken heart.

In the summer of 1842 I decided to make an excursion into the rarely visited Volscan Mountains. This decision was influenced partly by a long-felt desire to know more of Italian peasant life, and partly by the hope that I should there find some subject worthy of ideal treatment on a large scale, such as Leopold Robert's 'Moissonneurs,' his 'Fishermen of Chioggia,' and his 'Piè di Grotta Feast.'

The chain of hills that begins soon after Velletri leads through many interesting places, passing by Cori with its well-preserved remnants of a temple to Hercules and its threefold Cyclopean walls, through Norma, built by the fever-stricken Ninfeans, Sezza, Piperno, Sermoneta, and Sonnino, until it approaches Terracina on the seashore below. The wide flat expanse of land at the foot of these hills lies lower than the Tyrrhenian Sea which borders it, and the waters running down from the mountains and finding no issue form the ill-famed Pontine marshes. With a strong south-west wind, the sea, rising several feet, often over-

flows the plain, and two other circumstances contribute to increase the evil. These are the frequent breaking of the river dykes after a violent storm with sudden heavy rainfall, and the luxuriant growth of all kinds of water-plants which cover the bottom of the canals, sometimes altogether stopping the lazy flow of their shallow waters.

In the midst of these marshes lies Ninfa, a most interesting ruin, situated a couple of hours downward march from Sezza. Once a flourishing town, it was not destroyed, but abandoned by its inhabitants, who fled from it to escape from the ever-increasing malaria. A mediæval Pompeii, it forms a unique, picturesque, and most romantic ruin. In the silent, stagnant waters you see reflected the ivy-covered ruins of churches, their half-submerged walls still showing the colours of frescoes brilliant and well preserved. Dead silence reigns around this mock Venice, interrupted only by the croaking of frogs and the melancholy chirp of the crickets.

As we were climbing back to Sezza I was awakened from this day-dream by my boy guide halting at a natural platform, about halfway up the steep hill, with the words: 'Ecco il sasso di Papa Sisto' (This is the stone of Pope Sixtus). On being questioned he further explained that this was the spot whence Pope Sixtus was said

to have given his solemn blessing on the completion of the great irrigating canal in the marshes which bears his name. This struck me at once as an excellent subject for the large composition for which I was looking out. I had always been much impressed by the magnificent ceremony of the solemn blessing which on Easter Sunday the Pope gives with uplifted arms *urbi et orbi* from the loggia of St. Peter's in Rome. The vast Piazza with its never-ceasing fountains, filled with innumerable kneeling worshippers in their manifold picturesque costumes, the sudden silence that precedes the blessing, so that the Holy Father's voice may be distinctly audible below, the tolling of countless bells and the firing of cannon coming directly after, all help to make this one of the grandest of the many grand ceremonies of the Catholic church.

But the enormous distance which separates the Pope from his flock below makes it unfit for pictorial treatment. Here was an opportunity for bringing the two together on this rocky spur overlooking the marshes as far as Capo Circeo.

This subject was my chief occupation in Rome during the following years. The picture was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1847, and afterwards bought by the French Government for the Lille Museum, where it still hangs in excellent

company. This provincial gallery contains among other things the famous female wax bust attributed to Raphael (at any rate quite worthy of him) and a magnificent collection of drawings by old masters formed in Rome in the last century, and bequeathed to his native town by an artist, Mr. Vicar, who, strange to say, sold a duplicate of the same drawings to Sir Thomas Lawrence. Both collections claim to be the original one.

The inhabitants of the Volscan Mountains are morally and physically far less interesting than their neighbours the Ciociari of the Terra di Lavoro. To the natural dulness inherent in most small out-of-the-way provincial towns is added the painful element of clerical dominion. As, on my return from Ninfa, I was nearing my locanda, the only one in Sezza, I heard passionate cries issuing from a neighbouring little cottage, and presently a middle-aged man, apparently a tiller of the soil, was led by two gendarmes, handcuffed, out into the Piazza and towards the prison which disfigured it. The vain efforts of a dishevelled old crone and of a young woman with sundry little children to retain him and impede his progress, made it a heart-rending spectacle. The few loafers, who never seemed to leave the Piazza, gazed silently on the distressing scene, apparently with little interest. On my inquiring of one of

them the reason of this arrest, he shrugged his shoulders, and, without looking at me, said in a subdued voice: 'Ha bestemmiato la Domenica' (He has sworn on a Sunday); 'he is arrested by order of the Bishop.' But presently a little man in shirt-sleeves burst out of a wine-shop, gesticulating and vociferating: 'La Francia, ci vuole la Francia! Viva la libertà!' (It is France that we want; long live liberty!) The prison is on the ground floor. The wide grating that serves for a window allows the inmates to converse freely with their friends outside, and to beg for tobacco and coppers. The man had scarcely finished his seditious cry when a gendarme got hold of him, and presently I saw him on the other side of the grating in company with the desecrator of the Lord's day.

My next station was the ill-famed brigands' nest, Sonnino. It crowns a steep cone-shaped hill, which closes one end of a long narrow valley, the other opening on the neutral tract which, not many years since, used to separate the Papal States from the kingdom of Naples. The high-road between Rome and Naples lay, until the construction of the St. Germano Railway, almost exclusively along the perfectly level Pontine marshes.

Here travellers used to be detained for ever so

long, until the officials at the entrance gate had had time to study the foreign passports and see if the names thereon corresponded to any in the endless police-list of suspects. When all your visas had been found correct and your name unimpeachable, you were allowed to move a little distance into the kingdom to the small town of Fondi, where the Dogana, the custom house, was situated. But to pass it unmolested was simply the matter of a bargain. 'How much will you take to leave our trunks untouched?' You generally came to a satisfactory understanding when you had paid the officials, the porters (*facchini*), and the soldiers (*soldati di finanza*), whose duty it would have been to see that no bribing took place.

Not unnaturally the richly laden private travelling coaches and diligences offered a temptation to the daring, savage, starving inhabitants of Sonnino, and it became the headquarters of the wide-spread brigandage in those parts. The inhabitants would pour down and hide in ambush near the spot where the valley opened on the neutral piece of high-road, pounce upon the coaches, and carry off their booty or even their prisoners to their almost inaccessible eagle's nest, to await the ransom. These were the originals of those romantic brigands who not so very long ago used to inspire artists, poets, and musicians,

but in reality were the most barbarous, cruel ruffians.

I visited the place with an introductory letter to the sindaco—the mayor—Signor Pellegrini, who, on my arrival, was carrying a huge wooden cross at the head of a church procession. When he had finished he came to offer me his hospitality, but for a consideration, and I went on an exploring expedition. In such an out-of-the-way nest a traveller is an event, and I gladly accepted the offer of seemingly one of the chief inhabitants to accompany me through the steep and dingy streets and to shield me from the most objectionable boys and loafers who dogged my every step. Other men joined us, and began by showing me with much pride the family mansion of the Antonellis. The cardinal's mother was said still to wear the sombre, close-fitting costume of the place widely known through the once popular brigand pictures of Leopold Robert and others. I was puzzled by the many gaps in the narrow rows of houses, and by seeing the heaps of bricks and rubbish overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, where houses must once have been. But when I ventured to ask for an explanation I was stopped by somebody pulling at my sleeve, and was informed in a whisper that these were the ruins of houses that had once belonged to my cicerone. They had

been pulled down never to be raised again, and salt had been strewn on the ruins at the time of the French occupation by order of the French general, who was—I forget by what accident—prevented from levelling the whole place to the ground with cannons already pointed from an opposite hill. My polite guide was a brigand retired from business. He enjoyed with others the pension offered by the Government to those who would freely surrender. Nevertheless, as a precaution his arms were crippled, so as to render them unfit to carry a gun, in case he should regret the bargain.

In company of a sergeant of gendarmes who happened to be bound for Terracina, I walked along the valley, the scene of so much misery and crime. He turned out to be a nephew of the once famous brigand-chief, Gasparone, then a lifelong prisoner at the Ergastolo of Civita Vecchia. My companion enlivened the walk by pointing out to me the caves in the rock along the road where, when a boy, he used at night to take food to his uncle, as he lay in ambush waiting for prey or hiding from pursuit.

Terracina, which we reached hot and tired, was once on the way to become an important seaport. Great works to that effect had been started by Pope Gregory XVI., who had a special affection for the place. But he died before he had had time to

carry out his good intentions, and nothing remains to show them but a monumental church, the front adorned with a row of gigantic Doric columns—sadly out of proportion with the present scanty population—and some huge square stones which were intended for the harbour, lying aimlessly about on the seashore.

CHAPTER IX

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS 1852–1856

In the following pages I add some fragments of letters which are connected, though unchronologically, with the foregoing.

August 1852.—After a stay of about five weeks I left Tivoli by a beautiful road that led through Gerans to Subiaco. Though high and very picturesquely situated, it is surrounded by mountains, and is far from cool. 'This,' as my muleteer put it, 'is the Pope's California.' The rapid river Anio, which flows through the valley, works the wheels of a papal paper mill, as well as of the Mint, where day and night paper and copper money is fabricated. This, however, does not prevent your having to buy either at a premium, so that you lose on the depreciated paper as well as on the cumbersome copper coin. It is very difficult to give a proper idea of the state of the money-market here. For silver you have to pay as much as eight per cent. above its nominal value. Copper is so heavy that you cannot carry a scudo (somewhat

over 5 francs) in your pocket, but must take it in your hand in a roll, and though it has only two-thirds of its nominal value, it has to be bought at from one to three per cent. premium, for the peasants refuse to touch the paper-money at any price, preferring to buy the copper and bury it. The paper-money, half of which is spurious, and which is discredited even when genuine, because the Government itself occasionally lowers its nominal value—even these one-scudo notes you have to buy at one per cent.

Apart from the beautiful classical landscape, the two Benedictine convents, Santa Scolastica and San Benedetto, which lie close together, offer many an interesting subject for study. The latter is built over the cavern in which the famous founder of his order used to live previous to starting on his successful religious mission. It would be too long to relate here the many queer stories of miracles performed by the brother and sister, the founders of these convents. The following may serve as a specimen.

The leaves of a thornbush that grows close to the wall of San Benedetto all bear an S-shaped yellow mark. According to the legend the Saint threw himself naked into these thorns to escape the temptations of the evil one in the shape of a serpent, to which these leaves testify to this day.

But I must not grudge these saints my thanks, as I greatly enjoyed the marvels of architecture and painting which we owe them. In Santa Scolastica there are some interesting relics of Byzantine architecture, and in the San Benedetto, entirely built into the rock, are some very interesting frescoes by Giotto and his contemporaries. From both I made some painted studies. But the heat in Subiaco soon drove me to seek coolness in Cervara, which is situated much higher, where the tropical heat is always tempered by a fresh breeze. Here the women have not yet, as in so many other places, abandoned their beautiful picturesque costume. The ilexes which crown the large masses of rock and the blue lines of the distant chains of hills are good figure backgrounds, as indeed are the streets, all formed by steps hewn out of the rock.

The many shortcomings of the only little inn, where bad mutton, black bread, and goat's milk constituted the only food, and butter was not to be had, were counterbalanced by the very pleasant company I had the luck to meet there. It even partly made up for the abundance of all kinds of parasitic insects.

I must not omit to describe to you a festivity in honour of the holy Virgin's 'Concezione' which I witnessed on August 15. All day long, from early morning, the beating of drums, tolling of

bells, and firing of small cannons, keep the faithful in the appropriate state of mind for the great event—the Festa. Towards evening two processions meet, the one having fetched a figure of Christ from a church above, the other carrying a wooden Madonna from her residence in a church below. Preceded by torches and peasants in hooded white garments, members of the 'Confraternità' (Brotherhood) beating drums, the two processions move slowly towards each other, until they meet on the so-called Piazza, of about fifty feet square. This Piazza is the only level ground in the village. Here the two images are inclined three times towards each other, when with renewed accompaniment of cannons, bells, and drums, all fall on their knees, beating their breasts and crying '*Misericordia!*' It is night now, and the moment is a really impressive one. Then the figure of Christ is put behind that of His mother, and they move towards the upper church where they remain together for eight days, at the end of which the Madonna returns to her permanent abode below. . . . . . .

Rome, *October* 1, 1856.—The heat in Rome having become intolerable towards the end of July, I left it for lovely Lariccia, in the Albano Hills, where I found a motley society of artists and loafers. But Casa Martorelli, the only inn, being

full, I had to take private lodgings in the village. There, on August 19, my thirty-seventh birthday, a slight attack of fever was the only thing to mark the occasion. It kept me a few days in bed, but soon yielded to some strong doses of quinine, and to the faithful nursing of the two young grass-widows, my landladies, whose husbands both serve their term of penal servitude for so-called political offences. When I would express my sincere sympathy with one of them (a fine young woman with the poetical name of Altomira) in her troubles, she would say prophetically: 'Ah, non è mai tardi per quello che appresso viene' (Ah, it's never late for what comes afterwards). But the place had become antipathetic to me, and I prepared for a trip through less familiar scenes, for which I started on September 6. I was always alone, mostly on mule-back, in places without inns, where I was obliged again to claim the often tried, but always touchingly hearty, hospitality of the inhabitants. I began with a place in the Sabine Mountains, Genazzano, where the far-famed Festa 'della Madonna del Buonconsiglio' attracts shoals of pilgrims, even from the kingdom of Naples. There, however, I was in civilised quarters, for I had been invited for the occasion by my Roman friends, the amiable Vannutellis, who spend the summer months at their country place there. This is one

of the most impressive church festivities I have ever witnessed. On the Vigilia, the evening preceding the Festa, and on the morning of the day itself, all the roads leading to Genazzano are covered with *compagnie*, processions of pilgrims, sometimes numbering above a hundred, singing litanies. The women carry baskets, and often cradles with their babies, on their heads. All night through you hear the pious chants from afar. At a little bridge, whence one first catches sight of the church containing the miraculous image, which is said to have travelled over the sea from Scutari all by itself, they unstrap their sandals and continue the journey barefooted. They fill the church to overflowing. Those who have been fortunate enough to penetrate into the interior besiege the confessionals, or implore the Madonna with the most passionate appeals, sometimes ending in imprecations, sometimes in hysterical fits, in their desire to gratify their yearning for a miracle. Cripples, lame and blind, are carried to the picture, and all unite in the wild clamouring: 'Fate la grazia, Madonna mia!' It is a curious fact that they are often victims of hallucinations, and quite erroneously believe in the fulfilment of their prayer. I saw a mother carry her lame boy, lay him down in front of the iron grating that protects the image, kneel beside him, and

with uplifted arms clamour for a miracle. When she carried him away after a while unhealed, I heard her say, and everybody repeat: 'Ha fatto il miracolo, sia benedetta!' (She has granted the miracle; may she be blessed!). Amidst all this uproar, picturesque groups lie overwhelmed with fatigue, fast asleep, leaning against the pillars of the church or on their sacks and baskets. At night all sleep on the bare ground in the street, scarcely leaving you room to put your foot down. A sudden drenching thunderstorm made them fly in all directions for shelter—many, I fear, in vain. I witnessed the stampede from my window in the palace, and thought how much these poor people willingly suffer for their faith—day-long walks under the scorching sun, fatigue, and all sorts of privations, whilst I, with lesser faith, had my comfortable bed in my cosy room. On their way home, barefooted, but all decked out with blessed baubles, gaudy ribbons, and artificial flowers, they halt again at the bridge, cease singing their litanies, kiss the ground, and resume their sandals.

On the third day I started on donkey-back for Frosinone, calling on my way for breakfast at the hospitable Cistercian convent Casamare; thence to Sora, and with a letter from my old friend the Avvocato, Don Niccolino Faticanti, to Atina, a pretty little town, some miles in the mountains, where

the letter at once procured me a hearty reception. Here it was market day, called 'delle Cipolle,' when the inhabitants of the many villages scattered on the Apennines, along the hills that enclose the Liri river, come to buy their stock of onions for the winter. The effect of these handsome and picturesque people in their various costumes was positively dazzling, and I only regretted the impossibility of keeping a lasting record of so much beauty. A funny episode was connected with a Carmelitan nun, who had come from Rome in the hope of founding a convent of her order in Atina. Left in the lurch by the people of the town, she seemed to see a ray of hope in every foreigner. She managed to make my acquaintance, asked me to take coffee with her, and vented her grievances. She gave me a letter for the Pope, hoping I would exert myself on her behalf. Meanwhile, all I could do for her was to draw her in her picturesque costume in my sketch-book. Her name was Teresa Crocifissa.

It is impossible to describe the joyous welcome my old Piscinisco friends gave me. Eleven years had elapsed since my last visit, and it is difficult to imagine kinder and less selfish people. Here I witnessed a kind of festivity which takes place when the Indian corn is stripped of the straw-leaves in which it is ensconced, a function called *stuterare* in their Neapolitan dialect. This is

done at night, with accompaniment of singing, playing of zampogne (bagpipes), dancing, and all sorts of masquerading, while some of the girls are half buried in the mountains of golden maize. It is a very gay scene. When I had to continue my journey the leave-taking was really touching. Who knows if we shall ever meet again? During my short stay I had struck up a friendship with the whole village, and as I mounted my mule I found a basket hanging from the saddle, such as of yore a mother might have filled for her son on his departure for the Holy Land. It was both amusing and touching. Some brought me small presents of provisions, others letters of introduction, the servant girls kissed my hands crying, and I frankly confess that I left these kind people with a heavy heart. If you ask how it is possible that such sympathy can spring up between people so different in language, religion, mode of living, and in their views on almost any subject, I am at a loss for an answer, unless you will find it in the consoling thought that this wicked world still holds some kind and good people, whom it is the rarest of chances to meet.

My first stopping-place was Terelle, the village high up in the mountains, the home of those 'Ciociari' I had previously met at Terracina. I was the guest of the very friendly Arciprete, who

is said to be so rich that he was able to build and endow a church and convent entirely with his own means, although his flock is of the poorest. He had a pretty girl come to his house in her Sunday attire for me to draw.

CHAPTER X

LARICCIA—ROCCA DI PAPA 1856

I REMEMBER more especially one among the excursions which our miscellaneous company undertook from time to time into the lovely surroundings of Lariccia. This time our goal was Rocca di Papa, the highest village in the Albano Hills, and we were to wind up with a picnic in the neighbouring forest della Fagiola. We started, a respectable array of donkey cavalry, early on a Sunday morning. Our way lay along the Lake of Nemi, formerly an extinct crater like its twin brother of Albano. Framed in steep densely wooded hills, its rarely rippled surface well justifies its name of the 'Mirror of Diana,' derived from a once famous temple dedicated to that goddess, of which on clearest days some remnants can still be espied at the bottom of the lake. In its place, one side of the steep bank is now crowned by the stately palace of the Duke Cesarini. How the poor struggling miniature painter, Filippo Montana, suddenly came to be Don Lorenzo Sforza-Cesarini, Savelli, Peretti,

Bovadilla, Cabrera, Duca di Genzano e Segni, Conte di Santa Fiore and Grande di Spagna di prima classe, this is not the place to tell. It sounds like a fairy tale, but is perfectly true and would be a subject well worth the attention of a good novelist.

We rode through the beautiful country up the steep road to Rocca di Papa, passing on our way the famous shrine of the 'Madonna del Tufo' and the 'Campo di Annibale' whence the great Carthaginian strategist is said to have threatened Rome. In a group of young peasants who happened to go the same way, one apparently earned much applause by trying to mimic our German with inarticulate sounds. 'Where have you learned German?' I asked him, to which he sulkily replied, 'I don't know German.' 'But you have just now spoken German.' He began to feel uneasy. 'What have I said?' he asked. 'Oh! you said what a fine day it was.' His companions looked at each other sorely puzzled. Presently he tried again the same sounds. 'What have I said now?' he asked. 'You wish us a pleasant trip,' was my answer. They went their way, shaking their heads, their boisterous humour somewhat damped.

As we neared the little church on the top, we were met by a girl of the lower middle class in her Sunday attire, one of those beauties that are apt to take a young artist's breath away. The Albanese

is one of the smartest and most coquettish among the often painted Italian costumes. The scarlet gold-braided jacket is partly covered by a richly embroidered tulle neckerchief, which is so pinned together in folds at the back as to leave the neck bare. A long heavy silver pin, ending in a waving golden ear of corn amidst silver leaves, fixes the embroidered tulle veil on to the rich black tresses. Large gold beads adorn neck and ears. A tulle apron embroidered like the veil and neckerchief and a bright pleated silk skirt complete the costume. 'Non è più buona la Messa' (which means that the 'Elevation,' after which the mass no longer counts, is over), she said, quite unconcerned, under the mistaken notion that we were making for the church, belated; and while waiting for her companions she exchanged a few words with us, in consequence of which I was fortunate enough to be able in the following winter to paint a picture from her in Rome. It is in the possession of the Paul Mendelssohn family in Berlin.

After having enjoyed the wide prospect from the summit of Monte Cavo, 3,000 feet high, we rode into the forest, the goal of our excursion. The burden of the donkey which carried our provisions was soon lightened, and the golden day passed all too quickly in pleasant chat and in strolling, sketching, and resting in the cool shadow of the

venerable old trees. But when the short southern dusk began to come on, and we had to think of our home journey, we had lost our bearings, and none of us knew the way out of the ill-famed wood which stretches for miles around the hills. We were at a loss what to do, when one of us had the inspiration, 'Let us loosen the donkeys; they are famed for their keen sense of locality.' No sooner said than done. The hungry beasts sniffed the air for a moment in all directions, and with one accord suddenly started at full gallop. We followed as best we could and reached Casa Martorelli quicker than was agreeable to some of our party.

CHAPTER XI

ROME 1845–46—PIO IX

After my last-mentioned pictures of 'Grazia' and 'A Madonna and Child,' I painted many so-called Italian genre pictures, mostly commissions, and a few portraits. But my chief occupation was the large picture of 'Sixtus V. blessing the Pontine Marshes,' which almost entirely filled the winters of 1844 and 1845. I found it difficult, however, to keep the concentration required for such an undertaking in the turmoil of a Roman season. An endless stream of visitors poured in, many bringing letters of introduction. My work did not progress as I had hoped, and I resolved to try the absolute peace and quiet of a Roman summer, to make up for lost time. But in this I found that I had deceived myself. The eternally cloudless blue sky, the drought, month after month unrelieved by a drop of rain, the merciless glare, and the enervating tropical heat, almost gave me a fit of melancholy.

I found some compensation, however, in being able to witness the rare ceremonies on the occasion

of the death of a Pope and the election of a new one. Gregory XVI. and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Lambruschini, had made themselves thoroughly unpopular through their unmitigated severity against political offenders. The young Romans in the cafés received the news of the Pope's demise with ill-concealed satisfaction. Nevertheless, thousands flocked to see the corpse, first exposed in the Sistina and afterwards in one of the side-chapels of St. Peter's, from which only the feet protruded between the iron bars that closed it. The soles of his slippers were blackened through being uninterruptedly kissed by his faithful subjects. Finally the body was dressed *in pontificalibus*, and placed in the nave of St. Peter, on a gigantic catafalque, round which ecclesiastics and the *guardia nobile* kept watch. Numberless candles failed to lighten the gloom of the enormous pile, hung with black draperies. On their knees, a faithful crowd kept telling their rosaries for the repose of the Holy Father's soul. A number of huge plaster-of-Paris allegorical figures, meant to represent the defunct Pontiff's virtues, surrounded the huge structure. Suddenly the one representing Religion fell with a loud crash down from its high pedestal, and broke into a thousand fragments. The superstitious thought it a bad omen.

Then the 'Interregnum' began, and I saw the

old cardinals going on foot, walking two abreast, to the conclave in the Quirinal, which one of them was to leave a thrice-crowned Pontifex Maximus. They were after a while followed by their servants in old-fashioned liveries, two carrying between them a huge basket which contained their master's dinner, and each pair preceded by a third one with a wand. The contents of these baskets are subjected to a close examination on their entrance into the palace, to prevent any communication with the outer world being smuggled in, concealed in some of the viands, thus interfering with the Holy Ghost's direct inspiration of the election. The consistory meets daily in a hall on the ground floor to vote. A short iron pipe, which protrudes from the wall of this room into the street a few feet from the ground, was, at a given hour every morning, an object of intensest interest to the Romans. It is connected with a little iron stove inside the hall in which the voting papers are daily burnt until they are unanimous. Therefore, if no smoke issues, it is a sign that a new pope has been elected.

On a tropical July morning my fat *padrona di casa* (landlady) burst breathless into my room, calling out, 'E fatto il papa!' (the Pope is made), and, laying down palette and brushes, I hastened to the Piazza di Monte Cavallo in front of the

Quirinal, which I found already crowded. On the large balcony over the entrance masons were engaged in knocking a hole in the temporary brick wall erected to prevent communication with the outer world through the glass doors during the conclave. When the hole was big enough to allow a man to creep through, a cardinal appeared, and, in the sudden dead silence, called out with a loud voice, 'Annuncio vobis gaudium quod habemus Papam Eminentissimum Cardinalem Mastai-Ferretti qui sibi nomen elegit Pius nonus.' Then he crept back amid loud rejoicings. Presently the new Pope appeared, for the first time clad in pontifical robes, between two cardinals. He shed tears, and held his handkerchief to his eyes as he gave his first pontifical blessing, in which I thus participated. Amidst waving of handkerchiefs and even of their caps from the cardinals to encourage and stimulate the applauding crowd, the Pope withdrew. Already a long string of gilt and gaily painted cardinals' coaches filled the Via del Quirinale to fetch their released owners home. The new Pope's stout old coachman, who was promoted to an important post through his master's elevation to the throne, was the object of much banter from his envious fellow Jehus; I still see him chuckling with content.

No words can give an adequate idea of the

popular enthusiasm which the new pope's first liberal actions aroused in Rome. Foremost among these was the granting of an amnesty to all political offenders. I here give the beginning of the decree that promulgated it:—

'*Pio IX. to his most faithful subjects greeting and blessing. Given in Rome near Santa Maria Maggiore, the* 16*th of July* 1846, *the first year of our Pontificate.*

'In the days when we were moved to the depth of our heart by the public rejoicing at our elevation to the Pontificate, we could not refrain from a painful feeling when we thought that not a few families among our subjects were prevented from taking part in the general rejoicing, because in the loss of their domestic comfort they had to bear a large share of the punishment incurred by some one belonging to them, for having sinned against the social order and the sacred rights of the legitimate sovereign. We also turned a compassionate eye on many inexperienced youths who, though dragged into political tumults by fallacious illusions, seemed to us more seduced than seducing. We, therefore, have since then decided to hold out our hand and to offer our forgiveness to those misled sons who would show themselves sincerely repentant. To-

day the affection shown us by our good people, and the tokens of constant veneration which the Holy See has received from them in our person, have convinced us that we can pardon without danger to the public welfare. We therefore ordain and command that the beginning of our pontificate be solemnised by the following acts of sovereign grace,' and so on.

Such words, so seldom met with in official documents, were apt to melt all hearts. Night after night crowds would assemble with torches and music in front of the Quirinal Palace, and not rest until, in response to their vociferous clamouring, the Pope had come out and given them his blessing from the balcony.

Under these circumstances my joy is easily imagined when I received through a friend at court the permission to join a sitting which the Pope was to give on the following day to a Piedmontese sculptor. He had been especially sent to Rome by the—at that time—most faithful son of the church, the King of Sardinia, to make for him a bust of the new Pontiff.

Presenting myself at the appointed hour, I was ushered into a vast apartment, with a high fresco-painted ceiling. On a baize-covered platform, like a studio model throne, was a gilt armchair, in which I induced one of the attendants to sit for a

moment, in order to find out the best position for the proper lighting of the face. Presently his Holiness appeared entirely clad in white, with the exception of the red slippers (*mules*), the gold-embroidered cross on which the faithful are allowed to kiss. He was followed by two Monsignori in violet robes with numberless buttons and a broad sash of purple silk. The Pope at once ascended the platform, the Monsignori standing on either side behind him, the one holding a Breviary, the other a capacious snuff-box. I started at once to try to make the best of the very short time allotted me, having previously asked and obtained permission to sit down. A shapeless heap of clay on a modelling stool near the window reminded me of the absent sculptor. Hamlet without the ghost! The Pope inquired what was my birth-place, and, learning that it was Hamburg, said he understood that its inhabitants did not speak proper German. I made bold to stand up for my native town, when he said he had confounded Hamburg with Hungary. He then explained his intention to give the fine arts, and more especially the Vatican Mosaic manufactory, a greater development. He made frequent use of the snuff-box, each time handed him by the Monsignore who held it, and ended by asking the other for the Breviary, from the daily recital of which the Pope alone among priests is dispensed.

He began to recite it, however, in a subdued voice, with half-closed eyes, thereby greatly interfering with my work. Meanwhile no sculptor had made his appearance. 'Sarà morto' (he must be dead), said the Pope, when the young man suddenly appeared in the open door, in evening dress, threw himself down on the threshold, the perspiration streaming down his face, and, with uplifted arms, implored the Pope's pardon. By some unfortunate mishap the appointment had not reached him at the proper time. Feverishly he began to pommel the prepared mass of clay, but presently the Pope rose, saying that he had granted an audience in the pavilion in the grounds to the Princess Albrecht of Prussia. Before leaving, his Holiness examined my drawing, and paid me the doubtful compliment that I had well observed the disparity of his two cheeks, as one side of his face had been paralysed when on a voyage to Chili. As he held my sketch in his hand I made bold to ask him to sign his name under it, which he smilingly consented to do. I only afterwards learnt how bold my request had been. When he was gone I carefully collected the snuff which covered the green baize all round the gilt chair, and presented it to a young lady, an enthusiastic admirer of the Holy Father. For many years she wore it in a locket on a chain round her neck, and,

though no longer young, may do so still for aught I know. I remember Calverley's cherry-stones.

In the autumn the Pope's yearly visit to the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo afforded the Romans a welcome opportunity to give vent to their grateful feelings. Great preparations were made, all balconies decorated with festive draperies, all along the Corso the ground strewn with Puzzolana earth as in Carnival time, and a triumphal arch with many plaster-of-Paris statues, cleverly improvised, erected at the entrance to the Piazza del Popolo. As the papal cortège moved slowly down the long narrow Corso, the deafening acclamations 'Evviva Pio Nono!' could be heard for miles around, and the state carriage of glass and gold, drawn by six black horses, was smothered in flowers. The Pope seemed deeply moved as he sat with uplifted hand giving his blessing to the enthusiastic crowd. That year the Romans determined not to throw any flowers to *prime donne* on the stage, as used to be their wont—no doubt for them a great and real sacrifice. They had thrown flowers to their Pope, and would not give the same honour to any lesser person.

How often I have remembered this most impressive scene in aftertimes, when Pius IX. had to flee from Rome in the disguise of the German

Doctor Alertz and in the carriage of the Bavarian Minister, Count Spaur!

Meanwhile, the time I had fixed for my departure for Paris drew near. My large picture was far from being sufficiently advanced by my summer's work, but I could not master the necessary energy for countermanding the arrangements for my departure. My studio was let, my furniture sold to the new tenant. In Paris my brother had made all necessary preparations for my reception. So I let fate, or what I mistook for it, have its course, and left after a six years' stay in the Eternal City, and a consequent painful period of endless packing and arranging.

The large canvas had begun to attract the attention of the motley crowd of yearly visitors whose invasion of Rome begins in the autumn. They came in shoals to rob me of my few last working days. The above-mentioned Princess Albrecht (who soon afterwards married her courier) came escorted by the Prussian Ambassador with a numerous suite in three carriages. Two German art-critics, who happened to be on a visit to Rome, published long descriptive articles about my picture in leading German papers. The artists gave me a farewell banquet with flowers and toasts in music and verse, and amidst such dazzling fireworks I left to embark at Civita Vecchia late in November. An important period of my life was thus concluded.

CHAPTER XII

PARIS 1847–1848—HAMBURG

I cannot but look with some satisfaction upon the result of the six years spent in Italy. I had gone thither in my twentieth year, an unripe student. I left it as an artist who had achieved a name and position, however modest, in the world of art. Perhaps I was tempting fate in thus abruptly interrupting a successful career, especially for reasons not exclusively connected with my art. The step was a risky one, and I had reason to regret it, at least at the outset.

Flattered and cheered by many expressions of good will, I left Rome. At starting I was delayed for twenty-four hours in dreary Civita Vecchia, where Beyle (Stendhal) filled the post of French Consul as a poor reward for his great literary merit. It blew a hurricane. When the belated steamer arrived, I embarked and suffered agonies during her passage to Marseilles. There the harbour and the streets leading to it were piled mountain-high with corn from Odessa and America. The harvest had failed

in France, and this was to ward off the threatened famine. There was no railway to Paris in those days, and the numberless heavy carts laden with grain for the interior, together with the incessant diluvial rains, had so ruined the roads that the mail, in which I had secured the only passenger place long beforehand, was thirty-six hours late in arriving in Paris. Every time we stopped at a station to change horses an anxious crowd surrounded our carriage to inquire the reason of this unprecedented delay.

Paris seemed like the awakening from a beautiful dream. The large cases which contained my pictures and artistic properties had been sent *par roulage*. They were to follow me in eight days and were six weeks in coming, thus reducing by five weeks the time, already too short, left for the completion of my picture. The sending-in day for the Salon was February 15. Not till January could I begin to work again, when the dark short days, and the bitter, long-forgotten cold, nearly drove me frantic. To fill the cup of sadness, my mother arrived from Hamburg in the fallacious hope of assisting at the triumph of her son after so many years of separation, and thus added to the keenness of my disappointment.

However, the dark clouds began to show a silver lining. M. Horace Say, a well-known pub-

lic man, writer of a standard statistical account of Municipal Paris and father of Léon Say, the Senator of the present Republic, asked me to paint his portrait. I sold the 'Goatherd' to a German amateur, and the copyright of it to Goupil; the Duke of Montpensier[1] bought a study which I called 'Zuleyka,' done from a beautiful Roman girl, and Julien published it as an 'Etude à deux Crayons.' Lastly, an *agent de change* commissioned me to paint a Ste. Cécile under peculiar circumstances. My 'Pilgrim in the Roman Campagna,' which I have already mentioned, had been bought some years previously by a well-known picture collector in Paris. He sent it as a wedding-present to his partner, M. Rodrigues, on the

[1] The Duc de Montpensier, the youngest of Louis Philippe's sons, resided at the historical castle of Vincennes, where he gave brilliant fêtes. He was altogether inclined to indulge in lavish expenditure, which made his rather parsimonious father say of him: 'C'est Mondépensier. Il faudra que je lui trouve une femme riche.'

The disastrous consequences of the fulfilment of this wish to the Orleans dynasty belong to history. But I gladly pay here my debt of gratitude to the amiable young prince for allowing me to share his lavish hospitality. He used to welcome his guests in his magnificent salons, adorned with masterpieces of the modern French school, with great affability.

I remember one banquet among many. It was given in honour of Bou-Maza, the Bedouin chief, who had voluntarily surrendered to the French government, and was in consequence the lion of the season in Parisian salons. He dined with a suite of five. In their picturesque costumes, their dark faces and dazzling white burnous, they contrasted strangely, and much to their advantage, with our swallow-tailed black coats and white cravats.

occasion of the marriage of one of his daughters, a dark oriental beauty, who was thought to be like my pilgrim. This gentleman now wanted, as a pendant, a Ste. Cécile painted from another daughter, who was very musical, and happened to be called Cécile. For all this I might have been very grateful under the circumstances, had it not been for the painful consciousness that I was about to fail in my chief object—my large picture of 'Sixtus V. blessing the Pontine Marshes.' Hurriedly finished, *tant bien que mal*, it was in due time sent to the Salon, which opened on March 15. At that time the yearly exhibitions were held in the Louvre Galleries, and the modern pictures hung in front of the old masters, thus hiding them for many months from view. My picture was hung on the line in a place of honour in the Salon Carré, in front of Paul Veronese's famous 'Noces de Cana.' But it had only a *succès d'estime* and was not sold. On the invitation of the directors of the Städel'sches Institut in Frankfort offering to defray all expenses, I sent them my picture at the close of the Salon, whence it went to the Leipzig and Berlin Exhibitions. I meanwhile paid a visit to my people in Hamburg, where I had not been for so many years. But during my absence the famous great fire had destroyed half the town, including the part where our

old home used to stand. I found a new town, in which I had to ask my way, and bitterly did I feel the disappearance of my beloved haunts. I there painted a highly finished small oval portrait of my father, and a life-size one (half-length) of my elder married sister. After some happy weeks I took the pictures back with me to Paris for exhibition in the next Salon. I now meant to execute some commissions which the all-absorbing large picture had made me postpone. The most important of these was a St. Sebastian for the French Government. Some smaller ones included the forementioned Ste. Cécile, an Italian genre picture for a Hamburg amateur, and a 'Haydee' for an English gentleman. So I saw a sufficiently busy winter before me, took a fifth-floor studio in the Rue des Beaux-Arts (now Rue Bonaparte), and was setting to work in earnest, when on February 24 my brother burst into the room where a passing ailment had kept me for some days, calling out in great excitement, 'There is a Revolution! The Republic has been declared! The King and the Royal Family have fled!' All this had been the work of a few hours. Of course my juvenile sympathies were for the movement, but it was nevertheless a heavy blow to me. The Directeur des Beaux-Arts had verbally informed me that my white elephant, my large picture, would be—in fact was—

bought by the French Government, but I had not received the official document confirming the sale, though I daily expected it. It was my only chance, as, on account of its size, the selling of the picture to a private individual was out of the question. As I was prevented from leaving the house, my brother kindly went for me to the Ministère de l'Intérieur, where he found everything upset. The Minister, Comte Duchatel, the Directeur des Beaux-Arts, M. de Cailleux, and all the clerks had left; only the Chef du Bureau, M. de Mercey, was still there, gathering his papers together, on the point of leaving. When told that I had not received the official communication of the sale of my picture, 'But it is bought,' he said; 'I have seen the document signed; let us look for it.' They set to work, and found it among a heap of rubbish, ready to be swept away. It was indeed signed, and nothing was wanting but the date. M. de Mercey kindly volunteered to antedate it one day, and in that form I got it, and the picture hangs in good company in one of the most important provincial galleries of France, in the Museum of Lille.

CHAPTER XIII

LAMARTINE—GRAZIELLA 1848, 1855, 1870—PROCIDA, CAPRI, PARIS

I MADE Lamartine's acquaintance at the beginning of March 1848, immediately after the February Revolution. His amiable English wife had a hopeless passion for painting, and liked to surround herself with artists for help and advice. My brother, who had long been on friendly terms with them, introduced me on one of their Monday evenings at their temporary abode, the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. Lamartine was then at the zenith of his glory as a politician. He had just rendered the Republic and the world a signal service by refusing at the risk of his life to adopt the red flag which an infuriated mob had tried to force upon him at the Hôtel de Ville.

Whispering groups, apparently in council, were scattered about the large and scantily lit salon without filling it. Lamartine, tall, lean, erect, with sharp-cut features, walked from one to the other. There were no ladies except Madame de Lamar-

tine. A red cotton handkerchief, with the President's portrait printed on it, was spread over the back of a settee in the middle of the room, an apparently welcome token of his great momentary popularity. Grateful mention was made by one of the guests of his having proposed and carried the declaration of the Republic at the Palais Bourbon. 'I was ill-disposed,' he said, 'on that morning. I had a cold and no voice, and on my way to the Chambre I was wavering as to my vote, when in the vestibule I was met by the widowed Duchesse d'Orléans with her two sons who had courageously remained behind while all the rest of the Royal family had fled. She implored me, with tears in her eyes, to use my influence for a declaration of a Régence, pending the majority of her eldest son, the Comte de Paris, but I would not and could not make any promise; and entering the House I mounted the tribune, and—as by a sudden inspiration—proclaimed the Republic. It was, you know, carried with acclamation.'

Some years later, in 1854, I painted in Rome a large picture, the subject of which was taken from an episode in his 'Confidences,' called 'Graziella,' wherein he himself, as a young man, was the central figure. For this Sir Frederic (then Mr.) Leighton kindly lent his features.

As a preliminary I started in 1853 for the Island

of Procida, where the story is enacted, and where I hoped, book in hand, to be able to trace the very locality so minutely described by the poet.

Procida is the least frequented of the islands that stud the Gulf of Naples. It is flat and comparatively uninteresting, but the men are renowned for their seafaring pluck and the women for their beauty. In the absence of an inn I found a bed in a private house, and started at once on a round of reconnoitring, of course accompanied inevitably by my host, according to custom. The men were mostly absent, either fishing, which forms their chief means of livelihood, or pressed into service on board the fleet that had been sent to fetch a royal bride from Brazil. A row of dazzlingly white cottages forms the Marina, the small haven for the fishing boats. Bunches of golden maize, red peperoni, and gigantic water-melons adorn the open *loggie* overshadowed by vines in the upper part of the houses. The strip of firm white sand between these and the sea was teeming with children and women, making or mending nets, or spinning, or mutually assisting each other in the weekly readjustment of their elaborate coiffure. This consists of many-coloured, often gold-embroidered ribbons, plaited with the hair, and held together by a broad silver band, the front hair falling in loose natural fringes over the forehead. Mostly hand-

some, they seemed divided into two distinct types; the one fair, blue-eyed, the descendants from ancient Greek colonists, the other, evidently the offspring of Moorish pirates, with oval faces, olive-complexioned, with jet-black eyes and hair.

Among the former a young woman struck me as coming so near my ideal of Graziella, that I induced my companion to try to persuade her to grant me a sitting for a drawing. He succeeded by holding out what no doubt appeared a rich reward, and an appointment at her house was agreed upon for the following day. Of course I was punctually on the spot, and walked up the high outside banisterless stone steps that led to the first floor, the ground floor being reserved as shelter for the fishing boat. I found my fair model and her old sibyl of a mother in a flutter of expectation, and without losing time began my drawing. There is no greater pleasure for an artist than to sit in front of such a divine bit of creation and to try to fix it on paper to the best of his abilities; but before I had done, a noise outside, as from a stormy sea, grew louder every moment, and at last seemed to take quite threatening proportions. One could now distinguish human voices, menaces, and imprecations. My lovely model and the old crone grew pale, and the latter went cautiously to peep through a hole in the front door, whence she returned in great agita-

tation, calling out, 'For Heaven's sake give up "writing" at once; the whole Marina is assembled outside, clamouring to know what the Inglese is doing up here in the absence of her husband.' Having finished, I folded my things and bade the trembling women open the door, and holding my drawing aloft with the face outwards, I began very slowly to descend the many steps. 'That is what I have been doing inside,' I called out to the seething multitude, and the nearest began at once critically to examine my work. 'Yes; it's her image,' one woman exclaimed; 'looks like a Madonna!' 'But why so pale?' another asked. 'Why quite white?' But all got interested, and, holding my drawing high like a talisman, I slowly wended my way through the pacified crowd, who, evidently reconciled, made room to let me pass. But, when the next day I walked towards the Marina, the old woman, who seemed to have lain in ambush for me, met me cautiously and whispered into my ear, 'For the love of the Madonna, don't go a step further! Her husband has come home, knows all, and is furious.'

I had made the acquaintance of a young man, unusually well educated, a landed proprietor, and a native of the island, with whose assistance I hoped to find the locality of which I was in search. 'There is a landmark in the story,' I said, 'that

will assist us; the fountain near the house where poor Graziella hides the key, before leaving it for ever.'

'There is not one fountain on the island,' my friend replied; 'so much for your French poet's reliability. But let me have the book; I understand French and may be able to assist you.' I gave it him, and it very nearly got me into trouble, for, as I learned afterwards, the young man was prohibited from leaving the island as politically suspected by King Bomba's tyrannical police, and the book was prohibited on account of a few liberal phrases. To disentangle myself, I fear I have to confess to a white lie; for when the next day the *giudice*, the all-powerful authority on the island, sent for me as the proprietor of this dangerous book, which I found already in his hand, I made bold to say that I had bought it in Naples and that it was freely sold there. 'In that case I return it to you,' he answered, politely enough, after having noted the address of the shop in the Toledo which was the first I could think of.

It was partly because I knew this imaginative effort of mine would not stand investigation that I left the next day for that enchanted sister island Capri. Although a promontory near Terracina bears the name of 'Capo Circello' on the maps, a popular tradition will have it that the real abode

of Homer's enchantress Circe was Capri. At any rate, if it has not changed men into wild beasts, it certainly has irresistibly attracted many who, foregoing their higher aspirations and associations, have been quite content to settle in that earthly paradise, and forget their kith and kin as well as their distant home, as if under the spell of some enchantress. At the time I speak of—forty years ago—Capri was indeed an exception to the rest of the priest- and police-ridden kingdom of Naples. I was told that it formed part of the diocese of the old Bishop of Sorrento, who being a victim of sea-sickness never visited that portion of his flock. In consequence of this things were very different from my Procida experience. Handsome and picturesque girls, mostly employed in unloading the ships in the little harbour, would, with their heavy loads on their heads, stop you on the endless steps that lead from the Marina up to the little town, and with statuesque poses ask you to paint them: 'Signor! pitta me!' (Paint me!) 'Quando me vuoi pittar?' (When will you paint me?) They had not a vestige of shyness. To a young artist it seemed the golden age.

It would be useless to dwell on the scenery. It has so often been described with pen as well as with pencil—the rocks, the palm-trees, the olive-groves, the ruins of Tiberius's Palace, the vine-

covered *pergole*, where the fiery Lacrima-Christi grows, and the Blue Grotto. Amongst others who have described it was my friend Ferdinand Gregorovius, the historian of mediæval Rome, whom I met at the *locanda Pagano*, at that time the only inn. There I took the only room vacant, a room with two beds. I began my studies with a brown ten-year-old fisherboy, who was in shape and colour so like an antique bronze that he made me overlook the fact that he stole some object or other at every sitting. I found another ideal Graziella in Nannarella, a barefooted peasant girl, a perfectly classical beauty of whom I made several drawings. I nearly persuaded her to come to Rome as a model.

One night I was awakened by a row outside the generally silent locanda; soon after the landlord knocked at my door, and with many apologies asked if I would allow a gentleman to occupy the empty bed in my room, the only spare one in the house. Of course I had to consent, and half asleep I dimly discerned a young man in a dripping wet red-flannel shirt, throwing himself on the bed alongside mine. His attempts at conversation were frustrated by my drowsiness; but next morning, when I made his acquaintance, I found him a handsome, agreeable, rather eccentric young Englishman. He was a Mr. Brinsley Norton, son

of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the well-known authoress. He told a rambling story, how he had been set upon by the sailors who had brought him over from Naples in a little fishing boat, and how his courage and presence of mind alone had saved his life, a tale in which his fancy or some rich libation evidently had some part. He and his elder brother, Fletcher Norton, Secretary of the British Embassy in Naples, seemed to play the Rinaldos in these enchanted Armida gardens.

My partner was rather flattered when I proposed to paint his handsome face as a study for young Lamartine's head. When this was done, he puzzled me by asking my leave to show the portrait 'to his girl.' Of course he was welcome to do so, but who was his girl? 'Oh, don't you know?' was his answer. 'She is one of the three altars.' These were three pretty sisters, whose occupation was the making of ribbons, a mixture of straw and silk, an industry peculiar to the island. The young artists at the locanda used to turn in there after meals—*en tout bien et tout honneur* as far as I know—and the smoke of their pipes mixing with the unceasing incense of their courtship had suggested the nickname of the three altars. They were very picturesque, sitting at their looms in the little dazzlingly white house, the door of which, always open, was overshadowed

by vines. One of these young ladies was young Brinsley's 'girl.'

I was sorely disappointed when I wanted to finish a study I had begun after the divine bare-footed Nannarella, to learn that she was engaged to be married. A Dr. Clark from Liverpool, who had come to Capri in search of consolation after the loss of his young wife, had been so struck with Nannarella's beauty, that he had felt himself impelled to propose marriage to her. He had been accepted, had returned to Liverpool for his papers, and had meanwhile put her in a convent to be taught to read and write; there she got so stout in a short time, that he scarcely recognised her on his return. When I called upon the old peasant, her father, to congratulate him, he naively remarked that of course it was only for the money's sake that he had consented to his daughter's marriage with a heretic foreigner; the heretic, however, had to become a Catholic before being allowed to marry her.

When, ten years later, I visited Capri once more—this time with my young family—I learned that Nannarella—Mrs. Dr. Clark—was a widow and the proprietress of the elegant hotel Quisisana. I called and found a stoutish matron, not without traces of her former beauty. I asked if she did not remember me. After carefully scanning my

face, 'No,' she said, shaking her head, 'I do not recognise thee; thou hast got so old' (*Ti sei fatto tanto vecchio*).

In 1854 I finished my picture 'Graziella' in Rome where it attracted some attention, and sent it to the Great International Exhibition of 1855 in Paris. It was very well hung and much remarked; I had to refuse four offers to buy it, as it belonged to Mr. Oppenheim of London, who had accepted it, instead of the 'Neapolitan Vintage,' his original, never-executed order.

When Lamartine had seen it, he wrote me the following letter. I should hesitate to give it here, as it is so flattering to myself; but a letter of Lamartine's is interesting:

'Paris, June 25, 1855.

'Sir,—I owe you the greatest service a writer with the pen can receive from a writer with the brush; that you have understood, felt, appreciated (*accueilli*) one of his early inspirations, and have illustrated it, giving it the form, colour, and life of another art. Graziella was but a dream—you have made her a reality. When I say dream, I speak metaphorically, for nothing in that episode of my life is imaginary but the names. I have no doubt that had you witnessed the impression produced upon me when I found myself personally represented in a memory thus awakened, you would

have found yourself rewarded. You would have witnessed the power of your talent in my attitude and in my eyes. I return this morning to the Salon exclusively for your sake. Your brother will have told you that this impression, natural in myself, has been shared by a select and feeling public. An old connoisseur, very hard to please, said to me yesterday that in those rooms you were the Petrarch of the brush. Your fame will spread. Poetry and love, if they do not always bring a fortune, bring at least glory and happiness to those who begin like you. I am poor, but I should greatly regret to see that picture pass into hands other than mine . . . but what I shall always be happy to proclaim is the pleasure I owe you, and my gratitude joined to my admiration.

'ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.'

This letter I received when still in Rome. When later on I came to Paris, Mr. Gambart, the well-known picture dealer and art editor, expressed a wish to publish an engraving of it, and as I was about to visit my relations in London, we arranged to call together on blind Mr. Oppenheim, never doubting that he would readily consent to lend the picture for the time necessary for producing the engraving. But he was visibly taken aback, inquired for how long the picture would be wanted,

and, when he heard that a year would be required, refused the loan of it absolutely—pretending that he could not bear the notion of being so long separated from a picture he could never hope to see. Not even Lamartine's modestly expressed wish to possess a small sketch of this subject, so particularly dear to him, would this rabid blind collector allow me to fulfil.

I did not see Lamartine again till July 1858, when passing through Paris I called to ask him for a sitting for my Album of Celebrities. He seemed pleased to see me, and exclaimed: 'You are Mr. Rodolphe? If I dared I would embrace you.' (*Si j'osais, je vous embrasserais.*) He consented most readily to sit, and gave me an appointment for the following morning, when I found him sadly altered since his glorious days of '48. From comparative affluence he had gradually drifted into poverty, having always been a bad manager. He had lost his wife, and through some hitch in her will, which was made in his favour, he could not touch her considerable fortune. The Burgundy from his estate near Mâcon was always mortgaged years before the grapes were grown. His writings, as necessity made them more frequent and age less inspired, proved less attractive to a new public. He had taken the position of a most determined antagonist to the Second Empire and to Napoleon III.

personally. Partly to assist him, and partly as a hostile political demonstration, some friends had started a public subscription for a fund in aid of the poet in the form of a testimonial. But the crafty Emperor outwitted them by heading the list with 10,000 francs—thus depriving the movement of its political significance and the poet of the opposition's subscriptions. The result was a failure. During the sitting, a charming young niece, who seemed to fill the post of an amanuensis, read out the morning's letters. One was from an enthusiastic lady admirer in the provinces, offering to share with him her modest fortune and her home, where she would only be too proud to take care of him. As he had just then complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the public, I ventured to suggest that such a proposal should prove balm to his wounded feelings. But he replied with some bitterness in his deep solemn voice, 'I would sooner have a copper!' (*J'aimerais mieux deux sous*), and, turning to the fair reader, 'Ma pauvre fille,' he said, 'il faudra vendre votre cheval' (We shall have to sell your horse). 'I like walking quite as well,' the brave girl replied, with a slightly quivering voice. It was a melancholy sitting, at the end of which he wrote under my drawing:

'*Reconnaissant de l'illustration de Graziella par un tableau plus poétique que le poème !* 'ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.'

More than twenty years later, when I had long been settled in London, I was informed by the Countess of Airlie, our neighbour on Campden Hill, that her friend, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, celebrated for her writings as well as for her beauty, had heard of my having a sketch of her son Brinsley in my possession and craved permission to see it. I sent it to her, with a few polite words, begging her acceptance of it; soon after we received an invitation to dine with her. The lady, who still kept her good looks, met us with the words: 'You will be surprised. My son and his wife have arrived yesterday—unannounced—and you are going presently to dine with them, and,' pointing to a little plain dark girl of about fifteen, 'this is their daughter, whom I am educating and always have with me.'

Presently my old Capri acquaintance made his appearance with his wife—*quantum mutatus ab illo!* Broken, bent, a prematurely old man. She was a stout, plain, typical Neapolitan. Neither of them remembered ever having seen me. Brinsley was silent, but Mrs. Brinsley explained her future plans in broad Capri dialect with great volubility; she was going to make a long stay at her mother-in-law's, who whispered to me, 'She does not surmise how unwelcome she is, and I am proud that she shall never know it.'

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, who soon afterwards married our hostess, did the *honneurs* during dinner. Raising his glass at dessert, he welcomed the new-comers in a few friendly words. When Brinsley rose to return thanks his trembling hand spilt the wine, and he sat down without having been able to utter a word. He died soon after of delirium tremens.

CHAPTER XIV

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM HENRI LEHMANN TO HIS PARENTS IN HAMBURG

The following letter was written immediately after the Revolution of 1848, and describes most graphically scenes in which my brother had taken an active part. I was in Paris myself, but as I was prevented from seeing what occurred at that time, I am glad to give the account of an eye-witness.

'Paris, March 13, 1848.

'It has been quite impossible to send you this sign of life any earlier. For the first few days the post was completely disorganised and the railways much disturbed. It is a pure accident that I am still alive. On Wednesday evening, when all seemed ended after the change of ministry and the town was illuminated, I wandered through the streets with Ponsard, paying a visit to Lamartine on the way. We passed the bivouacs of the splendid soldierly regiment of cuirassiers on the Place de la Concorde, and so into the Rue St. Honoré,

which seemed like a garland of fire, and reminded me strongly of the last evening of the Carnival in Rome, the Moccoli evening. All was joy and congratulation. Near the Place de la Concorde things seemed more serious. We were crushed in a throng of the populace fleeing before a charge of cavalry, and were obliged to dash into a bootshop for shelter, in spite of the bootmaker's unwillingness to let us in. The populace insisted on carrying into execution its idea of the irony of vengeance, and wanted Hébert's Hotel to be illuminated—hence the disturbance.

We got away thence with the perfectly peaceful intention of enjoying the sight on the Boulevards, through the Rue Richelieu, on our way to our quarters; but on reaching the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères from the Madeleine side we found it so surrounded by troops that we were obliged to take the Rue Basse des Remparts instead. Then from the opposite side of the Boulevards came a distant hum and the clash of arms, mingled with singing and shrieking. We were just looking for a narrow passage which is known to me, in order to get out of the way, when suddenly we heard, 'Croisez la bayonnette! joue! feu!' And three terrific charges followed, which became, as you know, not the *cause*, but the *pretext* for that bloody and decisive battle, begun in

the night and only ended next afternoon in the storming of the King's Palace and the proclamation of the Republic, influencing the destiny of France and with it that of Europe.

At the sound of the first word of command everybody rushed into the houses. The door nearest to me was closed by main force by those already inside and by the hospitable portier; nevertheless I managed to hold it open with such a frenzy of superhuman strength as only comes to one at such moments of dire necessity, until Ponsard and the group immediately surrounding us had dashed in. All this happened in an instant; meanwhile, dense lines of troops were firing in all directions, so that we had barely shut the door when a boy of thirteen close by us fell shrieking to the ground; he had been wounded in the thigh by a bullet. At first everybody thought he had only been crushed in the crowd, but all were occupied in looking after themselves. I lifted him up, felt and saw the blood run, and begged Ponsard to help me carry him. The wretched portier and his wife would not bring a chair for the poor child, who was mortally wounded. At last, by dint of raging and abusing, I managed to get him to bed in the apartment of an upholsterer who lived at the back of the house, and had all sorts of bedding there. Now there was no doctor to be found; one could

not pass through the door blocked by the dead bodies. Nobody would open to admit one. At last we succeeded in reaching another street, making our way over corpses and through the squadrons of cavalry; I could not find a doctor anywhere.

The boy died, I am told.

We returned home in the highest excitement through deserted squares and streets, where the illuminations now seemed a mocking grimace: the bivouac fires were extinguished and the riders ready mounted; and one only met here and there a solitary wayfarer with troubled and anxious mien. I did not close my eyes all night. Cannon shots, alarm bells, and, towards morning, alarm drums.

I was all the more glad to pass this day with Rudolf, who was ill, because I was *ordered* out [1] for the next day. I was much unstrung by the scenes I had passed through on the previous day, for there is a great difference between willingly exposing oneself to the worst through a feeling of duty, and going out for a harmless walk and getting a charge from a square of troops in one's back before one has time to look round.

Bohn [2] was in the direct line of fire, and it is

[1] As Garde National.

[2] He was, and is, court-painter to the King of Würtemberg.

simply owing to his having been borne down by the weight of the crowd that the bullets passed over his head, whilst hundreds stumbled along over him. So he escaped with a few contusions.

If I were to begin telling you all I know as to the causes and developments of all this, I should have to fill many sheets of paper. At the château, indecision reigned; Nemours, insufficiently informed of the gravity of the situation, had lost his head completely, and had transferred the command to Bougeaud at three in the morning. By six o'clock many barricades had been stormed, and the rebels repulsed; at eight o'clock the king sent orderlies to all the generals with the command, 'You are *not* to fire!' From that moment all was lost. No leader could expose his regiment defenceless to the attacks of the mob. A pause was made. The populace soon began to approach, chattering as they came; they playfully disarmed the friendly troops—and then came what you know. It was the strangest thing imaginable on that day (on which I hardly left Rudolf for a moment) to hear tidings of a different government every time I went into the streets for news at intervals of a few hours.—'On se bat au Palais Royal!—On y met le feu!—nous avons un ministère—Thiers—Barrot!—Le roi a abdiqué—Nous avons la régence de la Duchesse d'Orléans!—elle est à la Chambre!—Le

roi est en fuite !—Le peuple est aux Tuileries !—La famille entière est en fuite—Nous avons la République ! '

Then I went out in all earnestness, for this appeared fabulous to me, but I was quickly confronted by the reality of it all. At the Pont Royal I met the triumphal procession conducting the Gouvernement Provisoire to the Hôtel de Ville with cries of 'Vive la République ! ' on my side of the Quai ; on the other side, the mob was tossing everything out of the Tuileries windows and firing salvos into the air for joy. Meanwhile the faces of the bystanders wore an expression of horror, caused partly by the incredible rapidity with which this change of scene had taken place, and partly by the uncertainty in which they were plunged concerning everything, especially as many believed that the princes, generals, and the army were still in the forts and would surprise Paris by night. In this state of mind the evening was passed. Next morning, our legion of the Garde Nationale assembled in the Mairie, and as there were no troops whatever left in the town we were distributed in all directions. From thence a sergeant and four men (of whom I was one) were sent to the Ecole Militaire to prevent plundering there. We were the first to arrive on the scene. An incessant stream of drunken ruffians partly armed flowed now past us, now towards us,

with banners and drums. They were in search of weapons.

On our arrival we found the most indescribable desolation; and yet, with the invaluable help of a few sensible and honest men, we succeeded in keeping together these drunken fellows, the scum of the mob, with their pikes, bayonets, and pistols. We even succeeded in forcing them to give up all they had stolen, in detaining the armed ones under pretext of banding them, in chasing out all who were unarmed, and in admitting only the armed among those thronging in from the street. Our only object, and that of all order-loving citizens at that moment, was to lessen the dangers of the streets. For more than an hour we five men did the business entirely alone. Soon whole companies arrived, and then it became much easier; but there we were in the rain, with mud up to our knees, famished, obliged to make speeches to pacify these bandits; certainly we were in danger of our lives every moment, and it is a real marvel that nothing happened to any of us. For my part, the feeling of dire necessity and the distraction in action were so powerful that I never even thought of the danger. At ten o'clock we returned to the Ministry of War and passed the rest of the day there in different occupations and subject to many varying impressions.

I was orderly to the Minister of War that day,

and Perthuis was his adjutant. I had an order to transmit to the general commanding the Garde Nationale, so I had access to the Tuileries Palace with a 'Laissez-passer.' What a sight and what a lesson! The fancy took me to pass through the state rooms in exactly the order one had to pass through them to pay one's homage to the king. A detailed description would lead me too far. I have probably erred in that direction already. Where the velvet canopy of the throne stood, was now bare wall with large chalk inscriptions of 'Vive la République! Vive la Suisse! Vive l'Italie! Vive la Liberté pour la troisième fois reconquise, le 22, 23, 24 Février! Respect aux objets d'art!' In fact, of all the life-size portraits of marshals, only those hated by the populace were shot at and torn.

The night also was not without emotions; the general sent us word of a probable attack, and besought us to defend this important post with our last drop of blood; but the attack only came the next day, after we had been relieved, being averted for the time by soothing words. The following days were spent in the wildest excitement; gradually I have been able to get back to my work, less interrupted by clubs of artists or citizens, and by fewer calls to duty. Though nearly all is lost, I have still kept my spirits up.

Nobody expected the events which now happened, not even those who caused them—of that I have proofs. I often betted long ago that it was all stuff and nonsense—that Nemours never would be Regent, that the Count de Paris never would be king, only I thought that nothing would occur till after the death of Louis Philippe. Barely a fortnight before the occurrence I dissuaded a friend of mine from attaching himself personally to the Duke de Montpensier, with the words, 'Comment pouvez-vous vouloir vous attacher à cette boutique, dont l'existence, c'est-à-dire la durée, ne vaut pas deux sous?' I was also right in affirming that *this* Opposition had not the necessary elements of life for reigning; it only had a semblance of it for three or four hours under the title 'Thiers-Barrot-Lamoricière.' In several other matters I have also been right, and many wish now that they had listened to me; 'ahime! troppo tardi!' And so it has come about that among my more intimate friends some now find themselves at the oars, others at the helm, others close upon being thrown overboard, and some in the hope of climbing the mast, but all considerably risen, while the official part of my acquaintance is scattered to the four winds of heaven. I need hardly assure you that I have neither forsaken nor denied them on that account.

As a matter of fact the Duke de Chartres was

hidden 'dans les combles de la chambre des Députés,' but by the evening he had already been restored to his mother. Edmond Perthuis, of the Navy, saved the king, hid him, and shipped him off. The royal couple were in Perthuis'[1] house in Honfleur from Saturday till Tuesday. Edmond behaved splendidly on this occasion, to his mother's great pride.

The cigars arrived safely. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have scrupled to order any number up to 1,000, but we must put off further supplies till the time when one will not have to pay 1,200 frs. in banknotes for 1,000 frs. in silver. Nobody even has his hair cut, so rare and precious has money become. None know what may happen, and all are threatened equally. If only I had all the money I have lent to oblige this and that friend, I should be a rich man for these times. . . .

[1] The Comte de Perthuis, Officer d'Ordonnance of Louis Philippe, had married a Hanoverian, Countess Grote. They were intimate friends of my brothers.

CHAPTER XV

PARIS 1848.

Parisian society underwent a great and sudden change after the Revolution of 1848. All sociability, let alone gaiety, came to a standstill, and well might Frenchmen fear the further development of the revolutionary movement after what they had gone through scarcely half a century before. Of course all unnecessary expenses, all luxuries, were ruthlessly cut down ; and, as is natural in such cases, the fine arts were the first to go to the wall. Under these circumstances I was fortunate in having the commissions I have already mentioned to go on with.

However, if the Salons were quiet, the streets were not. The fire that had been so dangerously kindled, and that was kept down by all sorts of artificial means, would occasionally break forth in bright flames, to the terror of the law-abiding citizens. The solution of the question of the 'unemployed,' then as now a puzzle to philanthropists and economists, had been attempted by the Pro-

visory Government of Ledru Rollin, Caussidière & Co. with the 'Ateliers Nationaux,' under the direction of pompous little Louis Blanc. The unemployed were set with spade and pickaxe to do sham work in the Champs de Mars, as a pretext for giving them their pay, scanty though it was, and to keep them out of mischief. But the humiliating feeling of this disguised charity would occasionally break out in armed revolt and barricades. I happened to witness a scene, as a preliminary to graver troubles, which, though highly significant, I have not found mentioned in any paper of the time or since. Crossing the Place du Carrousel on my way to Mr. Bouhin's modest restaurant in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, my attention was arrested by a strange procession. In a light uncovered peasant's cart, drawn by a miserable beast, a grey-haired old gentleman, bare-headed and with his hands tied behind his back, sat on a wooden plank. He wore a general's undress uniform. The cart was surrounded and followed by a motley crowd of wild-looking fellows in blouses, armed with pickaxes and shovels. It stopped before one of those irregular, unsightly old houses which at that time disfigured that magnificent square; their disappearance forms one of the least-contested glories of the second Empire. The house was evidently the seat of a bureau of the

Provisional Government; possibly of the Administration of the 'Ateliers Nationaux,' for a gentleman with the regulation red ribbon in his buttonhole opened the door, at the top of a high flight of irregular steps, and asked what they wanted. He was answered by many clamorous voices, calling out: 'We bring the chief of the *Ateliers Nationaux*! He has trampled on the flag of the Republic! We bring him here to be punished!' The gentleman looked at the prisoner, who meanwhile sat meekly on his wooden plank, and said with ill-suppressed emotion, 'Citizens, you must be mistaken! Your prisoner is the General Petit, who has shed his blood for France on so many battlefields, the same man whom the great Emperor embraced as a last farewell, on taking leave of France and his army at Fontainebleau. Surely you will liberate him at once!'

But in this he was mistaken; the infuriated mob answered with yells and imprecations: 'No, justice has to be done! We are not going to set him free!' The gentleman withdrew evidently despairing, and after a moment of anxious suspense another 'decorated' gentleman (some said it was Floquet) appeared at the top of the steps, and said: 'You are quite right, citizens! the culprit must be punished! Hand him over to us, justice will be done!' With a hurrah of satisfaction the old

man was hoisted off the cart, very unceremoniously hustled up the steps and through the open door, which was immediately shut behind him. The mob dispersed. Let us hope that, once inside, the old general met with the regard due to his age and services.

Such were the distant growlings of the thunderstorm which broke over Paris in June with a violence that threatened to shake the very foundations of society, and of which I chanced to see more than I should have done under ordinary circumstances.

Having ascertained that the Republic accepted all previous Government commissions, I worked steadily at the St. Sebastian, a life-size figure, for which Delaroche had recommended me a splendidly made Gipsy model. As a preliminary precaution I had written to the curé of the Church of Prédauge, near Lisieux (for which the picture was intended), for information as to the locality, the light, and the height at which the picture was to be placed, but, having got no answer, pushed on with my work as best I could, the more so as my gipsy threatened to fly at the first rays of spring, when, he said, nothing will keep a gipsy in town. It is the time for catching the hedgehog, in the gipsy's opinion the most delicious morsel imaginable, for which he would leave any delicacy. Another difficulty was the scarcity of coin, for I

had missed by five minutes the limit of time the Banque Nationale had fixed for redeeming its notes in cash, and I could not pay my model with a thousand-franc note, nor could I get it changed. 'Pas un sou' the agent de change (from whom I had received it in part payment of his 'Ste. Cécile') had answered me, when I begged him for some cash in exchange of it.

One afternoon, as I was working on this half-finished and half-paid for picture, I was interrupted by a faint knocking at the door. After an oft repeated 'Entrez!' it was timidly opened, and in walked a little lady in black, who looked very cautiously about and said in the faintest of whispers: 'Are you Monsieur Lehmann?' and upon my affirmative answer continued: 'You have written to M. le Curé de Prédauge?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and have got no answer.' 'I am his sister,' she went on, 'and he has thought it safer to send me than to write, because this picture was promised by Mons. Guizot (the ex-Prime Minister) as a bribe to the electors of Lisieux on the occasion of the last general elections, and—with some hesitation—naturally my brother fears that the Republic may refuse to pay for it, and, as he himself has no money whatever, he would be obliged to you if you would not paint the picture.' I dare say visions of 1793 and the guillotine had disturbed the poor

curé's night's rest. But I quieted the little old lady, who had all along been peering at the saint on the easel before her, by telling her that the Republican Government had already, as an instalment, half paid for the picture. So she departed, evidently much relieved. Soon after, I got, too late, the desired answers to my question. The picture has been duly placed in the Eglise Communale de Prèdauge.

But before I had finished it, I was one day violently interrupted in my work by the ominous beating of the 'Rappel,' two long strokes and one short one on the drum, calling the Garde Nationale to arms, the deep tolling of the Tocsin, the hurried closing of shop shutters in quick succession, like *peloton* firing, and the deep boom of distant cannon. It was the great June rising, commencing in the Faubourg St. Antoine but soon spreading to more central parts of Paris. As it seemed scarcely safe to venture out, I dined at home on some bread and cheese, supplied by the *concierge*, that useful Parisian institution. Just opposite my house, in front of the elegant Renaissance court-yard of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, some troops had been stationed, and as soldiers had been shot at from some insurgents' windows, an order had been given that nobody should be allowed to show himself at any window. So whenever I tried furtively to look

into the street from my giddy height, a sentinel was sure to point his gun at me, just leaving me time perhaps to see some wounded Garde National carried past on a stretcher. It might, for all I could see, have been my brother, who being a resident in Paris was a non-commissioned officer. It was like being shut up in a box, and as the firing increased all round the situation became utterly intolerable. So I went to the Mairie of my arrondissement on the morning of the second day, and asked to be enrolled as a volunteer. My request was speedily granted. I was given a piece of cardboard, with the number of my legion, battalion, and company printed on it to tie round my hat, and also a gun. Thus equipped I joined my brother, whom I was happy to find in safety, as well as my colourman, the corporal who loaded my gun for me. Presently we were marched off to the Abbaye prison. There we were formed into three sides of a square, the open prison door forming the fourth. Into this vacant space the prisoners were ushered one by one, a miserable set, mostly bareheaded, with torn blood-stained clothes, and a general look of the wild beast—a sad sight. An order was read, forbidding anyone to speak, and commanding us to fire on the slightest attempt at an escape. Then the square was closed and off we marched in silence. Presently, however, the man next to me began in a

whisper to protest his innocence, with a decidedly German accent, and to implore me to inform his wife of the state in which I had found him. He gave me his German name and address. I dared not answer him, but did his behest. I regret to say that soon after I found his name heading the first list published in the 'Moniteur' of 'transportés' to Algiers. On the Pont des Arts we were met by an angry mob evidently of the party of order, for they called out, 'Throw the rascals into the Seine!' We were glad when we had safely reached our destination, the Terrace du Bord de l'Eau, which encloses the Tuileries gardens on the side of the river Seine. It forms a long passage, and was generally used for wintering the orange-trees which in summer adorned the popular pleasure grounds. It was now converted into a prison, all the others being full to overflowing. On a small table at the entrance sat an official who took each prisoner's name, and in they went till the long narrow space was filled like a sausage.

Here is an incident which will help to give an idea of the interior of this improvised prison, as well as of the Paris of that epoch. I had begun to take English lessons from a Mr. Hinshelwood, a young Englishman, who acknowledged himself as such to the French, but posed as a Frenchman to his English pupils, whom he taught French, saying

in his prospectus: 'Monsieur Emile parle aussi l'anglais très-courammment.' This very simple young man had gone bareheaded to his front door for news of the insurrection, just as the hastily summoned Gardes Nationaux of the Banlieue, mostly drunk, were marching into Paris along the Rue St. Honoré. Seeing the bareheaded foreigner, they then and there arrested him as a spy, and had him secured for the time in this Terrace prison. His young wife got him liberated through the English Embassy, but not before he had spent a day and a night in that 'Black hole.' When I saw him a few days later, he was an altered man, and this is the description he gave me of those twenty-four hours. The place was choke-full, with only the bare ground to lie down upon, and that only if you were fortunate enough to find room. There were no sanitary arrangements of any kind. The poisonous stench was intolerable. A pail of water was handed in at rare intervals to be passed from mouth to mouth. For ventilation there were a few grated openings, which one was forbidden to approach, and at each of them a sentinel was placed outside, with orders to shoot down any prisoner attempting to escape. Some of the miserable fellows who had gone out of their minds (and no wonder) were placed near those forbidden openings as a hideous jest by their fellow-prisoners, and shot down from the outside, the corpses remaining where they fell.

After we had safely delivered our charge in this place, we were ordered to the Carrefour de Bussy in the Quartier Latin. Four important streets converge in that small square, where our chief business was to search every man, woman, and child, in order to prevent any succour in ammunition or food from reaching the insurgents. The tedium of this temporary encampment was occasionally broken, sadly enough, by the passing of long strings of prisoners, some in chains, preceded and followed by mounted dragoons with cocked pistols. They were being taken to be confined in the neighbouring Luxembourg Palace. The fire of cannon and musketry sometimes seemed to come dangerously near, then receded to a greater distance, but scarcely ever ceased.

Next day we were ordered to guard the Ministère de l'Intérieur. My brother and I had known the minister, Count Duchatel, and had been invited by the charming countess to her weekly receptions. So it was with varied emotions that we entered those splendid salons, the walls and furniture of which were covered with bright yellow satin. Two glazed doors opened on a marble terrace, with a richly carved balustrade, whence a few steps led into a well-kept flower garden. The 4th Company endeavoured to make itself as comfortable as possible, after having spent the previous night *à la belle étoile* in the Carrefour. Next to me, luxuriously

reclining in a satin armchair, lay a *charbonnier*, in no uniform save in that of his grimy trade. His other neighbour was a scavenger, who presently asked him whether he did not smoke. 'Oh, yes, I do,' was the answer, 'but when I smoke I must spit, and,' pointing to the parqueted polished floor, shining like a mirror, 'I dare not smoke here!' 'You are a soft one,' the other replied, and, tendering him his pouch, assisted him in overcoming his aristocratic scruples.

Those were tedious hours, and one got an inkling of garrison life. The next day, however, an *ordonnance*, his horse covered with foam, galloped into the court-yard, calling out at the top of his voice: 'The insurgents have surrendered. 'Vive la République!' It was a great relief. We responded with a cheer and dispersed to our homes. As it was early in the day, and I naturally felt little disposed to work, I resolved to visit the battlefields, and on my way reassure our dear old aunt as to the fate of her nephews. For this I had to procure a *Laissez-passer* at the Mairie, and as we were still in a state of siege I obtained it from our colonel. It ran:

'M. Rod. Lehmann, Garde National du 4ième Batt., 10ième Légion, 4ième Comp., réclame un laissez-passer pour aller voir ses parents.

M. Dehay, *Lieut.-Colonel.*
Le Sergent-Major H. Martin.

27 1848 matin.

Thus provided I started on my way, not without some trouble from the Gardes Nationaux of the Banlieue who guarded the bridges and were mostly the worse for drink. However, I reached the Faubourg St. Antoine through deserted streets. Not a soul was stirring. At the Place de la Bastille the houses presented the aspect of a town taken by storm. Such as were not altogether demolished were riddled by cannon-balls. Bedding and furniture were protruding out of what had recently been the windows. Carts, omnibuses, private and public carriages were heaped pell mell, upside down, combined with paving stones to form barricades—a scene of desolation.

Suddenly a tall girl, a well-known artist's model, who had recently sat to me for the Ste. Cécile, made her appearance. '*Bonjour*, M. Lehmann,' she said in the quietest of tones, as if she had met me in my studio. 'Shall I take you over the battle-field?' and as I readily accepted her offer, she added, 'You had better remove that piece of card-board from your hat. The Gardes Nationaux are no favourites hereabout.' I did as she bade me, and followed her into the long, desolate Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, which was intersected by numerous partly destroyed barricades, about fifty yards distant from each other. She had some incident to relate about the taking of each one of

them, after a desperate struggle, by the troops. 'On this one Monseigneur Affre, the Bishop of Paris, was shot just as he held up the crucifix, endeavouring to stop the firing and bring about an armistice. On that one my poor brother was shot, but he never relinquished his grasp on the red flag. What can you do against cannon?' she added with a sigh. 'But never mind—our day will come! We women always sat knitting on the barricade next to the one that was being fought for, retiring gradually as the troops advanced.' I thought of the tricoteuses of 1793, of whom these were the grandchildren.

Thus she rattled on, till a dark, sinister-looking fellow suddenly made his appearance from behind an overturned omnibus on one of the demolished barricades. 'Perhaps you had better go home,' she said with a significant wink, and I followed her advice.

Even during such violent social convulsions, civilisation will claim its rights. Business may be at a standstill, but you must eat and drink and occasionally have your hair cut. Conscious that mine was too long, I went to the salon of M. Coutant, the celebrated *coiffeur*, *au premier*, in the fashionable rue Vivienne. Conversing as was his wont, as he was busy upon my then abundant crop of hair, he touched slightly on the vicissitudes of

the times and their sad influence on his as on every other business, but hinted mysteriously at an imminent change for the better. Pressed to explain his meaning, he told me that he had just returned from Baden-Baden, as a member of a deputation of the heads of trades and professions in Paris, who had gone to pay homage to the Pretender, the Duke de Bordeaux, at his invitation. He was enthusiastic about their reception. They had been lodged, at the Prince's expense, in a first-class hotel, and received in solemn audience the day following their arrival. The rest is better given in M. Coutant's own words.

'We were received in state by His Majesty, who has a very imposing appearance. He awaited us at his hotel, standing at one end of a long room, the gentlemen of his suite behind him. As we halted at a respectful distance, he opened his arms and exclaimed: "Approach, my friends!" We made a few steps forward. "Nearer, still nearer! You come from so far to see me." So we went quite close to him, and he began to address a few friendly words to each of us, inquiring after our prospects and our views about the present troubled condition of his beloved France. When my turn came, and the usual questions had been put, he asked "Are you well taken care of in your hotel, M. Coutant?" "Very well indeed, sire," I

answered, "with one exception, however, since your Majesty so kindly condescends to ask me. I am accustomed to sleep between two sheets, but can only obtain one in the hotel." You may believe me or not, sir,' he said, as he gave my hair the finishing touch, 'that night I had two sheets on my bed!'

But the throne of France was next occupied by a Prince who had come to win it with a tame eagle on his cocked hat.

CHAPTER XVI

HAMBURG 1849.

These events, presenting such a contrast to my peaceful calling and so repugnant to my nature, could not but make a deep and painful impression on my mind. The revolutionary conflagration seemed to spread over the whole of Europe and the fine arts likely to be relegated to the background for a long time to come. No wonder if under these circumstances I bethought myself of a voyage to America, where many of my Roman pictures had preceded me and procured me more than one friendly invitation. All the pictures I had in hand were finished. So I made up my mind to try my fortune across the Atlantic, say good-bye to my people, and embark in Hamburg. Just before leaving Paris, however, I was agreeably surprised by an invitation from the Ministère de l'Intérieur to attend a meeting on the following day at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where the prizes for the last Exhibition were to be distributed. This was an advance, as hitherto the custom had been to invite recipients

by letter to come and fetch away such medals as had been awarded, *sans tambour ni trompette* as the French saying has it. Of course I went and found a numerous assembly of officials and artists. The minister, M. Sénard, opened the proceedings with a speech, in which he said, among other things, that the Republic would always remember that Athens existed side by side with Sparta. Then followed the distribution—not of medals, since those at their disposal all bore Louis Philippe's effigy, and the Republic naturally would not distribute these—but of Sèvres porcelain and parchment diplomas. My brother, absent in Hamburg, got a first-class prize, I a *rappel* of the second, in the shape of a fine Sèvres vase, still in my possession. With this trophy and my pictures I left for Hamburg, intending to take leave of my people and embark for America. Here, at the request of some friends, the two portraits which had won the Paris prize, and a picture commissioned by a Hamburg amateur, were for a short time privately exhibited by themselves in a room at the Hamburg Exchange, and most unexpectedly met with great success. For once it seemed that the prophet was actually honoured in his own country. A great Senator sent for me, cautiously inquired for my terms, said that he might be able to recommend me if I kept them low, and ended by asking me to paint him.

Many others followed suit. I took rooms at an hotel, and in eighteen months finished about fifty portraits in oil and many pencil drawings. The American project was of course abandoned, and I was only too glad to be able to remain near my dear old parents.

A couple of characteristic anecdotes belonging to this epoch may be recorded here.

After my heavy day's work—I never had less than two sitters a day—I used to join my family who lived in Fonteney, a charming house a short distance out of town, near the lovely Alster-lake. One winter evening, as we were preparing to retire for the night, we were startled by a violent ringing at the front door bell. Presently, the servant announced that a gentleman wished to speak to me. He was waiting outside in a cab. The snow was falling fast. I went out, preceded by the servant with a lantern, and found sitting in the cab a tall, fair young man, with a slight moustache, wrapt in a cloak, who implored me with a strong foreign accent to draw his portrait then and there. The thing seemed preposterous; so I asked him to meet me on the following morning at my studio in town, where we could talk it over, and appoint a day for a sitting.

'I just come from there,' he said in the most imploring voice; 'the portier has given me your

address out here. For heaven's sake, draw me now!' And as I still demurred: 'Have you a mother, a sister? Do it for their sake!' Thus appealed to, and partly for the fun of the thing, I consented, bade him alight and walk into the house, had the dining-room hanging lamp lit, procured pencils and paper, and set to work. My father, himself an artist, held a white napkin behind the man's head in order to detach it from the dark background. The young man sat stock-still for about a quarter of an hour, then sprang up and looked at my drawing. 'Capital,' he exclaimed, 'that will do perfectly! I am more obliged to you than I can tell,' and laying some gold pieces on the table he folded my drawing in four, put it in his pocket, and left as he had come. I have never seen him again, and never learned his name.

The following story is of a different character. While painting the portrait of a young married lady, conspicuous in Hamburg society for her beauty as well as for her husband's great wealth, she asked me, in a slightly embarrassed manner, if one could rely on the discretion of an artist as one could on that of a physician. Apparently satisfied on this head, she drew from her pocket a daguerreotype of a young gentleman, and inquired if I would undertake to paint a life-size portrait from this, and have it sunk into the wall over her bed, so that it could

be concealed at pleasure. I consented to paint the portrait, leaving the rest to the upholsterer or the architect. But soon after commencing I was surprised to see the original, a well-known young officer, enter my studio. 'I can sit for my picture now,' he said laughingly. The lady had eloped, and they were married soon after, when the divorce had been obtained; it can be obtained much more easily in Germany than in England.

One more story that occurs to me is that of an old lady, a millionaire and a miser, who inquired what my terms would be for painting her son-in-law, a diplomatist of rather generous proportions. Evidently finding them high, she began: 'My son-in-law is rather stout; how would it be if you painted the head only, highly finished, and the rest in clouds?' I answered, that although that device was more usually employed in portraits of children or very young ladies, it could also be done in a man's picture if absolutely desired. 'And what would your terms be then?' she asked; but I fear my answer was not satisfactory.

I began to feel that I could not continue this spell of portrait painting without jeopardising my career as an artist, and—not without a pang—I determined to close the gold mine and to return to Rome, there to continue the work which was nearest my heart and had been successfully commenced

years ago. Before starting for Italy, however, I determined to visit London and my younger brother, thinking it might be long before I should be so near England again.

After due preparation I left by rail for Ostend, where I embarked in a small passenger steamer, 'The Triton.' Little did I think, as we steamed up the majestic Thames on a bright but bitterly cold morning, that I was approaching a place where some day I should find as much happiness as is granted us poor mortals and a second home. It being the anniversary of the defeat of the Armada, all the ships in the river were decorated with bunting, presenting a very gay and impressive spectacle.

On April 20, 1850, I landed at St. Catherine's Wharf in London. Before passengers were allowed to leave the ship, a custom-house officer came on board to pass them and their small parcels in review. When my turn came, he plunged his hand into the bulky pocket of my cloak, and taking out a big packet of letters, said, 'I confiscate these as defrauding the Post Office.' These were letters of introduction, many with big seals, crests, and coats-of-arms, and the name of the writer on the envelope, which naturally I had not dared to open. Among the addressees were the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Cambridge and Sutherland, Earl Granville, Lord Brougham, Lady Jersey, Sir Roderick Murchison,

and a host of others too numerous to mention. My painful surprise is easily imagined, all the more as I did not know English sufficiently well to remonstrate and explain. All the passengers had left the ship, and I had remained alone on deck in my despair, when the man returned with my letters in his hand, and with great solemnity said, 'I return these letters to you, sir, as letters of introduction. You are very highly recommended; I wish you may thrive!'

On landing, I had to sign a printed form, promising not to undertake anything against Her Majesty's Government, and was then allowed to drive off to Green Street, Grosvenor Square, where a friend had prepared rooms for me.

CHAPTER XVII

LONDON . 1850–1851

I SHALL not attempt to depict the overwhelming impression the modern Babel first produced on my bewildered mind; it would exceed the narrow limits of these reminiscences, and similar descriptions have been tried by abler pens.

In aristocratic Mayfair, where my friend had located me, dead silence reigned on the Sunday morning after my arrival on the previous evening. At 11 A.M. all doors opened simultaneously, and out walked solemn gentlemen in black (butlers, as I since learned) with black books under their arms. The doors were slammed to in quick succession. Then came the carriages to fetch the masters or rather mistresses, and finally the servants emerged from the area all with prayer-books; silence followed again till about one o'clock, when the whole party returned in inverse order. That was my first experience of an English Sunday, so different from a Continental one.

The next days were devoted to a search for

more convenient quarters, where in an emergency I should be able to paint a portrait. The Great International Exhibition had not yet softened, as it partially did, the mistrust with which the islanders looked (as in some quarters they still look) upon foreigners. The landladies, at best an unsavoury race, made no end of binding conditions—no music, no children, no dogs, no smoking, no professional occupation. I finally found rooms in Berners Street, Oxford Street, and began sending or delivering my introductory letters which I had so nearly lost.

The moment was not a favourable one. The revolutionary risings all over the Continent had thrown many of the compromised political exiles on England's hospitable shores, and with them many artists in search of work. No doubt the English public, as a rule so generous and sympathising, found the unceasing claims on their pockets often troublesome and inconvenient. People were exceptionally on their guard, and more than once I was told by recipients of my letters that they regretted their inability to afford me the help which I had not claimed. The head of a great banking firm received me with the usual formula and shrugging of shoulders, adding that no doubt I could study painting in London. I fear I somewhat lost my temper when I retorted that I could have done

that nearer and better elsewhere. He was taken aback, and stammered, 'But we have the old pupils here,' meaning, of course, the old masters.

I came across some of the political refugees—the Hungarian Count Pulsky, with an amiable wife and mother-in-law—Mazzini, stern and silent—Louis Blanc very verbose and didactic, a small man with fine dark eyes and an ugly mouth—Moritz Hartmann, the German poet, who read me the beginning of his never-finished Byronic poem 'Donna Juana,' and others—foremost among them Gotfried Kinkel with his musically gifted wife Johanna. His death sentence (pronounced, if I am not mistaken, in consequence of the Baden rising) had been commuted into penal servitude for life, whence he had just made his miraculous escape, aided and abetted by a young student friend.

In one of those half-finished embryo streets which the ever-growing monster London is constantly throwing out in all directions like feelers, they had settled for the time in a scarcely finished and most scantily furnished lath-and-plaster villa, where he proudly showed me the half-healed scars on his finger-tips from the spinning at which he had been kept in the Zuchthaus. Mrs. Kinkel was just telling me the details of her husband's miraculous escape from prison, when she was interrupted by violent knocking on the front door, and a fair

young man rushed into Kinkel's open arms. This was Schurz, his saviour. With his long fair hair, bare neck—no cravat, the bicoloured ribbon of his 'corps' round his tiny cap, and a pipe peeping out of the pocket of his braided collarless coat, he was the type of the German student. Having himself succeeded in escaping, he was now on his way to America. It was touching to witness the joy of these reunited friends. Thirteen years later I met, at a solemn dinner-party in London, a stout, rather imposing American gentleman. This was Senator Schurz, on his way to Madrid as American Minister.

Very different from the above was my experience when I called on Lady A. in one of the West End squares, for whom a letter from a friend had been sent me from Paris. No doubt by the butler's mistake I was ushered into a large room on the ground-floor into the presence of her husband—at that time, if I am not mistaken, director of the Royal Mint. He sat behind a large bureau, apparently occupied in sorting the contents of a number of paper bags. He at once held one of these up to me, asking me rather decidedly what I thought that was worth now. I saw it contained a sample of corn. 'Before Sir Robert Peel abolished the corn laws, that was worth so much, and now so much less! I wish he was hanged!' I had to

confess that I had no interest in these matters. 'Then, in God's name, what *is* your business?' On hearing that I was an artist, and had sent an introductory letter to Lady A., he apologised, rang the bell, and directed the servant to show me upstairs. Lady A. I found to be a very elegantly dressed, stoutish lady, with traces of former beauty, who received me most cordially. The large drawing-room was so full of Dresden china that there was hardly room left to move between the cabinets and crockery groups. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'that art is not in my line. This,' pointing to the shepherds and shepherdesses, 'is my passion. But I hope you will come to my dance to-morrow night!'—which I regret to say was not *my* passion.

To England's deepest sorrow her husband's unchristian wish was in a way fulfilled a few days later, when Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse in Hyde Park and killed. It concerned me so far personally, as I had been asked to paint his eight-year-old granddaughter, Lady Louisa Villiers, through Lady Clementine her aunt, a great beauty, for whom I had had a letter. The family left town at once. The same bad luck pursued me through the death of the old Duke of Cambridge, whose portrait I was to have painted for the German Hospital in London.

When I called on Major-General Fox, brother

of Lord Holland, for whom a letter from Vienna had been sent me through a friend, I found him sitting for his portrait. He received me in a most friendly manner, calling out, 'And how is Billy Grey in Vienna?' I had to confess that I did not know Billy Grey. 'What?' he said, 'and he writes that you are a great friend of his!' That must have been his fun, to oblige the lady who had asked him for the letter; all I knew was that he was first secretary at the English Embassy in Vienna. 'Oh, well, never mind,' said the genial old soldier, 'sit down, and have some lunch. Lady Mary (his wife) is in Italy.' After lunch he sent me with the American painter to see Holland House, full of historical relics and valuable works of art (I remember in the library, where Addison used to write, a letter to him from the Empress Catherine framed).

To Humboldt's letter to the Duke of Sutherland I owe the rare treat of seeing the interior of Stafford House, one of the most interesting of private London palaces. The whole of the large hall, from which two broad staircases lead to the magnificent gallery on the first floor, forms one vast drawing-room, richly and comfortably furnished, the steps as well as the rest. Delaroche's 'Charles I. hooted by Cromwell's Soldiers in their Guard-

room' hangs upstairs in the gallery, and among numerous splendid specimens of old masters Murillo's famous series of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The tall, handsome Duchess, Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes, was very amiable, and the Duke, though stone-deaf, was courteous and polite. He handed me over to a Mr. Bunsen, son of the Prussian Minister, a young clergyman who seemed to be a tutor to the children, to show me the house.

Earl Granville's was the first portrait I painted in London, a commission from his brother the Hon. Fred. Leveson-Gower to whom M. de Viel-castel in Paris had sent me a letter of introduction. I found the Earl most friendly and helpful, and with the true politeness that comes from the heart. The conversation was somewhat hampered by my limited knowledge of the English language as well as by the fact that he spoke in a very low voice, partly the result of his being slightly hard of hearing. This, however, did not interfere with the success of my portrait, with which the family declared itself well satisfied. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy and engraved by Walker.

With a ticket from Lord Granville, I saw the highly interesting ceremony of the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person, in the House of Lords. Her Majesty was preceded and followed

by the high dignitaries, the old Duke of Wellington carrying with both hands the sword of state, the Marquis of Lansdowne carrying the crown, and the Marquis of Winchester the cap of maintenance on red velvet cushions. Sitting on the throne, the Queen in her state-robes read the speech in a clear silver voice, the Prince Consort sitting somewhat lower on a chair to her left. After she had withdrawn, the royal sanction was given to some bills, a clerk in a powdered wig read them out, standing at a small table, on the other side of which two other functionaries, also in wigs, after each bill, made a deep bow, saying: 'La reine le veult,' with genuine English accent. Should the Crown demur, which seldom happens, they would say, 'La reine s'avisera,' the French no doubt dating from the time of William the Conqueror.

Lady Granville had invited me to take a cup of tea at her house in the evening. So I duly presented myself at Brook Street, and found besides the amiable hostess only gentlemen, mostly with stars and ribbons, who evidently had dined there. There was Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon), remarkably like his great-uncle, Lord Palmerston, the Marquises of Lansdowne and of Winchester, and many others. After introducing me to some of the gentlemen, our host kindly asked me what I thought of the state ceremony in the morning. I thanked him for

having given me an opportunity to witness that highly interesting function and took the liberty of asking what was the significance of the cap of maintenance, a red velvet cap bordered with fur. His lordship did not know; 'but,' he added, 'there is the Marquis of Winchester, who carried it this morning; I will go and ask him.' I saw them converse in a whisper, after which Lord Granville returned to me. 'He does not know either,' he said; and no more do I to this day.

My acquaintance with Moritz Oppenheim, which was more important, commenced at this period; he was a distant connection of mine through marriage, the head of one of the largest firms of fur-merchants in the City, or in the world. Tall, thin, erect, with eyes wide open, he succeeded in hiding his total blindness, which was not congenital but had come on at an advanced age from paralysis of the visual nerve. He had been musical, and used to sing with a good bass voice, but, curiously enough, gave it up when he lost his eyesight, and became interested in the fine arts only. When his old house and office in Bow Lane was doomed to destruction, to make room for municipal improvements, he built a splendid mansion in the new Cannon Street with a spacious picture gallery, and filled it with excellent specimens of old Dutch and a few modern masters, and a few pieces of sculpture. He was very fond of

showing visitors his collection, when he would place himself in a certain corner, whence he had learnt the topography of the room by heart, and astonish his puzzled guests by explaining each picture as if he could see with his open blind eyes. He continued at the head of that gigantic business, with branches all over the world, and more than once I have found him in his warehouse sorting furs by touch. When on my second visit in London in the following year I painted his portrait, I found him an agreeable talker and most patient sitter. He gave me a commission for a picture, a Neapolitan vintage, to be painted in Rome. I must not forget to mention a 'Déjeuner et fête artistique,' which the lessee of the Grand Opera, Lumley, gave in honour of Scribe and Halévy in his villa, 'The Chancellors,' on the Thames near Hammersmith. They had come over from Paris, to be present at the first representation of their new opera, 'The Storm,' (after Shakespeare) which, however, did not answer the great expectations that had been founded on it. The fête, favoured by magnificent weather, was a great success. My recollections of it are like those of a fairy tale. Several bands of music performed all day and evening in the extensive grounds and on the water; tents and tables with refreshments were spread everywhere. From a large boat adorned with many flags signals were given for all

sorts of aquatic games, and at dusk magnificent fireworks were let off. Like moving nosegays the ladies promenaded in their gay dresses on the velvety lawn in the shade of the fine old trees. All the arts and sciences, all the aristocracy of rank as well as of talent, were assembled there—Indian princes with their following in costumes dazzling with precious stones, and rivalling them the ex-Duke of Brunswick who had lost his land but not his diamonds, of which his epaulettes were composed; the French, Russian, German, and Greek ambassadors; Dickens, Thackeray, Scribe, Lady Morgan, Halévy, Benedict, Balfe, Mlle. Sontag (Countess Rossi), Frezzolini, Catherine Hayes, Lablache, Boccardi, Belletti, Carlotta Grisi, Taglioni, Ferraris—I only mention the few I knew or that were pointed out to me. Five hundred people sat down for the 'breakfast' at six o'clock. The centrepiece of the enormous table was a confectioner's masterpiece six feet high, representing a ship in a storm. I did not stay for the ball and supper, which I was informed terminated this fairy fête at dawn.

Among the many operatic artists whom this exceptional season (the first International Exhibition) had attracted to London, was one who left amidst so much gaiety the saddest of recollections. This was Madame Pasta, the once brilliant star,

the famous prima donna. She had come after many silent years to try once more the power of her voice in hopes to redeem her lost fortune. Alas—too late! I happened to be present at the one single trial, which was an utter failure—an elderly stoutish lady—no voice—and what there was, out of tune. It was a calamity! The heartless monster, the public, hissed her off the stage. She did not try again.

After a successful tour in the Scotch Highlands with my brother and friends, and after having assisted at the marriage of my youngest sister in Hamburg, I left in September on my second journey to Rome.

CHAPTER XVIII

TERRACINA 1856

After 'Graziella,' a commission from America gave me the opportunity of painting another large picture. The firm of which my youngest brother was a member wrote to me that they wished to present him with a testimonial in recognition of special services he had rendered, and that on being asked he had expressed a wish that it might be in the shape of a painting by me. Recollecting the glorious impression I had received from Terracina during my short previous visit, I resolved to select for this picture one of the many subjects which that place offers, and went thither for a stay of several months in the autumn of 1856. Some scattered square stones mark the site of a harbour begun and abandoned, and with the monumental church form the only remaining tokens of Pope Gregory's good intentions for the place. From the back of the church an elevated plain stretches to a huge perpendicular rock, crowned by the ruins of Theodoric's castle. Here is the 'Campo de' Terellani,' a village of

conical straw huts, like an encampment of African savages. Not an object habitually used in civilised countries, not a chair, table, or bed is to be found here; only the kettle, suspended gipsy fashion on three sticks over a fire on the bare ground. In this they cook their *minestra* of the herbs that they gather round about, and their polenta of maize—their only food. The smoke finds its way out, either through the top or the low narrow entrance, as best it can. It is the winter resort of the poorest inhabitants of a village high up in the Abruzzi, called Terelle, who, when the snow deprives them of their means of living at home, come down hither in search of work, ready to do anything and everything. They bring in the abundant maize harvest from the thousands of irrigated acres, either in flat boats on the shallow canals, or by land on donkeys' backs, or in baskets on their heads. Inside the barns, the women strip the golden cones of the enveloping straw that serves to fill mattresses, while the men fell trees in the dense woods that border the sea for many a mile, burn charcoal, and make themselves useful in a variety of ways for incredibly small wages. At the time I speak of their daily pay was sixpence (twelve baiocchi e mezzo) without food, and so abstemious and economical are they that out of this small pittance they manage to bring back some savings when they re-

turn home after Easter. It was a touching sight, after a fire that consumed thirteen of their huts in as many minutes, to see the women and children dig among the smoking ashes for their lost treasures —mostly huge copper coins, then called 'bajocconi,' of the value of $2\frac{1}{2}d$. The men being at the time away at their work in the marshes, some prisoners, who, after the fashion of those days, were employed on the road, volunteered, notwithstanding their chained legs, to assist in quelling the fire, which threatened to consume the whole encampment, as there was no water near at hand. The savage southern display of female grief and despair—the women tearing their hair and clothes, and throwing themselves on the ground and beating it—was a study for artist or actor. Through their being generally at work in the marshes, the men are, of course, much liable to malarial fever, but nothing will induce them to enter the fine hospital close by, for fear that their bodies will be cut up after death for anatomical purposes. They prefer lying wrapped in their brown or blue cloaks, with chattering teeth, in front of their huts, to die, when a dose of quinine would cure them. I may boast of having saved more than one life at the rate of sixpence a head. They are a splendid hard-working, frugal race, wearing the most picturesque of costumes, but exceedingly superstitious and bigoted.

I had a letter of introduction to the elder brother of the Cardinal Secretary of State, the Count Gregorio Antonelli, who looked after the large family estates in the marshes, the result of Pope Pius the Sixth's (Braschi) well-planned, successful drainage. The one-eyed Count received me with the easy manners of a man of the world. The modest little house which he inhabited with his family was connected with a palatial building which he had had raised alongside it, but which he could not make up his mind to inhabit. Only at Christmas, when he invited me to the *vigilia* as well as to the *festa* itself, the communication-doors were thrown open. We sat down in the bare, stone-floored room, without fire or carpet, in the evening to a banquet of the usual twenty-four dishes *di magro*, that is to say, prepared without meat or fat of any kind, and at noon on the following (Christmas) day to an equal number of *di grasso* dishes, when all restrictions as to the cooking were removed.

The Antonelli family is known for its proverbial luck in all its enterprises. Their modest origin from ill-famed Sonnino has already been mentioned. In the father's hands all Government contracts, such as those for the construction of roads or for the farming of the artificial fisheries at Monte Circeo, were said to have proved highly successful.

I sat on this occasion next to the Count, who grew quite eloquent and almost pathetic as he described to me the lucky find of one of the most celebrated antique statues (that of the draped Sophocles, now in the Lateran Museum) in one of their vineyards; how it did not let him sleep, and how in the middle of the night he had to get out of bed to go and look at it, and how ghastly the half-disinterred statue appeared, the white marble gleaming in the moonlight. When at the next visit of Pope Gregory XVI. the municipality of Terracina was at a loss to find a present worthy to be offered to their special friend and protector, the Count volunteered the gift of his statue, which was graciously accepted by his Holiness. 'And note,' the Count added, boasting of this magnificent present, 'that I was perfectly aware of its great value.'

'He was not,' the caustic old family doctor, who sat on my left, whispered into my other ear.

Another introductory letter I had was from the Marchese Origo in Rome, to his brother, a captain of gendarmes stationed at Terracina, who took me a pleasant ride on horseback across the Pontine Marshes to see the famous artificial fisheries of the Lago di Paola, on Monte Circeo or San Felice. This inland lake is connected with the Tyrrhenian sea by a canal (I forget whether natural or artificial), in which a most ingenious maze of reeds

entraps the fish without giving them a chance of escape. They can get into it from the sea, but cannot get back. We found it teeming with an incredible amount and variety of them. At a banquet, consisting of some dozens of differently prepared fish dishes, improvised for us by the gentleman who farmed the fisheries from the Government, he apologised for the poor hospitality that he had to offer, not having had timely notice. He also told us that a special Papal breve secured the produce of these fisheries immediate admittance into the gates of Rome, no matter at what hour of the night.

This network of shallow canals is cleared at intervals from the overgrowing weeds which constantly threaten to stop even the flat-bottomed boats; this clearance is done in a very picturesque though unpractical way, and was the subject on which, among the many, I finally decided for my large picture. The Government kept at that time —possibly does so still—a herd of buffaloes that are made to uproot the weeds by swimming backwards and forwards, until the savage black beasts look like reed-crowned river gods. Their keepers follow them in little boats, armed with long poles, and the buffaloes are trained to turn at the cry of 'Volta, Gaetano!' 'Lo spurgo de' canali' is the official name of this picturesque and primitive operation,

which is conducted under the direction of a Government engineer. When I ventured timidly to suggest that a small steam-dredging engine might do the work better and cheaper, his answer was that such a machine could not be eaten when too old for use; besides, what would become of the attendants on the herd?

From time to time, as one of the herd gets too old for the work, it is handed over to the butcher. As may be easily imagined, its naturally tough meat (in Rome eaten by the Jews in the Ghetto only) is not improved by old age. With a view to make it tenderer, some twenty young roughs take hold of a long rope fastened to the animal's horns, and with shouts and blows make it gallop for hours up and down the narrow hilly streets, often causing fatal accidents, until it falls exhausted, foaming at the mouth, when it is supposed to be more fit to be eaten. It is a hideous and barbarous custom.

I may here mention a curious ceremony to which the Princess Rospigliosi invited me, when she heard that I was engaged on a subject in which buffaloes played an important part. Once a year the crown and initials of their princely owner are with red-hot iron branded on the backs of the young animals previous to their being drafted off to the general herd. This function, which takes place in Maccarese, an isolated casale in the weird

Roman Campagna, is made the occasion of a festivity to which many friends of the princely family are invited. An arena is formed in front of the house, surrounded by protected seats for the numerous spectators. The interest centres in the buffalari, the attendants on the buffaloes, who, with their unkempt heads and goatskin leggings, look nearly as wild as the animals under their care. Their great ambition is to overthrow the struggling brutes by grasping their horns and wrestling with them in single combat. They disdain the use of ropes or any other appliance that might assist them in the operation, and the scene is often exciting enough. At a maturer age the buffaloes get to be wonderfully obedient to the voice of their keepers, each answering its own name when called in its turn to be milked.[1]

When we afterwards entered the house to partake of some refreshments, I was struck by two very lifelike painted figures of chained Turks, cut out of flat pieces of wood, one standing, the other in a crouching position, in the dark recess under the staircase. These, I was told, were the effigies of two of the pirates who for centuries used to infest the Italian coasts, and were here kept prisoners for the rest of their lives.

The entertainment was in striking contrast to

[1] An excellent cheese made of their milk is called 'Buffalo's eggs.'

these mediæval reminiscences and to the desolate, weird surroundings of the lonely place. I was especially struck by an elegantly bound volume, containing the collected menus of the year. The one I tasted on this occasion was excellent.

While I was making the necessary studies for the larger picture, to be executed in Rome, I filled up my leisure hours by painting an old crone from the 'Campo de' Terellani,' with her two grandchildren, awaiting the dole at the entrance to a convent. This picture was very successful, and I had to repeat it more than once. When exhibited in the Royal Academy, I owed to it Earl Dudley's commission for a similar subject, mentioned in another place.

Later, in Rome, I was informed that some compatriots of the poor old woman had, out of envy of her gains through sitting to me, told the Arciprete of their village that I had painted her naked; upon which the stern priest had forbidden her entrance to his church—a sentence, in those parts, second only to a death-warrant. I sent him a photograph of my picture, 'The Convent Dole,' accompanied by a letter in which I tried to clear the poor old woman's character. He wrote a very courteous reply, in which he asked me, with many thanks and apologies, to excuse the ignorance of

his flock, adding that he had sent to Naples to have the highly appreciated photograph framed.

The next following years may be more briefly accounted for. Some facts concerning them will be found scattered among the sketches of 'People I have met.' In 1861 I married in London my dear wife Amelia, the daughter of the famous Robert Chambers. After having spent five happy years in Rome we left it with our three little daughters, to settle in London in 1866. The circumstances which determined us to take so momentous a step—a step that I have no reason to regret—are not of general interest.

CHAPTER XIX

ROME ONCE AGAIN—MENTANA 1866

WITH the view of providing for a possible retreat to Rome again, I had not burnt all my ships. The leases of my studio and apartment were not expired, nor was the furniture in them sold. All this was to be finally arranged, now that I was so firmly and satisfactorily settled in London. After having established my young family for the winter months in Hove near Brighton, I started about the middle of October once more for Rome. Heavy thunder-clouds darkened at that epoch the political horizon of Italy. Notwithstanding all diplomatic arrangements and supposed final settlements, with a view to conciliate both parties, the rallying cry of all Italian patriots was and remained: 'Roma Capitale!' As an answer to it, the Pope had with the help of France organised an army under the German General Kanzler, who was, through his wife, formerly a Signorina Vannutelli, connected with one of the ancient Roman families. Daily the sons of the greatest Catholic families poured

into Rome from all parts of Europe to don the becoming grey uniform of the Papal Zouaves, ready to shed their blood in defence of the Papal independence. Under these circumstances, France, desirous to show the world that the Pope could stand on his own legs, withdrew its garrison from Rome, and for the first time for many years the defence of his estates was left to the Pope unaided. The consequences of this daring experiment were not long in showing themselves. In this connection the following extract from a letter may prove interesting. It is written by a French lady married to one of the wealthiest Roman princes.

'Albano, ce 14 Oct. 186

'J'ai voulu attendre le résultat de la mission de mon frère (a diplomatist in the service of Napoleon III.) Nous sachant à l'agonie, je croyais ou à la mort ou à la résurrection. Nous n'avons pas passé par l'une ou l'autre de ces alternatives et nous continuons à nous en tenir à l'agonie. Il faut pourtant avouer que l'attaque faite contre les Etats Pontificaux a été une petite infamie. Je croyais jusqu'ici qu'il y avait une certaine loyauté même en cas de guerre ; il paraît qu'en ces pays ce n'est plus la mode, et ce qu'il y a de meilleur, c'est qu'on fait des façons pour prendre Naples, là ou l'anarchie est à son comble. Les Mazziniens s'en donnent tas et plus et Garibaldi est leur dupe, n'ayant même

plus d'armée et sa réputation militaire ayant reçu de graves atteintes. *Quant à nous, nous avons 24 mille hommes, canons rayés et le matériel de guerre le plus complet.* L'article du Moniteur du 30 vous dit, que sous prétexte de prendre des positions militaires on s'étend, ce qui veut dire qu'on nous rend le patrimoine de S. Pierre (vivez et faites vivre avec cela). On parle d'un congrès. La Camarilla et le parti catholique étranger paraissent être un tant soit peu à la baisse. Enfin je me résume. Comme sécurité personnelle Rome est très-habitable. Comme séjour agréable, cela sera intenable. Misère extrême, tristesse profonde, et pas d'étrangers. . .'

This letter, which is not dated, must have been written about the time of my narrative or shortly before.

The night express from Florence which was to take me to Rome in the course of the morning suddenly stopped after having passed the Papal frontier at Monte Libretto, a village near the small town of Correse. All round us lay the eloquent tokens of a skirmish between Garibaldians and Papal Zouaves that had taken place here on the preceding evening; corpses in those spontaneous ghastly positions which battle-painters vainly strive to depict, broken weapons, pieces of blood-stained uniforms and down-trodden vegetation. On the stone steps leading to an isolated little house, which

seemed to have been the centre of the action, sat two pale fellows, wrapped in their wide brown cloaks, evidently wounded. At their feet a dead body lay on its back, with wide-open glassy eyes. 'You would not lend me your cloak yesterday,' one of them addressed the corpse, 'and now you have made me a present of it.' A grim joke. After about a dozen wounded of both sides had been carried from the house to the train and laid on straw in a goods van, we slowly moved again. When we finally reached Rome, we were once more stopped at the gate. It seemed an eternity in the broiling heat, and was no doubt occasioned by the formalities connected with the disposal of the wounded rebels. Rome seemed abandoned and silent as the grave. After securing a furnished room over my studio in Via Margutta, I lost no time in trying to get through the business for which I had come and in painting a few studies indispensable for the completion of some Italian genre pictures which I had had to take to London unfinished.

The Papal troops had just been worsted in an encounter with the Garibaldians outside the Porta Salara. An ill-subdued excitement pervaded the town. The entry of the Garibaldians into Rome seemed imminent. The gates had been hastily barricaded, and official placards urged the loyal citizens to keep calm, to retire into their houses,

and to close their shops at the signal of a cannon fired from Castel Sant' Angelo. These injunctions were superfluous, for bombs having been thrown in the Piazza di Spagna nobody stirred abroad who was not absolutely compelled to do so. By a lucky chance I was able to secure a little room over the historical caffè Greco, as an insurance against starvation. An ill-suppressed joy illuminated the countenances of the Roman youths, all Garibaldians in their innermost hearts. 'To-morrow Garibaldi will make his entry,' they whispered into each other's ears. The Zouaves were very dispirited.

'Come sta, compare?' (How are you, gossip?) a well-known voice sounded in my ear, as I crossed the Piazza di Spagna, on my way to my studio. The speaker was a little *notaro* of Sora, whose acquaintance I had made years ago during my early wanderings. With irresistible geniality he had made me consent to be godfather to a child about to be born whilst I was enjoying his hospitality. Though the child was still-born, the title, which is by these people considered an indissoluble bond of semi-parentage, had survived.

'Whence do you come?' he asked.

'From London. And you?'

'I have a commission from His Majesty (the deposed King Francesco) to enlist soldiers (brigands) for his army. Here, at the corner of the Via della

Croce, is my office. Won't you come up? Mark my words; before many months have passed the kingdom will be one vast conflagration, and Vittorio Emanuele will be a landless exile, just as my poor king is now.'

My good *compare* had evidently adopted the losing side. I don't know what has become of him, and only mention the above because, in more than one conversation with secretaries of the French Embassy, they always indignantly repudiated the suggestion of the existence of these brigands' registry-offices in Rome.

All of a sudden the physiognomies of the Roman youths were altered—no more traces of ill-suppressed joy, but long, sad faces instead. The Zouaves seemed jubilant. 'The French are coming back,' they whispered into each other's ears; 'they have already disembarked at Civita Vecchia.' And sure enough, next day the French troops re-entered Rome, with music and banners flying, with their newly invented *chassepots* and their cannons. I happened to know one of their captains from the time of their former occupation, and so was enabled to help the celebrated pianist Thalberg and his wife by procuring them a *laissez-passer*. They had been stopped in Rome on their way to Naples, where they wanted to look after some property. When I went on this errand to the French Quartier-Général

in the Hôtel de Londres in Piazza di Spagna, I found the officers poring over the ordnance map of the Roman Campagna; and the next morning, while my goods and chattels were being sold by auction in the Via San Niccolò da Tolentino, I saw them pass my windows with their cannons on their way towards the Porta Salara. Before my sale was over they returned, grimy with dust and smoke, and with many prisoners. That was the famous battle of Mentana, where 'les chassepots ont fait des merveilles,' as the commanding general announced in his report to the Emperor.

In the midst of all this turmoil I was lucky enough to be able to dispose of the remainder of my leases, both of my apartment and studio, and I started much relieved on my way back to my new home on Campden Hill. My large collection of Italian costumes I had carefully packed to be sent after me by *petite vitesse*, but some bulky objects and utensils, such as baskets, distaffs, and earthenware crockery, which would have necessitated large cases, I took with me unpacked. On hearing of my leaving Rome in those troubled days, the Prussian minister sent one of the secretaries of the Legation to ask me to take charge of some despatches to be posted somewhere beyond the Papal frontier, offering me in return a *cabinets-courier's* passport. Thus equipped I started, and having

followed my instructions I arrived in London at Victoria Station, together with a large number of travellers. I at once claimed and was granted the privilege of a *cabinets-courier* to receive my luggage unexamined before anybody else. But I well remember the surprised face of the courteous custom-house officer when, in answer to his question, I pointed out to him my Italian properties, the baskets, pots, distaffs, even a cradle, as the *cabinets-courier's* luggage.

CHAPTER XX

LONDON 1867—ALNWICK CASTLE

I NOW, in my 47th year, found myself settled in a new country, with a foreign language and surroundings. Seen from this distance this seems to me to have been a bold undertaking, but I did not lose heart, and set to work in my large new studio. First I finished the commissions already begun: 'The Widow's Consolation' (Sir Francis Goldsmid), 'Waiting for an Answer' (Mr. H. Wills), 'An Auto-da-fe' (Mr. E. S. Benzon), 'After the Fire' (Messrs. Agnew), 'The Bride of Abydos' (Mr. B. Schlesinger, New York), and 'The Fortune Teller' (Mr. I. Bowring), whereby hangs a tale. In this Italian picture an old crone is represented, telling the fortunes of a girl in the picturesque costume of Albano from the lines of her hand, whilst her lover is anxiously watching the proceedings. During my last hurried stay in Rome I had made all the necessary studies, excepting one for the old woman's right hand with the warning forefinger. This I thought I could easily supply at home, but I had

overlooked the fact that London female models are as a rule more or less young. Old women would not be likely to gain a livelihood in the profession. So I found myself rather in a fix, when somebody suggested the workhouse, where I should be sure to find plenty of what I wanted. Accordingly I went early one morning to the Middlesex workhouse, where my application was very kindly entertained by the master, who thought the poor old ladies would only be too ready to seize an opportunity of gaining a few extra shillings. This was before this particular means of supplementing their income was, for reasons unknown to me, definitely prohibited by the guardians.

The master led the way to a long narrow room on the first floor, where I found some fifty wrecks of female humanity, the greater number sitting on their tumbled beds in various stages of their uniform dress. All rose at the master's entrance. 'This gentleman would like to paint one of you,' he addressed them; 'please show your hands.' Upon which they ranged themselves in two rows in front of their beds, holding out their withered hands.

Preceded by the master, I walked like a general inspecting his troops, slowly down the middle passage thus left free, looking for a hand that would answer my purpose. But alas! there was not one among them. All were distorted by privations,

illness, or accidents, but chiefly by rheumatism, probably contracted over the wash-tub. I chose the least abnormal. She duly came to my studio at the appointed time, and obediently took up the required position on a stool placed upon the raised model's platform. In the course of our chat she declared that she and her companions, 'the other elderly ladies,' were as a rule well satisfied with their position and treatment in the workhouse. Then we were interrupted by my being called away for a few minutes. When I returned I found her on her back, sprawling on the floor, luckily not really hurt, but very angry. Forgetting that there was no back to the stool, she had lost her balance. She left me in high dudgeon, vowing that she would not return, under the of course gratuitous impression that she had been the victim of a practical joke. I had not much reason to regret her absence.

Among portraits that I painted at that time was that of the handsome Mrs. Henry Schlesinger, an American lady. It was hung on the line in the Academy Exhibition, a pendant to Millais' portrait of Mr. (now Sir John) Fowler, and was favourably noticed. Other portraits were of Sir William (then Mr.) Siemens, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Bessemer (engraved by Barlow), Lady (then Mrs.) Theodore Martin, better known as Helen Faucit (engraved by Toubert), Baron (then Mr.) Reuter (engraved

by Barlow), and Mrs. Reuter, Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Dakin, in his robes as Lord Mayor of London, for the Gas-light and Coal Company, Sir William Fergusson, Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, for the Royal College of Surgeons (engraved by Toubert), and Robert Browning.

Among the genre pictures I may mention : 'The Confessional' (Baron Reuter), 'May we come in ?' (Sir Francis Goldsmid), 'Out of the World' (Mr. Henry Schlesinger), and the 'Ratification of the Concession,' which the Shah of Persia had granted Baron de Reuter. This large picture, a group of eleven life-size portraits, occupied me for the better part of a year.

I have every reason to regret that circumstances over which I had no control have forbidden me to exhibit this picture. It was a great labour, and in the opinion of all concerned, as well as in that of competent judges, successful. A rare opportunity was thus irretrievably lost.

In 1874 the portrait of Viscountess Enfield (now Countess Strafford), conspicuously well placed in the Academy Exhibition, achieved a success which immediately bore fruit. Before the Exhibition had been open a week, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Countess Radnor, Earl and Countess Stair, Countess Percy, and her mother-in-law the Duchess of Northumberland, had expressed a wish

to have their portraits painted by me. The latter being an invalid, I painted her at Alnwick Castle, one of the most celebrated of English country seats, said to rival royal Windsor in extent and magnificence.

When, at a not very remote epoch, the vast Northumberland estates had to be divided among different branches of the family, the umpire who had to perform that unpleasant task gave the pictures, plate, books, &c. ro the Leconfields at Petworth, where they now are, and the dismantled castle with numberless acres to the Northumberlands. The then Duke Algernon, being very magnificently disposed, set to work to restore the ruin, and to that end sent to Rome for the celebrated architect Canina, who came, bringing with him some Italian sculptors, decorators, and wood-carvers. The gardens were replanted, the park put in order. It is told of the Duke that he ordered three substantial stone bridges one morning before breakfast. The librarian was authorised to spend 10,000*l.* yearly until the library was properly stocked up to date. The whole of the Cammucini Gallery of pictures, one of the interesting sights of Rome, was, to the despair of the Romans, bought for 40,000*l.* to adorn the walls of Alnwick Castle, along with other masterpieces; and the full-length family portraits, some by Vandyck and Reynolds, now in

Petworth, were copied for the splendid dining-hall.

After some hesitation it was decided that the interior of the old Norman castle should be in the magnificent style of the Italian Renaissance palaces, since it could not be made to harmonise with the Norman exterior without sacrificing comfort and interfering with our modern habits and modes of life. The result is certainly splendid. A school of wood-carving was formed and attended by scores of pupils. It still exists, though in a much reduced form. All the doors and panels, and many of the ceilings, are thus richly decorated, some gilt. When the carving of the hard oak proved injurious to the health of the workmen, and even killed some of them, the softer chestnut was substituted. The walls were covered with the richest damasks. A spacious Gothic chapel was built adjoining the castle, the choir being accessible from the first floor. Here the Duke reads prayers every morning and evening, the numerous attendants filling the nave, the men and the women separated.

The castle is conveniently situated for breaking the journey between London and Scotland. An uninterrupted stream of guests fills the twenty-four spare rooms, especially in the shooting season. At the entrance to each of the interminable corridors, a framed list gives the name of each guest and the

number of his or her room. Notwithstanding this precaution, I had occasion to rescue an Austrian ex-Ambassador[1] who had hopelessly lost the way to his room.

As for the women, many find it an economical, if somewhat frivolous, way of spending their summer, to billet themselves as guests on a succession of country friends. When later in the autumn I painted Earl and Countess Stair at their castle of Lochinch, in Wigtonshire, I again met a Countess with her two handsome daughters, whom I had seen at Alnwick. They travelled with a valet, a maid, and of course numberless trunks. When they told me that it was their fourteenth visit that summer, I ventured to hint that no doubt they were looking forward to a rest at their own home. But the answer was : 'Not at all. We wish we had as many more visits to pay.'

Conspicuous among the unceasing succession of guests at Alnwick were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their daughter Helen, who was seldom seen without her knitting, generally an enormous brown woollen stocking for some charity. They were no doubt chiefly attracted by Lady Percy, eldest daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who at that epoch was an intimate friend and political ally of Mr. Gladstone's. When I asked her how she managed

[1] Baron Hübner.

to steer between the politically hostile views of her father and her father-in-law, she answered smilingly: 'I keep them in order.'

The Duchess, a most ardent Tory, did not look upon the great Liberal leader's visit without misgivings. It was at the time when he was stumping the country, delivering inflammatory speeches about the 'Bulgarian horrors.' She had thought it her duty to write to him that, if he meant to make Alnwick a centre of agitation, perhaps he would not mind honouring them on another occasion with his visit. But having reassured her Grace on that head, he arrived late on the following evening at eleven o'clock. Pouring rain had prevented the Liberals of Alnwick from carrying out their intention of dragging his carriage from the station to the castle as a political demonstration against the inmates.

In the absence of the gentlemen, mostly out shooting or fishing, the hours between breakfast and lunch often hang heavily on the hands of the ladies, who, after attending to their generally voluminous correspondence, gather in the drawing-room, gossiping, embroidering, knitting, or, as a last resource, looking at photographic albums. No doubt under the mistaken notion of saying something agreeable to Lady Percy, some young ladies took occasion to abuse Mr. Gladstone on seeing his

photograph, when, to their unpleasant surprise, they were stopped by her interrupting them: 'You be quiet! I have quite enough to bear without you.'

My painting hours were before lunch. Improbable as it may seem, I experienced the greatest difficulty in finding a convenient painting-room in that huge building. The great thickness of the walls prevented the light from the windows from properly reaching my model. Eventually her Grace's boudoir, which was hung with light yellow damask, proved the most convenient room. Among the curiosities and *articles de vertu* in a glass-case adorning the room, was a beautiful small picture, a Madonna and Child by Raphael; also the pouch in which a Percy had brought the first news of the great victory of Waterloo after the battle. In that room I began my portrait, and a few additional sittings in my studio in town enabled me to finish it, apparently to the general satisfaction. It is engraved by Ballin. At lunch, which much resembled a dinner, the guests were asked about their plans or wishes for the afternoon, and a corresponding number of carriages was ordered. Sometimes her Grace would offer me a seat in her carriage drawn by four horses and preceded by two outriders, to see the picturesque, if somewhat gloomy, surrounding country, and the high ruin-crowned cliffs of the sea-shore about four miles distant.

In a drive with the Duke alone, he made no secret of the disappointment of his views on some of the questions of the day. We passed some brand-new labourers' cottages which he had just had built. 'These,' he said, with a sigh, 'I have had erected at a considerable outlay, to do away with the overcrowding of large families in a single room, and those abominations, the close boxes for beds. But they refuse to enter the cottages, and if compelled to do so, still prefer herding together in one room, where they improvise a box-bedstead, leaving the rest of the house empty. When I was young the cry was: "Educate the people!" Now, since they have got education, there is more drunkenness, more immorality, than ever there was before. A boy must go to school up to the age of thirteen, and who is to be a ploughboy after that?'

A favourite excursion was to the ruins of Warkworth Castle, the famous seat of Hotspur, an ancestor of the Percys. The Duchess, with Mr. and Miss Gladstone, drove in one carriage, the Duke and Mrs. Gladstone and myself in the other. After having inspected the interesting ruin, the gentlemen decided to walk home. On the way an old man felling a tree arrested Mr. Gladstone's attention. As the axe was different from the one he was in the habit of using, he discussed at some length the respective merits of the two. Walking

on he observed that not half enough trees were felled, as they were apt to injure each other by the habitual overcrowding. In the course of conversation he complained of the difficulty he experienced when in office with regard to the frequent claims for rewards. He had been much pressed, he said, to bestow a knighthood on an animal painter, but had declined to do so, thinking that there was a difference between the branches of art which ought not to be disregarded. I felt rather embarrassed when he asked my opinion on that delicate point, which will be differently decided according to the art views of the day.

The five o'clock tea-table was presided over by Lady Louisa Percy, the Duke's sister, a charming old spinster lady, who was very nearly blind in spite of a recent operation for cataract. It did not interfere with her equanimity and habitual good-humour. She would jokingly complain of the utter absence of a ghost at Alnwick Castle, without which no venerable old feudal pile (as for instance Cortachy, the seat of the Airlies, with its 'drummer-boy,' or Glamis Castle, with its mysterious chamber) is considered complete. 'I even go so far,' she would laughingly confess, 'when girls have slept here for the first time, tentatively to ask them the next morning: "Have you seen the ghost?" But they never have,' she would add regretfully.

Some statistics may help to form an idea of the vastness of the ducal establishment. In the pillared kitchen, food is daily prepared, not only for the ducal table, but for about a hundred servants besides, and the weekly consumption of meat is about a thousand pounds. On the occasion of the coming of age of the eldest son, Lord Percy, 1,600 tenants sat down to dinner, besides forty guests at the Castle. At the ball the following day, supper was provided for 3,000. On that occasion a whole ox, a so-called baron of beef, was roasted in the kitchen, where an ingenious mechanical arrangement is provided for that rare emergency.

My following years were almost exclusively filled with portrait painting. Among my sitters I may mention: Dr. Collingwood Bruce, the learned antiquary of the Roman Wall, Lady Gilford (now Countess Clanwilliam) twice, and her eldest son, the Hon. Richard Mead (now Lord Gilford), Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, her son-in-law Mr. Edward Baring (now Lord Revelstoke) engraved by Barlow, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Mrs. (now Lady) Herschell, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, Mrs. Goschen, Mrs. George (now Lady) Lewis, Mrs. (now Lady) Priestley, Miss Emily Davies (for Girton College, Cambridge), Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), his nephew Viscount Galway, M.F.H. (presented to him on the occasion of his marriage

by his fox-hunting friends), and later on Earl and Countess Ellesmere, Sir Spencer Wells (in his robes as President of the Royal College of Surgeons), and Lady Margaret Stuart, the nine-year-old daughter of the Marquis of Bute, in the dress and veil in which she made her first communion, and many others.

But, as Goethe says: 'Care is taken that the trees shall not grow into the sky.' In hopes to find solace for my wife's declining health we left England and our ever-widening circle of friends, in search of a milder climate. I had the doubtful luck of immediately and advantageously disposing of my house on Campden Hill. After an absence of sixteen years we spent the winter of 1882–3 in Rome with a feeling akin to returning to our old home. But in that we found ourselves sadly disappointed. The peace, almost Nirvana, which had been the great charm of that sojourn, was gone. Nobody, and I least of all, would grudge the Romans their well-earned emancipation from clerical rule, but there can be no doubt that the artists have lost what Rome has gained, and I was a stranger where I used to feel at home. We spent the next winter in Pegli near Genoa, in the Villa Carmagnola, and, my wife's health being now improved, returned to London, where I write these lines, in February 1894, in my studio in Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood.

Part II

PEOPLE I HAVE MET

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

On his first journey to Rome in 1859 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales honoured my studio with a visit, accompanied by his tutor, General Bruce. The Prince, then a boy, at once took me aside, to inform me in a whisper that he could talk German. A few days later he sent the General to invite—or, as I should rather say, command—me to dine with him. I was, however, so ignorant of etiquette that I naively answered that I would look over my engagements before accepting the invitation; and I well remember the old courtier's ironical smile, when he replied: 'Oh, of course, if you are engaged you must not make ceremony.' I dined nevertheless with the Prince at his hotel.

I saw His Royal Highness several times on his second visit to Rome in 1862, when he gave me a commission for a little picture, a 'Lavandaja,' which hangs in one of the drawing-rooms in Marlborough House. He also kindly consented to sit for a drawing for my Album. He was then engaged to be married, and was staying at the

Prussian Embassy, the Palazzo Caffarelli, with his sister and brother-in-law, then Crown Prince of Prussia. While preparing my pencils and waiting for my model, Prince Frederic William came into the room, sat down in the prepared armchair, and said: 'Do you remember me?' Years before I had made a hasty sketch of him in the shop of a cameo-cutter, while his portrait was cut on a shell, and I had no occasion to be proud of the result of my performance. 'Won't you draw me again?' he added, when the Prince of Wales walked in and took his place. How I wish I had been able to take advantage then and there of the unhappy future Emperor's kind offer! As it was, I was not less grateful to the Prince of Wales, who lent his features very kindly and patiently—smoking. Presently his sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, walked in with a portfolio. 'You don't object to my drawing together with you?' she asked, and of course I was highly flattered. She knelt on an armchair, making the back a support, and in five minutes had finished her portrait of the Prince. 'Will you correct my drawing?' she kindly asked. I ventured to suggest that a little more time might with advantage have been bestowed on the work, when she replied that she had been trained to do everything as quickly as possible, on account of her multifarious duties. 'And now I want to see how

you do it,' Her Royal Highness added, and established herself quite close to me, following with her eyes every line I was drawing. To my shame I must confess to a weakness I have never been able to conquer, that of being utterly paralysed when somebody looks at my hand while I am drawing. For some time I tried to bear up, but soon found that I had to choose between spoiling my drawing and my claim to politeness, and, not without a struggle, chose the latter. The Princess withdrew, evidently surprised, and I fear I have reason to regret, if not to repent, my sinning against etiquette.

I was commanded to come to dinner on the following day and to bring my portrait-album, which was looked at by the distinguished company with much apparent interest.

A day later I should have witnessed a tragedy, for—so I am told—the German Ambassador and host, Baron Von Kanitz, having fallen a victim to the worry and over-excitement consequent on the simultaneous visit of so much Royalty and their numerous suites, had lost his wits. He came down during dinner-time from his apartment, in his dressing gown and slippers, leant in the doorway, and, staring wildly at the brilliant and dumbfounded assembly, broke out: 'Is this to go on much longer? I am heartily sick of it, and it must

come to an end at once.' The effect is more easily imagined than described. The Crown Princess fainted, and the poor madman was removed to his rooms, and the next day to an asylum.

When in 1866 I came to settle in London, the Prince of Wales expressed through General (then Major) Teesdale, one of his Equerries, a wish to see such pictures as I might have brought with me. Accordingly I took the 'Rota,' a contadina in the act of putting her child into the Roman foundling hospital, and the 'Serenade,'[1] at the appointed hour to Marlborough House, where I was most kindly received. Both these pictures were commissions and partly paid for. The Prince, however, having expressed a wish to possess the second, the owner put it, loyally, though, as he wrote, reluctantly, at His Royal Highness's disposal, and it became his property.

I was asked to bring on the following day my Album for the Princess's inspection. I found Her Royal Highness with a baby in her arms, a lovely group. The portraits, however, did not seem to interest her in the same degree as the Prince.

[1] This picture is divided in two parts in one frame. In the one, the lover has brought three musicians to serenade his sweetheart under her window. In the other she has been awakened, and sits upright on her bed listening. A lamp before a Madonna outside over her window illuminates her, as well as the group of musicians. The moonlit Piazza Barberini with Bernini's beautiful Triton-fountain forms the background.

King Frederic William IV. 1859

In 1859 King Frederic William IV. came, with his queen and numerous suite, to spend the winter in Rome. He had named his brother William—afterwards the first German Emperor—Regent during his absence. It was known that his health had broken down—some said through softening of the brain, but this was an unconfirmed rumour. In Rome he had lived in strict privacy, none of the many callers had been admitted to his presence, and all sorts of rumours were rife, so that my surprise was great when I received an intimation that His Majesty would honour my studio in the Ripetta on the following morning. It was to see my picture, 'The Clearing of a Canal in the Pontine Marshes,' which was then just completed, and attracted some interest in the heterogeneous Roman art world. His Majesty came at the appointed time with his queen and suite. 'I go downhill,' he said at once, as I conducted him through a verandah full of flowering plants into my studio. He said he had heard my picture much praised, and went at once to inspect the ten-foot long canvas on the easel before him. Being very short-sighted he almost touched the canvas with one of the many opera-glasses he carried in his pockets, and never for a moment put the glass down. A stalwart *chasseur* in livery, who kept in closest proximity, following the king at every step,

carried a few more of these glasses. His Majesty, with the queen at his side, walked along before the picture, exclaiming over and over again, 'Beautiful! Capital!' When one of the suite, which kept at a little distance, ventured to point to a certain buffalo conspicuous in one corner of the picture as being especially worthy of notice—'That buffalo?' the king at once retorted; 'that buffalo I have already seen this morning!' which considerably diminished the flattering effect of His Majesty's previous praise.

The party then entered a second studio, where there were some smaller pictures on easels and some studies on the walls. The queen, attracted by a fair profile among the latter, inquired who was the original. It was a study from the pretty daughter of the court-hairdresser, done in Munich when I was a student twenty years before. 'Oh, Miss Köster!' exclaimed her Majesty, who was a Bavarian Princess, with the proverbial royal memory.

After this visit I was besieged by people eager to know the truth about the royal patient, as no stranger had so far been allowed to approach him. M. Alfred de Reumont, Prussian minister in Florence, renowned for his wide range of information and ever-ready memory, had been summoned to Rome to assist the king, whose failing memory

seemed at times to put him in a state of exasperation most painful for those around him. Reumont, whose face suggested the missing link, was an exceptionally plain man—when presented to King Ludwig of Bavaria, the blunt old monarch had asked him, 'From Brazil?'—but he was a distinguished historian. When I drew him for my Album, he gave me an instance of his duties towards the ailing King William. 'Who is the man they have deprived of a million?' his Majesty would ask, and get more and more impatient every minute. It was the King of Holland, Reumont suggested, who by the loss of Belgium had been deprived of a million subjects, and the king was pacified. Plain men are often vain. When my drawing was praised in Reumont's presence, he remarked, 'Cela n'a pas mon sourire!' (It wants my smile).

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Four Russian Grand-Duchesses.

In 1858 I had the honour of making the acquaintance of four Russian Grand-Duchesses. The Grand Duchess Olga, Crown Princess of Würtemberg, a tall, handsome, imposing figure, visited my studio with a numerous suite, and showed much interest in my work. After being informed that the contents of a portfolio were not for sale, she singled out two pencil drawings of female heads and coolly said, 'I take these.' I made facsimiles of them for her. Through the familiar 'thou' with which she addressed one of

the gentlemen of her suite, who kept at a respectful distance, I was made aware of the presence of her husband, the Crown Prince, who seemed bent on keeping his incognito. Her Imperial Highness gave me a commission for a small oil-painting, a group of Roman Beggars.

Her sister, the divorced Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, later married to a Russian count, honoured my studio repeatedly, and showed a very lively interest in art and artists. She also gave me a commission for a small picture. Like her sister she was tall, well-made, with the regular, noble features of her father, the Emperor Nicholas, whom I had seen thirteen years before, on the occasion of his two days' visit to Rome. In his energetic way he had come personally to settle some differences with the Holy See. He had through his ambassador sent word to the painters, that he would not have time to visit their studios, but would go to see such of their works as were for sale, if they would send them to some place for exhibition. This was done in a great hurry, and during the five minutes he spent in this improvised show he bought a dozen pictures, one of mine among them, pointing at them with his stick. The sculptors' work not being so easy to transport, he called at some of their studios, and the small street at the back of my house, leading to one of them, being temporarily blocked, his

carriage had to stop a few minutes, when I had an opportunity of seeing him. Well do I remember the herculean figure, and the face with the noble profile, and the icy look of the steel-blue eyes.

The Grand Duchess Helena, widow of the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother, was not as handsome as her nieces, but a very cultured woman. She spent the winter in Rome, in the Hôtel de Russie, with a numerous suite, one feature of which was a Miss Stubbe, a German singer of prepossessing appearance, who shortened the evenings very charmingly with her German songs. A Mr. Abaza, the Grand Duchess's major-domo—possibly something more—fell in love with and married Miss Stubbe, which brought about his disgrace, but did not prevent his ordering a rather large picture at my studio. The historians Gregorovius and Ampère, among others, often were invited to tea in the evenings, which passed pleasantly in easy conversation and music. The Grand Duchess took a very lively and active interest in the abolition of serfdom in Russia, at that time so energetically taken in hand by her brother-in-law, the unfortunate Emperor Alexander. In this she was assisted by several Russian statesmen then in Rome, and more particularly by a Prince Tcherkesky. She commissioned me to paint three pictures for her, two of which, representing groups of Roman Beggars,

were destined as presents to the Prince. 'He has done so much writing for me,' she said. 'I cannot offer him money, as he is very rich, so I hope he will appreciate these paintings, which may remind him of the misery he has helped to alleviate.' The third picture, the one of which her niece, the Crown Princess of Würtemberg, had ordered a small replica, was for herself. At that time the Russian Government salaried an official inspector of fine arts in Rome, a M. de Gédéanoff. He suffered from sore eyes, and I remember his calling the sun 'Cet astre dégoûtant.' He had declared, with official presumption, that the reduced replica was the original, in consequence of which I was, by her Imperial Highness, summoned to tea, to elucidate that point. 'M. de Gédéanoff tells me that my picture is the copy, and that my niece has the original,' said the Grand Duchess to me as soon as I presented myself. Of course my answer was that hers was the original. 'But M. de Gédéanoff says it is the copy,' she retorted. Upon which I answered with uncourtly warmth : 'Qu'est-ce que cela prouve ? cela prouve que les connaisseurs ne s'y connaissent pas ! ' A dead silence showed me my breach of etiquette.

Having been presented to the young Grand Duchess Catherine of Mecklenburg by her mother, the Grand Duchess Helena, I was with Ampère summoned to tea at the Hôtel de l'Europe. As we

two were alone with the young couple, the Grand Duke being besides stone deaf, conversation did not flow very freely. My friend Ampère quietly disappeared—a shocking breach of etiquette. He was a most amiable dreamer. You would meet him walking in the streets of Rome, with open eyes, seeing nobody, mentally busy composing his 'Histoire de Rome à Rome.'

*

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe

Concurrently with the larger picture on which I was engaged in Rome in 1858, I painted many smaller ones which, although I should not like to call them pot-boilers, still afforded me the means of leisurely completing the more important work. 'Pilgrims coming in sight of the Cupola of St. Peter's,' a 'Carnival Balcony,' 'Groups of Roman Beggars,' for which latter picturesque models abounded, were among the subjects most popular with the ever-changing travelling art patrons. It rained commissions, some of which still await execution, and I fear ever will.

Occasionally I had an opportunity of adding a pencil drawing to my collection of portraits of 'Contemporary Celebrities.' Men accustomed to a busy life at home sometimes find the enforced leisure of a winter spent in Rome and the continual visiting of churches and galleries irksome and fatiguing, and, while leaving that part of the pleasure

business to their indefatigable female companions, are not averse to a few hours' quiet chat in an artist's studio. To some such reason I must no doubt attribute Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's readiness to give me a few sittings, when it was proposed to him by a mutual friend, Monsieur de Sampayo, first Secretary of the French Embassy.

Like all men accustomed to a busy life, he kept his appointment with praiseworthy punctuality. I think I may call him a typical English nobleman. His clean-shaven features were sharp and finely cut, indicative of an iron will and of dogged energy. Conversation, that indispensable auxiliary of the portrait painter, flowed easily enough while I was at work. He would recite whole poems of Goethe by heart in German, and pass on to a lengthy disquisition on the immortality of the soul. During a short interval of rest, while walking up and down in the studio, he looked over my shoulder, unnoticed by me, at the unfinished drawing. Suddenly, and to my painful surprise, I saw him get red in the face, violently seize his hat, put it on, and, without further ado, leave me, exclaiming: 'I am not going to pass to posterity in the guise of a cut-throat!'

I remained dumbfounded. When I related the incident to M. de Sampayo, to whose exertions I was indebted for this addition to my Album, he

expressed his regret for having omitted to give me timely warning of the great diplomatist's inability to hide his indomitable temper, which had on several occasions seriously hampered his progress in his otherwise brilliant career. It had been the cause, so he said, of the Emperor Nicholas refusing to receive him as English Ambassador at his Court. The recollection of this slight would at any time so incense the irascible statesman, that when, in the midst of a speech in Parliament, the obnoxious name had inadvertently escaped him, he beat the table before him with his clenched fist, stopped short, and had to sit down again without being able to utter another word.

Rumour would have it that this resentment had had its part in his successful endeavours to bring about the Crimean War. In the opinion of my friend his lordship's strange behaviour had been the result of his disappointment at finding that his effort to belie his features by his conversation had not the desired result in my drawing. It was several months before the united persuasions of Lady Stratford and M. de Sampayo could induce him to enable me to finish my portrait by giving me another sitting.

*

Earl Dudley.

When in the summer of 1860 I arrived in London on a visit to my sister,

Mrs. Benzon, I was informed that an agent of Lord Dudley had called to inquire whether my picture, 'The Convent Dole,' then in the Royal Academy Exhibition, was for sale, which it was not. He had left a message, in case I should later on come to town, that his lordship would like to see me, as he wished me to paint a similar subject for him. Consequently I communicated with the agent, a picture-restorer who had charge of Lord Dudley's gallery; the man introduced me to Lord Dudley, and I was very courteously received. Many years before, as Lord Ward, his eccentricities had made him the talk of a Roman season. For instance, when he gave a fête, he would ask Cardinal Albani, in one of whose palaces he occupied a furnished apartment, for the loan of the famous collection of antique statues, the Antinous and Sauroctonos included, to adorn for one night the stairs leading up to the ballroom. He did not get them. But he was then very young. I now found a tall, handsome, middle-aged man, with abundant elaborately crimped hair, parted in the middle. After expressing his regret at not being able to buy the 'Convent Dole,' he asked to see some sketches which I had brought with me, as well as some photographs of my finished pictures. He wished me to paint for him a replica of one of the latter. As the original was in St.

Petersburg, I could consent to the request, though I should have preferred painting a new subject. He very kindly asked me to leave the portfolio with him to show to his friend the old Marquis of Lansdowne, who, he had no doubt, would like to possess one of my pictures. Of course I gladly consented, but the Marquis dying quite suddenly a few days later, I had great difficulty in getting my portfolio back. Lord Dudley conducted me through his splendid gallery of pictures by old masters, of which he was justly proud. 'If you should fall in with some first-rate masterpiece in Italy,' he said, 'you may buy it for me. But mind, only first-rate ones—no matter what price.' Among so many art-treasures in great part new to me, I found an old acquaintance, a replica with important variations of the celebrated Magdalen in the Dresden Gallery, attributed till quite lately to Correggio, until that bold art critic Morelli (Lermolief) successfully disputed its genuineness. Be that as it may, by this Roman replica hangs a tale, characteristic of the Rome of fifty years ago. As such I may here relate it.

At a sale by auction of the overflow of Prince Odescalchi's gallery, a well-known animal-painter named Vallati had for a few coppers bought a little landscape, considered to be rubbish like the rest. When he began to clean it, he found that it had

been painted over, and carefully continuing the process, he discovered, to his great joy, under the upper layer a little gem, a replica with variations of the famous Dresden picture. Many are the reasons which at different epochs have induced people to adopt this mode of concealing their art-treasures, and examples of it are not rare in Italy. All Rome flocked to see the treasure-trove, and to congratulate the lucky finder, though somewhat prematurely. There is, or was, in the Roman Code, an ancient statute, called 'De Restituzione,' according to which a bargain was declared null when it could be proved that an object had been bought by somebody who knew its real value from an owner who did not know it. This of course applied to objects of positive value, such as precious metals and stones, exceptionally also to works of art, but certainly not to a picture covered by a layer of paint. But Roman princes had much influence. Prince Odescalchi came forward, and on the strength of that statute applied to the highest Roman tribunal, 'the Rota'—a very shifty one, as its name indicates—for the restitution of his picture. The lawsuit went on for a long time with results varying at every appeal, till, tired of the delays and dreading an adverse final result, the poor artist consented to an arrangement, according to which the litigants were to share the price which the picture would

realise, in equal parts. Young Lord Ward bought it for 100,000 francs, about 4,000*l.*[1]

But it was said that Prince Odescalchi only consented to this compromise because Prince Torlonia, the former owner of this picture, was ready to claim it in his turn in case the verdict had gone against the artist.

I executed Lord Dudley's commission, a group of Italian Beggars, in Rome, and brought it to London in the following year, when his lordship declared himself well satisfied with the result. As on this occasion I communicated to him my engagement to a daughter of Robert Chambers, he replied with some bitterness: 'If your wife loves you—well and good, I congratulate you; if not you had better have a millstone round your neck and be drowned where the sea is deepest.' At that time he was a widower.

I did not see him again, but I saw the conservator of his gallery, a few years later, on the following occasion. A Paris friend had requested me by letter to varnish a little picture of his in the second Great International Exhibition. When I applied for permission to do so, I was verbally informed that it was against the rules, and could on no account be allowed. But my old acquaintance, Lord Dudley's agent, happening to be near

[1] Sold lately by auction at Christie's, it brought 11*l.* May 1894.

and overhearing this rebuke, whispered in my ear: 'If you give me a guinea I will varnish the picture.' Loth to submit to such bribery, I applied to Lord Granville, President of the Exhibition Commissioners, who promised to arrange the matter for me, and asked me to call again on the following day. When I did so, he only said: 'Take my advice and pay that man his guinea, if you care to have that picture varnished. I cannot get you the authorisation to do it.' So much for red tape!

*

Earl Beauchamp

I painted Earl Beauchamp in 1877. In the portrait he is represented in his Peer's robes, red, gold, and ermine, and holds in his hand the white staff of Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household, the office he held at the time. The only function of this staff, so he told me, is to be broken over the Queen's grave. Of this portrait I had to make three replicas, one for a college at Oxford, and two after the Earl's death for the Municipality of Worcester, to be placed in public buildings. At Madresfield Court, the family seat near Worcester, I painted in 1882 a portrait of the second Lady Beauchamp, and on that occasion the Earl told me the following anecdote:

'When in consequence of the last elections Lord Beaconsfield became Prime Minister, myself Comptroller of the Household, and Lord Percy

keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, we three drove out together in the same compartment in the train to Windsor to take the oath of office before Her Majesty.

'The conversation turned on Lord Beaconsfield's novels, and especially on "Tancred," in which the young son and heir of a fabulously rich Duke travels in the East. I had read the book lately, and ventured to ask what became of young Tancred after the vision he has on the top of Mount Sinai, which ends the novel abruptly. "I can tell you that exactly," the Earl replied, laughing. "At this moment Tancred sits opposite you in the train on his way to Windsor, to take the oath of office as keeper of the Privy Purse before Her Majesty the Queen."'

Earl Percy is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

*

Lord Lytton

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton combined in his person the nobleman, the statesman, and the novelist. It is most likely to the latter character that I owe the privilege of repeatedly meeting him at the houses of my brother and my brother-in-law, partners in a flourishing business in the City, and living in charming mansions in Berkeley Square and Kensington Palace Gardens. Both spoke with delight of the pleasant days they and their wives had spent at

his country place, Knebworth, and to me it will always remain a matter of deep regret that circumstances unavoidably prevented our accepting a similar invitation soon after we had come to settle in England. It was no doubt part of his programme as a novelist to know and study all classes of society. His appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by 'aristocratic,' or what the French call 'distingué.' Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilette, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table, where he liked to speak, and if possible to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of the Bath. There was a certain naïveté, strange as that word may sound when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachments of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever, and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in aid to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of

legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilette.

His expression of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it; he would point with a sigh to a rosy-cheeked American apple and say: 'To think that there are people who can eat *that*!' His voice was deep and rather monotonous, but sonorous, and as what he had to say was generally interesting, he was listened to with respectful attention. Of course he liked to dwell upon the time when he was Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies, that being the most glorious period of his career as a politician. I remember his telling us how, immediately after assuming office, he instructed his agents all over the world to inquire and furnish a report of any community or tribe that did not worship some sort of divinity, but that their answers one and all were that they knew of none. He was sorely disappointed when, instead of entering Lord Beaconsfield's last Cabinet, he was 'kicked up stairs' into the House of Lords, chiefly no doubt on account of his deafness.

He evinced much flattering interest in my painting of 'Graziella' which nearly filled one side of my sister's dining-room. He took me aside one evening, when the ladies had withdrawn, saying: 'I cannot tell you how much I admire that picture. But why don't you similarly treat a subject from English history? For instance, Cromwell taking leave of his tenants on the eve of his embarkation for America? That would be very popular here?' I objected that it would require one to make long preliminary studies, as I was utterly ignorant of the costumes of that epoch. I dare say he thought my answer unsatisfactory, for he replied sarcastically: 'No doubt, they did not go naked at that time.'

He gave me one sitting for a drawing for my Album, but I fear that the result did not strike him as promising, or as coming up to his ideal of himself, for I could never obtain a second sitting.

Robert Browning

So exhaustively has Browning's merit as a poet and philosopher been discussed and settled by competent judges, that it would not only be presumptuous, but no doubt tedious, should I, even if I had the necessary qualifications, attempt to add anything to a verdict which might well be accepted as final. But I have twice drawn and twice painted his portrait,[1] and have during many

[1] I drew him and Mrs. Browning in Rome for my Album of Contemporary Celebrities in 1858; painted in 1875 the first portrait, in

years met him in friendly intercourse at the houses of mutual friends as well as at those of the different members of my family, with all of whom he was on terms of intimacy. I have often heard him speculate on the curious coincidence of his having late in life become so intimate with a family hailing from Hamburg, of which town his grandmother, a Mrs. Wiedemann, was a native. Perhaps I may be enabled to add to his better-known characteristics, some of those accidents which, like the warts on which Cromwell insisted when sitting for his portrait, give life and individuality to a likeness.

In his personal appearance as well as in his conversation, the utter absence of pose was perhaps the most striking feature. Nothing in his dress, demeanour, or language would lead a stranger to suspect that the man before him was proclaimed by two continents to be one of the greatest of living poets. Urbanity, kindness, benevolence, as well as a thorough mastery of his subject, characterised his utterances, whether he was speaking to royalty or to a little child. His inexhaustible store of knowledge, backed by a well-nigh miraculous memory,[1] was always at the service of the person

possession of my nephew, R. C. Lehmann; made a second pencil drawing in 1878, now belonging to Mrs. Henry Schlesinger; and painted his second portrait, presented by me to the National Portrait Gallery, in 1883.

[1] I have heard him, at the casual mention of a poem at a supper-table, fluently recite its many verses, although he had never since his childhood had occasion to give it a thought.

to whom he was speaking, and offered in the most unpretentious manner.

The universality of his studies was a subject of constant marvel. In Florence he had studied anatomy and modelled the human figure. He had studied harmony, played the piano, and could follow Beethoven's symphonies from the score. Balliol College recognised the completeness of his classical studies by conferring on him an honorary fellowship, and Cambridge made him an LL.D.

He would freely speak of his published writings. It is known that 'The Ring and the Book,' by many considered his most important work, was suggested by an old pamphlet on which he chanced in a second-hand open-air bookstall in Florence. 'When I had read it,' so he told me, 'my plan was at once settled. I went for a walk, gathered twelve pebbles from the road, and put them at equal distances on the parapet that bordered it. Those represented the twelve chapters into which the poem is divided; and I adhered to that arrangement to the last.'

Although he had a most decided objection to public speaking—so much so, that he would decline an invitation where he suspected a possibility of being called upon to return thanks for some literary toast or other—he was very fond of talking, and not in the least particular about the choice of his audience. Many a time have I seen him engaged

in earnest conversation with a little girl in short frocks, and I trust I shall be pardoned if I repeat here, as an instance to the point, a letter which has once before been published. It was addressed to my youngest daughter, then in her teens, to whom he had vowed a touching friendship, embracing her wherever he met her in private or, to the great amusement of the bystanders, in public. It is, like all his letters, in the neatest, most regular handwriting:

29 De Vere Gardens, July 6, 1889.

My beloved Alma,—I had the honour, yesterday, of dining with the Shah, whereupon ensued the following dialogue: 'Vous êtes poète?' 'On s'est permis de me le dire quelquefois.' 'Et vous avez fait des livres?' 'Trop de livres.' 'Voulez-vous m'en donner un, afin que je puisse me ressouvenir de vous?' 'Avec plaisir.' I have been accordingly this morning to town, where the thing is procurable, and as I chose a volume of which I judged the binding might take the Imperial eye, I said to myself, 'Here do I present my poetry to a person for whom I do not care two straws; why should I not venture to do as much for a young lady I love dearly, who, for the author's sake, will, not impossibly, care rather for the inside than the outside of the volume?' So I was bold enough to take one

and offer it for your kind acceptance, begging you to remember in days to come that the author, whether a good poet or no, was always, my Alma,

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT BROWNING.

To resume. Browning was utterly indifferent to money matters. When the enterprising editor of a well-known magazine sent him a blank cheque to be filled in by himself for a poem, however short, he returned it with thanks, notwithstanding the precedent created by Lord Tennyson who had accepted 100*l*.

Browning liked to come too early to dinner parties, confessedly to have a quiet chat with his hosts—a contrast to some social lions, who, in order to produce an effect, will make a point of coming too late. When his friends, knowing his partiality for port, would put a bottle of it before him at the commencement of dinner, he would partake exclusively of it and finish it during, but never after, the dinner. He never smoked, but would keep the smokers company after the ladies had withdrawn, kindly pretending that he liked the smell of tobacco.

He was of middle size, somewhat thickset, with strongly developed muscles. When, on one occasion, he made me, in proof thereof, touch his arm,

I found it hard as stone. When in 1858 I drew him in Rome, his hair was dark and his face clean shaven. When I painted him in London in 1875 and 1883, his hair was white and he had grown a beard. He would point with some pride to an after-growth of some black hair among the white, saying, 'We poets have peculiar heads—here are signs of youth returning.' His eyes were strong and healthy, but totally dissimilar. With the short-sighted one he could read the most incredibly microscopic type, while he could see objects at a very considerable distance with the other. He dressed (always standing, as he boasted) simply but carefully, being scrupulous only about his linen. He would wear no detached collars or cuffs. He never walked with a stick, seldom with an umbrella.

No more faithful friend could be imagined. To Mrs. Sutherland Orr (his biographer, and sister of Sir Frederic Leighton) he would read aloud for hours to save her delicate eyes. He attributed his rather loud and rasping voice to the fact of his father's prolonged deafness. During my sister's (Mrs. Benzon) widowhood he was an almost daily visitor at her house, and every Sunday would find him with his old friend Mrs. Procter (Barry Cornwall's widow) in Albert Mansions, scorning to use the lift to reach the fifth floor. His generally affectionate disposition culminated in his love for

his wife, his only son Pen, and the sister, with whom he lived when a widower. When in my studio he chanced upon the drawing of his wife (which I had done in Rome for my Album), he gazed at it a long time, and his eyes filled with tears. In 1875 this and his own portrait were to be reproduced in autotype and published along with ten others. To the editor's proposal to replace his portrait, now so unlike, by another up to date, I received the following answer:

Dear Lehmann,—The more I think about your portrait of 1858 being replaced by another of this 1875, the less I like the notion. You took the likeness, which cannot be changed, at the same time as that which you would discard. Why give a false idea of our respective ages? And why will it be less interesting to anybody who cares about me, to know how I looked sixteen years ago, than now, when your own painting shows so well what I am? Of course, if the publisher's plan admits of giving two portraits, I will cheerfully sit for mine, but, pray, do not part so long established a company as that which exists at present. I will rather cut off my beard to-morrow!

ROBERT BROWNING.

In the following year a line in my Tauchnitz edition of 'Hamlet' gave rise to another letter.

The subject of my picture was 'Ophelia drowning,' and the controversy arose about the line :

> Which time she chanted snatches of old *lauds*,

which he insisted should be *tunes*.

19 Warwick Crescent, Sunday evening.

My dear Lehmann,—I find to my shame and confusion, I must say to the disgrace of our best modern editor, Dyce, that there *is* a reading 'lauds,' though not according to the text of any English edition that I have seen. The word occurs in the Quarto, not the Folio. I think the omission on the part of Dyce, Charles Knight, and Staunton, to make the least mention of this reading disgraceful in the highest degree; not that I think it the better of the two, but that it does really occur. . .

R. B.

This portrait is not meant to be a panegyric. To bring out the likeness, it must have light and shade. Though Browning had successfully mastered a great poet's highstrung nervous temperament, in the long hours of patient sitting or standing for his portrait, subjects would be touched upon such as were not likely to come to the surface within the limits of ordinary conversation, and would when they concerned his tenderest affections, though most exceptionally, make him lose his self-control. This was the case when I accidentally

referred to that spirit-rapping scoundrel, Home. He had, at a séance in Florence, pretending to be the mouthpiece of supposed spirits, declared that Browning was jealous of his wife's literary fame. He could not have touched upon a tenderer point. Though this had happened a great number of years ago, the poet would turn pale at the mention of Home's name. The casual mention of a young American sculptress, a pupil of Gibson, who had enjoyed an ephemeral reputation in Rome, was apt to produce a similar effect on Browning.

His devotion to his son, his triumphant joy at his first successes, when, after some hesitation, he had finally embraced an artist's career, was most touching to behold. He never pardoned one of his oldest friends for having formerly expressed a mild doubt about Pen's capacity for steady, hard work. When an unfurnished house in Princes' Gardens was put at his disposal for the so-called private view of his absent son's works, previous to sending them to the Academy Exhibition, he would gladly spend several days in those carpetless rooms, receiving and doing the cicerone to every kind of visitor.

As a curious anomaly and an exception to his broad liberal principles, his punctiliousness on the subject of his and his wife's pedigree may be worth recording. On one occasion, when marriages

among people of different social positions formed the abstract subject of conversation, I heard him exclaim, 'If ever a son of mine should so disgrace himself, I should certainly cut him off with a shilling.'

Browning's stern profession of faith in a future life may be a fit winding up of these incoherent notes:

'I have doubted, and denied it,' he said, 'and I fear have even printed my doubts, but now I am as deeply convinced that there is something after death. If you ask me what, I no more know it than my dog knows who and what I am. He knows I am there, and that is enough for him.'

*

Charles Dickens

I drew Charles Dickens for my Album at my sister's house in Kensington Palace Gardens in 1861. I more than ever regret that I did not take notes at the time, as he talked freely, touching on many subjects. Here is the little I remember. 'I had to give up reading in public, much as I delighted in it,' he said; 'it took too much out of me. I had to change my clothes entirely every time, being as wet through as if I had been drenched to the skin. Writing serials,' he continued, 'is quite enough work.' I ventured to observe that it would be next to impossible for a painter to pursue the custom of

publishing part of a work before it was completed, thereby precluding the possibility of considering it as a whole, and retouching it if desirable—in fact, tuning it like a musical instrument. 'Oh!' he replied, 'I nearly always have to do it, and have never found any difficulty.'

But his friend Henry Wills has told me that Dickens tried that experiment once too often. While in the midst of the serial publication of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' he altered the plot and found himself hopelessly entangled, as in a maze of which he could not find the issue. Mr. Wills had no doubt that the anxiety and subsequent excitement materially contributed to his sudden and premature death.

Thackeray

I only met Thackeray once, in the historical old Roman tavern, the 'Osteria del Falcone,' which boasts of having had Michelangelo among its customers. When a mutual friend introduced me to the great novelist (great in more than one sense, for he measured 6 ft. 4 in.), I said that I had learned to read English from his 'Vanity Fair.' 'And that was where I learnt to write it,' he replied.

Wilkie Collins

I made Wilkie Collins's acquaintance in the house of my younger brother Frederic,

whose intimate friend he was. I painted him, a commission from my brother, in 1880. Being the son of a celebrated Royal Academician, he proved a most patient sitter. He had a full beard, and always wore spectacles. A peculiarity of his otherwise regular features was a swelling of the frontal bone, considerably protruding on the right side of his spacious forehead.

In his moments of good health he used to be a ready, amiable talker, but unfortunately they were rare. He had found laudanum most efficacious in soothing his excruciating nervous pains. Like the tyrant of old who, to make himself proof against being poisoned, swallowed a daily increased portion of poison, Wilkie had gradually brought himself, not only to be able, but absolutely to require, a daily quantity of laudanum a quarter of which would have been sufficient to kill any ordinary person. Nothing under a tablespoonful would do for his night's rest. When his provision had run short in Switzerland, my brother, his travelling companion, had to procure the requisite quantity from four different chemists, as they were by law prohibited from selling above a limited amount at a time.

Wilkie Collins was inclined to hold rather peculiar opinions ; he would, for instance, insist on the principle that nothing that the palate relished

could be hurtful to the system, and that nothing that the palate disliked could be wholesome. I fear that in his case the result did not bear out these convenient rules.

*

George Eliot, George Henry Lewes

With hushed steps I am about to tread on sacred ground. The Priory is a secluded spot in suburban St. John's Wood, a modest house surrounded by pleasant grounds. On a Sunday afternoon I am ushered into a moderate-sized drawing-room. The large windows and the glass doors, opening on to a well-kept green lawn, admit a flood of mellow light. On a low easy-chair sits a tall woman, surrounded by a circle of men, listening like a congregation to her utterances, delivered in a soft, subdued, melodious voice. Her dress is nondescript; you only receive an impression of soft folds and a veil-like head-dress. The sternness of her somewhat masculine features, reminding you of those of the great Tuscan poet, is tempered by their expression, full of mind and of human sympathy. Is it a Pythoness on a tripod, delivering oracles? It is the authoress who has enriched humanity by such works as—to name a few among many—'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'Middlemarch.' It is George Eliot.

I am loudly welcomed by a singularly plain

little man of ungainly appearance, whose sparkling eyes form the one redeeming feature of his face. This is George Henry Lewes, the author of many well-known, partly scientific works, and above all, the author of 'Goethe's Life.' Until quite recently even Germany could boast no better biography of that giant, and this surely is high praise. Only one or two exceptionally high-minded or high-born women are in the room. As a rule, so-called 'Society' does not visit this sanctuary. Why? Because the hosts have not conformed to its laws. The real Mrs. George Henry Lewes lives, and not many miles distant from St John's Wood, in London. But in their exceptional case their irregular union was sanctioned by those for whose verdict they alone cared. Their mutual devotion was touching to behold.

George Eliot, being well satisfied with Sir Frederic Burton's excellent likeness of herself (now in the National Portrait Gallery), seems to have vowed never to sit to any other artist—so at least I was told by Lewes, when he sat to me for my Album in 1867, a faithful bulldog keeping him company between his feet. 'Daniel Deronda' having recently been published with great success, I asked Lewes, during one of these sittings, whether we might soon look forward to a new masterpiece from George Eliot's pen. 'Never again,' he replied.

And on my asking why, he added, 'Because she does not write unless I make her do it, and I dare not; it takes too much out of her. She is always wrapt in the deepest studies, always has a Hebrew or Greek Bible by her bedside,' and his bright eyes shone more brilliantly than ever as he spoke. She repaid his tender care. Almost every one of her manuscripts is inscribed on the title-page: 'To my dear husband G. H. L.' The intellectual world, if not society in general, had accepted this pious fiction.

I have in my possession a manuscript of hers, which she brought me after she had seen my picture, the before-mentioned 'Convent Dole.' It was a translation of the initial scene of Euripides' 'Hecuba' which she considered a fit subject for my brush, and consists of four closely written pages by her own hand. Though I have not seen my way to carry out her most kindly meant suggestion, I need not say how highly I treasure this precious relic.

*

Fredrika Bremer

Fredrika Bremer, the popular Swedish authoress, whom I drew for my Album in Rome in 1858, was, considering her widespread literary fame, exceptionally modest and unassuming. A peculiarly shaped cap she habitually wore gave to her exceedingly small and somewhat ungainly figure the appearance of a Quakeress.

With touching simplicity she would frankly confess to her chronic suffering from the consciousness of her excessive plainness. She considered it her duty during her stay in Rome to make herself acquainted with Italian literature, and naturally began with Dante's 'Inferno.' But the puritanism of her outer appearance must, as is generally the case, have been a faithful reflection of her mind, for she was so scandalised and repulsed by some of the simple plain-speaking in the immortal poem that she had reluctantly to desist. She found the language too coarse for her puritan mind.

I have not often had the pleasure of meeting her, excepting at the sittings she gave me for the drawing of her, for she mostly consorted with her compatriots. But she came with some friends to my studio in the Ripetta on the evening of an Easter Sunday to witness from my loggia overhanging the Tiber the fairy-like illumination of St. Peter's cupola, when at the tolling of a bell the soberly lit outlines of the great temple suddenly break forth into a blaze as of so many diamonds. This is done as by enchantment, in less time than it takes to write these lines. Hundreds of men run along the lines of innumerable prepared lamps with lighted torches, even climbing to the top of the very cross that crowns the monster building. To insure their steadiness for this perilous operation, they are shut up from the early morning.

Ingres

When I arrived in Paris in 1835, Ingres had already left as Director of the Royal French Academy in Rome, but his numerous pupils, among them my elder brother Henry, were still under the master's powerful spell and in a militant frame of mind. The art students (*rapins*) in Paris were at that time divided into two hostile camps, 'the Reds' commanded by Baron Gros, who later, in his old age, was driven to suicide by heartless critics, and 'the Greys' under Ingres' flag. They would mock each other when they met in the streets, somewhat after the fashion of the Montecchi and Capuletti, and like them would very nearly come to blows.

When in 1839 I arrived in Rome from Munich, where I had spent two years, Ingres was still Director of the French Academy, and my brother soon introduced me to him at the stately Villa Medici. He was a small thick-set man, inclined to be stout, dark, with a sallow southern complexion, tragic eyes, somewhat like a fine St. Bernard dog's, a low forehead, a short aquiline nose, long upper-lip, and very determined mouth. His face was rather round in shape and clean shaven. He had spent his student years in Rome, struggling hard to earn the means for his studies by making those marvellous pencil portraits which, in my humble opinion, will remain among the

brightest jewels in his crown, when all is said and done. To find himself in so eminent an official position in Rome, where he had had so hard a struggle for existence, had not a good effect on his creative faculties. It was some years before he could make up his mind to work seriously, and he could never bring himself to follow the example so liberally set by his predecessor Horace Vernet, of opening the salons of the Villa Medici; he might have made them attractive, a succursale in fact to the French Embassy, and afforded the young pensionnaires an opportunity of entering the higher and exclusive Roman society, but he would not. He had carriages, horses, and livery servants at the French Government's expense, also a sum allowed for entertaining—all in vain. The establishment was kept on the simplest, narrowest scale. Mme. Ingres was the type of a French bourgeoise housewife. The Sunday evenings when she received company were of the gloomiest. Ingres was a musical enthusiast, and himself a passionate though an indifferent violinist. There would generally be some music performed with the aid of one or the other of the *Pensionnaires Grand-prix de musique.* Foremost among them was Gounod, thin and emaciated, whose portrait I painted at about that time. I well remember one Sunday evening when a 'Kyrie Eleison' of his

composition was performed with the accompaniment of a string quartett. Gounod himself was at the piano, Ingres first violin, Hébert and myself second. I forget who were the other two, but I remember that I missed an important rentrée after pausing innumerable bars, through my companion's fault, and Gounod's reproachful look. The pensionnaires, together with a few others, would sit in rows on the benches that ran along three sides of the large scantily lit room; the walls were adorned with magnificent tapestries, representing the history of Esther and Ahasuerus in rococo style. The company had to listen more or less reluctantly to a succession of string quartetts very indiffently performed, of which Ingres never had enough, until 10 o'clock, when the weakest of teas was served. The same cake appeared on these occasions unimpaired Sunday after Sunday, until a bold wager between two frolicsome pensionnaires brought it to a timely end. One of them had boasted that he would bravely walk up to the tea-table and cut the cake, when the other promised to reward him by a congratulatory handshake. We all sat in breathless expectancy when the pantomime was successfully enacted. We watched Mme. Ingres' astonished face. She protested violently, but to no purpose, against the size of the

portions, calling out: 'Laissez donc; ces messieurs n'aiment pas ce gâteau.'

As I mentioned before, it took Ingres a long time before he made up his mind to begin to work seriously and steadily. When he did, it was to paint his well-known picture of Stratonice, a commission from the Duc d'Orléans. Attired in one of Mme. Ingres' *camisoles de nuit*, he would potter about in the somewhat stiff but beautiful gardens of the villa; these were full of antique statues, more or less restored, which he would arrange and rearrange, selecting some to be sent to the Louvre sculpture galleries in Paris.

Meanwhile his influence or his example began to make itself felt in the works which the pensionnaires were obliged to send yearly to the Academy in Paris. Their pictures became more grey and colourless every year, so much so that the Institute, in its annual report, thought it its duty to warn the young artists against so dangerous an influence. Ingres had given me a commission when in Florence to copy for him a fragment from a fresco painting by Jacopo da Pontormo, and I had just brought him my work as he had summoned all the young men confided to his guidance to communicate to them this obnoxious official report. They were standing in a row, pale and silent, he walking up and down the front like a general, foaming at

the mouth and trembling with indignation. 'We shall have our revenge, messieurs, you may rest assured. It's infamous ! They insult your director, but they will regret it, do not doubt it.'

Ingres had the special gift of being able to employ intelligent help in his pictures. Two very clever brothers Balze were almost exclusively employed by him. My brother, one of his best pupils, was proud to be allowed to show his gratitude by assisting him at his work in Rome. He had the true gift of a leader of men, and inspired his followers with enthusiasm. Even such ripe and accomplished artists as Paul Delaroche and Ary Scheffer could not withstand his powerful influence. Impressionism and 'plein air,' however, seem nowadays to have succeeded in making an end of it.

*

Horace Vernet

One day in May 1848 my brother and I were dining in Paris at a little restaurant in the Rue de l'Université, near our studios, from which it was not always safe in those days to wander far. Suddenly a small wiry gentleman with sharp vivacious features, a big military moustache, and very wide trousers, rose from a neighbouring table, and, offering my brother his hand, introduced himself in the most free and easy way as Horace Vernet. He courteously

declared that he had for a long time been desirous of making my brother's acquaintance, whose works, though utterly different from his own, he professed greatly to admire. He wound up a pleasant chat with an invitation to us to dine with him at his house at Versailles a few days later, which of course we were happy to accept. Paris was empty. It was not many months since the second Republic had been declared, and the comparatively few who had remained in town were more than usually inclined to herd together. In company with a common friend, an old Parisian notary and dilettante, we drove out on the appointed day. Before dinner I made bold to show the master some engravings after my pictures, asking him to criticise them. He very kindly did, pointing out defects, amongst others that in one figure the lower hand was too big for the upper one. Whereupon the old connoisseur crowed: 'Didn't I tell you that the upper hand was too small?' 'What does that prove?' said Vernet, and our friend expected a compliment. 'Cela prouve que le bourgeois met toujours le doigt à côté!' (The Philistine always misses the point). And our old friend collapsed.

At the pleasant dinner, over which Madame Vernet, a comely old lady, presided, Vernet was very communicative, and among other things told us about his stay in Algiers, whither he had gone

to make studies for his great Versailles picture 'La Prise de la Smala.' 'I followed our troops into the interior of the province,' he said, and showed us that he had received four scars from one shot. He was wonderfully active and seemed all quicksilver.

Later on he spoke of the struggles at the beginning of his career. He had married very young a girl without any dowry, and was glad at that time to get a commission to paint twenty-four pictures at ten francs apiece.

Friedrich Overbeck

Friedrich Overbeck was one of the most gifted of the young Germans who went to Rome at the beginning of this century to lay the foundations of a regenerated German art, exclusively devoted to the service of the Roman Catholic religion. I need not speak here of his works, which are known all over the world. He is the only one of the group gathered round the enthusiastic young Bavarian Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, who made Rome his permanent abode. He dwelt on the first floor of the Palazzo Cenci at the entrance of the Ghetto, 'far from the madding crowd' of frivolous tourists and the more frivolous artists who catered for their patronage. A colossal cross of unstained wood met the visitor's eye in the ante-room, before he was ushered through a

succession of half-empty brick-floored rooms into the presence of the master. An emaciated mediæval figure received one very courteously in the sanctuary, his studio. There he would show the works on which he was engaged, and readily explain their manifold, more or less hidden, symbolical meanings.

When I called to express my sympathy on the death of his wife, he protested that it was not an occasion for lamenting at all, but rather for rejoicing. 'All through life,' he said, 'we pray, Lord, may thy kingdom come! and when it comes we lament and cry, instead of thanking him. When we lost our only son at the age of nineteen, we thanked God on our knees for having preserved him from the temptations of this wicked world.' After that I could only apologise for my good, if mistaken, intention.

His contemporary and fellow student Cornelius used to call him his wife, alluding to his milder and more graceful style in comparison with the former's aim at stern grandeur.

Overbeck's most important work, and one of great artistic merit, is a large oil painting in the 'Städel'sches Institut' in Frankfort. It represents the influence which the Catholic religion has exercised on art and science. In a pamphlet which he has published to explain his not always clear intentions, he says of Raphael: 'The God-forget-

ting soon become the God-abandoned!'—a statement which should give one some idea of Overbeck's mind.

I drew him for my Album in 1853.

Albert Thorwaldsen.

In those remote years when modern Rome was still looked upon as an important art centre, Thorwaldsen was, with Gibson, the representative of the school of Canova, antiquated and discredited to-day like David's in painting. But in how high an esteem these men were held in their lifetime is proved by their own portrait statues, which by order of King Ludwig of Bavaria adorn niches on the outer wall of the Glyptothek, the gallery of antique sculptures in Munich.

Thorwaldsen was an old man when I was introduced to him at my friend Hiller's in Rome in 1843. He was of an imposing presence, tall, broad-shouldered, with bright blue eyes under a high forehead, a finely cut mouth, with very thin lips and a square clean-shaven chin, the whole crowned by abundant snow-white hair. He had not what we are accustomed to call a cultivated mind; his conversation was of the commonest, to which the fact that he spoke no language correctly may have contributed. During his long stay in Rome he had partly forgotten his native Danish, without

replacing it by another language. He spoke both Italian and German equally incorrectly, and knew absolutely nothing of French or English. So apparently uneducated, he was a striking instance of an undoubted natural and special gift for the sculptor's art. From the contrast to his creations, some of which have an uncontested claim to the admiration of all ages, the simplicity of his utterances derived a special charm. He lived unmarried with a Roman family of the lower middle class (*mezzo-ceto*), and, at the time I made his acquaintance, used to spend his evenings playing *lotto* with two old bachelors. Later on an energetic Danish Baroness took absolute possession of him till his end.

When he saw a drawing of my first picture in Madame Hiller's album, he expressed a wish to see the original, and my delight may be imagined when I received his visit in my little studio on the sixth floor.

Those were the halcyon days for foreign art-students in Rome. They were the masters, and the Romans only too ready to make them welcome. The Germans, always inclined to be fantastic and sentimental, had formed a kind of Club under the title 'The Ponte-Molle,' from the bridge which everyone coming from or towards the North had in those days to pass. The Society was formed to

welcome the newcomers and bid the parting a solemn farewell. The admission of a member was accompanied by all sorts of rather childish ceremonies, in return for which the novice had to regale the club with a bin of the excellent cheap wine of the Albano Hills.

Thorwaldsen had just returned from a triumphal progress through northern Europe, during which sovereigns had vied with each other in decorating his breast with stars and crosses of their orders. Nevertheless he readily consented to submit to a new reception into the 'Ponte-Molle' Club and all the rather childish ceremonies connected with it. The large coffee-room in the Palazzo Fiano in the Corso was crowded when the veteran was, according to regulations, introduced to the President by his two sponsors and answered, standing, the usual questions. 'Your name?'—'Albert Thorwaldsen.'—'Your age?'—'Eighty.'—'Your calling?'—'Sculptor.'—'Your aim?'—'To study art.' These answers, vouchsafed correct by the sponsors, were deemed sufficient to readmit him a member of the exalted society, and to redecorate him with its order, a *mezzo bajocco* (about two farthings), the lowest copper coin, on a green ribbon. He was said to have worn it at the foreign courts with his other decorations on all gala occasions. Presently he had to ascend a chair placed on a small table in

the middle of the room. A piece of lighted taper was put in his hand, as well as in that of every member, who now formed a procession and moved round him singing 'Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!' (Hail the victor laurel-crowned!) and other popular ditties.

Through the mist of the half-century which has elapsed since that for me memorable evening, I still see the sweet smile of the great old artist, as he sat, taper in hand, on the straw-bottomed chair on the top of an inn-table—the procession moving round him, I myself taking part in it. Times have changed—there is now no room, nor time, nor inclination for such tomfooleries. Imagine Sir Frederic Leighton in Thorwaldsen's position!

The same Club used to organise a yearly excursion to the picturesque Cervara-grottoes in the Roman Campagna, said to be the quarries which yielded the materials for building the Colosseum. The preparations for this one day's entertainment had to be carried on for months beforehand. Food and drink, for several hundred artists of all nations, had to be provided, as well as the means for transporting them some ten miles out of Rome. Emblems, flags, decorations, ornamental diplomas, had to be prepared, and the nominations to the different charges and places of honour settled; for all of which heavy duties some enthusiastic

young German artists were always found ready to sacrifice their not very valuable time.

Early on the morning of the fête, the artists, having donned their manifold disguises just outside the Porta San Giovanni (they were not allowed to wear them in town), mustered in three regiments, on horseback, on donkeys, and on foot, commanded by their respective generals with their staff. After the Revue, where the donkeys used to give much trouble, the columns moved in such order as they could manage to the place of their destination, where the day was most pleasantly spent in all sorts of games and tomfooleries, in striking contrast to the surrounding melancholy Campagna. Foreigners and Romans, who seemed to consider the day as a half-holiday and a supplement to the Carnival, used to meet us on our return to town in endless files of carriages. I once joined the Cervara-tour as a troubadour on a donkey, and another year as a Campagnolo on horseback. *Tempi passati!*

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Sir Edwin Landseer

I have met Sir Edwin Landseer occasionally at dinner parties, always in company of his *fidus Achates*, T. O. Hill, who had inherited him, together with the well-known chemist's business in Oxford Street, from his intimate friend, Mr. Jacob Bell. Both these gentle-

men, being fond of art and artists, managed Sir Edwin's worldly affairs no doubt much better than he could have done himself. Landseer was well on in years when I had the privilege of meeting him. He was rather less than the average height, with a finely developed high forehead, crowned by an abundance of curly white hair, and with piercing dark eyes and a pale complexion. Although his eyesight had paid the tribute to age (I saw him try four pairs of spectacles previously to examining a picture on the wall), he did not otherwise show any failing of his powers, and was very communicative, even garrulous, having a rich fund of social and artistic experience. Of course what he said was most interesting, if sometimes paradoxical. As an instance of the latter I heard him quite earnestly propound a theory that it would be much wiser, and certainly more economical, to stock conservatories with artificial flowers, the effect, he pretended, being absolutely identical with that of living flowers. The following is one of his many anecdotes.

'The other evening,' he told us, 'I was in the company of some ladies at a conversazione at the South Kensington Museum. In making the round of the pictures we came to my "Shepherd's Last Mourner" (his most touchingly pathetic picture), and, leaning over the rail in front of it to explain some of its details, I must have come very near it

with my finger. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a policeman called out from the other end of the room: "Don't you touch that picture!" I turned round and said meekly, "I am afraid I have touched it before." "More shame to you!" was his angry retort. "You might know better at your age!"'

In his latter years his active mind became gradually more and more clouded. When, after Sir Charles Eastlake's death, his colleagues had elected Sir Edwin as his successor in the Presidency of the Royal Academy, he declined the honour weeping, well feeling that he was no longer capable of adequately fulfilling the various arduous duties connected with that justly coveted place.

*

Sir Francis Grant.

Sir Francis Grant was not an ideal President, like his accomplished and eloquent successor, nor had he mastered the theoretical part of his art like his predecessor, but he was of a most courteous and benevolent disposition. He was a facile and clever portrait painter. A small hunting scene with numerous dogs was much remarked upon and highly appreciated by the French artists in the first Great International Exhibition in Paris, when the English contributions proved altogether a revelation to the French public. Although Sir Francis scarcely knew me personally, he sent me through a friend a highly flattering message

about my portrait of Lady Enfield in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1875. In consequence of this I brought him a photograph of the picture, and was very kindly received. 'A portrait,' he said, 'is rarely a success. This has been a genuine one, and I congratulate you upon it. But you had better be prepared. The English public is very fickle. Make hay while the sun shines. They will leave you as they have left me; I used to have some eighty commissions for portraits in the year, forty of which I could execute. Now I have none. It is Ouless for men, and Lehmann for ladies.' I ventured to ask if he had been able to do all this work without any assistance, such as his great predecessor, the first President, had employed. 'I used to have one,' he said, 'for my backgrounds, until I found one day to my dismay that he had painted *my* tree in another portrait-painter's background. I dismissed him in disgust, and have never had him replaced. But come into my studio,' and he led the way. In the vast room, large enough for equestrian portraits, of which he has painted many, a stuffed stag stood on the model throne. 'That is my last sitter,' he said with a melancholy smile, and added, 'he keeps very still.'

*

Ernst Meyer

Ernst Meyer, a Dane (because a native of Altona, when it belonged

to Denmark, was not a great but a true artist, and, what is almost as rare, a character. His fame was not widespread. Having studied painting in the Copenhagen Academy, he vainly strove all his life to shake off the narrow, punctilious, meagre style which is the characteristic of that art-school. But he was nevertheless an artist by 'the grace of God,' as his sketches bequeathed by him to the Copenhagen Academy fully prove. No painter was more intimately acquainted with the world of Italian monks, peasants, and pigs, for which latter he had, like Morland, a special quaint sympathy; to them he owed his nickname 'Pig-Meyer' (Schweine-Meyer). Among his many funny anecdotes concerning these unsavoury animals I remember the following. In Italy, when a village has St. Anthony as its patron saint, the whole community joins in feeding up a pig in his honour; he seems to have selected one for his usual companion, out of his excessive humility, from among all the animals whose patron-saint he is. Consequently this very thriving and highly respected quadruped is allowed to run amuck about the village, undisturbed and unmolested. One morning while Meyer sat sketching on the steps leading to the village church, a pig happened to run suddenly against him in its wild career, upsetting him on his frail campstool, as well as his easel, paintbox, umbrella, and of course the

sketch on which he was engaged. But all the sympathy he got from the surrounding loafers—a pest to every artist who works in the open air—was the explanation, that it was St. Anthony's pig, which could not be interfered with.

I wish to speak of the man quite as much as of the artist, for he combined in a rare degree the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, and in these matter-of-fact days his chivalrous character stands out a brilliant exception.

Though by nature of a very amorous disposition, he worshipped the fair sex with a most respectful veneration. At the beginning of a cruel disease rare in temperate zones, called 'Muskelschwind,' where single muscles gradually dwindle away from the arms and legs, he sought, but did not find, relief at the hydropathic establishment of Priessnitz in Bohemia, at that time famous. In the midst of winter the patients had to plod, thinly clad and barefooted, through the snow-covered woods. Meyer fell in love, as was always his wont; this time it was with a charming fellow-sufferer, a young Polish countess. And every morning she would find her path strewn with such flowers, berries, and leaves as the season afforded, gathered before dawn by her invalid adorer.

When his cruel ailment grew gradually and unavoidably worse, he had to abandon oil-painting,

and to take to water-colours instead. For that purpose he applied for lessons from a celebrated French aquarellist, calling himself, from fear of professional jealousy, an amateur. Finally he had to take to crutches, which, however, did not prevent his frequent falling, as he was only too apt to forget his invalid condition.

In the lovely village of Lariccia in the Albano Hills, about fourteen *miglie* distant from Rome, a miscellaneous company of artists and loafers used to seek refuge from the pestilential Roman summer-heat. The *piazza* in front of the Casa Martorelli, the only inn, was adorned with two ornamental fountains, where the handsome girls of the village in their scarlet gold-braided jackets used morning and evening to fill their graceful copper pitchers, balancing them on their heads. Here poor Meyer fell and broke his leg. Of course I hastened to see him. To my question whether he had suffered much pain, he answered 'Rather; but it is child's play compared with what I felt when I lay helplessly prostrate on the ground, and that beautiful girl with her pitcher on her head exclaimed, "Povero vecchio!" (Poor old man!). That *did* hurt.'

I may mention here an event which, notwithstanding its somewhat ludicrous side, very nearly spoiled my holiday at Lariccia. A slight attack of

Roman fever, though yielding to strong doses of quinine, had left a neuralgic toothache behind, which, returning at the same hour day after day, grew to be wellnigh unbearable. My American dentist in Rome had, before leaving, most earnestly entreated me in case of any emergency during his temporary absence not to consult a Roman dentist, for whom as a class he professed the utmost contempt, but rather to apply for relief at the nearest convent, all of which, he said, counted some experienced friar dentist among their confraternity. So, after a sleepless night, I ordered my donkey to be saddled, and rode along a divine avenue of venerable ilexes, called 'La Galleria di sopra' which runs above the lake of Albano to the well-known Capucin convent. I rang the bell, and at my request was shown the *padre dentista*, who led the way into the loveliest of gardens, overlooking the lake, with the Campagna and the cupola of St. Peter's in the hazy distance, where some of the friars were busy gardening and others reading or engaged in earnest conversation. There, on a stone seat, overshadowed by a galaxy of roses, he beckoned me to sit down and prepared for active operations. But I protested, finding the contrast too great between my miserable plight and these ideal surroundings. So, as the use of the very small cells for our purpose seemed to be against the rules, I

was shown into the kitchen, where other monks were preparing the midday meal, but at least there were no warbling birds and no roses. So I submitted to my fate. The padre, after showing me his two primitive instruments for the upper and the lower teeth, made me sit down on a wooden bench, mounted on a stool behind me, asked me to show him the offending tooth, and, bending over me, pulled out the wrong one. As he would accept no remuneration, I deposited in a box some small coin for masses, and left with many thanks, the richer by a novel experience and the poorer by a good tooth. Meyer was inconsolable at not having been able to accompany me on this expedition, as monks were one of his specialities.

He was an insatiable reader, especially of autobiographies, memoirs, and letters, but as, through the operation of the 'Sacra Congregazione dell'Indice,' books were somewhat scarce in Rome, he would bless his bad memory, which would enable him to read the same book over and over again without ever noticing that he had read it before.

He spent a small legacy from an aunt on a voyage to Lapland. When asked what made him select so unattractive a country, he—an exceptionally plain man—would answer: 'The Government sent me, in the hope that I should marry and improve the race.'

He most kindly offered to accompany me to the

hot springs of Vicarello on the lake of Bracciano, whither I went to get rid of an obstinate attack of lumbago. On arriving, the waiters, naturally supposing the new patient to be the man with the crutches, showed him the greatest attention, while utterly ignoring me, the real invalid. But he seriously told them that, being himself too ill to use the baths, he had brought a younger man with him to take them for him, from which he expected much relief.

It was his great ambition to become personally acquainted with all possible situations in life. So he rather enjoyed being led to prison between two gendarmes, owing to some mistake in his passport; and after being very nearly drowned while sea-bathing, he declared, when with some difficulty he was restored to life, that the moment before losing consciousness was beyond all description delightful. I last saw him in Hamburg, when on a visit to his relatives, sitting in a basket attached to a balloon that was just going up, with his crutches alongside him, and exultingly waving a flag with his lame arm. On perceiving me in the crowd of spectators, he shouted as he rose into space, 'Don't tell my people!'

*

Franz Liszt

I have met Liszt off and on at shorter or longer intervals in Paris,

Heligoland, Weimar, Rome, and not long before his death in London. His character was a mixture of contending qualities. His gifts were not confined to music; he was intelligent, quickwitted, a fluent talker, and most kind-hearted; but he was somewhat spoiled by his career as a pianist, to which his best years were devoted. It is scarcely to be expected that a long succession of most brilliant personal triumphs should not leave its mark even on the strongest character. When, with intimate friends, he would divest himself of a certain self-consciousness and love of posing, he could be of a bewitching amiability, and this not only to the fair sex that played so large a part in his life. The magnetic, demoniacal character of his face is well rendered in Ary Scheffer's picture of 'The Devil tempting Christ in the Desert,' for which he sat. His most mobile face was full of life. In his youth slim and delicate, his appearance was elegant and prepossessing. In the forehead, which was of medium height, the temple bones, where phrenologists place the bump of music, formed ridges exceptionally prominent and sharply defined. His grey eyes, naturally very shortsighted, were overshadowed by bushy eyebrows, and of a most benevolent expression. His nose was thin, rather long, and aquiline, with very mobile nostrils. Thin lips with strongly

marked corners gave character to his rather large mouth. His chin was square and well developed, his face clean-shaven. The ash-brown (*brun-cendré*) hair, combed up and backwards from the temples, like that of Jupiter Ammon, fell in smooth soft streaks, and was worn rather long. Like most Hungarians, he spoke several languages; French seemed, after his mother-tongue, to come most naturally to him, and then German, which he spoke fluently, but with a strong Austrian accent. He well knew how to hold his own in those exclusive circles to which his talent procured him admission. When at Court in Vienna the old Princess Metternich, who owed him a grudge, pointedly asked him whether he had made 'de bonnes affaires?' His answer was, 'Moi, je fais de la musique; je laisse les affaires aux diplomates et aux marchands.'

I saw and heard him for the first time in Paris in 1836, when he was quite young; he was playing at a charity morning concert at the Hôtel de Ville. Deadly pale, he fell off his stool in a swoon in the midst of his performance, and had to be carried out of the room. I did not make his acquaintance then, nor for many years after, but heard much about him through my elder brother, who became intimately acquainted with him, and painted his portrait and that of the Countess d'Agoult, with

whom he then lived at a villa near Lucca. That lady had left her home, husband, children, and a brilliant social position in Paris for Liszt's sake. Three children were born of this temporary union. Of the two girls, who were brought up by Liszt's mother, one married Emile Ollivier, the Cabinet Minister, who in 1870 declared that he undertook the disastrous Franco-German war 'd'un cœur léger;' the other daughter, Cosima, was first married to the well-known musician Von Bülow, and, after being divorced from him, to Richard Wagner. The third child was a boy, whom his parents, on leaving Italy, confided to a nurse in Palestrina, to be sent for later on. My brother, who had undertaken to look after the baby, asked me, on himself leaving Rome in 1840, to take his place and to see occasionally whether the child was properly cared for. So I sometimes hired a trap, and drove out eighteen miles to see little Daniel in his cradle. The nurse, a carpenter's wife, in her becoming Albanese costume, was a fine specimen of the Roman type of beauty. In due time my little ward was sent for, and I did not see him again till in 1859, when, in Berlin, calling at Frau von Bülow's, I found a pale young man, the image of Liszt, on a couch in her drawing-room. That was Daniel Liszt, then in the last stage of consumption. He died soon afterwards, much regretted.

He was said to have been highly gifted, and to have given rise to the brightest hopes.

I must not forget to mention that I was indebted to Liszt for the first money I earned professionally in Rome. He had left a commission for me with my brother to copy for him on one canvas the heads of Dante and Savonarola in Raphael's 'Disputa del Sacramento' in the Vatican, which I did to the best of my ability soon after arriving in 1839.

When in 1846 I was introduced to the Countess d'Agoult in Paris, she had long been separated from Liszt. She still showed traces of her former beauty, and was, as a *femme libre*, the centre of a circle of distinguished, highly cultivated men. Under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern she had achieved some literary fame, and had succeeded in marrying her only legitimate daughter according to her rank—under the circumstances, no easy task.

Not till 1849 did I make Liszt's personal acquaintance, when we spent some weeks together in Heligoland, that most bracing of watering-places—a barren rock some hundred feet high, and scarcely two miles in circumference, in the midst of the North Sea. He was then living with the Princess Wittgenstein, another aristocratic lady, irresistibly hypnotised by his marvellous personality, which had in it a rare mixture of strength and sweetness,

of genius and worldly wisdom. The princess, who was not handsome, had, like her predecessor, left her husband, position, and a very large fortune—millions, as she said—but had with her a very charming daughter of about fourteen, with her governess. The daughter is now married to Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, one of the highest functionaries at the Imperial Court in Vienna.

A pleasant circle happened to meet that year in Heligoland, composed of Adolf Stahr, Fanny Lewald, and Dingelstedt, the well-known authors, Ernst Meyer, the Danish-Roman artist, and Julius Fröbel, just escaped from the recently quelled Baden insurrection. He thought it safer to embark for America from the island, at that time still English, than from some German port. He told us how, in the previous year, when a member of the Frankfort Reichstag, he had been taken, red-handed, on a barricade in Vienna, together with Robert Blum. Both were condemed to death, and Blum was shot. When Fröbel's turn came he was taken to the place of execution, and saw the soldiers ranged opposite him, awaiting the word of command. The death-sentence was read to him, the staff broken over his head, and then he was told that he was pardoned on condition that he left the Austrian states immediately. 'Though not afraid,' he told us, 'I had felt the blood run like fire in my

veins. I had not touched food for twenty-four hours, but now I found suddenly that I had a voracious appetite. When the gaoler took me back to my prison cell, a chop stood untouched on the table. To my dismay, he threw it to his mastiff, saying, "I dare say you have no appetite, nor have you any time for eating, for you must be off at once." So, half starved, I was escorted to the frontier between two gendarmes.'

I drew every one of our party for my Album, but before leaving this enchanting island I was to have a novel and not very pleasant experience. The bright red sandstone of which it is formed is so soft, that the sea which is continually washing away some of its base is dyed red for some distance all round and is jokingly called the crayfish soup—*bisque*. This makes it unfit for bathing, which is done instead on some flat sand-dunes, about a mile distant, to which the bathers are daily conveyed in small boats—a rich source of income to the native population of fishermen. The wind having one day suddenly changed into a gale while we were out bathing, our sailors declared that it was impossible to return to the island while it lasted, and that we should have to spend the night on that barren little sandbank. The only shelter was a small wooden pavilion, where, after an invigorating bath, the bathers used

to lunch on lobsters, oysters, and stout. There we had to seek protection from the hurricane, thirty-eight in number without counting the sailors, with many invalids and some children among us. The scanty stock of provisions was soon exhausted, as by a plague of locusts, and hungry and thirsty we had to accommodate ourselves for the night on and under the bare tables and wooden benches. Outside the storm raged furiously, extinguishing the small tallow candles whenever the door was opened; the angry waves, mixed with clouds of sand, dashed continually against the windows, and flooded the whole place. In that condition, which was not without its ludicrous episodes, we anxiously awaited the morning, when the storm abated and allowed us to return to our temporary homes in a very dilapidated condition.

To return to Liszt. As a natural consequence of our being together for several weeks on so small an island, we became more intimately acquainted than if we had lived for years side by side in a large town. He was then settled in Weimar, as an intimate friend of the young Grand-Duke, who dreamt of resuscitating in his capital a period of spiritual grandeur such as it had enjoyed at the beginning of the century. He was clever enough to see that literature was out of the question; so he thought of giving art a turn and of repeating

in his relations with Liszt those of his grandfather Carl August with Goethe. Liszt was installed with his princess in the Altenburg, a small castle conspicuously situated on a hill, a little distance from Weimar. There, somewhat later, I was his guest, on his inviting me from Hamburg, where I was then portrait painting, to be present at the unveiling of Rietschels' bronze group of Schiller and Goethe. Those were very festive days. There were court banquets, gala representations at the Court Theatre, and excursions to the Wartburg, picturesquely situated in the Thüringer Wald, where we were shown the spot that Luther made on the wall when he threw his inkstand at the devil, who tried to distract him from his translation of the Bible. It has miraculously escaped the centuries of scraping by pious visitors. I had drawn the Grand-Duke for my Album in Rome, and he remembered how, while driving together to my studio with two elderly gentlemen to whom we had left the covered part of the carriage, we were overtaken by a thunderstorm and so drenched that he had to borrow some of my clothes while his were drying. The old Russian Dowager Grand-Duchess invited me, together with Prince Pückler-Muskau (author of the famous 'Letters of a Dead Man'), to dinner at her villa at noon. She was stone deaf, and spoke in an almost inaudible

whisper, but was evidently bent on being amiable and had a number of Goethe relics brought in after dinner for us to see.

At the Altenburg incense was burnt from morning till night by the Princess and her charming daughter on their idol's altar. The least flattering address in ordinary conversation was: 'Cher, bon, grand!' It is greatly to Liszt's credit that he was not utterly spoiled by such extravagant adulation.

After making a drawing of Eckermann (Goethe's amanuensis, friend, and biographer, then very old) and one of young Joachim, then at the head of the orchestra, I left, and did not see Liszt again till 1861 in Rome, where he was then living with the Princess and I had come to settle once more with my young and very musical wife. He spent many an evening with us, alternately making and listening to music. He could be most natural and attractive in his behaviour under those circumstances, allowing his really kind and admirable qualities to come into play; but if there was anything in the shape of an audience, he would become self-conscious and a 'poseur,' which sometimes would make him insupportable. Our manservant, who, in the familiar way of that excellent class in Italy, had given every one of our friends a nickname, would announce him, when calling, 'l'Inamidato' (the 'starched gentleman') from the

solemn stiffness of his gait when he knew himself to be observed.

The Princess Wittgenstein lived in the Via del Baboino in a modest furnished apartment on the second floor. As a punishment for having left her husband and her country, possibly as an inducement to return, the Emperor of Russia had ordered her millions to be confiscated for the benefit of her daughter on condition of her paying a moderate pension to her mother. This, however, her pride would not allow her to accept, and the money accumulated in the bank untouched. An ardent Catholic, she wrote many books in defence of her faith, but only for private circulation. Small and far from handsome, she talked much with a loud, strident voice, speaking French with a Polish accent, and smoked big strong cigars.

She was doing her utmost to obtain a divorce, so as to be able to marry Liszt. This was very difficult to manage, as the Catholic Church only admits two reasons for a dissolution of marriage, which is a Sacrament. The one, when marriage has never been consummated, would have been bound to fail in this case, as there was one child. The only other remaining ground for divorce was, if it could be proved that one of the parties had been coerced into the union; a very elastic plea, and one which was successfully put

forward in this case. The marriage was annulled by the Pope, with the one condition that she should not marry again in Rome. To everybody's surprise Liszt declared that he would not be married out of Rome, and one fine morning we were startled by the news that he had entered holy orders, and was going to retire for a while and stay with Monsignor (later Cardinal) Hohenlohe, brother of Princess Wittgenstein's son-in-law, and one of the Pope's Chamberlains. As a farewell, he had promised to play at one of Mrs. Story's soirées at the Barberini Palace; she was the wife of the well-known American sculptor. But the Princess refused point blank to lend for that occasion her grand piano, the only one on which Liszt, so he had declared, could play. She finally yielded reluctantly at the third earnest request. He played as brilliantly as ever, and for many weeks after was not seen nor heard of. He was *in ritiro* with Monsignor Hohenlohe at the Vatican. Speculation was rife as to the reason for this sudden change of front. One was, that he really never meant to tie himself to this elderly, physically unattractive, lady, and was rather disappointed at this loophole having unexpectedly been found for a divorce, which had been deemed impossible. The other was, that Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst did not relish the prospect of

having a Maestro, however famous, for a father-in-law, and had urged the Monsignore his brother to exert himself to baffle the obnoxious plan. How near it was being realised may be gathered from the fact told me by Liszt himself, that earnest attempts were made in Vienna to unearth for him some claim to a title of nobility.

Be this as it may, in due time the Abbé Liszt sallied forth from the Vatican in very becoming clerical attire, and mixed once more in Roman society, resuming also his visits to our house in San Niccolò da Tolentino.

After a while he again retired, this time to the convent of Santa Francesca Romana in Campo Vaccino, the Forum, where I called and found him indisposed, in bed. He seemed much embittered, and complained of the world, which, after having extolled his genius as a pianist, refused to accept him as a composer, in which title all his ambition now centred.

After many years I saw him again, and for the last time in London in 1887, when he was chaperoned by the wife of his countryman, the famous Hungarian painter Muncacsy, a very loquacious, masterful lady. He was much aged. I met him at a soirée which his most faithful pupil, Walter Bache, had arranged in his honour at the Grosvenor Gallery. He did not know me till I

named myself, when he said: 'Je n'y vois plus,' and asked to be taken to my wife.

The spell that attached his numerous pupils to him was most touchingly exemplified by Bache, who earned his living by giving piano lessons. He regularly every year spent all he could spare from his earnings on a concert exclusively devoted to the spreading of Liszt's compositions, in the hope to make them popular.

Ferdinand Hiller, Abate Baini

My relations with Ferdinand Hiller were very intimate. They date as far back as 1835, when I made his and his worthy mother's acquaintance in Paris. He belonged to a well-to-do Frankfort family, and had given early proofs of exceptional musical gifts as a pianist and composer, having attracted unusual notice in the musical world through the publication of some string quartetts. In those years, more even than to-day, Paris was looked upon as a Mecca to which aspiring young artists had to make their pilgrimage to get their fame assured. Hiller's talent soon found the recognition it deserved, and with Liszt and Chopin he was considered foremost among pianists. At an early age a few years make a great difference; I was somewhat younger than Hiller, and although we often met at the houses of mutual friends, we did not then become

intimate. A real friendship only sprang up in the winter of '41–42, when he came to spend his honeymoon in Rome. His bride was a Polish prima donna, and had sung at Milan in Hiller's first opera. There he made her acquaintance and married her. His family, which was of strict Jewish persuasion, did not relish the union. With them was the bride's sister, an attractive young lady, later known in Paris as Madame de Calonne. Hiller's personality and the rare musical gifts of the young couple soon made their salon a centre where the most incongruous elements and nationalities would meet of an evening in a free and easy manner. There were artists and musicians of all nationalities, as well as princes and diplomatists. Among the sculptors Thorwaldsen's majestic figure was conspicuous, and amongst the musicians Sgambati, Ciabatta the handsome singer, and Landsberg a German, who stood foremost among resident Maestri. There were also Prince Frederic of Prussia (whom I drew for Madame Hiller's album), the Duca Cervetri, eldest son of the princely house of Ruspoli, a young Prince de Talleyrand, the Prussian Ambassador, Von Buch, with his beautiful wife, soon after divorced, and Frau Von Nimbsch, her still youthful mother, among many others. It was a gathering that only the Rome of those days could have brought to-

gether in furnished apartments hired by a simple German musician. At that time visitors in Rome stayed there long enough to establish some social intercourse, and the knowledge that spring would put an end to all the temporary acquaintances formed during the winter lent to them an unusual amount of freedom. Every evening Madame Hiller received in her salon in the Via Frattina, when there was music, sketching, a good deal of flirtation, and tea—the last being a deviation from the Roman fashion of offering no refreshments but water at such gatherings.

Hiller took advantage of his lengthy stay in Rome to study counterpoint under the famous Abate Baini, the director of the world-famed Sistine Chapel choir. I went at Hiller's request to the famous Italian Maestro's house to draw him; I was well received, and came upon a piece of mediæval Italy. In the whitewashed, unpapered, brick-floored little room, without a carpet or a fireplace, the venerable Maestro sat on a huge leather-covered armchair, behind a large deal table littered with musical manuscripts. Before him was a little earthenware pot, called a *marito* (husband) by the Romans, filled with lighted charcoal for warming his hands, which in addition were protected by black worsted mittens. He boasted that he had never seen artificial light away from his

house, meaning he had never left it after sunset, nor had he ever seen the Carnival in the course of his long life spent in Rome. He complained of the difficulty he encountered of finding basso voices for his choir as deep as in former times, and assigned the explanation of this shortcoming to the fact that the present generation had been conceived and born by anxious, desperate mothers, distracted by the Napoleonic wars in those unsettled times. He kindly inquired after my present occupation, and when I informed him that I was painting a picture, the subject of which was an episode from the life of Pope Sixtus V., he warned me against the scandalous and malignant biography of that Pope by the heretic Gregorio Leti, which, though on the index of books forbidden by the Inquisition, I had succeeded in procuring. In its place he offered to lend me a better one, and handed me a bulky manuscript. But, when at home, I found that it was the abhorred Gregorio Leti's book, minus the obnoxious passages.

After Easter, Hiller left Rome, like all foreign visitors, to begin his professional musical career in earnest. His patrimony, originally not inconsiderable, was much reduced through his exceptionally prolonged honeymoon and rather lavish expenditure. He first went to his birthplace Frankfort, thence to Leipzig, Dresden, and Düsseldorf, some-

times engaged as Kapellmeister, always working, mostly on operas, which seemed to have an irresistible fascination for him. He tried his luck with several of them on different stages, never successfully but never discouraged. The difficulty of finding a suitable libretto, under which so many of his German fellow-composers, including Beethoven and Mendelssohn, had laboured, may have had a large part in these failures, but I fear that want of special aptitude did the rest.

I here quote a few passages from his letters bearing on this subject :

'Frankfort, February 1843.

. . . 'Our literary men are so utterly ignorant of the conditions of the stage that it is really a pity, and most of our composers fail on that account. It would be a great thing to be able to do something for the German Opera; but we live in a perfect deluge of French and Italian productions. I sometimes really doubt the possibility.' . . .

'June 1843.

. . . 'You painters may be nervous before sending your work to an exhibition. But you have no idea of what it means to witness and personally conduct a first representation of your own opera, and you may be thankful for it. I have

pulled fairly well through the business, and my music has found enthusiastic admirers. The libretto is generally condemned and is really somewhat tedious. I am now looking for a new one, but I have become so over fastidious, that it will probably be long before I find a decent one. The Germans are in this as in many things most unskilled.' . . .

'Pillnitz, August 1845.

. . . 'But what is certain is, that we have nobody in Germany who possesses the technique of the art of writing a libretto for an opera; they are only continually trying their hand, and every good or bad writer really begins again at the beginning.'

Finally, he accepted a permanent place as Kapellmeister and Director of the Conservatoire of Music in Cologne under favourable conditions, and remained there till the end of his life.

His compositions are very numerous; but although he worked with keen enjoyment and great, perhaps too great, facility, and though he knew more theoretically than most musicians, his works were scarcely ever popular. Late in life he took to literature, for which he had a great natural disposition, and in that was much more successful than with his music. He knew it and complained of it. 'Not,' he said, 'that it comes more easy

to me than writing music; it gives me no end of trouble and I take infinite pains. But it is much more appreciated by the public than my music, though that is the result of my whole life's study.' However, he received many tangible proofs of the satisfaction his writings had given in high quarters, in the shape of crosses and ribbons, which he seemed greatly to appreciate.

With a natural inclination to corpulence, he was still, till late in life, active and impetuous in his movements. Apparently somewhat blunt and rough in his utterances, he was full of natural benevolence, and gifted with a noble and elevated mind. To his pupils he was a never-tiring, thorough-going teacher; to his numerous friends, ever self-sacrificing and helpful.

*

Alexander von Humboldt

Humboldt would often fly to Paris to escape the society and court-life of Berlin, which interfered with his work. King Frederic William IV., who was a great patron of artists and men of science, was his special friend, and had made him one of his chamberlains, thereby taking up much of his precious time. To escape this he would come to Paris, and take modest lodgings in a *maison meublée*, close to the Institute of which he was a member, and where he made his researches in the Library. These lodgings were kept

by a too honest Swiss, for Humboldt used to complain that the man refused to charge his conscience with a lie on his behalf and deny him to visitors, when he wanted to work undisturbed. When asked if the Baron was at home, he would say: 'He is, but he wants me to say that he isn't.' Humboldt was for many years a frequent visitor at my uncle's house in Paris, where he would dine without ceremony, quite *en intimité*, whenever it suited him. He was very fond of talking, and was most communicative on such occasions. To oblige my aunt, who was anxious to have his portrait, he readily consented to sit to me for a pencil drawing, and for that purpose came twice to my studio (luckily in his neighbourhood) in spite of its five flights of stairs. This was in 1847. I am glad to say that I have lately been able to add this drawing to my collection. Of his interesting conversation I regret that I have no notes, and only remember the scorn with which he derided my casual remark, that the moon seemed to have some influence on our planet. 'What can it matter to us,' he would say, 'whether the moon is lit from the right or from the left, or not at all? Those are problems for the nursery.' Nevertheless, my Italian experience had taught me, that when in the country a procession is ordained to intercede with the Madonna or some Saint for a change in the weather, the priests take

good care that it shall coincide with a change of the moon.

When he learned some years later that I was about to visit England, he sent me an extremely amiable letter of introduction, with a few lines addressed to myself. The letter was written across the sheet diagonally, for his right arm was somewhat lame, in consequence of his having slept under a poisonous tree in South America. Those few lines ran as follows:

Berlin, May 14, 1850.

Unfortunately I am not in a position to write to Prince Albert, as, owing to my well-known opinions and sentiments, I am not a *persona grata.* But you receive, dear Mr. Lehmann, a very warm introduction to the noble Duke of Sutherland. I have given him a true and vivid description of what I know of your rare talent, your tender as well as characteristic rendering of female beauty, and the great charm of your forms. With affectionate esteem,

Yours,

Alexander von Humboldt.

P.S.—My health and working capacity are better than my state of mind. The pressure from which I suffer in this scribbling, dogmatic, characterless, provisory country, is boundless. Peace

at home and abroad is not going to be disturbed, least of all on account of the export of Neuchatel *bonnes*.[1]

*

Nov. 1893.

Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D.

To-day, on my return from the Continent, I left a card on Lady Clark, with an expression of my sincerest sympathy with her in her cruel bereavement. I know of nothing more brutally sinister than a black board with the glaring white letters, 'To be sold,' desecrating the front of a house once dear to you. When I had rung the bell at the familiar door in Cavendish Square, it was opened by a very simple man-servant in plain clothes. Where was the pompous, bald, corpulent butler, who used to ask you, with the severity of a magistrate, whether you had an appointment; and, if you had not, would, after studying an endless list, give you one several days hence, his right hand formed into a receptacle, with an indescribable, almost automatic, movement, while the left opened the door to let you out?

To-day I was ushered into the waiting room, usually so full of patient patients trying to beguile the long hours of tedious waiting by looking distractedly at the illustrated papers that littered the

[1] About that time a quarrel between Prussia and Switzerland concerning Neuchatel, which threatened to disturb the peace of Europe, was amicably settled.

long table in the middle of the room. It was bare to-day. A small marble bust of Mr. Gladstone, facing the door, and Holl's testimonial-portrait of Sir Andrew, were the only ornaments that broke the ghastly emptiness.

I cannot boast of having been a friend of Sir Andrew, but we were on friendly terms, and I have repeatedly consulted him professionally. He also gave me a first sitting for a pencil drawing for my collection in May last—alas! never to be followed by a second. Far be it from me to take upon myself the right of expressing an opinion as to his merits as a man of science. Distinguished colleagues of his on the continent had repeatedly asked me how to account for his great reputation and his extraordinary hold on the English public, of which they evidently did not know the reasons. Those I could give were purely personal, but they would go a long way. His great secret was his sincere belief in himself, the confidence with which he inspired his patients, and his power to convince them of his deep, almost exclusive, interest in the special case before him. No matter how full his waiting-room might be, or how advanced the hour, he never showed the slightest sign of hurry or of impatience. He would sit down and write several pages of general instructions in alternate red and black ink, to accompany his prescriptions. I re-

member him leisurely discussing my overcoat one day as I was preparing to take my leave, though his waiting-room was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. Most busy doctors are in a much greater hurry to get rid of one.

During the one sitting he gave me he was very communicative, and I regret that my efforts, though abortive, distracted me at the time from the conversation, which I have consequently forgotten in great part; but I was struck at finding how large was the range of interests that occupied his mind besides his profession. 'Religious questions interest me above everything,' he said; 'I like to peer into the unknown. . . . I have delivered a lecture on "Faith," in which I maintain that faith is an inherent quality of the human mind, quite irrespective of any creed. It was published, and is sold out. But my friend the Bishop of —— made me promise on his death-bed to republish it, in which case I shall send you a copy. . . . I scarcely ever dine before ten o'clock, and never let a day pass without having given some hours to reading a book on some religious or philosophical subject, to prevent my mind from getting one-sided, and to keep it balanced.'

Holl's conversational powers had not impressed him favourably—he had found him too much wrapt up in his work during the sittings—but he never

ceased praising Watts in that, as in other respects, coinciding with Mr. Gladstone, who, at Alnwick Castle, had told me that the two best conversationalists he had met with were the two R.A.'s, Watts and Richmond.

Of Mr. Gladstone Sir Andrew would speak in terms of deep-felt, sincerest veneration:

'Here is a man,' he said, 'who, at the very end of a long life, honourably spent in the service of his country, in possession of everything a mortal can possibly desire, risks fame, position, the love, nay, the esteem, of his country and his sovereign, everything in fact worth living for, in order to carry out what he is profoundly convinced to be right. And how that man is vilified! But, mark my word, no man will be more regretted and more extolled when he is gone!'

He spoke of the Jews, and how wonderfully they carried everything before them. He could not understand why. 'Where will they end? But there is no great doctor among the English Jews.' I named a very successful Jewish specialist. 'He is a very clever man,' he answered, 'and, what is still rarer among specialists, I believe him to be an honest man. But he is not a great man; he has not enriched the world by any new idea.'

Sir Andrew's great panacea for every ailing was 'work.' 'Work,' he would say, 'has never killed

a man,' and, with some legitimate pride, he would point to himself, who, having come from Scotland with a diseased lung, was now able to work regularly sixteen hours a day. But alas! work *has* killed him in the long run. When, after the first sitting, I mentioned the following Sunday as likely to be a more convenient day for the next, he smiled, and said, 'Guess how many letters I had to write last Sunday. Seventy-eight.'

I never got that second sitting, but I have succeeded, with the help of a photograph and of my memory, in painting for the Royal College of Physicians a large portrait of Sir Andrew in his presidential robes, which seems to satisfy his colleagues, his friends, and, what is more, his widow.

*

Sir William Siemens

I painted Sir William (then Mr.) Siemens twice. In the background of the first portrait (1869), I introduced by his desire a small model illustrating one of his recent inventions, the manufacture of steel direct from the ore. In the second (1881) he sits at a table, compass in hand, drawing a plan.

Sir William was one of a large family, mostly of boys. The parents, who managed an estate near Ratzeburg and lived in rather straitened circumstances, must have been people much above the average, for nearly all their sons achieved

some eminence in their various callings, chiefly as engineers and electricians. After the early death of both father and mother, the eldest son, Werner, undertook, with touching self-sacrifice, though very young himself, the care of his numerous brothers and sisters. He had embraced a military career in Prussia, and was garrisoned in Magdeburg. There he took his younger brother William, in whom he had early discovered the germs of those rare gifts to which he later owed his great position in the scientific world, to live with him. He taught him mathematics, and after a while entered him for his apprenticeship in Count Stolberg's great manufactory of machinery in Magdeburg. This, so Sir William told me during one of the sittings for his portrait, he soon left, in hopes to be able to dispose of some of his and his brother's[1] joint inventions, the principal one being an improved process of electro-plating. He had just money enough to reach Hamburg, where the sale of his minor patents yielded him the means to reach London. Having, on arriving, secured a room in a third-class hotel in Leicester Square, he sallied forth to see London, beginning

[1] Since these lines were written I have read Werner von Siemens' recently published *Recollections* (Lebenserinnerungen), in which the events I relate are briefly given, and somewhat differently. But my version is almost in Sir William's very words, and may therefore serve as an addition to that highly interesting autobiography.

with the Strand—that, even to Londoners, bewildering beehive, teeming with a feverish life at all hours of the day and night. It may easily be imagined what it must have been to a lad fresh from quiet Magdeburg. Of course he did not know a soul, and knew very little of the English language. With a view to finding a place for disposing of his patent, he loitered about, trying to decipher the many signboards which abound in that business artery, when the word 'Undertaker' in big black letters arrested his attention. No doubt it meant a business that would 'undertake' anything, the selling of patents included. So he entered the shop, where he found an elderly gentleman engaged in settling the details of a funeral. Our young friend at once began to try to explain his errand to the bewildered shopkeeper in broken English—a hopeless task, electro-plating having absolutely nothing to do with funerals, excepting, perhaps, for the plates on the coffin. The old gentleman present, after listening for a while with some amusement, asked the lad in German what it was he really wanted, and, having learned it, informed the surprised inventor that this shop only 'undertook' funerals, and that Messrs. Elkington & Co., in Birmingham, were the people most likely to appreciate and remunerate his invention, adding

that he would just be in time to catch the night train. Our energetic young friend, after profuse thanks, left the shop, counted his money, which he found just enough for a third-class railway ticket, went for his slender luggage, and left for Birmingham, which he reached early next morning. Of course he lost no time in presenting himself at the great electro-plating firm, and, as was to be expected, was received with the utmost coolness by a supercilious manager, who, after listening to the young man's offer, told him that their firm had a patent which secured them the exclusive right to use electric currents generated by galvanic batteries or by induction for gilding or silvering purposes. But young William, nothing daunted, replied that, as he proposed to use thermo-electric currents, he did not infringe their patent. The manager continued, though somewhat taken aback: 'Every day some new invention is offered us, and, with rare exceptions, they mostly prove worthless. Only a few days ago we had the misfortune to buy a patent which turned out to be a complete failure.' 'May I ask what you gave for it?' the young man replied, and, when the price was named, continued: 'What on earth can you expect for such a paltry sum?' And being asked what he claimed as the price of his patent, he astonished his interlocutor by naming 1,500*l.*

'What!' the manager, who did not believe his ears, called out, 'such a preposterous sum for an invention that has not even been tried!' 'If you will allow me,' Siemens replied, 'I will bring you some specimens to-morrow morning.' He took his leave, and without loss of time set to work in his garret, gilding every available object on his washing-stand. The next morning he duly presented the results to the astonished manager. The new process of electro-plating, by doing away with the hitherto indispensable final polishing of the uneven surfaces, effected a considerable saving of time and consequently of money.

The bargain was concluded, and with the sum he had asked in his pocket, William started for London, to begin a highly successful career, all too soon ended.

*

Adelaide Ristori

Strolling one hot afternoon in 1841 through the picturesque streets of Florence, I found myself before a little open-air theatre, where Goldoni's ever-popular comedies and translated French pieces were daily performed to a crowded audience. I took an incredibly cheap ticket, and was surprised to find a beautiful young prima donna, whose acting, like a jewel in a dusky setting, far outshone that of her fellow-actors.

There were no playbills, but my neighbour told me that her name was Adelaide Ristori.

Actors in Italy were then, and possibly are still, in the condition of their English brethren at the time of Shakespeare. Not, as in England, classed by law as 'rogues and vagabonds,' they still had no fixed abode, in fact were all strolling players.

On my return to Rome I was delighted to find the same company advertised by placards for the forthcoming 'Stagione di Carnevale' in the little Metastasio Theatre near the Palazzo Borghese. Needless to say, whatever I could spare of a very scanty income, possibly a little more, went to the play. For a few pence one could buy a numbered stall and enjoy six times a week, Fridays only excepted, ever-varied plays, very decently acted, with Ristori as the prima donna.

I have already mentioned that, in consequence of the success of my first picture in the Paris Sålon, the very liberal French Government had given me a commission to paint a Madonna and Child for the church of Perroy in the Médoc. However noble the type of Roman female beauty, it differs essentially from that of the Holy Virgin, as treated by the great masters of the Renaissance. The modern practice—to use the first handy peasant-woman as a Madonna-model—not yet prevailing, I had fairly come to a dead-lock, when

the bold notion occurred to me that Adelaide Ristori would be my ideal Madonna. After much hesitation I wrote an often-altered note in French to the father, who acted servants' parts, propounding, in the choicest terms at my command, my desire to be allowed to make a sketch of his beautiful daughter for a picture of a Madonna commissioned by the French Government. The trepidation with which I counted the minutes till an answer could reach me can more easily be imagined than described. It came at last, a verbal one: that I might call.

Having prevailed upon my impatience — at what I considered a great sacrifice to decorum — to wait till the next morning, I mounted the six pair of stairs to where the numerous Ristori family dwelt, over the Metastasio Theatre, under the roof. The mother, a stoutish woman, not without traces of former beauty, received me kindly and led the way through a number of small rooms, opening one into the other, full of little half-clad children of all ages, in and about unmade beds, to the last room of all, where the great actress sat in a neat boudoir, quite unconcerned. She received me with unaffected simplicity, alluded smilingly to the object of my visit, and, modestly doubting her fitness, declared herself ready to give me some sittings. 'I always rise at six,' she said, 'however

late I have gone to sleep,' and on my expressing my surprise at the scanty rest she allowed herself, added: 'Si perde tanta bella vita!' (One loses so much beautiful life!)

Of course I tried to improve the occasion, making several attempts at drawings, and, later on, even a life-size sketch in oil. But whether owing to the great difficulty of reproducing features so perfect, or to my inability to gain the necessary composure in her presence, I am bound to confess that they were all failures. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Originally studying for the ballet, she had to relinquish it when she grew too tall, but she was, notwithstanding her size, perfectly well proportioned. Her oval face was framed in abundant chestnut hair, naturally wavy. Blue eyes, capable of transmitting the whole scale of expression, from the softest, through arch fun, to the most tragic—a fine, slightly aquiline nose with ever-moving nostrils—a small mouth, a rosebud, hackneyed as the expression may seem—a deep, melodious voice—such was Ristori at that time, when a never failing memory seemed to make it child's play to her to act in six different plays every week, sometimes in two the same evening.

When the Romans finally awoke to the consciousness that they had a great actress among

them, their enthusiasm rose to a pitch of which only impulsive southern races are capable. An accident, however, that happened one evening during a play, very nearly brought her triumphs to an untimely end. In an old-fashioned piece, translated from the German, called 'The Country-house on the High-road,' two lovers are determined to drive an obstinate old uncle from his country-house, which they covet. To obtain their end, they adopt all sorts of disguises, which affords the actors a welcome opportunity for assuming in quick succession many different characters. In one of these, that of a laundress, the young lady hangs her wet linen to dry under the very nose of the indignant old gentleman. But in fixing the ends of the line on to the two opposite side-scenes across the stage, the weight of the wet linen, or the effort of fixing the cord, pulled one of the wings over. Down it came with a crash, grazing Ristori's head. She swooned and had to be carried off the stage in a fit.

When I called the following day to congratulate her on her narrow escape, she timidly asked me, as a great favour, to paint a little picture of the accident for a votive offering to the celebrated Madonna di San Agostino, who had so obviously protected her from harm. Happy to have an opportunity of showing my sense of gratitude and

admiration, I readily consented, and executed the commission to the best of my ability. I represented the Madonna in a glory on high, holding her child with one hand, the falling wing with the other. Below, on the ground, Ristori in a swoon. The footlights and the orchestra terminated the picture, which she took, modestly attired, to the church where Sansovino's life-size marble statue of a Madonna and Child is supposed to preside over the most important function in female life. In order to propitiate her, devout mothers, or such as hope to be, have so covered her and her child with jewellery, pearls, and silver hearts, that very little of the marble remains to be seen.

The St. Augustine monks of the adjoining convent, who have the custody of the church, were rather taken aback by the unusual subject, when the picture was brought to them. But, probably moved by the fair pleader, they accepted it after some hesitation, and placed it in their church amidst the innumerable painted exvoto's which cover its walls P.G.R. (Pro Grazia Ricevuta). There also, on one of the pillars, is Raphael's beautiful fresco of the Prophet Isaiah with two Angels.

As the Stagione di Carnevale drew to an end, the hardworked prima donna's horizon suddenly seemed to brighten. For, notwithstanding all her triumphs, there had been a gloomy undercurrent.

As the only supporter of a very numerous family, she was far from free, and obliged to act nightly, sometimes with very inferior companions. Among them was an ugly, tall 'Caratterista,' who, infuriated by her breaking off a premature marriage engagement, had actually spat in her face behind the scenes!

Freedom from this bondage seemed within measurable distance when, among the crowd of her admirers, one eligible young man evidently won her heart, and an engagement for a not distant union was concluded, apparently to the greatest mutual satisfaction.

At that time the political condition of Italy, and of Rome in particular, had produced a class of young men nicknamed 'Paini,' who from absolute want of something better to do, were condemned to choose between a clerical career and 'far l'amore' (lovemaking), and employed their leisure in peering into the carriages in the Corso or into the boxes at the theatres, serenading under balconies, and dancing attendance wherever ladies were to be seen. An exception among these faultlessly attired, dross-gilded youths, was this young man, whose acquaintance I had made at the caffè, which in those southern parts in some measure replaced the club. A distant kind of friendship had sprung up between us from our almost daily meeting at the

Caffè Greco of artistic celebrity. He was tall, well-made, handsome, of manly bearing, and, though born and brought up in Rome, a Frenchman. His father, an ex-sergeant of the 'Grande Armée,' had had the good fortune to save the unfortunate King Murat's life in a battle, for which deed he either enjoyed a life-pension which had apparently not been stopped by subsequent events, or had received a considerable lump sum. This had enabled him to establish himself as a wine-merchant in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, which seemed to yield an easy competence for himself, his French wife, and our hero, their only son, the apple of their eye. Though the latter was half Italianised, the old people had, with peculiar French obstinacy, remained as thoroughly French, 'bourgeois' as if they had never left their little native provincial town. Their son was the happy man who had succeeded in gaining the great actress's affections.

Meanwhile the company had left Rome, starting on their erratic tour, travelling to Brescia, Sienna, Livorno, Firenze, Ferrara, Faenza, Pesaro, Venezia, Bologna, Forli, the fête of Santa Rosa, and back to Rome, acting sometimes for months, oftener for weeks, occasionally for days only. Ristori had suggested, and I had gladly consented to, a correspondence, from which the following few extracts may be of general interest :

'Brescia, March 1843.

'I have let some days pass before writing to you, first to rest from our long and tedious journey; secondly because I find myself of a certain strange ill-humour, that weighs on me like a mountain. This is perhaps because I had to leave my dearest friends. One ought not to stay so long in the same town. We are apt to look upon it as our home, and we suffer acutely when we have to leave it.' . . .

'Treviso, July 1843.

'. . . . I was very happy in Trieste in your quasi-fatherland. I frankly confess, however, that sometimes, when I heard some Italian say, "We Germans," I said under my breath, with gnashing of teeth, "Patata!" I do not, like the majority of our nation, nourish from political motives a deadly hatred against all Germans. I can discern the good as well as the bad qualities even in my enemies. But I think the man vile who, renouncing his dear fatherland, seems ashamed of ever having belonged to it. He is in honour bound always to stand up for it and to defend it. However, there are charming people among the Triestines.'

'Treviso, July 1843.

'. . . . You want me to talk of my triumphs. Good heavens! I who always avoid talking of

them, for the sole reason that I may not be thought lacking in modesty! But you know me, and that I never was vain-glorious. So I will humour you, and give you a true account! In Trieste I had immense quantities of flowers, portraits, poems, and on the night of my benefit was more than twenty times called before the curtain. I was loth to leave that town, where I felt very happy. Thence we went to Udine (Ristori's birthplace). What shall I say? A fanaticism which I myself could not understand, transported me. All the women—leave alone the men—in love with me! Invitations every day! On the morning of my benefit the proprietor of the "Gran Caffè" had obtained the loan of the regimental band from the commanding colonel. As he had invited me to favour his establishment with my presence, I went in the afternoon to take an ice. They were "à la Ristori," white and blue, my favourite colour. In the evening an immense crowd at the theatre—infinite honours—poems by students—flowers—portraits—garlands! The officers of the garrison sent the band to serenade me under my balcony, and in consequence I was not able to shut an eye all night. All the handkerchiefs were printed with my portrait, there were waistcoats and trousers "à la Ristori," wherever my colour came in. Finally they made the *impresario* renew the engagement

for next year, which he was only too glad to do. Imagine 4,000 zwanziger (about 100*l.*) in thirteen representations! I have done! Accuse yourself if I have bored you. You have asked me.'

'Bergamo, March 1844.

'. . . . Will you pardon me if I make bold to suggest to you a subject for the drawing you promised me for my album? I should like it to be the death of Corinne, in the presence of Oswald, Lucille, the child, and the Count of Castelforte. That scene has so impressed me. What a book! It is my favourite reading, and it is always on my table beside me. Ah! Madame de Staël must have loved much and unhappily! It would be impossible to write as she does without having suffered cruelly.'

'Venice, July 1844.

'. . . . In Trieste I was as great a favourite as ever, and they did me great honour on the evening of my benefit. I also know that they are preparing great festivities for the last night. Ah! all this is due to an artist who takes so much pains—nay, kills herself for the public. The applause is her due, and as necessary to her as the air she breathes. . . .'

'Verona, September 1844.

'. . . . Good heavens! The notion that I shall

soon be in Rome again so fills me with jubilance that I cannot keep still on my chair to write to you. . . .'

'Livorno, February.

. . . 'At the beginning I did not care for Bologna, but I assure you that I met with so much affection, and was so highly appreciated by the public, that I left it most reluctantly. It is a law of nature, to return love for love, whenever it is consistent with our duty. After that we went to this most tiresome and antipathetic town, where—thank Heaven! I have only to stay eight days longer. I swear I would rather be at the end of the world than here. It's no use, the golden middle road never was for me! Hell or Paradise—I know no Purgatory! . . .'

It was, however, in store for her, for the sudden death of her 'promesso sposo' brought Ristori's dream of happiness for the time being to a sudden end.

Meanwhile the great tragic actress Rachel, thinking herself indispensable, had made herself most obnoxious to the director of the 'Théâtre-Français' in Paris. She would raise her terms to a fabulous pitch, and altogether behave like the spoiled child she was.

Looking about for some actress that might be pitted against her with some chance of success,

he was told of a bright star, unknown beyond the confines of Italy, that might possibly answer his purpose. At any rate, it was worth trying. When the proposal to appear on Molière's famous stage reached Ristori, her wound was healed, and she made her début as the wife of the Marchese Capranica del Grillo, an amiable Roman patrician, of ancient though not wealthy family.

The effect she produced was electrical. Her fame was as sudden as a flash of lightning. Whatever part spite against her great rival might have had in it, it was decisive and uncontested.

The all-powerful critic, Jules Janin, of the 'Journal des Débats' blew a trumpet of no uncertain sound. Whereas she had hitherto been the spoiled child of Italy only, the whole civilised world now at once knew and courted her. She was still beautiful. Wonderfully gifted as she was all round, hers was a triumphal progress through Europe and America. She even attempted, not unsuccessfully, to act in French in Paris and in English in London. She had once in one of her letters boasted that her Italian *impresario* had earned through her 4,000 'Zwansick,' (Zwanziger) in thirteen representations; now she earned a similar sum by herself in one night. It was a wonderful change, as in a fairy tale.

When, some years later, on passing through

some German town—I believe it was Cologne—I had the chance of again seeing her act as Maria Stuarda, the house was crowded and enthusiastic; but I found her over self-conscious. The bloom was gone, and with it the spontaneity which had been one of her greatest charms. I saw her again in London after a rather long lapse of time. She acted Queen Elizabeth with her own very indifferent company. 'Ahi, troppo tardi!' Too late! She had fallen a victim to that wellnigh irresistible thirst for applause which, outliving the talent, prevents so many artists from stopping in time. Her voice was gone; so was the bloom of her cheeks and the grace of her still stately figure. I saw the Marquis, her husband, between the acts behind the scenes. He complained that the spirit would irresistibly move the Marchesa from time to time, when she would start on a tour, and make him look after some hundred trunks full of stage properties, whereas they might be so happy in their comfortable Roman home.

I saw her last when we spent the winter of 1882 in regenerated Rome. She had always been a fervent patriot. 'Bella Italia!' she used to exclaim, and add with a sigh, 'ma tutta divisa!' (but all divided!). Her dream of united Italy had come true. She was a great lady, the real Marchesa Capranica del Grillo, a favourite at the court

of King Umberto, and very particularly of his charming Queen Margherita. She had a lovely daughter, and a son who studied painting. When I called she received me with stately courtesy, *en dame du monde.* The past was not mentioned.

Rachel

It is useless to speak of Rachel as an actress. Mimic art has nothing to do with posterity. Garrick, Siddons, Talma, so famous in their time—to us they are mere names. On that account all I shall say of Rachel is what Benozzo Gozzoli has written under his portrait of *La Bella Simonetti*, in the Pitti Gallery, 'Beati gli occhi che la videro!' (Blessed are the eyes that saw her!)

Immediately after the February Revolution of 1848 I heard Rachel sing the Marseillaise on the stage of the Théâtre-Français, as the impersonation of the new Republic. Clad in an antique white tunic, a tricolore sash round her slender waist, and a red Phrygian bonnet on her head, and waving a huge tricolore flag, she half sang, half spoke, with very little voice; but the enthusiasm which her passionate delivery of those incendiary verses produced is indescribable. Her voice trembled with contained rage, she seemed the incarnation of the goddess of war. The whole house rose, and joined in chorus, the pit standing

on the benches. Later events have proved that this was a straw fire, but at that moment it seemed genuine enough.

Personally I have met Rachel only once, when (during a flying visit to my brother in Paris) I accompanied him to a party at her exquisite little hotel in the Chaussée-d'Antin, the gift of Comte Walewsky, for the time her friend *en titre*—then French Ambassador in London—a natural son of the great Emperor. We found a motley gathering of distinguished men of letters, artists, financiers, and politicians, and of elegant, rather decolletées, ladies, many of both sexes smoking cigarettes in a separate room. Rachel did the honours with much dignity, in contrast to some of her sisters, inferior actresses, who were disporting themselves on the bearskins in front of the fireplaces, and behaved like true *cocottes*, laughing and screaming with some young dandies.

The hostess conducted us over the most elegantly furnished house. In her bedroom, open for inspection after the French fashion, every inch of the walls was covered with trophies of her histrionic triumphs all over the civilised world. Wreaths, many of gold, illuminated addresses, costly presents, medals, caskets, everywhere! 'How delightful must be the awakening in this room!' I ventured to remark, to which she gave

the ambiguous answer : Ici on ne s'endort jamais—on est toujours éveillé.

In a dimly-lit kind of oratory on the first floor were two marble busts on either side of an altar ; the one, Canova's well-known bust of the first Napoleon, the other that of a little boy, Rachel's son, and supposed to be the Emperor's grandson. There certainly was a likeness, at any rate in the bust.

*

Helen Faucit (Lady Martin)

I painted Lady (then Mrs.) Martin's portrait in 1872. As Helen Faucit, her maiden name, she had been an actress of high standing, and a great favourite with the public. I cannot speak of her acting, as she had long left the stage when I came to settle in England, and it would not be fair to form an opinion from the rare occasions when an irresistible craving to reappear now and then before the public made her leave her retirement for some charitable purpose. My work was fortunate enough to meet with the approval of her husband, the well-known author Sir Theodore (then Mr.) Martin, and of her numerous admirers. The portrait is engraved by Joubert.

My eldest daughter Liza, then a child, was admitted to the studio to keep us company during the sittings, as a change from the preoccupied artist's casual conversation seems generally to be

hailed with joy by the sitters. With wonder and awe, the child looked up to the lady wrapped in a shawl high up on the model-throne, and when she was told that it was a celebrated actress to whom she was speaking, she timidly ventured to ask for a sample of her talent. The suggestion seemed to be a welcome one, for without further ado Mrs. Martin began to recite a scene from a once popular play, 'King René's Daughter,' with all the emphasis and deep feeling at her command. It was the part of a blind girl, and the verses were so moving that both the artist and her youthful audience were soon bathed in tears, and my sitting was brought to a premature end.

When Mr. Theodore Martin broke his leg on the ice at Balmoral, where he had gone to write the life of the Prince Consort under Her Majesty's immediate supervision, Mrs. Martin was summoned from London to assist in nursing him. Occasionally she was invited to read Shakespeare to the Queen in the evenings, and a certain degree of intimacy resulted. Both Mr. and Mrs. Martin were most enthusiastic in their praises of the Queen and the Royal family. My brother, Dr. Emil Lehmann of Hamburg, translated the voluminous biography into German; Perthes in Gotha published it.

Mr. Martin was anxious that the Queen should ee his wife's recently finished portrait, and on the

occasion of one of Her Majesty's rare short visits to town, I was ordered to bring it, together with one of Browning, which I had just then painted, to Buckingham Palace. Early the following morning I accordingly took the two pictures and two easels in a van to the Palace. On arriving, however, I was at once informed by a servant in livery that on no account would I be allowed to put my portraits on easels, nor to be myself present when they were inspected. So the easels had to remain in the van and the artist in the porter's lodge. After a considerable time the Queen's German secretary appeared, to say that Her Majesty had been highly pleased with my works, and to ask me to remove them as soon as possible. Mr. Martin, though not very elated at his *protégé's* reception, tried to find solace in the hope that Her Majesty would soon give me a commission, and on my expressing my doubts about this, added, 'The Queen never forgets anything or anybody.'

*

Goethe's Descendants

I need hardly say that I have no personal reminiscences of Goethe, who died in Weimar when I was in Hamburg and barely thirteen years old. But I have met people more or less connected with him, and something about them may not prove uninteresting. The first was the Chevalier Kestner, Hanoverian Minister

at the Papal See, the youngest son of Werther's Lotte. I made his acquaintance in Rome in 1841. Though an all-round clever man, he was the type of an amateur, dabbling in all arts and in all sciences—painter, poet, musician, antiquary, and diplomatist—and consequently achieving eminence in nothing. But he was of a most kind and amiable disposition, and very fond of society. Hanover still belonging to England ; the numerous English families who used to spend their winter in Rome looked upon him as their accredited representative, England then, as now, not being diplomatically represented in Rome.

In 1854 I made the acquaintance of Ottilie, Goethe's oft-named daughter-in-law, in whose arms he breathed his last. She had come with her sister, Fräulein Ulrike von Pogwisch, to spend the winter in Rome, where her husband and her only daughter, Selma, lay buried near the pyramid of C. Cestius. They were most pleasant and easy-going company, the result of a long life spent in refined and intellectual circles. I saw a good deal of them during two consecutive winters, and we afterwards corresponded. Occasionally I met Wolfgang, Ottilie's eldest son, who was *attaché* at the Prussian Embassy in Rome, at his mother's. Though Eckermann in his enthusiasm repeatedly calls both mother and son handsome, it was diffi-

cult now to find a trace of it in either of them. In both the under-lip protruded, and the lower part of the face, with the chin, was abnormally developed. Their dark eyes were fine in form and expression, the son's hair black and curly, the mother's white, the forehead well developed. But whatever charm there might have been in Wolfgang's face was spoiled by an expression of morbid consciousness, which seemed never to leave him. He felt crushed under the weight of the great name he bore, and of which he used to complain as of a personal wrong. To that misfortune he would attribute his repeated literary failures. As his Christian name was identical with his grandfather's, he published his books under that great name without any explanation. His mother presented me with a copy of one of his books, entitled 'Erlinde,' by Wolfgang von Goethe. It is a long poem, not fitted throughout for young ladies' perusal. He also published a volume of short detached epigrammatic verses, about four lines on each page. In their attempt at quaintness and originality some of them were an inexhaustible source of mirth to the large circle of German society in Rome.

The family seemed in straitened circumstances, but a sort of wounded pride caused them to refuse the most honourable offers of assistance. The

short-lived German Reichstag, which in Frankfort, in 1848, failed so signally in its attempt to unite the fatherland without blood and iron, offered to buy Goethe's house in Weimar as it stood, and make it, with its scientific collections and art treasures, the public property of united Germany, to be for ever open to the public. This flattering offer was sullenly refused. The rooms were shut up, the collections sealed, and the rest let to private parties. Only in 1858, during the festivities which accompanied the unveiling of the bronze group of Schiller and Goethe, the public was for a few days admitted into the sanctuary, which had been preserved absolutely as it was left at Goethe's death. These rooms have often been described, but the verbal explanations of Frau Ottilie and her sister greatly added to the interest. A deal table runs nearly the entire length of the spacious study on the second floor, adjoining the small bedroom where Goethe died. It was of the utmost simplicity. In the study one side of the long table used to be occupied by the secretaries. A slight excavation and a leather cushion on the opposite side marked the place where the poet, leaning forward on his elbows, used to sit and dictate those words which have enriched the world for all ages. Fräulein von Pogwisch took me also over the 'Stein,' Goethe's little country house in the Park,

to which he often fled in search of peace, and whence so many of his letters to Frau von Stein are dated. The interior is of a touching simplicity. On a large slab over a fountain in the garden Goethe had had carved in large letters the beautiful poem:

> Hier gedachte ein Liebender seiner Geliebten, &c.
> (Here a lover thought of his beloved, &c.)

During a former visit to Weimar, in 1851, I had drawn old Eckermann (Goethe's Boswell) for my album. In the middle of his small room on the ground floor hung an enormous eagle in a large cage. Eckermann was a distinguished ornithologist, and in profile strongly resembled his feathered companion. His three volumes of 'Conversations with Goethe' are delightful reading.

I saw Frau Ottilie once again in 1860, on my last visit to Weimar. Entering from the back of the house, I ascended the narrow stairs to the very top. There I found my old friend in a small room under the roof, kind and lively as ever, but sadly altered and aged. In an arm-chair near the stove sat, or rather lay, her second son Walter, musician and chamberlain of H.R.H. the Grand Duke, in the last stage of consumption. Wolfgang, the poet, who followed his brother some years later, has bequeathed the whole of his grandfather's

papers to the reigning Grand Duchess, who has made them over to the safe keeping of the German Goethe Gesellschaft, which, in a yearly volume, publishes the interesting results of its gleanings. Goethe's family is extinct.

*

Cardinal Antonelli, 1857

I had long wished to add Cardinal Antonelli's likeness to that of Pio IX. in my album. But I was at a loss how to approach him, when the gay widow of a Prime Minister of some German Gerolstein, whom I used to meet at parties, volunteered to undertake the difficult negotiation. To my agreeable surprise she was successful, and triumphantly informed me that his Eminence was ready to give me a sitting. Punctually at the appointed time I mounted the never-ending, comfortable winding stairs in the Vatican—so easy that they can be ascended on a mule's back—to where the famous Secretary of State dwelt over the apartments of the Pope, his master. I found the Cardinal at a window busy scanning through a huge telescope the wide prospect over the Eternal City, the desolate Campagna, and the distant blue hills. He welcomed me with unceremonious ease, and at once asked me to point out where I lived. Hearing that it was in Ripetta, he directed his telescope to it, and having found it, informed me that my servant was busy watering the flowers on

my verandah overhanging the Tiber. But I was naturally anxious to make the best of the short allotted time, so I begged him to sit down, and began my drawing. Before me sat that execrated statesman, 'the best hated man in Rome,' in the most affable of moods. His bronzed and somewhat Oriental features were certainly far from handsome, but they were full of character, energy, and—according to some—cruelty, with the large, dark, piercing eyes overshadowed by a heavy brow, the strong aquiline nose, and the full, sensual lips. He was in a talkative mood, and spoke freely of the difficulties that beset his onerous ministry, of the position of the Papacy becoming daily more threatened through the ever-increasing energy of its wicked enemies, or what he called 'the modern spirits.' 'But,' he added, 'history teaches us that it has always triumphed in the long-run, and it will do so now.' He also told me that the worldly interests of the brothers Antonelli had never been separated; that they possessed all their worldly goods in common, one brother being Director of the Banca Romana, one, the Conte Gregorio, taking care of their vast possessions in the Pontine Marshes, a third being Syndaco of Rome, and the youngest employed in diplomatic missions by the Secretary of State.

During a short rest he showed me with evident

pride over his elegant apartment, furnished with all the latest modern comforts. But the crowning climax was the bedroom, combining with the solemnity and mystery of the abode of a Prince of the Church all the luxuries of the boudoir of a *petite-maîtresse.* The walls, the curtains, as well as the hangings round the spacious four-poster, were of the heaviest crimson damask, looped up with enormous tassels.

When I had finished my task to his evident satisfaction, he showed me his chief hobby, a very remarkable collection of every known variety of marbles. In a large ebony cabinet, richly inlaid with ivory, innumerable little drawers contained the uniform polished slabs, measuring about six inches by four. He took some pains in explaining to me the peculiarities of the various specimens, some very rare, some unique.

When, after this interesting *séance*, I took my leave, he dismissed me, saying: 'Now that I have the pleasure of knowing you, if I can be of any use to you, pray dispose of me.' A kind offer, which I did not put to the test.

The Baroness was not a little elated at her success, and was most gushing in singing the Cardinal's praises: 'Isn't he kind and amiable? Hasn't he a beautiful apartment?' 'But,' I asked, 'have you seen his bedroom?' 'I have!'

she answered, carried away by her enthusiasm. But, immediately checking herself, 'No, I haven't!' she exclaimed; 'at least—don't say so!'

*

Anecdotage

Several little incidents have occurred to my mind which I have not yet mentioned. They are not, perhaps, of very great importance, but I venture to jot them down.

*

Artists' models are a curious race. They are generally—in Italy—of humble origin, but they spend so much time daily in the society of men more or less refined, that they become—superficially, at any rate—superior to their class. I remember one model, a charming Roman girl, discussing the representative characteristics of the sexes while sitting to me.

'Negli uomini non si guarda la bellezza,' she said. (In men one does not look for beauty.)

I thought this a high and noble sentiment, supposing that she meant that in men one looked for intellect, courage, strength, and so on. But in this case I was disappointed.

'Si guarda i quadrini,' she added. (One looks for money.)

*

The London models are not, as a rule, given to sentiment. They are practical. One of them, I

remember, almost too practical. A baby who had sat to me for my picture of 'The Reaper and the Flowers' soon afterwards died, and the mother—a journeyman tailor's wife—wrote to me a pathetic letter in which she asked for money to pay for her darling's funeral. Of course I could only comply with the touching request. Two years afterwards I was very much less touched when I received another letter asking for money to buy clothes for that very same baby.

*

This outrageous instance of mendacity reminds me of another. To most German visitors to Rome Goethe is a sort of deity, and every trace of his stay there, however unimportant, was unearthed and visited with as much awe and veneration after his death as if it were a sacred shrine. One of these shrines is a humble *osteria*, where the great poet used to take his glass of wine in the evening. An enthusiastic young Teuton engaged on this pilgrimage, asked the waiter in his broken Italian whether this really was the identical spot where Goethe used to take his wine.

'Goti, Goti, non lo conosco' (Never heard of him), said the waiter. But seeing suddenly that he was disappointing a customer, he added: 'Oh yes, of course, Goti—he has just this moment gone.'

*

Art patrons are, of course, of all kinds. I remember one ludicrous instance of the bourgeois art patron I came across in Rome. One day a stout little Englishman called at my studio, with a face very much like John Bull in 'Punch.' It was red and puffy, with abundant white whiskers of the mutton-chop pattern, while the top of his head was bald and shining.

'I wish,' he said, 'to take to my Yorkshire home a souvenir of our visit to Rome. I want a family picture of my five daughters, my wife, and myself, but I don't want us to be painted in our everyday clothes. We can get that in London any day. We want some of those beautiful Italian costumes. My daughters might—might—er—be dancing to my mandoline-playing, or some such scene as that.'

I replied that there was a great variety of female costumes to choose from for his daughters, but when it came to male costume one was more restricted. 'There was the scantily-dressed Neapolitan fisherman.' He seemed to demur to that. 'There was a typical . . . .'

'No,' he interrupted me; 'I have it. I think that the costume of a brigand with his gun and so on would suit me capitally.'

I did not think so, and heard that he had afterwards succeeded in meeting with a more accommodating artist.

*

In London once I had a lady sitting to me for her portrait who belonged to a family renowned for its staunch political opinions; she was, in fact, a Primrose Dame. It was the height of summer and very hot. The lady was inclined to be rather stout, and occasionally she would indulge in a nap whilst she was sitting, much to the detriment of my work. Her husband, who was evidently aware of this tendency in his amiable wife, asked me one day in her absence if such a thing ever happened. I could not deny it.

'Very well,' he said; 'the next time that it occurs, you just mention Mr. Gladstone, and you will have no more trouble.'

I found this hint very useful in the remaining sittings. Whenever that name was mentioned it never failed to keep the lady wide awake. Indeed, it was too effective.

*

In 1851 I returned to Rome after five years' absence. As I passed a picture dealer's shop in the Piazza di Spagna one morning, my attention was arrested by a picture in the window. It was in a beautiful carved antique frame, had that precious liquorice varnish which only age is supposed to bestow, and represented a young man in the costume of the Renaissance. On close examination I found that this was an early attempt of mine to paint my

own portrait in the romantic garb which we young students then affected. As it was not a success I had left it, with other failures and studio rubbish which had accumulated, for my servant after my departure to throw into the Tiber, which flowed under my window. However, he had evidently turned the picture to better account. I entered the shop and asked the dealer what was its price. He gravely answered that it was a portrait of a famous Florentine of the fifteenth century, and that it was cheap at two hundred scudi. I had to renounce the hope of possessing so valuable a specimen of Roman industry.

*

Perhaps there is a providential balance in an artist's fate. If I had been unduly elated in consequence of the unexpected honour that I have just described, I was destined soon afterwards to be humbled. At the Venice Custom-house, where works of art imported or exported were at that time taxed, I had with me a picture which I was taking to Germany. I had bestowed much work on it, and thought I had reason to be rather proud of it. But my fear that I should be taxed exorbitantly was soon set at rest. The Custom-house officer passed it over contemptuously, saying:

'That's not a picture; that's rubbish. There will be no charge for that.'

*

Among my artist friends in Munich was a compatriot, a young Hamburg sculptor, whom, as he may be still alive, I will call A. His story seems to me to be a striking instance of a romance in real life. He was born of very humble parents and apprenticed to a comb manufacturer, but during his apprenticeship he gave such unmistakable signs of his artistic bent, that some wealthy Hamburg merchants subscribed together to make up a sum to enable him to spend some years in Munich in the study of sculpture. Pleased though he was at this unexpected boon, he was, nevertheless, troubled that he had left his sweetheart behind him—a little sempstress whom he probably intended, some time in the hazy future, to make his wife. When I knew him in Munich in 1838, he was one of the hardest workers, but very poor. He used to fill a huge earthenware jar with food that would keep, and live on its contents during the winter. At that time the Bavarian Government was looking for a sculptor who would undertake to carve a huge lion out of the natural rock in Greece, to commemorate the heroic death of some Bavarian soldiers who had fallen while fighting for the liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke. This was an idea of the romantic King Ludwig, suggested, no doubt, by Thorwaldsen's famous lion at Lucerne, which commemorates the massacre of Swiss Guards during the French Revolution. However, none of the

Munich sculptors would undertake this task. It was scantily remunerated. It was also dangerous, as the monument was to be in a wilderness far from any human habitation, and much infested by brigands. At this juncture our friend A., having nothing to lose, volunteered to go, got the commission, and started for his task. He set to work with dogged energy. Three times the peasants and brigands destroyed his lion at different stages of completion. He had to fight against every kind of hardship—hunger, the inclemency of the seasons, danger of life itself—but his patience was so far rewarded that while at work he hit on the lost vein of the celebrated coloured marbles known as the 'rosso and giallo antico,' of which the Greek Government made him a present. At the same time some capitalists advanced—no doubt for a consideration—the means for exporting the produce of his quarries by making a road to the nearest seaport. I next saw him in Rome in 1846, when he had brought with him some samples of his marbles, which were eagerly bought up by the Roman fine-art dealers. They had hitherto been confined in making their reproductions of the famous antique monuments to such choice bits of marble as might be found in ruins of Roman baths and palaces. I last saw him in 1851, in Hamburg. He had been made a professor of the Academy of Athens, and

now, after fourteen years, had come to claim his bride, who was still a sempstress and had waited for him. His appearance on such an occasion naturally created much interest. He was fêted on all sides, and at a grand banquet numerous friends bade the newly-married couple God-speed on their way to their home in Athens.

*

The mention of Greece reminds me of one of its noblest sons, the last survivor of an immensely wealthy family. He lived at Naples, where he was busy erecting a magnificent mausoleum to the memory of his brother recently deceased, the last of his family but him. The gifted Neapolitan sculptor Amendola, whose death in the flower of his youth was such a loss to art and to his friends, introduced this Greek, Skilizzi, to us in London in the summer of 1883, and on that occasion told us the following incident: 'It is a story of a brigand, not altogether the brigand of fiction. The mausoleum was being completed on an eminence in a lonely part of the country, some distance from the town of Naples. A wilderness separated the building from the nearest road. Having one evening stopped late over his inspection of the progress of the work, Skilizzi was on his way to his carriage when he was accosted by a famous armed brigand who infested the neighbourhood, and had so far baffled all attempts to capture him.

'Your purse or your life,' the brigand called, at the same time levelling his gun. But he did not frighten Skilizzi, who quietly said, 'Put down that gun, and let us have a talk.'

The man obeyed.

'I can give you my purse,' Skilizzi continued, 'and I should not feel the loss of it; but would you gain much by its contents? They will not go far, and you will then have to continue a brigand until you are caught and beheaded.'

'Quite true,' said the man; 'but then I have a wife and children. I cannot let them starve.'

'Suppose one promised to take care of them, would you give up this infamous life?'

'If I were sure of it,' said the man, staggered, 'I would give it up to-morrow.'

'I give you,' Skilizzi said, 'a gentleman's word of honour that I will take care of your wife and children. Will you come with me, give yourself up, work out your sentence—which in that case will be infinitely more lenient than if you were captured—and begin a new and more honest life afterwards?'

After some moments of hesitation the man accepted the offer. They entered the carriage together, and drove to the nearest police station, where the man gave himself up, to the unspeakable surprise of the authorities. Through the iron grating which now separated the two the brigand

shook hands with his captor, and said, 'God bless you.' Skilizzi kept his word.

Italian servants are very different from English. They are less punctilious, less respectful, and do not put an inseparable barrier between themselves and their masters. Their way of expressing themselves is occasionally exaggerated. For some reason or other we had been obliged to change our man-cook repeatedly, so that when we engaged a new one I told him that if he did not mean to stay with us not to take the place. Upon this he broke out passionately:

'Io spero che moriranno tutti e due nelle braccie mie.' (I hope you will both die in my arms.)

Somewhere in the seventies Sarah Bernhardt had an exhibition of her paintings and sculptures in Pall Mall. Tom Taylor introduced me to her at the private view to which I had been invited. I cannot say that I admired her productions very much, but, wishing to be polite to the great actress, I expressed my admiration at her being able to find time for so much extraneous work when one would have thought that all her time and energies were taken up by her acting. To which she languidly replied: 'La journée est si longue!'

I painted Lord Houghton the year before his death. He had then charge of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords, which was defeated at the third reading by the rally of the bishops against it. He seemed much touched when he told me that the wife of an eminent artist who would have benefited by the passing of the bill had brought her two little boys to him, telling them to 'thank that gentleman for what he had tried to do for them.'

With rare abnegation he abstained from looking at my portrait while it was in progress. When he finally looked at it, all he said was:

'That man doesn't look like a fool, does he?'

On one occasion when I met him at dinner, a young lady afterwards—as a compliment to him—sang the popular song of 'The beating of my own heart,' of which he wrote the words. She sang and played from memory.

Lord Houghton went off to sleep. Suddenly, however, her memory failed her. She stopped short. Lord Houghton opened his eyes, supplied the missing word, and promptly dozed off again.

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