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JOHN PETTIE

R. A., *H. R. S. A.*

BY

MARTIN HARDIE, B. A., A. R. E.



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TO

MRS. PETTIE

FOR REMEMBRANCE



PREFACE



AFTER reading an artist's biography, John Pettie once turned to his sister and said: "Well, no one will ever write *my* life; it has been much too uneventful." It was, indeed, a life spent amid quiet waters, away from the storm and stress of action. Its very calmness, the ease

and rapidity with which success was won, rob the biographer of picturesque opportunities. Pettie, moreover, was an indifferent correspondent, for he hated letter-writing, and he left nothing in the shape of diaries or documents (beyond a rough

and incomplete list of his pictures) available for biographical purposes. These are probably the reasons why, though fifteen years have passed since his death, no monograph on John Pettie has yet appeared.

These fifteen years, however, have witnessed a growing appreciation of his work, and especially of his power and influence as a colourist. It is increasingly recognised that Pettie with the other members of the Scott Lauder School—with George Paul Chalmers, McTaggart, Orchardson, and the rest—counts as one of the forces in nineteenth century art, and that his work has the elements of dramatic power, of brilliant colour, and individual style which make for permanent greatness. This must be the justification for the present volume, which professes to be little more than a plain presentation of the essential facts of the artist's career with an attempt to indicate how his personal character is reflected in his work, and what the nature and value of that work is. His soul and strength were given to his art, his work was his life, and, biographical material of the ordinary kind being scanty, it is by his pictures that he must be known. It is therefore mainly of the painter that I have written. Those who knew and loved the man must pardon an

imperfect record of one whose nature was at once as strong and as delicate as his own colour.

I have tried to avoid approaching my subject in the partial spirit which relationship often engenders, and it is the more easy to offer unprejudiced criticism in that I was but a boy when my uncle died. It has been my endeavour also to avoid dwelling overmuch on incidents and sayings that to others might seem uninteresting or trivial. One might multiply little traits of character and relate endless acts of kindness and generosity, which to the general reader might prove but a wearisome repetition of the fact that Pettie was one of the kindest and most generous of mankind.

From the art point of view, the main value of my book will possibly be found in what I believe to be the almost complete descriptive catalogue of Pettie's work which it supplies. This has been compiled from his own imperfect entries in a notebook, from exhibition and sale catalogues, and from notes of pictures in private hands. The collecting of particulars as to many of the pictures has involved a vast amount of research and correspondence. In many cases a picture has been run to earth after quite a long process of detective work in the searching of clues and

sifting of evidence. To all those correspondents who have helped me in the prosecution of such researches I tender most hearty thanks.

Many biographical facts interwoven in the narrative have been gathered from conversations with friends of the artist, or from letters which they have kindly written to me. Though I have frequently used almost the actual words of the speaker or writer, I have not found it possible in every case to mention the name of a particular informant as to each fact or impression. My warm thanks are due in the first place to Mrs. Pettie and other members of the artist's family for keen interest and constant help; and, in the next, to many of Pettie's old friends whom it has been my lot to seek out in the course of collecting information. It is a pleasure here to express my appreciation of their warm welcome and ready assistance. Their names are almost too numerous to record, but I would particularly acknowledge the valuable help given by Mr. J. Bowie, A.R.S.A., Dr. Brown, Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., Mr. J. H. Downes, Mr. Clarence M. Dobell, Mr. C. E. Johnson, R.I., Mr. J. MacCunn, Mr. W. D. MacKay, R.S.A., Mr. W. McTaggart, R.S.A., Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas,

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Mr. J. Paton (Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery), Mr. James L. Caw (National Gallery of Scotland), Mr. R. Wood (Edinburgh Board of Trustees), Mr. G. Mackie (Aberdeen Art Gallery), Mr. Percy Bate (Royal Glasgow Institute), Mr. E. Howarth (Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield), Mr. D. S. MacColl (Tate Gallery), Mr. J. J. Brownsword (Wolverhampton Art Gallery), Mr. G. Birkett (City Art Gallery, Leeds), and Mr. J. B. Hall (National Gallery, Melbourne) have all furnished particulars of pictures in their charge, or have given much useful information as to other works with which they were acquainted. For similar courtesy I am indebted to Mr. Croal Thomson (Messrs. Agnew and Sons), Mr. W. L. Peacock (Messrs. Wallis and Son), Mr. R. Muir (Messrs. Bennett and Sons, Glasgow), Messrs. Arthur Tooth, and Mr. W. Permain. Mr. Alexander Strahan and Messrs. Blackie and Son have made useful communications as to Pettie's early work as a book illustrator.

Articles on John Pettie in the *Art Journal* (1898) by Mr. W. M. Gilbert, and in *Good Words*

(1898) by Mr. Robert Walker, and an admirable account of East Linton in an early number of the *Scottish Review*, have all been helpful. At various points, assistance has been gained from Sir Walter Armstrong's *Scottish Painters* (1888) and Mr. W. D. MacKay's *Scottish School* (1906), while again and again I have had recourse for information to Mr. Edward Pinnington's *George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and the Art of his Time* (Glasgow, 1896). His exhaustive study of the work of Lauder's pupils and the skill with which he suggests the atmosphere of their time, makes the book invaluable to any one interested in the nineteenth century developments of Scottish Art.

Colour-reproductions that come within the limits of a printed page such as this cannot possibly convey in every case the full power and subtleties of a fine painting in oil. But the utmost care has been taken to ensure the best possible results, and I venture to believe that very many of the accompanying illustrations are, of their kind, remarkably exact and truthful, a not unworthy record of the painter's work. The hearty thanks of my Publishers and myself are due to those owners of pictures who, often at considerable inconvenience, have lent works in their possession

for reproduction. Their names are not recorded here, for acknowledgment of the source from which each illustration has come is made on pages xxi to xxiii. For special facilities in reproducing works in their charge I am indebted to the Council of the Royal Academy, the Trustees of the Royal Holloway College, and the authorities of the Tate Gallery, the Mappin Art Gallery (Sheffield), and the Art Galleries of Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee.

Lastly, my thanks are due to my old friend Mr. John Henderson, who has read my proof with close care and has favoured me throughout with constant advice and suggestions.



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JOHN PETTIE

CHAPTER I

EDINBURGH DAYS

THE little village of East Linton lies six miles from Dunbar, and about twenty-three miles south of Edinburgh. Though the expresses from London go thundering across the bridge that spans the Tyne in the very midst of its red-roofed houses, the village offers no obvious attractions to the tourist, and still preserves much of the quiet remoteness which characterised it some sixty years ago when John Pettie was a boy. After the railway track crosses the Border at Berwick, a traveller with observant eye is rewarded by many pleasant glimpses of smiling scenery. On the one side are the rich agricultural uplands of "the garden of Scotland"; on the other, deep gullies breaking through red-rocked cliffs give a vista of the huts of salmon-fishers on the shore below, with nets drying in the sunlight, and quaint, flat-bottomed boats

riding 'on the waves. But in all that journey there is no bit of scenery more picturesque or attractive than that glimpse—alas ! too brief—of the red roofs of East Linton, and of the old stone bridge, with its ribbed arches, where the river goes tumbling over dark masses of rock into the 'linn,' to which the village probably owes its name.

It was in East Linton that John Pettie spent his boyhood. The *Dictionary of National Biography*, and even his own tombstone, honour it as his birthplace ; but that is an error. He was born in Edinburgh on March 17, 1839, and migrated with his parents to East Linton in 1852. His father had purchased a business in the village ; and as the owner of the principal shop, a seller of wares more universal than those of Autolycus, was an important person in the small community. Both parents were simple, honest, God-fearing Scottish folk. The father, Alexander Pettie, was kindly, humorous, and of a singularly gentle nature. In a faded letter, which he wrote to me when I first went to school, occurs this passage :—

Latin and Greek are all very well : but cultivate good Common Sense. Be kind to your schoolfellows, obliging as far as you can ; never get angry, if possible ; keep cool, and “keep your powder dry.”

That was the doctrine which, by precept and example, he had instilled into his son John. A similar letter, written by the latter to a boy who had gained a Queen's Scholarship at Westminster, has recently come into my hands. It bears a curious resemblance to that letter of his father, both in spirit and in actual words, and shows how strongly his father's influence affected his character and career.

"Just seen your name in the *Times*," he writes. "Not only your mother and your father, but your friends (I count myself one) are proud of you. Go on, my boy. Keep your head cool, don't think less of some folks who *don't* know the Greek for potatoes, and you will do. Pax tibi. [Here there is a sketch of a hand in benediction.] JOHN PETTIE."

From his father John Pettie derived his gentleness and quiet humour; from his mother, the sterling qualities of pluck and perseverance. Alison Pettie—always the active force of the household—was a typical Scotswoman of the old school, possessing rare shrewdness and keen vigour of intellect. She was a woman of broad sympathies, a thinker and an observer, a wide reader, educated in the fullest sense of the word. Like many another man who has made his mark in the world, Pettie owed much to early upbringing, much to a mother's strength of character.

East Linton now has its art traditions, and will figure with prominence in any history of Scottish painting. Pettie's career was undoubtedly the inspiring influence which led two East Linton boys in later days—Charles Martin Hardie, R.S.A., and the late Arthur Melville, A.R.S.A.—to enter the field of art. Since their time the village has become a haunt of landscape painters, a Scottish Barbizon. Robert Noble, R.S.A., is their *doyen*, steadily faithful to the charms that first won him many years ago; and the list of those who have fallen temporarily under its spell includes J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A.; Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.; Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A.; James Paterson, A.R.S.A.; Fiddes Watt, Grosvenor Thomas, the late Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., and many other Scotsmen; while England too has sent her ambassadors, among them A. Friedenson and the late Edwin Ellis. The country folk have long ceased to gaze upon artists with open-mouthed curiosity, and by the riverside below the linn you will often find as many painters at work as on the foreshore of Newlyn or in face of the old Sloop Inn at St. Ives, where at times a man has to walk with caution for fear of tripping over the leg of an easel or setting his foot in a box of oily tubes. To those who know the place it is

little wonder that an artist colony has been attracted by the quaint architecture of bridge and houses, the rocky linn, and the upper reaches of the stream, with old disused mills upon the bank, and pools fringed with silvery willows, that suggest Corot-like subjects at every turn.

When Pettie was a boy at East Linton, landscape painting of the Scottish school was still largely bound by classical convention and the traditions of the grand style. The heritage of Constable and the "men of 1830," who sought out the moods and mystery and poetry of simple Nature, had not yet begun to "thaw the unmaternal bosom of the North." The possibility of wresting the very soul and character out of Nature was still unimagined. And so it was the infinite variety of human character rather than of Nature that appealed to Pettie in his boyhood years. East Linton had no traditions in the 'fifties, and a village lad could obtain no knowledge of the world's inheritance of art. Max Nordau would say of him that he possessed the peculiar susceptibility and keenness of the optical centre, which is the organic hypothesis of the talent for drawing. Scientific explanations are sometimes strangely futile, and it is simpler to say, in plain and adequate language,

that he was a born artist. Art was in his blood ; drawing and colour were bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. Nature never intended him for the dull and respectable vocation of a country tradesman ; but, naturally enough, his father wished him to follow in his own steps, and it troubled him greatly to observe his son, heedless of immediate duty, making surreptitious sketches of customers or of passers in the street. Everything subserved the boy's purpose, and his early taste grew to a passion. More than once, when despatched on an errand to storeroom or cellar, he was discovered making drawings on the lid of a wooden box or the top of a cask, totally oblivious of his journey and its object.

Dr. Robert Brown, the author of several educational works, who was Pettie's boy-chum in those days at East Linton, possesses the first drawing made by him in more than one colour. The subject, typical in its choice—"The Death of Twedric, King of Gwent, in the moment of Victory,"—was copied from a cheap reproduction of some contemporary painting, but the colouring was Pettie's own. To draw and colour pictures, in these days of cheap paint-boxes, is a common amusement of children ; and this is no more than

the ordinary child's drawing. But in a country village fifty years ago colours were not thrust upon every child, and a work such as this was evidence of difficulties overcome, and of zeal and perseverance. The material for this and later essays in art consisted of penny cakes of water-colours procured from Edinburgh. Among the wares in his father's stores were casks of raw crude pigment—red, blue, yellow ochre, and white lead—kept for the use of house-painters, and with these he dashed into his first experiments with oil. It is more than probable that his introduction to oil paint was forced upon him by some sudden failure in his stock of penny cakes. When a subject suggested itself, he was never one to be delayed or daunted by difficulties, and it was thoroughly characteristic of his impulsive nature that he should seize on the rough pigments of the shop. An instance, one of many, of this zest and eagerness, comes from a memory of my boyhood. On an evening walk with my uncle from Corrie to Glen Sannox in the Isle of Arran he was suddenly arrested by the particular effect of a single yellow light in the window of a white-washed cottage which glowed like luminous white paint against the dark background of purple heather. Neither

by nature nor by choice was he a landscape painter, but he was caught by the inspiration of the theme, and turned straight homewards to make a vivid water-colour impression with my shilling box of paints, the only colours at his command.

Even in those early days under his parents' roof-tree it was portraiture and *genre* that evoked Pettie's talent, and he made the most of the subjects which came ready to hand. Various members of his family served as models for portraits in crayon, washed with slight tint. A remarkable piece of work for the untrained hand of a country lad, fifteen years of age or less, is a drawing in colour of a village "character," one John Little, who went his rounds with a donkey, carrying coal and what not. The simple and untutored sketch is instinct with keen observation and subtle rendering of character. The carrier's costume, the donkey's head, the tiles on the roof of the house, and the cobble stones of the road are drawn with particular care. "Losh me! If it isna Jock Little an' his wonderfu' cuddy: it's sae life-like that it's no canny," was the village verdict. Even the "gudeman," though he might not admit it, was consciously proud of his son.

At last there came a day when the mother's

sympathy intervened. Greatly daring, she carried off her son to Edinburgh, a bundle of drawings beneath his arm, to visit Mr. James Drummond, one of the leading members of the Royal Scottish Academy. They were courteously received, and Drummond, after listening to the mother's story, threw out every discouragement. "Much better make him stick to business" was his verdict, based on experience rather than evidence. After a long and kindly conversation, during which the boy stood by, silent and miserable, Mrs. Pettie ventured with a sigh, "Then it's no use showing you his drawings?" Mainly to cheer the lad, who looked utterly downcast, Drummond readily expressed his willingness to see the work. Eagerly was the parcel opened, and sketch after sketch was handed to the painter, who studied them in silence, one after one. The boy watched his face tensely, like one who awaits a physician's verdict of life or death. Not a word was spoken till the great man handed them all back, and turning to the mother said, "Well, madam, you can put that boy to what you like, but he'll die an artist!"

There was no longer any idea of thwarting so obvious a "call." With every encouragement

Pettie set out for Edinburgh to enter the Academy, founded by the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, then the only art school of its kind in Scotland. Drummond stood sponsor to him by giving the necessary recommendation, and his name was entered upon the rolls on October 16, 1855. From then until 1860 he lived at 56 India Street, with his uncle, Robert Frier, who only a few years before had himself forsaken a business in the High Street of Edinburgh to become a painter and a highly successful teacher of drawing. From the start Pettie had a steady supporter and friend in Robert Frier.

At the head of the Trustees' Academy was Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., who, with John Ballantyne as his assistant, took personal charge of the Antique, Life, and Colour Departments of the School. Lauder had entered upon his duties in 1852, and his teaching and influence were beginning to make a clear mark on the development of the Scottish School. He possessed a fine sense of design, and a command of colour which has led Sir Walter Armstrong, in his *Scottish Painters*, to say that "in Lauder's better work there are passages which come near Delacroix in rich resonance of tint." He had not the

sustained force and the imagination of Delacroix, and at times there is a looseness and stiffness in his drawing, but he had the true passion for colour, and it was this colour instinct which he handed on to the younger generation. George Paul Chalmers, W. Q. Orchardson, J. MacWhirter, Hugh Cameron, Peter Graham, Tom Graham, and W. McTaggart were among Pettie's contemporaries at the Trustees' Academy. It is no mean roll of names for a single teacher.

Lauder will go down to fame, not as a painter, but as a great teacher with a wide and far-reaching influence. He set himself to teach his pupils how to see. In the Antique Class, for instance, he did not place a single figure, but a whole group of casts, before them. He insisted on a grasp of the model as a whole, in all its relations of line and colour, of light, shade, and perspective. Thus he taught his pupils that power of grouping, of seeing things broadly, of obtaining atmosphere and chiaroscuro, which is one common characteristic of their work. But he appears to have followed no cut-and-dry system, and to have made no attempt to mould his students into any uniformity, or to impress upon them his own personality and methods. Their master had the rare art of

drawing out their latent powers, and directing them towards the best means of self-expression, but they were happily left to work out their own tastes and preferences. He inspired them with enthusiasm and a common devotion to high ideals, filling them with a sense of the importance and responsibility of their profession. Though Lauder's pupils preserved their individuality, they all owed much to the inspiration and magnetism of their teacher. As a School, they combined in breathing new life into Scottish art, at a period when it threatened to become listless and apathetic; they inaugurated a fresh epoch and paved the way for later and wider endeavour. They had this in common, that their art was subjective and personal rather than conventional, and that one and all made beautiful colour their highest ideal. Though there is a melodic sweetness of tone in their work, which contrasts with the grave and grand harmonies of Lauder's style, all of them, I think, would acknowledge that of this love of colour Lauder was the fountain-head. There is an illuminating passage in a letter written by Pettie to McTaggart in November 1858 :

I am the only student you know at the Academy. Lauder has persuaded me to commence a large painting of

the skeleton. He is wild at the new system which they (Drummond, Paton, Archer) are going to begin at the Life Class, open after the New Year. He feels that their rigorous drawing and inattention in the meantime to colour imply that *his* system has been all wrong. Oh! he *is* wild!

There were, of course, other influences at work besides that of Robert Scott Lauder. The Scottish National Gallery, with its superb Van Dycks, Gainsboroughs, and Raeburns, offered endless attractions to the young student, who spent long days there of earnest and concentrated study. The current exhibitions of the Scottish Academy contained works which were a constant stimulus. John Phillip's superb strength and brilliancy of colour must have attracted Pettie, just as it won the life-long allegiance of Chalmers. Phillip's finer work did not begin to find its way to the Edinburgh Exhibition till about 1861, when Pettie's technique was already well formed; but the colour quality of his work, seen in Edinburgh and London during the following years of his maturity, was a spur to the younger painter, who aimed at the same ideal. "The Hour," shown at the Scottish National Exhibition this year (1908), reveals, perhaps, more than any other work by Pettie, an actual resemblance between the two

painters. The colour of the somewhat olive face, the full succulent red of the dress, that seems to throw out a radiation of light, the feeling of strength rather than modulation in the handling of solid pigment, all express kinship to the work of Phillip. Both men were master colourists.

In his *Scottish School of Painting*, Mr. W. D. McKay, though he does not deal individually with Lauder's pupils, indicates another reason why their technique shows a break from the traditions of their predecessors. He points out how in their case the broad and simple fusion of the great masters of the past is discarded for a manner partly dictated by the keen search after verisimilitude rendered necessary by the realistic mid-century movement. In the 'fifties the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites was certainly making itself felt in Edinburgh as well as in the south. Between 1852 and 1860 eleven pictures by Millais, among them "Ophelia," "Autumn Leaves," "The Blind Girl," "The Order of Release," and "The Rescue," appeared at the Scottish Academy, together with other works of the same School, such as the "Burd Helen" of Windus. And about 1861 or 1862 Holman Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella" was exhibited in Princes Street, where it made a

strong impression on Pettie. The resolution of the Pre-Raphaelites to cut away all convention and to turn devotedly to Nature as the one means of purifying modern art must have had a powerful effect upon the eager band of Scottish students, inspired as they were by their master's devotion to colour. Lauder's pupils differ from the Pre-Raphaelites in their grasp of atmosphere and in their exact use of broken colour, but they were undoubtedly influenced by the keen colour sense and the devotion to Nature of their English contemporaries. When Ruskin in later days likened the principal head in Pettie's "Jacobites" to the work of William Hunt, who, though not a Pre-Raphaelite, was strongly influenced by the naturalistic tendency of the times, one can quite understand what he meant; though Pettie's virile technique is far finer than the "chopped straw" method of old William. Certain it is that while the earliest work of Lauder's pupils—that of both Pettie and Orchardson, for instance—is akin to that of their immediate predecessors, towards 1860 a closer analysis of true tones finds expression in their work by the use of broken colour, with intermingling and transitional tints echoing the dominant note.

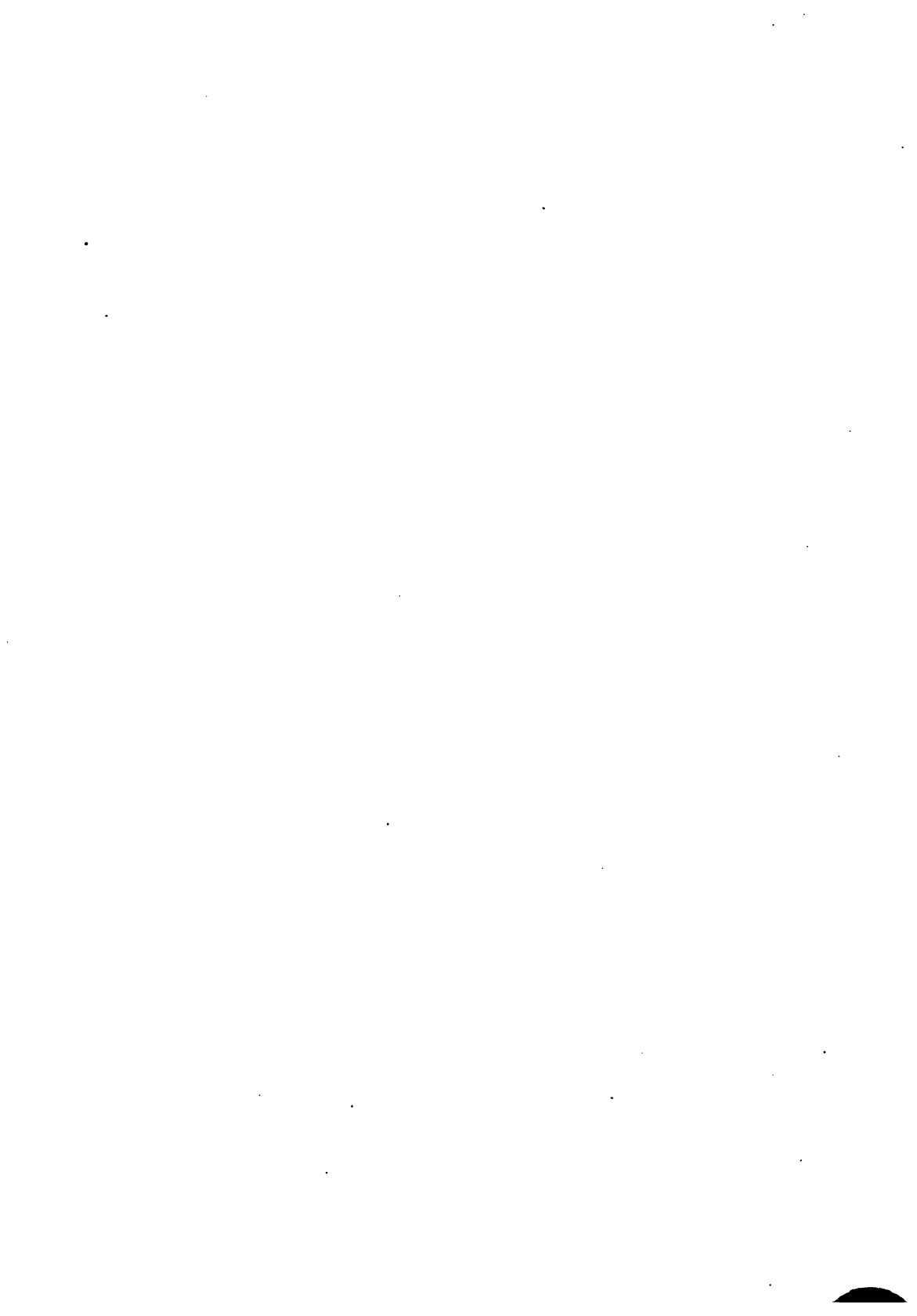
That as a School they advanced slowly towards their command of colour, and that Pettie in those early days had not begun to strike those bell-notes which made his pictures sing out on any exhibition wall, is shown by a rare and interesting pamphlet on "Scottish Art and Artists in 1860," written by "Iconoclast." At its close comes a brief note about the younger artists :

Those of them who form what some call the New School stand much in need of caution and advice. They are clever young men of considerable originality, several of whom we trust yet to see highly distinguished. It would be flattery to say more, and injustice to say less. But they are falling into affectations and vices of style which must destroy them for ever, and this is the reason that we dedicate to them this short note. Their pictures want finish, and are objectionable in colour. The love of grey and grey-green exhibited by the school is ridiculous. It is their regulation colour—their harmony of harmonies is grey agreeing with itself. With Mr. Cameron it is a disease. Mr. Pettie and Mr. McTaggart are slowly giving up this affectation. The latter promises soon to be out of the grey school. Mr. Pettie, we doubt not, will also soon make his escape, notwithstanding that his principal picture, "The Minstrel," shows the vices of slovenliness and colour, fully as much as any of Mr. Cameron's. The colour here is grey in masses, shading into yellow, and relieved by white and red—white in a large expanse of tablecloth and red on the person of the minstrel, who, with open mouth, and audaciously bad legs, stands against the table singing. Mr. Orchardson's "Jeanie Deans" is especially grey and wretched.

In every community of art students there is always one placed on a pedestal of high esteem by all the rest, one whose word is law, final and absolute. Pettie always remembered his first walk with a fellow-student along Princes Street, the sudden clutch at his elbow, and the reverential whisper, "There's Orchardson!" Orchardson was his senior by several years. He had joined the classes of the Trustees' Academy in 1846, and though he had left the School and had exhibited on several occasions at the Scottish Academy (his "Sketching from Nature," for instance, hung beside Lauder's "Christ teaching Humility" in 1848), he returned in the session of 1852-3 in order to profit by Lauder's instructions, and for several years afterwards he was a frequent, if not a regular, attendant at the classes. That he influenced Pettie, or that both fell under common influences, is clearly apparent. Their work, for many years after this, bears a close resemblance both in subject and in technique. It was not till after they came to London that their development continued on different lines: Orchardson, with strong individuality, pursuing colour schemes based upon softly harmonised semi-tones, which have caused Chesneau to liken his work to the

back of an old tapestry ; Pettie, with growing vigour, inclined rather to sacrifice nicety of manipulation to brilliant contrasts of colour and the gaining of striking effects.

With Orchardson and others of his fellow-students—William McTaggart, Hugh Cameron, Tom Graham, and George Paul Chalmers in particular—Pettie formed ties of warm friendship which remained unbroken through life. All were his close companions during the years which he spent in Edinburgh. With Chalmers he had much in sympathy, for Chalmers's start in painting was singularly like Pettie's own. He was originally bound apprentice to a general grocer and ship-chandler in Montrose, and after covering the walls of the shop where he worked with sketches made by means of a cheap colour-box, he set to work in oil with the common ship paints that came ready to hand. When Pettie and he were young students, they would sometimes go home after the evening Life Class to the high tenement in North St. David Street where Chalmers lodged ; and Pettie would stay talking till he had to remain for the night. So they would retire to bed, still talking till they fell asleep ; and, says Chalmers's biographer, "their talk was all of colour."



THE HOUR

(Size of original, 46 x 84.)





At the very outset of his career Pettie astonished teachers and fellow-students by the indomitable vigour and energy which he threw into his work. He set about everything with impetuous enthusiasm. Mr. C. E. Johnson, R.I., tells how in those days he could not even walk from school to studio—"he was always on the trot." For two or three years he worked untiringly at drawing. By hard training in the schools he acquired that triumph over technique and that freedom and happy audacity of draughtsmanship which carried him to success, where the toilsome elaboration and patient concentration of another artist fails because it leaves the onlooker cold and unmoved. He acquired then a power and directness of drawing which enabled him afterwards to draw with his brush as freely and correctly as another man could with the point. In later days he could dash a portrait or a figure straight upon the canvas with scarcely a touch of preliminary drawing, and then so manipulate his colour as to render all the niceties of expressive detail. His portrait of himself in chalk with very slight tints, done at the age of sixteen, within a few months of his entering the School, bears witness to his natural power of drawing. So he became an accomplished

draughtsman long before he was a colourist. He said afterwards: "I felt about colour then, like a boy looking at all the bright bottles in a sweetie-shop window, that it was something to be bought when I had saved up a pennyworth of drawing." One day, after Pettie had been for nearly two years at the Trustees' Academy, one of his teachers happened to call at India Street, and remarked to Robert Frier: "Your nephew is a fine draughtsman, but he seems to have no special faculty for colour." The remark was repeated, and from that moment Pettie set himself to master the principles of colour. "If other men," he said, "become colourists by working ten hours a day, I'll work twenty!" He had the infinite capacity for taking pains that is the mark of genius, but fortunately he also possessed the true spark of genius itself. For neither the gift of seeing colour nor of expressing it in paint can be acquired by pains or prayer, though training may serve in its development. "Colour may be in you," he said in later years, "and it has to be *dragged* out; but it must be in you first."

It was not until nearly three years after he entered the Trustees' Academy that Pettie won his spurs as a painter. In the session of 1857-8

he gained the first prize for painting from the antique, the second and third prizes being awarded to Thomas Hay and James Wilson respectively. In that year, in the class of painting from life, Tom Graham took the first prize, Alexander Leggat the second, Pettie the third. The last of the School lists in which he appears as a regular student is that for 1858-9, when he was nineteen, but it is again entered in the following session, 1859-60, when with five other students he was granted a free ticket for the Anatomical Lectures. By a Treasury Minute of 1858 the Trustees' Academy had been bisected, and the Royal Scottish Academy made responsible for the conduct of the Life Class. In the Academy's Report for that year there is printed, as an appendix, a long note, dealing with the carrying on of the School, drawn up by Paton, Drummond, and Archer, who had been appointed visitors. It is dated November 8, 1858, and with its insistence on the importance of drawing as opposed to colour, was of a nature strongly calculated to awaken the ire of Robert Scott Lauder, as may be gathered from Pettie's letter, quoted above. Paragraph XI. of the Academy Report expresses a hope that the School will be opened immediately after the Christmas holidays, but in the Report of the

following year, 1859, regret is expressed that, owing to the extensive alterations which had been found necessary in the room set apart for the purpose, the School had not yet been opened. From the Report for 1860 one learns that the Life Class actually began on November 22, 1859. It was then carried on for six months in an apartment far from satisfactory, and perhaps with unsatisfactory results : at any rate, there is no mention of prize-winners till the Report for the year ending November 18, 1861. "For the best finished drawing of the figure," a first prize of £5 was awarded to George Paul Chalmers, and a second prize of £2 to John Pettie ; while Tom Graham gained a prize of £3 "for the best series of drawings of the figure from memory."

In 1857 Pettie sent in his first picture to the Royal Scottish Academy, and it was rejected. He carried it home under his arm over the South Bridge ; and one can imagine how another man, with the foolishness and sentimentality of youth, might have gazed over the bridge parapet and wondered vaguely whether life was worth living. But Pettie bit his lip, stamped his foot, and muttered, "I'll *make* them hang my pictures yet." Then he went on at his eager trot, all the more anxious to drive ahead with the work he had in

hand. It was never in his nature to "mourn a mischief that is past and gone." Buoyant and hopeful to the end of his days, he had a favourite saying, in any time of passing stress or trouble, that he could "stand a siege." In later years he was always sympathetic with the man whose picture had been rejected, but he was always honest. "You may be practically certain," he would say, "that if your picture has been rejected, it would have done you more harm than good had it been hung."

In 1858 he was more successful, for he sold a small picture called "The Dead Rabbit," and at the Royal Scottish Academy exhibited a "Scene from the *Fortunes of Nigel*—In Trapbois' House," which was bought for £15 by the Glasgow Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts. The *Scotsman* of February 15, 1858, drew attention to it as "a very clever work, which could have been sold many times had it not been secured at the outset by the Glasgow Association." He showed also at the Academy portraits of his mother and his sister, probably tinted drawings. The sale of the "Fortunes of Nigel" is noticed in a letter written to McTaggart by George Paul Chalmers, who felt the contrast between

his own dilatoriness and the steady industry of both his friends :

DEAR MAC.— . . . *Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!* MONSTROUS SUCCESS would need to be your placard. I have just got the *Scotsman*, and I read therein that *all* (all did I say? Yes, I see it again) your pictures were sold on Saturday. This is really extraordinary success. . . . I also see that Pettie's picture is sold. Is it good? Tell me. I am crazed, truly mad. I have been sleeping, or I might have had something of consequence. It cannot be helped now. I am to come out strong *next year*. That is the way to put it off. . . . Remember me to Pettie and all my other friends.

In 1859 the Royal Scottish Academy accepted "The Young Student," a "Scene from *The Monastery*," and "The Prison Pet." The last picture, a manacled prisoner feeding a rat with the crumbs of his own scanty meal, was bought for £35 by the Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts. It was included in their distribution of prizes, and was won by Mr. W. H. Challoner of Adelaide. After passing through the hands of a Mr. James Macdonald, Canon Honor, and a dealer named Marcel, it is now in the collection of Mr. Barr Smith in Adelaide. In 1859, too, Messrs. Blackie gave him his first commission for a frontispiece and another illustration to *Family Worship*, a devotional work issued in monthly

parts, at one shilling, during 1862 and 1863, and published in a handsome volume in 1864. This commission put another welcome £35 into the student's purse. His subjects were "Evening Prayer" and "Morning Worship," and models were sought in his home at East Linton. They reproduce scenes of Scottish family life which Burns immortalised in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and with which Pettie was familiar in his own village home. The latter subject, noteworthy already for completeness of composition and power of chiaroscuro, contains a striking likeness of his father, while the other figures are those of his mother, his sisters Jane and Marion, his brother James, and a servant. They were painted in oils, and engraved by J. Stephenson. The result must have pleased the publishers, for within the next two years he was working on four further illustrations for *Family Worship*. The subjects, "Noah's Sacrifice," "Melchizedek blessing Abraham," "The Brazen Serpent," and "Paul taken by the Chief Captain," were based upon Schnorr's well-known renderings of the same incidents. "Noah's Sacrifice," which by the courtesy of Messrs. Blackie I have seen, though dignified in colour and design, has a stiffness and formality

which make little revelation of the painter of after years.

In 1860 "Morning Worship" was exhibited at the Scottish Academy, and with it three other pictures—"False Dice," "The Water-Gate," and "The Minstrel." I have been unable to trace any of these early works of 1860, and therefore quote some passages of contemporary criticism from Scottish newspapers, which not only describe the pictures, but prove that the young artist's work was already singled out as [showing particular promise :

By J. Pettie are several clever and effective works—"The Young Student," "The Prisoner's Pet," and a "Scene from *The Monastery*," where Halbert Glendinning stands horror-stricken by the vision which comes to him in his bedroom. These are all touched with a freedom and masterlike hand, so boldly that we scarcely know whether most to fear or to hope for the future of so daring a young student.

We have said little about John Pettie's "Minstrel: Convent Hospitality." With his "False Dice," it proves the possession of talents far above those by which commonplace painters are contented to secure a fleeting popularity. In him is a faculty of seizing the dramatic aspect of events. None of our young artists display so much vigour and versatility. He is evidently labouring hard, and his progress has been rapid. We believe that good things may be confidently expected from him, and we have no fear that, in his case, adulation will have power to cause any relaxation of that

honest, thoughtful work, which has already carried him so far onward in the journey. Even now, meditative men may stand before his picture and read a story of Convent life, with its wearying formality that is interrupted by the visit of the red-haired minstrel, in whom professional audacity is vainly struggling for mastery over a sense of being looked on with suspicion, if not aversion, by the more ascetic of the brethren. There is a keen insight in Pettie's other picture, a representation of how certain Elizabethan gallants detect a sharper. He has juggled with false dice, defrauding yonder simple youth who is astonished at the plot from which he has been suddenly extricated. A noble station awaits a young man who produces such works of promise as these two pictures.—*Edinburgh News*, April 28, 1860.

In 1861 he sent "Distressed Cavaliers turned Highwaymen," and three other subjects. The distressed Cavaliers are of the Roger Wildrake stamp. With hair dishevelled, garments torn, and unhealed wounds received in some skirmish with Roundhead foes, but still with an air of pretension and an appearance of rakish gentility, they are concealed in a thicket, and are busily engaged in making ready their arms for use against the inmates of a carriage which approaches slowly from the distance through the snow. Among the other works was "The Day Dream," but this he afterwards destroyed, along with two pictures exhibited at the Crystal Palace in the same year. His

critical attitude towards his own work and the high standard which he set himself is shown by the ominous entry "Destroyed" in his notebook against five or six pictures of this early period. In one instance he begged back from its owner a work of which with maturer knowledge he did not approve, destroyed it, and gave him something far finer in its place.

In 1862 he was represented by "One of Cromwell's Divines," and by "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," which gave clear evidence of his growing power as a colourist. This work, for which he received £55, was a commission from Mr. Alexander Strahan, the founder and publisher of *Good Words*, and was painted in illustration of a story by Dr. Norman Macleod, the editor of the magazine. The picture was to be a presentation one to the eminent divine, who one day climbed the stair in India Street to see what progress the artist was making. Pettie received him at the door, showed him the picture standing on an easel, and while the great man was examining it, made a rapid sketch of his back view for embodiment in his next weekly budget to his mother. "Well, my lad," said Dr. Macleod, preparing to leave, "tell Mr. Pettie that I am sorry to have

missed seeing him, but that I am delighted with the picture." There were profuse apologies and compliments when the youthful painter modestly acknowledged his handiwork.

Meanwhile he had essayed a higher flight, and in 1860 made his first venture at the Royal Academy in London with "The Armourers," which was hung on the line. This was followed in 1861 by "What d'ye lack, madam?"—a picture inspired by Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*. It is a work of singular brilliance and spirit, a vivid rendering of life in the London of olden days. There is rare charm in the figure of the mercer's apprentice, standing outside his master's booth in Fleet Street, and with saucy smile wheedling and cajoling passing dames and damsels with his "What d'ye lack, madam? What d'ye lack?" With the exhibition of this picture his success was assured. The critic of the *Athenæum* drew attention to it as "a picture which with all its thinness of painting, has much quaint comic character and clever handling: indeed the handling is too clever." Pettie was now looked upon as a painter with a future; and there can be no doubt that the warm reception which this picture met brought the turning-point in his career, and

encouraged him to seek his fortunes in the greater world of London.

In 1862 he finished "Cromwell's Saints," the last picture which he painted in Edinburgh. In it he displays the brilliant drawing, the characteristic style of conception, and the sure command of colour, which riper years only developed and strengthened. As a character study he did few things better than this realisation of the "old decayed tapsters," and other vagabonds of Cromwell's "lovely company," in whose ranks was supposed to be no blasphemy, drinking, disorder, or impiety. Years later, in a "Member of the Long Parliament" (1878), Pettie did justice to the nobler and sterner side of Puritan dignity. Of the three figures in "Cromwell's Saints," the one on the right is noteworthy as a clever portrait of Sam Bough, R.S.A. During its painting, Pettie was sharing C. E. Johnson's studio in a building known as Short's Observatory, erected originally to contain a camera obscura and other popular attractions. Standing high, with a glass roof, just below the Castle Esplanade, the studio commanded a magnificent view across Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth to the blue hills of Fife. One day Pettie had just laid down his palette and risen for a



CROMWELL'S SAINTS

(Size of original, 17 × 21.)





smoke and a rest, when with a tremendous crash of breaking glass a great bundle fell through the roof on the very stool where he had been seated with head bent forward to his work. His easel was broken, and the bundle turned out to be a girl, who had clambered on to the roof, and was seriously, though not fatally, injured by her fall. A minute sooner, and Pettie might never have gone to the south. The picture, fortunately, escaped damage, and with three other works, was exhibited at the Scottish Academy in 1863. It was followed in 1864 by "Who leads a Good Life is sure to live well," and after that Pettie was not represented at the annual exhibitions of his native town till 1871.

During this Edinburgh period, while Pettie was perhaps happiest when engrossed in his work, he was also fond of healthy exercise and amusement. When spending his holidays at his East Linton home, he would work for part of the day, and would spend the rest of it in boating, or fishing in the Tyne, or would drag off McTaggart, or any friend who was staying with him, down through Binning Wood to bathe in the sea. In Edinburgh his day was one of incessant work, but on a free afternoon, with one or more of his fellow-students,

most of them blessed with light hearts and pockets as light, he would revel in a modest fish dinner at Newhaven, a stroll round Arthur's Seat, or a ramble over the Braids. The evenings were given to recreation, a meeting of the Sketching Club, to which further reference must be made, or a social gathering of young artists at his uncle's house or elsewhere.

In the summer of 1858, he paid his first visit to London, making a short stay only, and returning by steamer. To judge from a letter, containing a brief reference to this trip, Turner's landscapes at the National Gallery made an impression on him that overpowered all else. About this time, too, he was becoming fond of music. In 1859 he writes: "I have so many irons in the fire—begin to learn the organ scientifically!"

He was also a keen volunteer, one of those who enlisted at the outset of the movement. The circular letter from Colonel Jonathan Peel proposing the organisation of a National Volunteer Association for promoting the practice of rifle-shooting was written in May 12, 1859, and the Association was definitely formed in London on November 16, 1859. In Edinburgh things moved even more rapidly, for in a letter written from

India Street in the summer of that year Pettie says: "Do you hear of the volunteer movement—Ballantyne ensign? He was trying to get recruits among the students, with what success I don't know. I told him I could not join." At the time of writing Pettie was just setting out to East Linton to find models for his two pictures painted for Messrs. Blackie, and had with regret refused an invitation from McTaggart to go to Campbeltown and see something of the herring fishery. On August 28, 1859, he writes to McTaggart from East Linton:

As to the Artillery Corps, it is fairly set going. While here I got repeatedly letters, to see if I would join, from Cameron, Orchardson, etc., and went in one day to meet them all at the Military Academy, Lothian Road, where they are getting just now private drill. Mr. Douglas, the great mover, told us that the Lord Provost was ready to embody us when we numbered fifty into an Artillery Corps, "The Edinburgh Artillery Corps," I believe. We at that time were only thirty-two, and in the meantime, till we collect more, are getting private drill at our own expense (1s. a week). This drill I can't just now attend, but when in Edinburgh I will. The night I *was* there, it was capital. There were all the artists mostly that were in town, and would be likely to join—Sam Bough, Drummond, Douglas, a good many of the young fellows, and one or two engravers.

Will you join? You must. Such splendid prospects we have of being stuck behind a stone dyke and peppering

at an enemy. They talk of the Government fortifying Inchkeith for us.

The Artists' Company, thus formed, was No. 1 Company (there were nine in all) of the City Artillery Volunteers. A letter of November 1, 1859, shows that McTaggart was persuaded to join.

My uniform will be ready on Tuesday. A little private drill will put you equal with us in no time. Your name is read out from the roll every night by Lieutenant Faed, and you are jotted down as "absent," my boy.

The Artists' Company naturally took part in the great Edinburgh Review on August 7, 1860, when over 20,000 volunteers marched past the Queen in the Queen's Park. The Review was in the afternoon, and during the morning Pettie and McTaggart were idling about the Half Moon Battery of Edinburgh Castle. It was characteristic of Pettie's impulsive nature that, seeing the preparations for the Royal Salute at midday (the Queen was then at Holyrood), he pulled his companion along with him, stepped up to the officer in command, saluted him, explained that they were gunners, and asked that they might fall in with his men. The officer was amused, but it was a special occasion, and he granted their

request. So Pettie and McTaggart helped to fire the Royal Salute on the day of the great Edinburgh Review.

These letters written to Mr. McTaggart, from which it is my privilege to quote, are full of unsophisticated youthfulness, but they show glimpses here and there of the earnest thought and sense of duty which underlay the writer's humour and high spirits; above all, they indicate the calm belief, which remained unshaken throughout his life, in the "Providence that shapes our ends." In their brief, jerky phrases, characteristic of the man, they tell the tale of his eager enthusiasm, his impulsiveness and his ambition. Two or three short extracts from letters written in 1859 will serve to give an insight into his character.

I have just written to mother my weekly scribble, egotistical enough even for her. I daresay it does me good to talk of my affairs to one who, I'm sure, won't be bored with the little details; and I feel ready to commence to-morrow, and work as if there was nobody else in the world but myself, perfectly independent. It's a curious feeling, the desire for sympathy.

R——, poor fellow, has a hard struggle, I'm afraid, obliged to paint photographs. He told me he believed he must give up all hopes of becoming an artist. It made me melancholy, and at the same time thankful for my own privileges. I can't but think that circumstances make or mar the man.

How else can one account for many intelligent and apparently talented men being found among the unsuccessful? It frightens me when I meet such. S—— called the other day. I don't understand what has taken the ambition out of the fellow. Undoubtedly he possesses no ordinary talent, and yet——. Are you ever bothered with doubts of your own ability to get on? The idea is often present with me that there *is* a possibility of commencing well, promising something, even doing something, and after all sinking into that most wretched of all men, the unsuccessful artist. I suppose nothing can assure one but firm purpose to work, and leaving the rest to Providence. There, I've talked myself into the dumps!!

Another letter to McTaggart, written on September 26, 1859, shows Pettie's grasp of character, and reveals how from the first George Paul Chalmers, lovable as he was in temperament, lacked the grit and backbone which might have made him one of the greatest of painters.

I am glad you are getting on with your picture well. I know *you* will work, and confidently expect something worthy of you. Isn't it curious, but I don't feel the same confidence in Chalmers. Fancy! he tells me he has *destroyed* what I thought a good bit, and well done, of his picture, and seems to have no very clear notion about finishing it before February. Don't say I said so, but I was very sorry when he told me, and gave him a regular blowing-up. There's no depending on the fellow. How valuable to him would be some of your strength of purpose—*will* in fact; for there is no saying when he *does* begin his picture again.

About the time of writing this letter he was "pitching into French again" with a view to a proposed journey abroad. In September 1859, he writes to McTaggart :

Since I got your letter, I have been a-castle-building. Of late I have been proposing to myself to see Paris next year. Just allow your imagination to follow me till I relieve my mind of a great and glorious idea. Now suppose you and I get plenty of money for our pictures; and next suppose, as a second storey to the castle, that we go up to London when the R.A. Exhibition opens, and then (third storey) go right on to Paris? If I have the money to spare I *will* go, but feel crushed a good deal at the idea of not having your company. It would make the jaunt complete.

Though he sold all the pictures which he exhibited in 1860, the foreign expedition did not take place till 1862. Perhaps in the meantime the greater project of burning his boats behind him and settling in London had begun to stir his imagination.

CHAPTER II

SKETCHING CLUBS : BOOK ILLUSTRATION

IN the common life of Lauder's students nothing was more striking than their unremitting activity. They lived in an atmosphere of hard, methodical work. The Antique and Life Classes were held from eight to ten in the morning, and from six to eight in the evening. With formal class attendance and other studies Lauder virtually made them work twelve hours a day, and nine days out of a fortnight.

They were, however, not men to be daunted by hard toil. Nearly all came from the poorer walks of life ; and most had made their sacrifices, broken down their barriers, and knew well what it meant to struggle for a foothold. McTaggart had begun by dispensing drugs in Campbeltown ; Joseph Henderson had started in a hosier's in Edinburgh ; George Paul Chalmers had been a messenger boy

to a doctor, and assistant in a Montrose Store; and so it was with most of the rest. Nearly all had been thwarted by a foolish antipathy in their home circles to art in the abstract, and by hasty convictions, such as that of Drummond uttered before he studied Pettie's drawings, that business was a solid thing, while art was something precarious.

The Scottish student, born of the soil, whether he study Art or the "Humanities," has grit and endurance for his birthright. So these students of Lauder, not content with the labours of the day, found an additional outlet for the *perfervidum ingenium* of their race in a Sketching Club, which met in the evenings. It was formed about 1858, and among the members were McTaggart, Hugh Cameron, MacWhirter, Orchardson, and C. E. Johnson, who, though not one of Lauder's students, was on terms of close friendship with all. They gathered in one another's rooms (not always to be dignified with the title of studio), and the meetings were easy and unceremonious, made up of happy work and pleasant intercourse. The proceedings began with tea, provided by the host of the evening; then the subject of the sketch was announced, and for this between an hour and two hours was the time allowed. After an interval for examination

and criticism of the sketches, they usually drifted into a general discussion of some art topic, or else began the festivities in which students, the wide world over, find an outlet for youthful spirits. There were boxing, fencing, single-stick play, and various acrobatic feats. Then also each man had his song. What Pettie's was, legend does not state; but George Paul Chalmers excelled in chanting Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," while another special favourite was "The Twa Corbies." And on one occasion, when the Club was in danger of dissolution, Chalmers saved it by the timely reading of a paper urging its advantages and advocating its continuance.

There was no notion, as in some Sketch Clubs of to-day, of turning out a finished drawing for exhibition or for sale. The sole aim was to embody some motive, to give expression to some one idea, to point a moral or adorn a tale. A suggestive scribble was valued more than a meaningless but finished sketch, and often the final result was achieved by an hour's thinking and ten minutes' work. Even in their early days this Scottish coterie displayed a characteristic leaning towards the dramatic in episode and incidents. In Mrs. Pettie's possession are three typical little drawings, made at the Club in 1860. By Chalmers is the figure of a woman,

SKETCHING CLUBS: BOOK ILLUSTRATION 41

seated with head bowed upon a table, while her arm still hangs listlessly over a letter which has fallen from her hand upon the floor. It is Sorrow personified; and the drawing is full of that subtle Rembrandtesque feeling of light and shade in which Chalmers took delight. Orchardson's sketch—a man descending a precipice, while his false friend crouches above, with knife in hand, in act to cut the rope—touches a note of sudden tragedy. Pettie's subject is taken from that fine old Scotch ballad, "The Twa Corbies":

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot their lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare."

The drama and romance of the ballad took strong hold of his imagination; and twenty-four

years later he returned to the subject, painting it in oil as a gift to his friend, Professor MacCunn of Liverpool University. In an accompanying letter it was modestly described as "the ghastly object." The picture is, of course, more complete than the early sketch; the skeleton with its "white house-bane" is more clearly indicated; and some wind-blown grass on the top of the dyke was touched in by Peter Graham. In its earlier form, as a slight sepia sketch, it is full of softness and delicacy. In fine draughtsmanship and in technique it is singularly like the other sketch by Orchardson, though perhaps it has more character and expressiveness. In both the Lauder influence is apparent; there is fine drawing without the appearance of any definite outline; light and shade are woven into one another, hard edges melting in the element of atmosphere.

Edinburgh has always been a centre of culture and a city of clubs. The Sketching Club of Lauder's pupils had noteworthy predecessors. The "Douay College" and the "Dilettanti Society" of the eighteenth century were convivial clubs to which others besides the artistic fraternity resorted; and the "Aesthetic Club," founded in 1851, embraced theology, philosophy, and science as well as art; but "The Smashers," founded in 1848, con-

sisted entirely of artists, and was the immediate forerunner of the club to which Pettie belonged. Its original members were John Ballantyne, William Crawford, William Fettes Douglas, John Faed, Thomas Faed, and James Archer, and its proceedings were much the same as those of the later society. Its minutes, fully extended in a rough rhyme, tell of the sketches made, of the theories discussed in jest or earnest by the members, and give a delightful glimpse into the artist life of those days.

Fifteen years later, when most of the members had won name and fame across the Border, the Smashers' Club was reconstituted in London with the more dignified title of the "Auld Lang Syne"; and Erskine Nicholl, John Stirling, and Andrew Maclure were added to the roll. Not long ago a minute-book of its London meetings (now in the Library of the Royal Scottish Academy) came into my possession. It is a leather-bound, dumpy little volume, and the dealer who sold it confessed frankly enough that it had cost him the ridiculous sum of one penny at a bookstall in the north of London. The minutes record that Pettie, Orchardson, and Peter Graham were all at times welcomed as guests. It may be of interest to quote a single entry :

Friday, 21st December 1866.—The Club met on this evening at 21 Phillimore Gardens. The subject of the sketch was "A Situation." Two members absent on account of illness, Mr. John Faed and Mr. Maclure. As it was the last meeting of the Club that Mr. Douglas¹ was to be present at (he going to Scotland next week), the host took the liberty of asking more than the allowed number of guests; but as they all belonged to the body of Scottish Artists in London (with one exception), he trusted that the appropriateness of their presence would cover his transgression. They were Mr. Houston, R.S.A., Mr. Pettie, A.R.A., Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. J. D. Watson. The usual toasts were proposed and drunk, and the non-presence of the absent members deplored. Mr. Douglas's sad fate was bewailed, and a dirge sung on the occasion by the ladies. The host should mention that Mr. Thos. Faed, in his enthusiasm for the Club, having been ill all day, rose out of bed to be present! The meeting, he thinks, was successful, and separated at the usual hour.

JAMES ARCHER.

In an exactly similar way, the later generation of Scottish artists, to which Pettie belonged, revived in London, after a considerable interval, the Sketching Club of their Edinburgh days.² McTaggart and Hutchison had been left in the north, but with these exceptions the old members renewed their meetings. New friends, however, were made in London, and a few fresh members

¹ Afterwards Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.

² For fuller notes on this and the "Auld Lang Syne" Club, see articles by the present writer in *The Artist* (January 1902, with illustrations) and *Chambers's Journal* (January 1906).

were enrolled, among the first being Frank Holl, Colin Hunter, and George Lawson. The Club, as before, met once a week at the members' houses in rotation. It was the duty of the host to choose the subject and his privilege to keep the sketches. Most of them have, unfortunately, been scattered, by gift, bargain, or exchange, and many must be in the hands of owners who have no knowledge of their origin. Some were recently put up for sale in a well-known auction-room, and each was heralded by the auctioneer as a "Langham Club" sketch! Mrs. Pettie and Mr. C. E. Johnson each retain a few, bearing dates from 1875 to 1884; and three, one of them by Pettie, are in my possession. The sketches were worked in water-colour, sepia, ink, or pencil, rubbed and smudged and handled in all manner of ways on paper of all shades and shapes and sizes. The subject was usually indicated by a single word — "Joy," "Sorrow," "Destruction," "Frolic," "Childhood," and so forth. Occasionally the landscape men were given a better chance, as in "Black and White," or "A Cold Morning," though it is wonderful to note how successfully they tackled such a subject as "Destruction." C. E. Johnson illustrates it with a shipwreck, while MacWhirter depicts a burning

castle—the dark mass of ruins and some withered trees against the lurid glare of the sky, making a fine piece of composition and colour. In Pettie's case the subject inspired a powerful drawing of Palissy seated despondently before his furnace door with his pottery lying in shattered fragments on the ground.

There was another night when "Lo, the poor Indian," or at any rate something that suggested the Wild West, was the theme proposed. A bold sketch in sepia by Orchardson shows a proud warrior chief who has been fleeing before a prairie fire. He sits astride of the horse that has sunk beneath him, and turns resolute to face his approaching doom. Pettie's is a humorous, fanciful sketch in sepia and charcoal of a Red Indian waving his scalping knife in the wild abandon of the war-dance. The figure, lit by the glare of the fire before which he dances, stands out finely against the dark background of the forest primeval. In a fighting scene, dated 1878, Pettie had the kind of subject in which he took the keenest delight. Two Highland chiefs, with their retainers, have met in a narrow lane, and with targe and claymore are fiercely disputing the right to the "head of the causeway." There is a strong similarity between

SKETCHING CLUBS: BOOK ILLUSTRATION 47

this sketch, with its vivid suggestion of movement, and the background of the picture, "The Clash of Steel," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888. Indeed, many of the sketches made at these evening meetings were worked out later on a larger scale. Pettie's "Challenge," Holl's "Child's Funeral," and many another picture had their origin in an hour's sketch, done on the spur of the moment, at some meeting of the Club.

No minutes were kept, but a joint letter written by the members of the Club, to offer their sympathy to Mrs. Collie, on the death of her son George Paul Chalmers, serves as an interesting record of one meeting at which general sadness prevailed :

THE SKETCHING CLUB, LONDON,
23rd February 1878.

DEAR MADAM—In great sadness we desire to offer you our most heartfelt and tender sympathy in the affliction which has so suddenly overtaken you. We feel how little good mere words can do to soothe, in presence of this great calamity, nor will we even attempt to express our own feelings, or the sense of our heavy loss, but can only assure you that we mourn in common, you a dear and devoted son, and we a brother.

JOHN BURR.	GEORGE A. LAWSON.
THOMAS GRAHAM.	J. MACWHIRTER.
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C. E. JOHNSON.	F. R. STOCK.

Frank Holl for many years was an energetic secretary of the Club, but after his death it gradually dissolved. Among its later members were Abbey, Parsons, David Murray, and Gregory, so that to the end its brilliance was maintained. But the bread and cheese and the pipes of the older days had given place to the champagne dinners and cigars of Fitzjohn's Avenue and Melbury Road, amid spacious surroundings, tapestries and armour, and curios rich and rare. You look at the sketches on these odds and ends of paper, bringing back that studio atmosphere of mingled paint and tobacco—surely the sweetest scent the world has ever known!—but you like best those of the early days, done in the dingy rooms of the north, by men who worked in sober earnest, still with all the world before them, still with castles in Spain appearing through the smoke.

To these early days belongs another class of black-and-white work, in which Pettie showed high prowess. His book illustrations date from the opening years of that golden decade, which in the history of illustrated books is always familiarly known as "The Sixties." The wood-cuts of the period were an original and beautiful contribution to European art. The "Moxon" Tennyson of

1857, with its famous illustrations by the Pre-Raphaelites, inaugurated a new era, and a great revival of artistic illustration set in with the establishment of such periodicals as *Once a Week* and *Good Words*. The latter was a popular semi-religious magazine, which quickly achieved a record-breaking circulation. It was founded in 1860 by Alexander Strahan, who was fortunate in his choice of Dr. Norman Macleod as its editor. For two years it was printed by Constable, and published in Edinburgh, but the volume for 1862 was issued from headquarters in London. Orchardson is among the illustrators of volume i. Pettie appears in volume ii., with two drawings which show promise, but no outstanding power.

In volume iii. the list of artists has been extended, and Pettie appears in goodly company with Millais, Keene, Sandys, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Boyd Houghton, Tenniel, and others. It was a noteworthy group, and one doubts whether any periodical since has ever had so many brilliant stars among its illustrators. A good subject was offered to Pettie by a story, *What sent me to Sea*, and there is fine sympathy in his drawing of the old sailor and the country lad who "built a whole fleet of ships of every rig, from a frigate to a

cutter." No doubt the background was sought in the workshop of the village carpenter at East Linton. In *The Country Surgeon* he shows a growing power of draughtsmanship and composition. This is one of the best illustrations he produced. The stooping figure, in loose coat and top boots, is drawn with fine swing of line and with the dramatic sense, which to the end remained characteristic of the man. In volume iv., 1868, an illustration to *The Monks and the Heathen*, by Charles Kingsley, tells how "Sturmi took him a trusty ass, and, axe in hand, rode away into the wild woods, singing his psalms." There is something very fresh and attractive in this drawing, particularly in its unconventional arrangement. Pettie himself must have liked it, for some years later, in 1868, he painted the subject on a much larger scale, making slight alterations in the monk's head, the position of the axe, and other details. In the same volume a story called *The Passion Flowers of Life* inspired a fine study of an old man, probably drawn from the artist's father, seated in a creeper-clad porch, with a child on his knees. An illustration to *A Touch of Nature* pictures how "the Harlequin Boy usually kept at a slight distance from the procession," and is again charming in its sense of selection and its

THE MONK STURMI IN SEARCH OF A MONASTERY SITE

(Size of original, 21 x 15½.)





subtle power of line. It reaches a concentrated effect by balance of mass and a few simple notes—you see here, as it were, the skeleton of one of his pictures. Three other drawings of 1868, though all good in their way, call for no special comment; nor does particular interest attach to the single tail-piece contributed to the volume for 1864. Mr. Gleeson White, not a warm admirer of Pettie's paintings, says of these illustrations in his standard work on *English Illustration: the Sixties*, that "to a later generation, who only know the pictures of the Royal Academician, these come as a surprise, and prove the versatility of an artist whose painting was somewhat mannered."

In 1864 Pettie practically abandoned book-illustration in order to give all his energies to paint. It is characteristic of him, and proof of his readiness to appreciate others' work, that in reply to his publisher's appeals he should have said, "Look here, Strahan, you take my word, and pin your faith on Pinwell, Walker, and Small; they're doing better work than I can give you." The publisher was not wise in time, for after 1865 there was a growing tendency to illustrate by means of engravings from photographs, and *Good Words* lost much of its artistic interest. After many lean

years there was a notable revival in the volume for 1878, in which William Black's *Macleod of Dare* was illustrated by Pettie, Boughton, Peter Graham, Orchardson, Millais, and T. Faed, a group that recalls the glory of the early issues. Pettie's illustration of a single figure in the shadow of a doorway has the full chiaroscuro of a painting; but one feels that the interpretation of light and shade into line has been left to the engraver, whereas the early work was done in pure line, reproduced as directly and sympathetically as the engraver could or would. That in most cases the drawings suffered, there can be little doubt. After the appearance of *Good Words* for January 1868, with his illustration to *The Monks and the Heathen*, Pettie writes :

Glad you liked my monk. I wish you had seen the drawing. The head is *ruined*! The rest is good, but I would not have known the head as mine. Isn't it provoking?

Rossetti, on the same point, wrote a memorable letter to W. Bell Scott :

I have designed five blocks for Tennyson. It is a thankless task. After a fortnight's work my block goes to the engraver, like Agag delicately, and is hewn in pieces before the Lord Harry.

SKETCHING CLUBS: BOOK ILLUSTRATION 53

ADDRESS TO DALZIEL BROTHERS

O woodman, spare that block,
O gash not anyhow!
It took ten days by clock,
I'd fain protect it now.

Chorus—Wild laughter from Dalziels' workshop.

A few more drawings contributed to periodical literature remain to be noted. In an illustration to the *Sunday Magazine* for 1867 his hand seems to have lost its cunning, and the drawing is somewhat laboured. Perhaps it was done under compulsion; perhaps it was "hewn in pieces" by the engraver. Nor has an illustration in the following year to *Philip Clayton's First-Born*, in the same paper, the fire and dash of his earlier work. To *Good Words for the Young*, 1869, he contributed some small illustrations, not of special distinction. *The Boys of Axleford*, by G. Camden, to which some of them belong, was issued in book form in the same year.

An earlier book for which he supplied illustrations was *The Postman's Bag, and other Stories*, by J. de Liefde, published in Edinburgh by Strahan in 1862. Among Pettie's drawings are three for *The Golden Cup*, and one each for *Charles Cologne-Pot*, *Three Boys*, and *The Open Door*. Other

artists of the Scottish School shared in the illustrations, but Pettie's work is certainly the finest in the volume, showing freedom and sympathy of line, with a natural sense of decoration in filling a given space. The figures in *The Three Boys* and *The Open Door* are delightfully natural, and it is unfortunate that the fine pen lines should have been blurred by poor reproduction in lithography. Another noteworthy volume of the period is *Wordsworth's Poems for the Young*, published by Strahan in 1868, with a vignette frontispiece by Millais, and illustrations by MacWhirter and Pettie. It may be said, without the least disparagement to the fine landscape drawing of his companion, that Pettie's six illustrations are the most striking in the book. *The Idle Shepherd Boys*, for example, is a charming and spirited piece of work, with fine play of line and marked power of selection. *Touches of Nature*, published by Strahan in 1866, contains illustrations reprinted from among those already mentioned.

One final book illustration Pettie supplied to the Christmas number of *Longman's Magazine* for 1884. Among the other artists who supplied drawings (rather inadequately reproduced in colour from wood-blocks) were Walter Crane, Richard

Doyle, Marcus Stone, and Birket Foster. Pettie's pretty maiden in an arm-chair, an illustration to Bret Harte's *Sarah Walker*, suffers considerably in reproduction, particularly in the crude reds and yellows of the hair. The original painting in oil is full of life and fine colour.

It was in colour that Pettie found his most natural method of expression. None the less, his black-and-white work for illustrations exhibits a bold freedom of line and lightness of handling that make it notable even at a period when the art of book-illustration was passing through one of its most distinguished phases. His work was sometimes trifling or commonplace, mainly because it was done hastily to accompany commonplace text, but, as a rule, it was always free, spirited, and suggestive.

Another proof of the versatility which struck Gleeson White is given by Pettie's work as an etcher. About 1878 he became a member of "The Etching Club," a small society which in its earlier days did much to revive in England the lost art of etching. It was originally formed by a few Royal Academicians and water-colour painters, who supped once a month in each other's houses in the same jovial but simple fashion as the Sketching Club. From time to time, beginning with *The*

Deserted Village, in 1841, they produced a handsome volume illustrated by their etchings, or else a portfolio of independent work. Among the original members who contributed to *The Deserted Village* were T. Webster, R. Redgrave, J. C. Horsley, C. W. Cope, F. Tayler and H. J. Townsend. When Pettie joined the Club, Cope, Horsley, and Redgrave still survived. Among fresh additions to its ranks had been Samuel Palmer, who joined about 1850, J. C. Hook, Holman Hunt, and Millais; but even with the infusion of new blood, the Club only lingered till about 1880. With few exceptions its members were painters first and foremost, looking to etching not as an original and independent art, but as a means of obtaining the full effect of a picture. Many of them—Pettie, I think, for certain—probably knew nothing of technique, of the joy and drudgery of biting, stopping out, scraping and burnishing, of the real tussle with what Samuel Palmer described as the “teasing, temper-trying, yet fascinating copper”; and they certainly knew nothing of the intricate art of printing. In the later days they drew on the copper-plate served out, with the ground ready laid, by the secretary, who in many cases “did the rest.”

To a portfolio of etchings published by the Club in 1879 Pettie made two contributions. Seeing that he is known to have handled the etching needle on four copper-plates only—one of them experimental, with rough sketches of himself, some armour, etc.—they show singular appreciation of the power of the etched line, its delicacy and its strength. One of them, “At Bay,” is based upon the oil-painting of 1878, “A Moment of Danger,” here illustrated; in the etching the Highlander stands alone, a dignified figure against the dark mouth of the cave. The other subject also reproduces an oil-painting of 1878, “The Highland Outpost,” now in the possession of Mrs. Orchar at Dundee. Two years later he contributed an illustration to *The Abdication, or Time Tries All:* a Play in Three Acts, by W. D. Scott-Moncrieff, with etchings by J. Pettie, W. Q. Orchardson, J. MacWhirter, Colin Hunter, R. W. Macbeth, and Tom Graham (Chatto and Windus, 1881). Pettie’s etching, strong and direct, one of the best in the volume, depicts a French ambassador approaching Queen Mary’s camp with a white flag—“May’t please your Grace to speak with one who speaks for France and you.” The subject found favour with Pettie, for he set to work in the same year on

an oil-painting, "A White Flag," which is closely akin to the etching. The same pose and the same fling of the open hand, possibly a little awkward, but dramatically suggestive, appear later in "The Ultimatum."

In this record of Pettie's book illustrations and work done at the Sketching Clubs to which he belonged, we have traversed rapidly a period of years, during which he had gained repute in London as one of the foremost painters of the Royal Academy. It is time to retrace our steps to where we left him in Edinburgh, one of Lauder's most promising pupils, still on the threshold of his career.

CHAPTER III

LONDON AND THE ACADEMY

PETTIE's strong and ambitious nature called for the stimulus of the fullest competition. He panted for larger air, and thrilled to test his wings in longer and nobler flight. The success of his "Armourers" and "What d'ye lack?" at the Royal Academy still further incited him to try his fortunes in the south.

Another thing that influenced him was the removal to London of the headquarters of *Good Words*. It was not his main reason, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Strahan's offer of steady commissions for illustrations was a strong inducement to him to take a step which was naturally something of a venture. The £10 apiece which he got for his drawings on the wood block was more than sufficient to keep the wolf from the door and to ensure that independence of his parents which he was the

first to desire. Mr. Strahan, a hale and hearty veteran, is still alive to tell the tale of how Pettie would come to his office at 32 Ludgate Hill and bear away a manuscript or some sheets of proof. Opposite to the office was a restaurant, of a type made popular now, but rare in those days, where tea, coffee, and moderate refreshments were supplied on marble tables. Pettie, with a cup of coffee before him, a friendly pipe in his mouth, would choose his subject; then, taking a pencil, would dash down his ideas, with frequent obliterations, on the marble surface, and hurry homewards with a clear and concise notion for his drawing on the block. In London, as in Edinburgh, he was "always on the trot."

The year 1862, then, found Pettie sharing a house at 62 Stanley Street, Pimlico, with Orchardson, who had come south some time before, and with Tom Graham. The Post-Office Directory knows Stanley Street, Pimlico, no more; it has vanished or changed its name. One pictures it as a narrow street, one of many such in that neighbourhood, which had seen better days—a street of drab, dingy houses, uniform in their doorsteps, their area railings, their cards in the window announcing "Apartments to Let." From Stanley Street he

sent to the Royal Academy his "Sub-Prior and Edward Glendinning," illustrating the scene in Sir Walter Scott's *Monastery* where the penitent confesses his joy at hearing of the supposed death of the euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, and his sorrow at his unexpected restoration. From the Academy this picture went on to the Glasgow Institute. An anecdote about it, told by Mr. Pinnington in his *Life of G. P. Chalmers*, supplies an interesting note of its history, and reveals the sleepless persistency of the born collector. The late Dr. Blair Spence of Dundee, while on a visit to Glasgow in 1862, saw the "Sub-Prior" and Chalmers's "Miserere Mei" (now in the Scottish National Gallery), and noted in the fine colour and dexterous brushwork of the two unknown painters a foreshadowing of future mastery. He made inquiries about both pictures, but though an enthusiast about painting he was still young in his own profession, and the price, small as it was, doomed him to disappointment. Twenty to thirty years passed. Chalmers was dead; Pettie was an Academician at the height of his career; but Dr. Blair Spence still remembered the two works which had stirred his youthful enthusiasm, and at last gathered them both into his own possession.

In the autumn of 1862 the promised foreign trip took shape. With Tom Graham and Chalmers, Pettie made an excursion to Brittany, from which all of them brought back happy memories. They rambled about in a leisurely way on foot, enjoying the new scenery, the fresh life and character on the highways and byways along which they passed, and in the out-of-the-way nooks into which they stumbled. Graham, to whom the ground was familiar, acted as guide. They did not visit Paris (so that Pettie's first ambition still remained unfulfilled) and they saw no pictures. Many sketches were made, some of which resulted in pictures exhibited after their return. In 1863 and 1864 Chalmers showed "The Favourite Air," "Brittany Peasants," and "A Peasant of Brittany." A relic of Pettie's share in the tour is his picture of "Brittany Minstrels," exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1863. Two musicians, shod in wooden sabots and wearing broad belts on yellow tinted garments, are performing on the flageolet; the bright corsage of a female figure gives a note of light to the dark room in which they sit. The picture is in the Corporation Art Gallery at Glasgow.¹

¹ For some time it bore the title of "The Musicians," with a somewhat misleading description in the catalogue. It is now rightly described.

A letter of this period, written from Stanley Street, shows the writer well established in London and making strides in his profession, though he still breakfasts upon tea and bread-and-butter, and speaks with humour, not unmixed with a little envy, of another young artist, who dresses for the evening, and follows his dinner with coffee and a cigar.

[*January 1863.*]

I have to thank you for letting me know that Mr. Craig is inclined to speculate in one of my pictures. The fact is I have *nothing* now, and am just going to begin a picture for the R.A. I must take all the remaining time to it, or it will have *no chance* whatever of admittance. Besides this, I have agreed to supply Strahan with a number of wood blocks, monthly, so my time is taken up too much to have anything to sell for two or three months. Will Craig allow me to reserve his order? I have just finished a little picture of Brittany pipers, which I must offer to a gentleman in Edinburgh who gave me a commission.

Towards the close of 1863, Pettie, Orchardson, and Tom Graham, taking C. E. Johnson in their company, moved from Pimlico to 37 Fitzroy Square, a house afterwards tenanted by Ford Madox Brown and Andrew Gow successively. The house was on the south side of the Square, and its high-pitched rooms, with tall windows admitting a north light, were well adapted to the uses of a studio. Christina

Rossetti, writing later to Mrs. Gilchrist, speaks of the house as a large and handsome one, adding that she went there one day to see Madox Brown's "'Coat of many Colours,' a very noble work." The great stone staircase has rung to the feet of many of historic name, for among Madox Brown's constant visitors were Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, William Morris, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Whistler, Fred Walker, Pinwell, and many more. The south and east sides of the Square—it is now a home of hospitals and institutes—were built by the brothers Adam; and in 1815, on their completion, the buildings had, to quote a contemporary record, "a greater portion of architectural embellishment than most others in the metropolis." The Square, with its grandiose apartments, had once been the aristocratic centre of its day; and now that it was no longer a fashionable quarter, artists were quick to see the advantage of its roomy residences with their moderate rent. Sir William Ross, the miniature painter, lived at No. 88, and died there in 1860. Sir Charles Eastlake, the President of the Academy, lived at No. 7 from his marriage in 1849 till his death in 1865. Mr. Clarence Dobell, brother of Sydney Dobell, the poet, had a studio in Grafton Street near by, and immediately

opposite to him was Edward Poynter (now Sir Edward), whose studio was a meeting-place for Leighton, Watts, Du Maurier, and other rising artists of the day.

In the upper rooms of 87 Fitzroy Square (known to their friends as "The Barracks"), with light hearts and brave spirits, the four lived a happy, very Bohemian existence. The odds and ends of furniture which they pooled between them, flotsam and jetsam from second-hand shops and deserted studios, were quaint and curious. Mr. Johnson to this day preserves a table which served occasionally for meals; its battered surface bears their initials hacked upon it, and shows gaps whence toothpicks were removed. Over the sketches that littered the floor ran guinea-pigs, and white rats that loved the warmth of a friendly sleeve. The general factotum was one Joe Wall, an old model of Landseer and Frith, who had been a prize-fighter, and gloried in the remembrance of his celebrated encounter with the "Skinny Butcher" of Bermondsey. He scrubbed, cleaned, and mended for them; he gave them lessons in the noble science; and he sat for their pictures. His figure is prominent in Pettie's "Drum-head Court-Martial" and other works of this period.

The face of the disappointed swain in "Rejected Addresses" is an exact likeness of him. And in a Catalogue of the International Exhibition of 1873 I find a picture by John Phillip, R.A.—"Portrait of Joe Wall. Painted in 1845. Lent by Mr. J. Wall." There could be only one Joe Wall, the friend of artists; and this must be he. It would have been a privilege to know him in his declining years, for what tales he could have told of the prize-ring, and of the young heroes of art, whom he had "done for," or whose model he had been!

They were the truest and heartiest of friends, and with the true spirit of socialism they had all things in common. Their cash-box was the open drawer of a writing-table in one of the studios, where bank-notes, gold, silver, and copper were mixed in cheerful confusion with bottles of varnish and tubes of colour. An English artist, Mr. Coleman, who lived on the ground floor, was known as the millionaire of the establishment, and cashed any cheques that appeared upon the scene. Pettie, who usually had most funds, was nominally the banker, but any one who wanted cash had but to say so, and was sent to the drawer to rout out as much as he required. When they first settled in

the house they took pride in pointing out armorial bearings, of a baronet's hand and dagger, carved in the stone above the outer door. But there was wrath and indignation when the ambassador of a brutal and prosaic Government demanded that they should pay a tax for the escutcheon. "The Barracks" was very delightful in health, but very desolate in illness. Pettie always cherished a grateful remembrance of the kindness with which Mr. Dobell nursed him through an attack of jaundice, on an occasion when his three house-mates were scattered upon holiday.

Mr. Clarence Dobell, at the time of his first introduction to the Fitzroy Square *ménage*, had studied in the Royal Academy Schools, and was a constant visitor at Poynter's house, where he held frequent intercourse with Leighton, Watts, and the rest. His general ideas regarding art, he tells me, were at the time entirely moulded and influenced by what he heard and saw of the young English School of that day. He abandoned London and the arts in 1865, so that he is peculiarly able to give a clear-cut impression, from an Englishman's point of view, without relation to future events and developments, of the advent of the new generation of Scotsmen, and of

the place they took amid their English surroundings. From some reminiscences he has kindly sent me, the following passage must be given in his own words :

I knew nothing of the Edinburgh School of artists, and had never heard of either Orchardson, Pettie, or of either of the Grahams ; but my brother, Sydney Dobell, the poet, had lately spent some years in Edinburgh society, and he had introduced me to Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., who had removed from Edinburgh to London with the idea of trying his fortunes in the larger capital. Mr. Archer had taken a house in one of the streets near Fitzroy Square, and one day Mrs. Archer wrote and asked me to dine with them to meet three Scotch artists, friends of Archer's, who had followed his example and had come up to London with the intention of settling there. I remember thinking that they were very unwise to imagine that they had any chance against the many wonderful men of genius, who, I already knew, had a difficult struggle to obtain an income—men who had studied under some of the best masters in Paris and Rome, and who were not sure of having their pictures hung by the Royal Academicians or purchased by the picture-dealers.

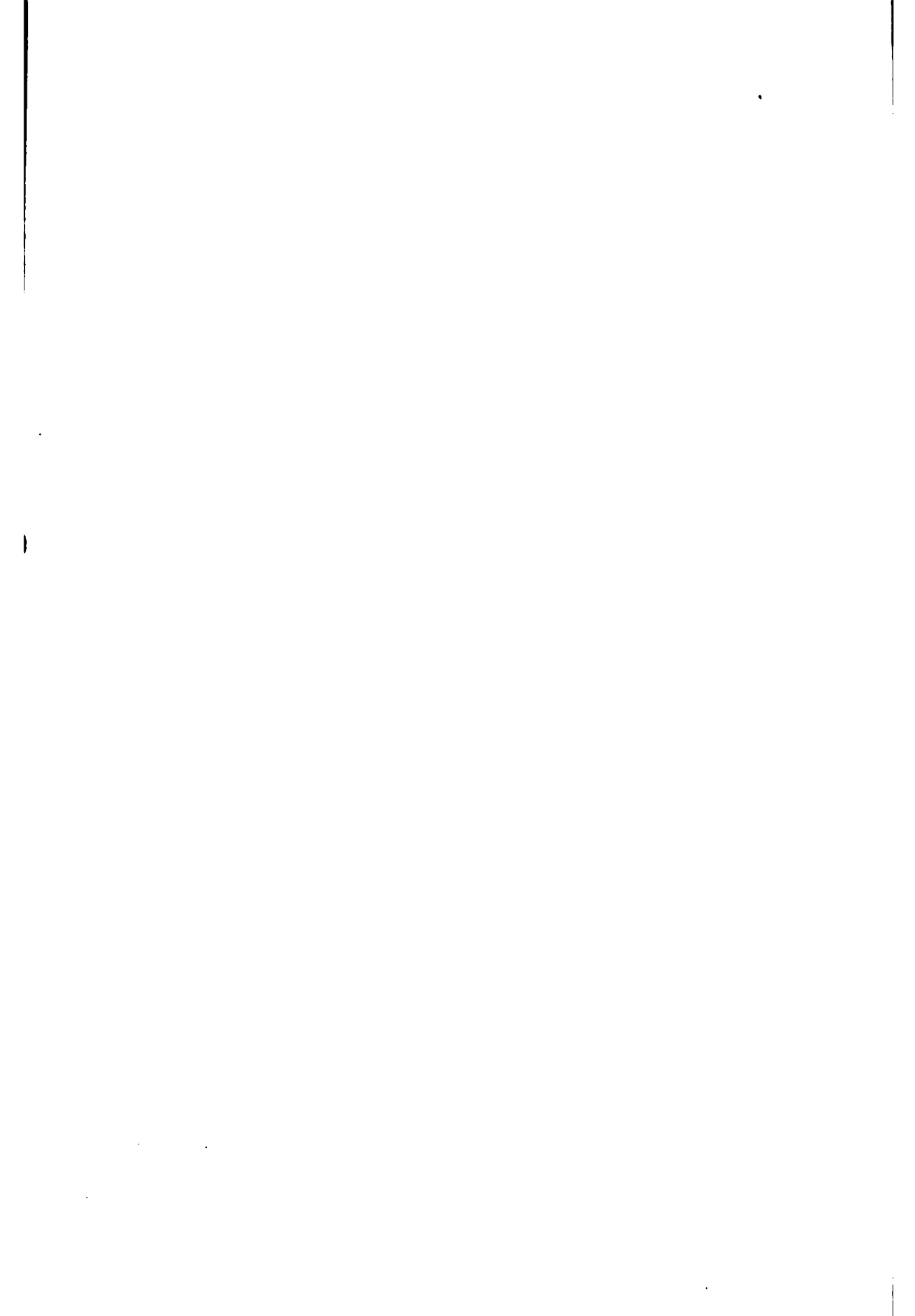
Well, I went to the dinner, and the three guests were Orchardson, Pettie, and Tom Graham. They made such an impression on my mind that I remember that evening as though it were yesterday. The brilliant conversation of Orchardson, the strong sense of Pettie, and the calm confidence of Tom Graham delighted and astonished me. I was delighted by their originality, simplicity, and friendliness; and astonished at their evident assurance of the certain success of their enterprise! They spoke in the coolest manner of the weakness of the Art leaders of London, and



THE STEP

(Size of original, 81½ × 48.)





were clearly well satisfied that their own school of art was certain to be welcomed both by the picture-dealers and the public. They very warmly bade me welcome to come to their diggings whenever I liked, an invitation which I as warmly accepted.

Directly I saw their work I recognised that here was something quite new and original, unlike any of the schools represented by London artists, and that it was not only new, but that it had undoubted value of its own, and was allied to some qualities that I remembered to have observed in the old masters. The young English painters of that day were so anxious to crowd all they could into a little space in order to have a better chance of being "hung on the line," that they deemed it a sign of exceptional skill to arrange a group so that the heads nearly touched the top of the picture and the feet stood on the lower edge of the frame, while the background was crowded into the intermediate spaces. The Scotchmen laughed at these artifices, delighted to surround their figures with illimitable spaces, and boldly declared that the R.A.'s dared not reject them; and to our amazement they were right. The pictures were hung, and not only hung but sold, and the dealers clamoured for more. In a single season Orchardson and Pettie were marked men and made men.

The main difference between the Scotsmen and their English contemporaries and predecessors, as Mr. Dobell indicates, was not merely one of colour and execution. They were among the first to relieve the congestion that characterised the mid-century pictures, by letting atmosphere into their work. They broke away from Pre-Raphaelite

influence, neglecting all insignificant details, and summarising largely and boldly what was essential. They strove to catch the play of light upon surfaces and textures, and to render the transparent qualities of atmosphere. If they painted an interior, they painted not only the outward and visible aspect of the room, the furniture, the figures, but the air and space in which they moved. To those used to the crowded canvases of the Pre-Raphaelites, and accustomed to admire the harsh studio-painted details of Leslie, Egg, Maclise, and the rest, the pictures of the young Scotsmen seemed bare and unfurnished. Their finished work was regarded lightly as an airy or animated sketch. A glance at the newspapers of the period shows how the contemporary critic was struck by the apparent "emptiness" of their work. For years the *Athenæum* heaped abuse upon them, culminating in 1874, on Pettie's election as an Academician, with a "shudder at the prospects of English art, which he is expected to take the fortieth part in controlling and directing." "Another member of the Royal Academy," adds the critic of that date, "but one who has not yet in any respect reached Mr. Pettie, is Mr. Orchardson. He has this year favoured us with four large sketches—it would be

unjust to call them pictures—of the slightest, most theatrical and flimsy kind.” All this sounds reckless or spiteful, yet it was doubtless the writer’s honest conviction. Time, at any rate, brought its revenges.

In 1875, after a silence of fifteen years, Ruskin renewed his Royal Academy Notes, and followed a similar line of criticism :

Mr. Pettie, a man of real feeling and great dramatic force, is ruining himself by shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt he would never have vulgarised the real pathos and most subtle expression of his ‘Jacobites’ by the slovenly dark background, corresponding virtually to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite’s face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt, but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such-like. Now there’s a wrinkle quite essential to the expression under the Jacobite’s eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt’s bad bricklayer’s work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure of his colours ; but it is always licentious.

The “absolute ruler of taste in the ‘sixties” never wrote a falser piece of criticism. This is Ruskin in the mood which prompted him to write of Whistler “flinging a pot of paint in the public’s face” ; of Constable’s “spotting and splashing,” of

his "perceiving only in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadows flat, and the boughs shady; that is to say, about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended, between them, by an intelligent fawn and a skylark." I remember an argument arising between Pettie and Professor MacCunn of Liverpool University. The professor of political economy had no good word for Ruskin's writings on his own subject; he revelled in his philosophy of art. The painter said: "When Ruskin writes about art, I can't abide him. When he writes about political economy and the education of the masses and things like that, he's simply grand." One is tempted to add the alarming finality with which Walt Whitman dismissed Ruskin on both points of view: "I don't quote him. I don't care for him. I don't read him. Don't find he appeals to me. I've tried Ruskin on every way, but he don't fit."

Pettie, of all men, was sure of his colours, and in his "bricklayer's work" and in his chiaroscuro alike might well be content to stand or fall in Rembrandt's company. In spite of Ruskin's talk of shallow mimicry, chiaroscuro was an element in Pettie's conception of his subjects which he thoroughly understood, and used with the utmost



JACOBITES, 1745

"DIPLOMA PICTURE

(*Size of original, 35 x 50.*)





skill to enhance the dramatic action of his characters. The gloom of that dark background, the misty atmosphere of a large bare chamber, is anything but slovenly, and makes the figures more real by its own reality. Here, as in many of his pictures, the painter concentrates attention on his main group, and leads up to it by a subtle and well-conceived scheme of light and shade. To-day we can appreciate the repose of blank spaces—how cunningly it is used, for instance, in “Ho! Ho! Old Noll” and “The Traitor”—and the luminous envelopment given by backgrounds that in Ruskin’s day might seem bare and unfurnished.

To the two years spent in Fitzroy Square, and to the ten years following, belong several of Pettie’s finest works. The alert temperament which inspired his instant perception of the dramatic moment and historical arrangement of his subject, combined with the training and tradition of the school to which he belonged, give both vigour and finesse to his brush. His fine sense of colour and his brilliance of craftsmanship soon drew the attention they deserved. To the Academy in 1868 he sent “The Trio,” another picture inspired perhaps by the minstrels of Brittany. Three mediæval musicians are performing in an ancient

street. A lutist, hat in hand, bows obsequiously to some girls at a window ; a hautboy player in front remains absorbed in his performance ; the third, a lanky fellow with a viol, eyes an upper window the while he continues his chant. The picture tells its story with gaiety, spirit, and dramatic force.

In 1864 he sent "The Tonsure," a humorous subject, rich in character and full of expression, showing the barber of a convent shaving the head of a younger brother with a sadly blunt razor. With it went a larger and more serious work, "George Fox refusing to take the Oath at Houlker Hall, A.D. 1668." At the end of the table round which the Justices are seated stands the founder of the Society of Friends, a figure of dignified simplicity, steadfast in his calm resolve, his wife and children behind him. The composition is firm and compact, the erectness of the standing and seated figures cunningly counteracted by the curves given by the stooping figure of the officer, who persuasively holds out the Bible, and of one of the Justices, who bends to whisper in his neighbour's ear. The masses of light and shade are skilfully ordered, throwing into prominence the upraised hand of the presiding magistrate, dramatic in its

gesture, and the tall form of the recusant. The colour is rich, glowing, and luminous.

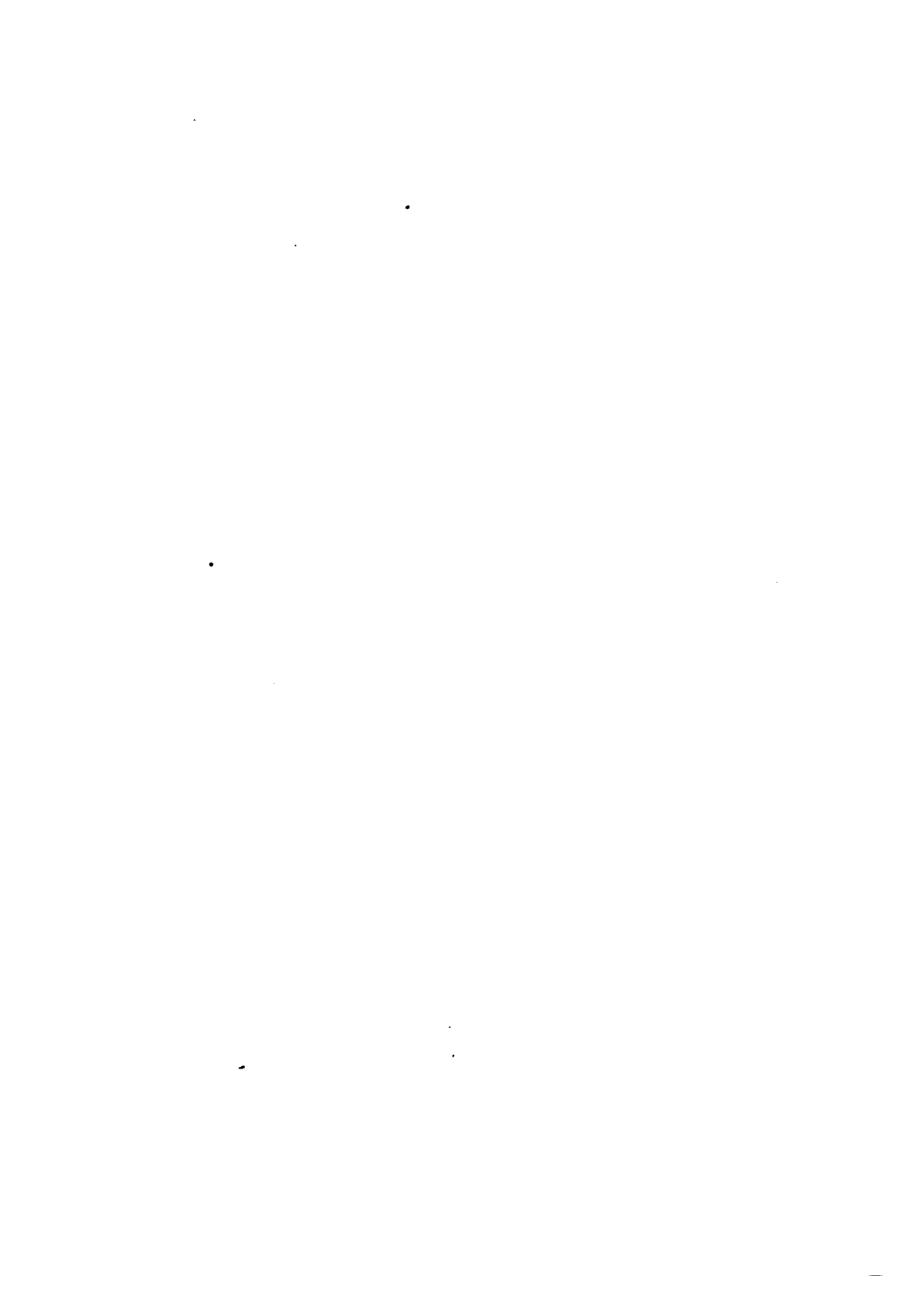
In the British Institution of 1864 he was represented by "The Time and Place," a raffish-looking cavalier, in black satin doublet and trunks, with a red feather in his broad-leafed beaver, and his cloak and belt lying on the ground beside him, about to throw himself into guard. The *Times* spoke of it as "probably the most satisfactory figure-subject here—certainly the one of which we have brought away the distinctest recollection"; and added: "If Mr. Pettie is a young man, he should soon be better known; meanwhile, we book his name as one of the few which we carry away from this exhibition, to be looked after henceforth in places where they show pictures."

In the summer of 1864 Tom Graham, Keeley Halswelle, C. E. Johnson, and Pettie all spent a holiday together at Hastings; and it was on this occasion that the two last met their future wives, Miss Sarah and Miss Elizabeth Ann Bossom. Pettie's marriage to the latter took place at Hastings on August 25 of the following year.

It was in 1865 that Pettie became a marked man to the eye of the public. His "Drum-head Court-Martial" was one of the pictures before which

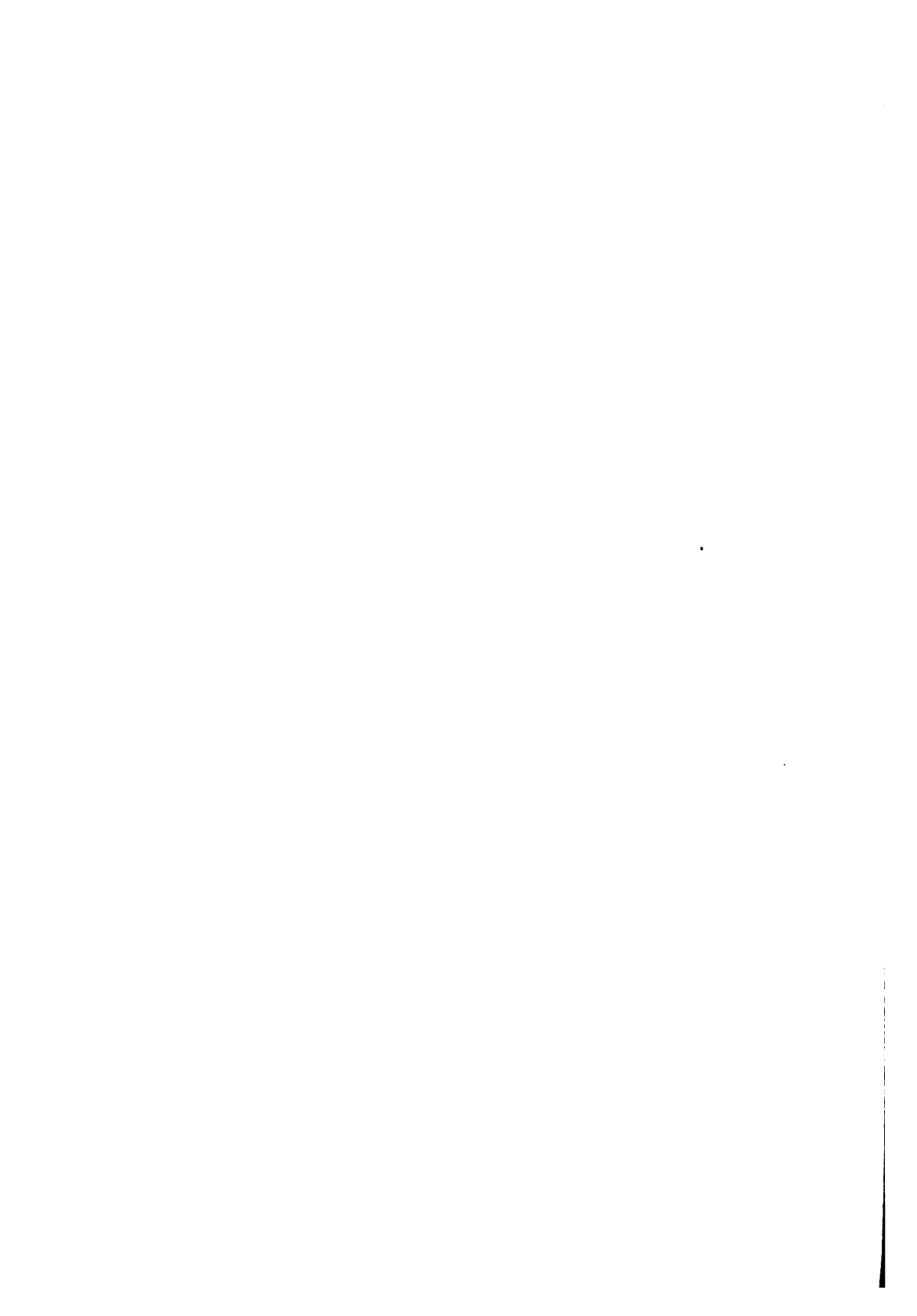
visitors daily clustered when it hung on the Academy walls. The subject was a fresh and telling one—not a definite historical scene, but one embodying the spirit and romance of history. Seated before a drum are three stern-looking figures: an improvised tribunal. The centre one is a glum parson; on his right sits a cavalierly general, who likes rich clothing and good-living; on his left a rough soldier. A stalwart prisoner, pale but not cowed, is brought before them for his trial. The tent and camp equipage of the background are indicated without obtrusion. It is a dashing picture, full of spirit in idea and in design; and the artist seldom painted anything better, or more full of character, than the heads of those commanders sitting in judgment.

This picture and several more of Pettie's finest works—"To the Death," "A Sally," "The Flag of Truce," and "Treason"—passed later into the collections of Mr. J. Newton Mappin and Sir Frederick Mappin, and are now in the Mappin Art Gallery at Sheffield. The public galleries of Glasgow and Aberdeen are also rich in examples of the artist at his best. It is a constant regret to admirers of his work that the National Gallery of Scotland should have nothing at all to bear testi-



A DRUM-HEAD COURT MARTIAL
(Size of original, 28 x 42.)



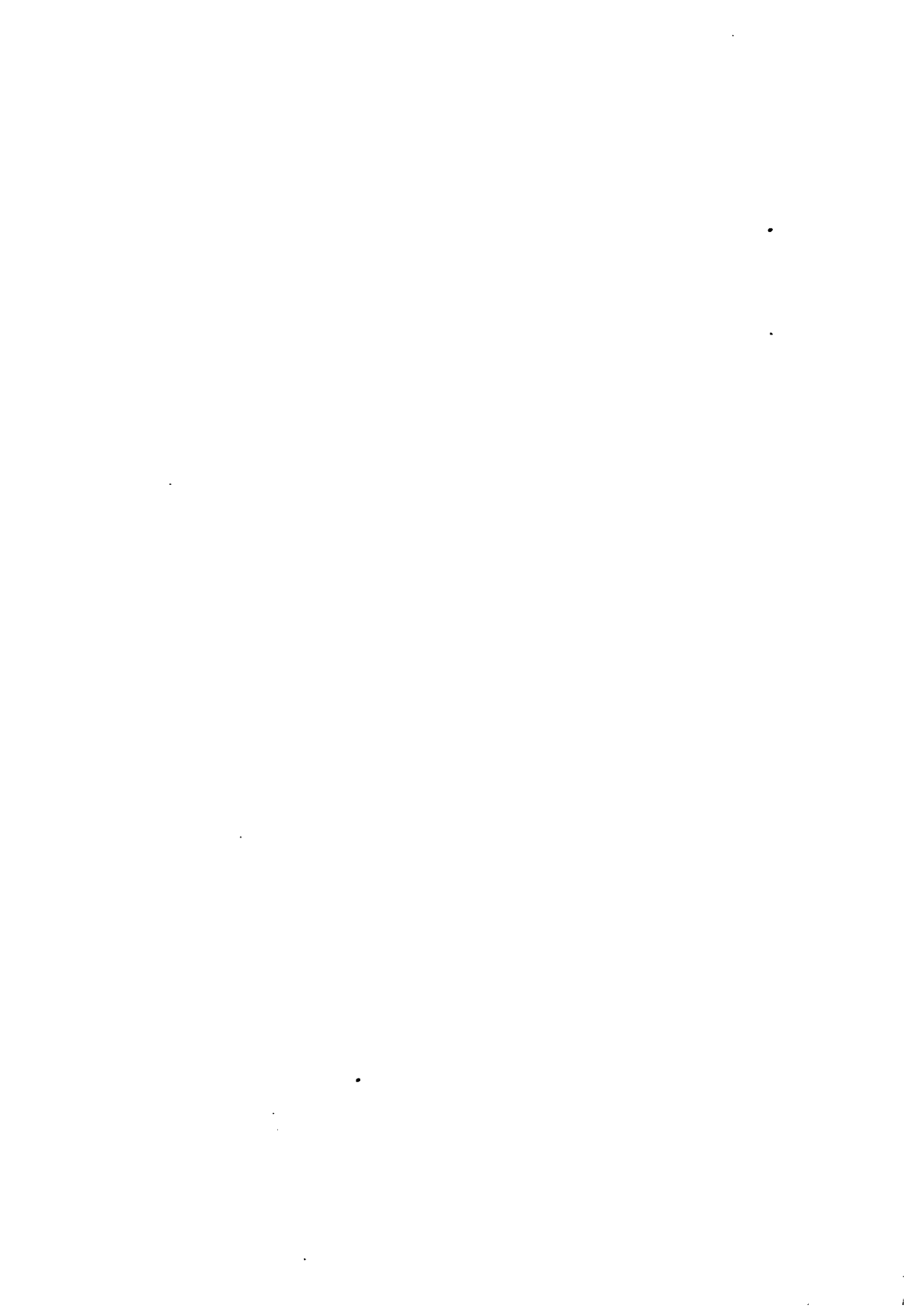


mony to his genius, and that his powers should be so poorly represented in London. "The Vigil," in the Tate Gallery, much though it may be admired for its fine sentiment, is not typical of his fluent draughtsmanship and brilliant colour. "The Jacobites," in the Diploma Gallery, to which few people ever penetrate, is a much less known but far nobler example of his talent.

The expectations roused by the "Drum-head Court-Martial" were well fulfilled by the "Arrest for Witchcraft" of the following year. The canvas exhibited at the Academy now has a home in the Melbourne Art Gallery, but a replica is at Wolverhampton. The scene is in the market-place of a mediæval town, where some ruffianly troopers are conducting to the ordeal of the pond a poor old woman, her hands tied beneath her cloak. Her expression is fine in its dazed apathy and almost imbecile calmness. The whole picture is well conceived. The witch is pursued by the townfolks with clamour and threats. All are moving except two men in the background, of philosophic cast, who with heads together gaze sceptically at the scene of violence. Each figure in the action, each head with its diversity of character and passion, enhances the reality of the scene. The picture told its story

with quiet strength and without display ; there was art in its apparent artlessness. Critics, while they admired it, compared its dramatic subject and colour with an exhibit by Orchardson, "The Story of a Life," and found both pictures "dun." Its fine colour was not of the brilliant pitch, to which the painter was as yet only feeling his way. Full promise, however, of the future, is in the rich, vibrant tints of "The Rehearsal," painted in the same year, a clever study of an ancient *maitre de ballet* in a garret teaching a child to dance.

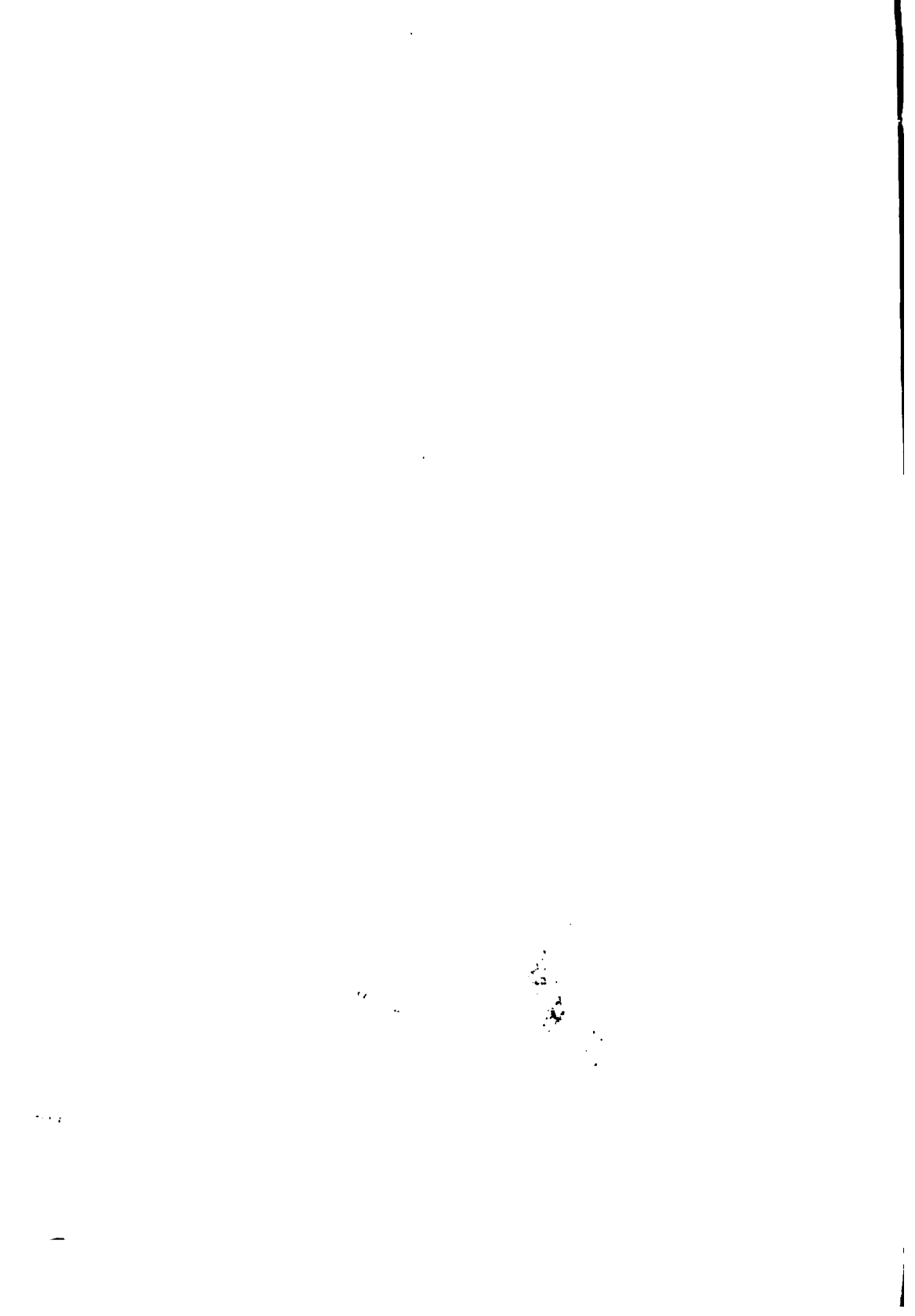
The "Arrest for Witchcraft" ensured Pettie's election to one of the Associateships of the Royal Academy, which were vacant by the promotion of Baron Marochetti and Mr. G. Richmond to the higher rank. He was only twenty-seven ; and there are few cases on record of such early distinction—Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was made an Associate, by the wish of George III., when only twenty-one ; Millais, whose first election at the age of nineteen was quashed on account of his youth, but who joined the ranks of the Associates three years later ; Mr. F. Dicksee, who was only twenty-eight ; and Professor Sir Hubert von Herkomer and Mr. Cadogan Cowper, both of whom had just completed their thirtieth year when they won the



THE REHEARSAL

(Size of original, 28 x 18½.)





coveted distinction. Though Orchardson was several years his senior, Pettie attained the honour eighteen months before him, and anticipated him by four years in reaching the higher grade. "Pettie was the first," says Sir Walter Armstrong in his *Scottish Painters*, "to catch the eye of the public. His conceptions were more ambitious, and his art more *voyant*: he played, in fact, a trumpet to his companion's flageolet. Hence it was that, to the amusement of those they had left behind in Edinburgh, the London critics talked of Orchardson as if he had moulded himself on Pettie. Their fellow-workers at home knew well enough that, after the teaching of Lauder, the moulding influence over the whole clique had been the example and the square mind of the older man."

On the word of the leading painter among those "left behind in Edinburgh," I have it that the last part of Sir Walter Armstrong's statement is scarcely true. They all recognised Orchardson as probably the greatest pupil of the Lauder School, and thankfully acknowledged his influence. But, as my informant says, "we held both artists in such high esteem that we thought little of which of them should come into the Royal Academy *first*. As we *expected*, Pettie came first: his overflowing vitality

suggested to us that he would. There can be no doubt that during the first years in London, Orchardson had his energy roused and Pettie had the benefit of Orchardson's steady coolness—his 'square mind.'" Though they separated in method and technique, each following his own path, they remained always good comrades and staunch friends.

Looking at Pettie's career as a whole during this period, and indeed up to the time of his election as an Academician in 1874, we see it marked throughout by steady and consistent growth. There are no obviously experimental stages. His early work was instantly decisive in accent. His pictures from the outstart show bold schemes of design, chiaroscuro, and colour. From his student days—the days of "The Prison Pet" and a "Scene from *The Monastery*"—he painted exactly what he liked, because he liked it; and he was fortunate in that the work which gave himself the greatest pleasure was what pleased the public most. Circumstances often drive an artist along a road which he treads with unwilling feet, and take him where he has no particular desire to go. Partly to make his bread, partly because he has become enfeoffed to popularity, he has to strive against convictions and

temperament, and accomplish tasks that are uncongenial. In days when subject-painting was popular, many a painter concentrated his energies on that, when his own instincts prompted him to landscape or portrait work. Pettie was fortunate in that his own nature and inclinations led him to the dramatic motive, the treatment of anecdote, the representation of incident. The work that was natural and spontaneous for him was calculated to please a large section of the public; and this pleasure was given without deliberate intent or effort, without any pandering to popularity. The path to popularity was the way of his own pleasure. A painting of action was to Pettie, vigorous and robust, as natural a fulfilment of his own spirit, as was an exquisite, dreamy nocturne to Whistler, the fragile man of nerves and sentiment.

In the case of many painters, struggling days with the wolf at the door have been a wholesome even if cruel discipline, acting as a spur to rouse latent ambition and stir dormant energy. Many an artist, not knowing where to seek his next half-sovereign, has done work which in later days of success and honour he has looked at with despair and striven in vain to emulate. But Pettie needed no spur, for ambition and dogged tenacity were in

his Scottish blood. Though in early years he may have experienced a straitness of resources, he never knew the meaning of distress. He was never in the position of the apprentice, whom he painted so well, driven to press his wares on possible purchasers with a "What d'ye lack, noble sir?" Within a few years of his settling in London, the foremost dealers, Agnew, Tooth, M'Lean, Deschamps (a nephew of Gambart), Flattou and others, were all knocking at his studio door. These were days when pictures sold readily at fair prices. "The Drum-head Court-Martial," for instance, put £250 into the painter's purse, followed by £450 for the "Arrest for Witchcraft," £400 for "At Bay," £450 again for "Treason." For some years before he was thirty he earned a steady annual income of over a thousand pounds. As an Associate and Academician he commanded prices vastly enhanced. But though he leapt into success by rapid strides, success left him as it found him—modest, kindly, generous, keen to enjoy life, eager to help all others to its enjoyment.

CHAPTER IV

ASSOCIATE : 1866-1873

ON his marriage in 1865, Pettie moved to 37 Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, a house formerly occupied by Mr. J. D. Watson, and had Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Johnson as his next-door neighbours. One incident in connection with his new home Pettie never forgot. Like every one else who becomes a householder for the first time, he began by having an abnormal fear of burglars. His brother James, now in Iquique, was paying him a visit, and Pettie retired to bed one night, under the impression that his brother was going to follow upstairs within a few minutes. James, however, became engrossed in a book, and it was an hour or two later when, for fear of waking the household, he took off his slippers and crept stealthily up the stairs. Pettie was roused from his first deep slumber by the creak of a loose board. Half-

awake, he sprang from his bed ; lurked behind his door at the head of the stair ; then leapt out and grappled with the burglar—to find that he had nearly garrotted his own brother !

In 1869 he left Gloucester Road for 17 St. John's Wood Road, moving thence in the following year to a neighbouring house, No. 21. Orchardson was next door at No. 19, and MacWhirter a near neighbour in Titchfield Road. Pettie's studio was built out at the north side of the house, and had a large window looking upon St. John's Wood Road. At the back of the house was a large and pleasant garden, well shaded by trees. Here he remained for eleven years.

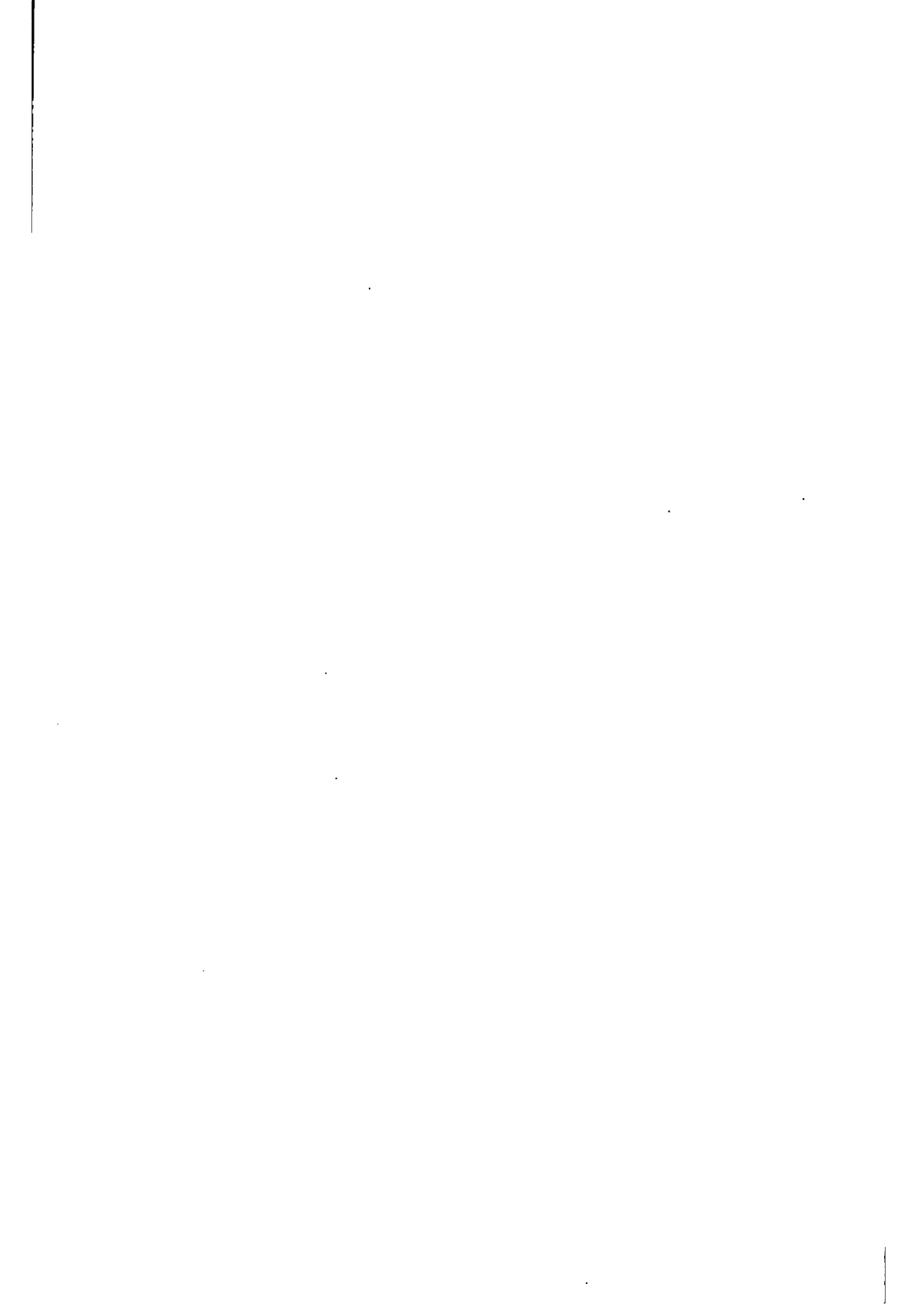
Apart from "The Arrest for Witchcraft," his principal picture in 1866 was "At Bay." A cavalier, on a lonely heath, is defending himself against the attack of four Puritan soldiers—three in buff coat and helmet, the fourth in sombre black. The man in black has a sword-prick in his arm, one of the others has fallen wounded on the ground, and the remaining two seem to have no great stomach for the attack. The figures of the assailants, a brilliantly painted group, showing keen study of character and action, stand out in solid reality. The colour scheme is strong and temper-



TREASON

(Size of original, 88 x 56½.)





ate; the browns, reds, and greens of the costumes are in subtle harmony with the background (one of the best landscape backgrounds that Pettie ever painted), repeating cunningly the prevalent hues of copse and bracken.

“Treason,” exhibited at the Academy in the following year, has a grip and unity of conception that places it on a higher level than any of Pettie’s previous works. With it he burst into a triumph of dramatic intensity and of colour. Some military commanders and a dignitary of the Church are seated in council at a table. In their very attitudes there is conspiracy; in the putting of the heads together there is a plot. Note specially the wizened, bitter face of the man in black who leans with his elbows on the board. The Churchman’s robe of scarlet gives a bright note of colour, and the hanging on the back of his chair is yellow, woven with blue embroidery. Tints of blue and green come in the costumes and upholstery, but the dominant notes are of the warm colours, yellow, red, and brown. The background is a wall hung with a yellow-brown tapestry, which, particularly to the right, closely resembles the work of Orchardson in its thin transparent brushings. “Treason” and “Hudibras and Ralpho,” painted at the same time,

are both in the Mappin Gallery at Sheffield. In the latter the scene is taken from Part I. Canto iii. of Butler's satirical poem. Hudibras and his squire Ralpho, in quest of adventures, were attacked by a party of bear-baiters, one of whom they put into the stocks; but the following day they were overpowered by the rabble, who released their companion and set Knight and Squire in his place.

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of Philosophers.

In this picture Pettie gives vent to his keen sense of the humorous; and looking through the list of his works, one notes how, as though for the satisfaction of his own nature, there is a balance each year between tragedy and comedy, grave and gay. In contrast to the two last-mentioned pictures is the very low-toned "Visit to the Necromancer." The necromancer is a swarthy, almost a black man, who holds a light high in one hand as he draws aside a curtain with the other, as if in search of something that lies in the impenetrable darkness.

In the summer of this year, 1867, Mr. and Mrs. Pettie travelled in Italy, visiting Venice and Rome,



PAX VOBISCUM

(*Size of original, 21 × 14½.*)





while the St. John's Wood studio was lent to George Paul Chalmers.

If "Treason" marks a climax in dramatic intensity and colour, the "Tussle with a Highland Smuggler," of 1868, reaches high-water mark by reason of its action and dashing spirit. A stout Lowland gauger, in thick and cumbrous great-coat, is struggling with a lean, half-naked, wild-cat Highlander; a keg on the ground tells its tale. There is a certain grim humour in the scene. The coolness and resolution of the gauger, his stiff, determined movements and set face, contrast with the wild features and fierce contortions of the smuggler. In the strained tension of the two struggling figures the artist shows consummate power of draughtsmanship. "Pax Vobiscum," of the same year, is a merry tale to relieve the grimness of that fierce fight. There is quaint wit in this picture of a fat and jovial monk, who is seated at dinner and pronounces his benediction on a tiny mouse which has stolen out in quest of some fallen crumbs. The little picture is noteworthy for its vigorous handling of black and red, a combination of colour which was always a delight to the painter. "Battledore" has the terrace and lawn at Haddon Hall as a background to dainty figures.

The chief work of 1869 was "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey." It is many years since I have seen this picture, and rather than record a personal impression, I prefer to quote the contemporary criticism of the *Art Journal* :

Mr. Pettie has never done better than in that powerful and thoroughly independent picture "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey." The strength of the picture lies in the powerful delineation he has given of Wolsey: we have seldom seen so striking or true an analysis of character. We seem to read the history of a life, the summary of a career, in that crafty face; we decipher the motives that have ruled the man; and now across the lines and furrows that time has worn, come the agitation, confusion, and remorse of being found out at last. . . . Mr. Pettie has given in this well-studied work the full gauge of his powers. The figure of Wolsey can never be forgotten.

"Touchstone and Audrey," painted in the same year, was exhibited at the Academy of 1870. A pretty Audrey stands among her goats, while Touchstone, planted firmly on his legs, leans forward, with hand stroking a smooth chin, to ask, "And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?" It is a capital piece of characterisation, painted with verve and spirit in a high key of rapturous colour.

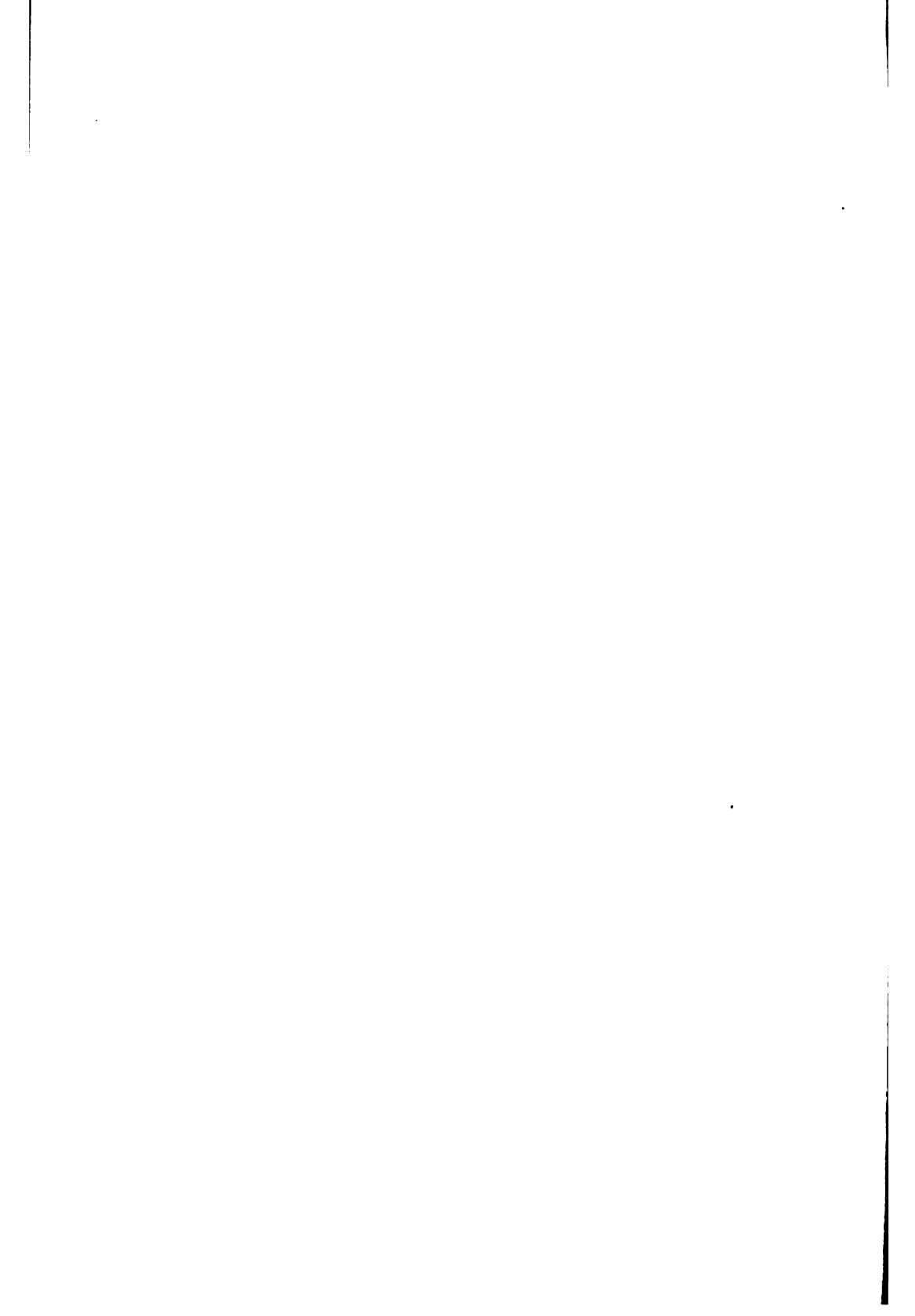
At the Academy in 1870 also appeared "The Sally," in many respects one of Pettie's greatest



THE SALLY

(Size of original, 32 x 50.)





works. In colour, action, and intensity of purpose he rarely, if ever, surpassed it. The inmates of a besieged castle are creeping along a dark passage to make a sortie from a low doorway at the end. A single officer stands motionless, finger to lips. All the other figures are stooping, and in their stealthy onward movement repeat boldly the same form and action, adding cumulative force to the dramatic effect. The very simplicity of the motive was a stroke of genius. All through the picture is a rich glow of colour, low-toned and never forced. Helmet and breastplate shine with a subdued gleam in the dim passage-way; buff and vermilion jerkins take a sombre harmony in the ominous shadows. It would take pages and pages of a romantic novel to convey the tense excitement of the scene, the hushed solemnity, the dauntless courage of those slow-moving figures. But in a moment Pettie's picture flings you into the atmosphere of peril; you hold your breath, and almost involuntarily bend your head. "Treason" and "The Sally" are both great pictures—great in the purely pictorial elements of line, form, colour, and illumination. That they thrill, not only as a piece of painting, but for the story they tell, makes them greater pictures still.

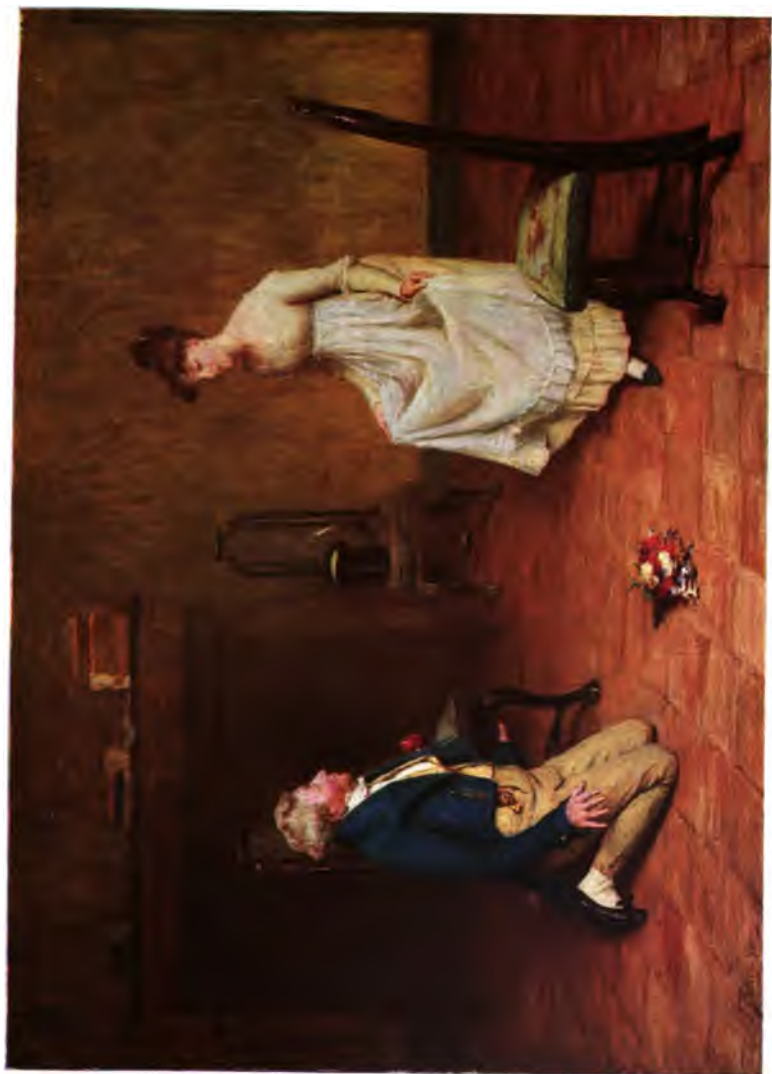
“Tis Blythe May Day,” exhibited with “The Sally,” was the forerunner of two or three similar pictures, such as “Two Strings to her Bow” (1887) and “The World went very well then” (1890). A rustic youth walks jauntily along a lane with a village maiden on either arm; one of them seems to aim a jest across their squire at her more coy and demure companion. There is fresh buoyancy in the treatment of a theme full of unforced, unconscious nature. Rich in pure humour is “Rejected Addresses” (1870). An elderly suitor, of a florid countenance, wearing a blue coat with gilt buttons, is on his knees, and receives with dismay the respectful curtsy with which his proposal is refused. “For this sweet little maid he was rather too old.” Trifling, perhaps, in subject, the picture has all Pettie’s charm of colour and fluent brushwork.

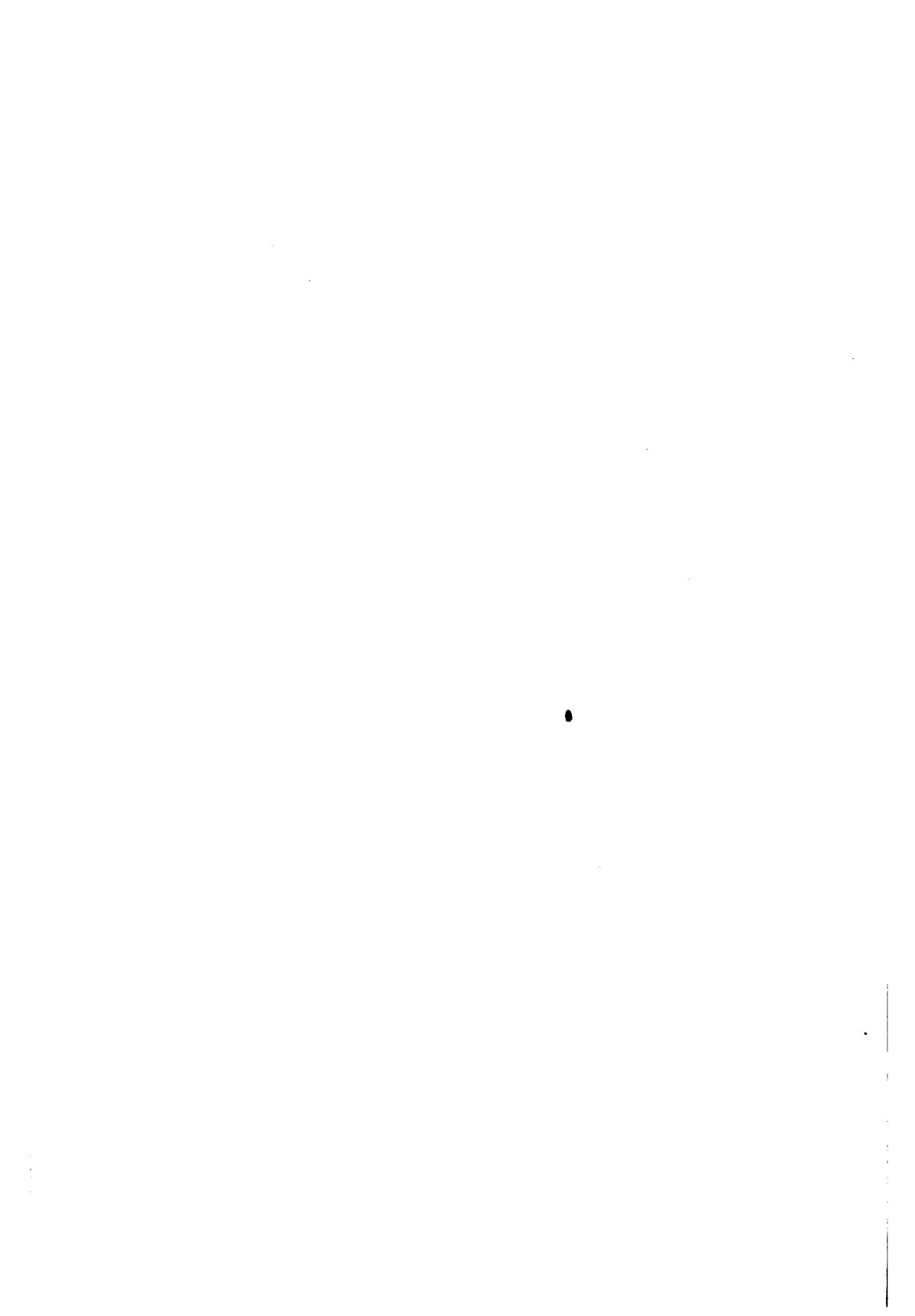
His varied accomplishment and unhesitating progress find proof in his Academy exhibits of the following years. His principal work in 1871 was “A Scene in the Temple Gardens.” That the scene is based on Shakespeare’s *Henry VI.* and has no actual place in history is of little moment. Round the rose-bushes are gathered the figures of Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Vernon, and Plantagenet, clad in the long fur-trimmed robes of their



REJECTED ADDRESSES

(Size of original, 27 x 88.)





time. Richard, Duke of York, standing on the left, plucks a white rose, and calls on his followers to pluck a similar flower. The Duke of Somerset, boldly fronting him, gathers a red rose, and commands the supporters of the Duke of Lancaster to do the like. As they pluck the flowers, they provoke Warwick's prophecy :

This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-Garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

The thoughtful lawyer in the rear seems to foresee the disastrous future. The work is impressive from the air of dignity with which the subject has been invested, and gains in impressiveness from the sombre and frowning walls of the Temple buildings that form a grey background to the rich costumes. Two lighter works, "The Love Song" and "The Pedlar," were shown in the same year. The first is a figure of a troubadour, exhibiting the artist's powerful command of varying tones of red in the rich robe which his subject wears. The second is a vivacious picture of two buxom dairy-maids who invest their savings in the showy wares of a pedlar's pack, finding special attraction in a gown-piece of a flowered pattern. The figures are

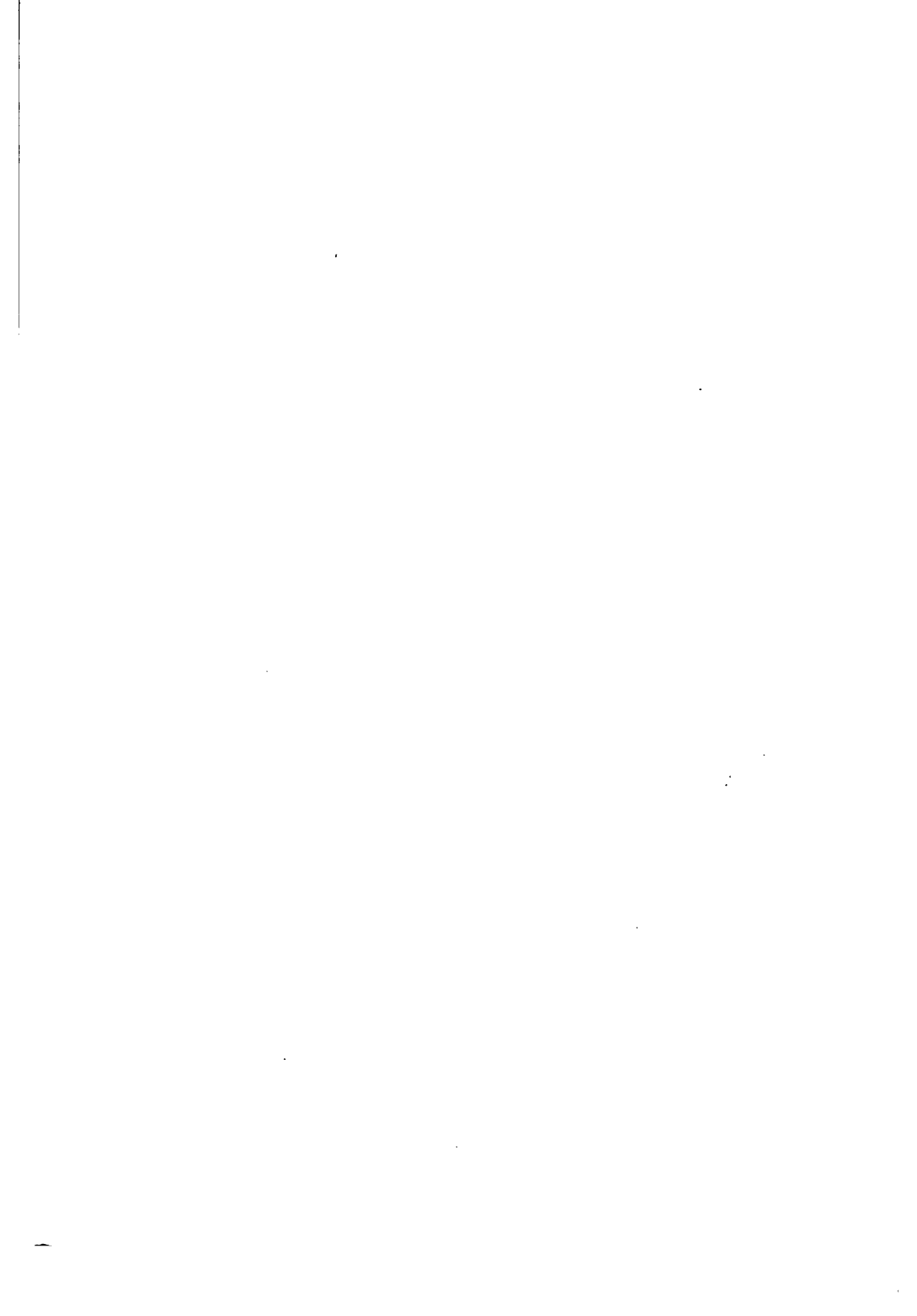
apt and dexterous, and animated in expression. In 1871 also Pettie had a little burst of portrait-painting, one portrait, that of his old friend MacWhirter, being exhibited at Burlington House.

To 1871 belongs the record of a kindly action, one of many such, but set down here because it concerns another great painter of the nineteenth century, far older than Pettie, but happily still alive. To the Academy Exhibition of 1871 Josef Israels sent a big picture, "How Bereft," from Holland, and on being unpacked it was found to have a large hole in the canvas and some minor damages. Israels had long been on terms of intimate relationship with the Scottish School, whose work has a close kinship with his own ; and Pettie, who had never, I think, met the Dutch painter, was a warm admirer of his work. Happening to see the damaged picture, he took instant action, with the quick decision and sympathetic friendliness so characteristic of the man. He arranged for the removal of the picture from Burlington House, took it to have the canvas carefully relined, and telegraphed to Israels at The Hague to come over and stay with him at St. John's Wood. Israels came, spent three pleasant days in his company, and on the opening

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

(Size of original, 58 x 42.)





of the Academy the picture hung upon the wall none the worse for its misadventure.

In the autumn of this year, along with Orchardson, he was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish Academy. The diploma, which states that the honour is bestowed "in consideration of his eminent talents as a painter, and in the hope that his best exertions will be directed to advance the honour and interests of the Society, the progress of Art, and the dignity of its professors," is dated November 27, 1871, and bears the signature of Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A. Pettie was always proud of this compliment by his fellow-countrymen, and well might be, for since the granting of the Scottish Academy's charter in 1838, only thirty-five honorary members have won election. Though always loyal to the London Academy, he sent many of his finest works to the Edinburgh Exhibitions.

"Silvius and Phebe," of 1872, was a companion to "Touchstone and Audrey" of two years before. Like its predecessor, it depicts with much grace and in brilliant colour the pretty scene between Shakespeare's two shepherd lovers. A more important work of this year was "Terms to the Besieged." It was a dramatic subject which, like "Treason,"

enabled Pettie to display his skill in facial expression, his command of drawing and colour, and his ability of composition. In a municipal council-chamber are gathered the governor and leading burghers of a beleaguered town. Before them stands an ambassador from the besieging force, a martial figure in bright demi-suit of plate armour, violently gesticulating while he proposes terms of surrender so severe as to take away the breath of the lean and gaunt members of the council. The horror and despair upon their faces is brilliantly achieved in paint. In the same year Pettie was at Hastings and painted a portrait of a "Coastguard on the Lookout," fine in colour and interesting as a record of a costume which has already disappeared.

"The Flag of Truce," which Pettie sent to the Academy of 1873, was possibly intended as a sequel to "Terms to the Besieged." From the heavy arched gateway of a beleaguered town the burgo-master advances, accompanied by the sad-eyed bearer of the white flag. The wan face and glassy eyes of the latter tell of hunger and privation endured nearly to the utmost. The governor, staunch and resolute, stands erect with a scroll in his hand. His shrivelled features, and shrunken



"TO THE FIELDS I CARRIED HER MILKING-PAILS"

(Size of original, 30½ x 44.)





form with ill-fitting dress and accoutrements a world too large for it, are finely studied. Women and starving townsfolk press behind them with tears and blessings. The whole story is told with sympathy, and gains fulness of dramatic force without a touch of exaggeration. The artistic achievement shows itself not only in the distribution of the figures and in the skilful treatment of the background, but in the harmonious agreement of bright colours, red, blue, and yellow, in the dresses of the three foremost soldiers. A slighter subject of this year was "Sanctuary," a damsel imploring refuge from the black-robed nuns of a convent. Here, as in all Pettie's work, is displayed his talent of subordinating all the elements of the picture to its chief purpose and central interest, and it has the full richness of tone characteristic of all the work produced at this, perhaps his finest, period. "To the Fields I carried her Milking Pails," a third exhibit of 1873, is a piece of happy sentiment, showing two country lovers against a background of sunny landscape, painted from Ecclesbourne Glen, near Hastings. "The Cardinal," "Midnight Watch," and "The Toast" are among smaller pictures of this date, all of them full of vitality in colour and execution. The last is one of several

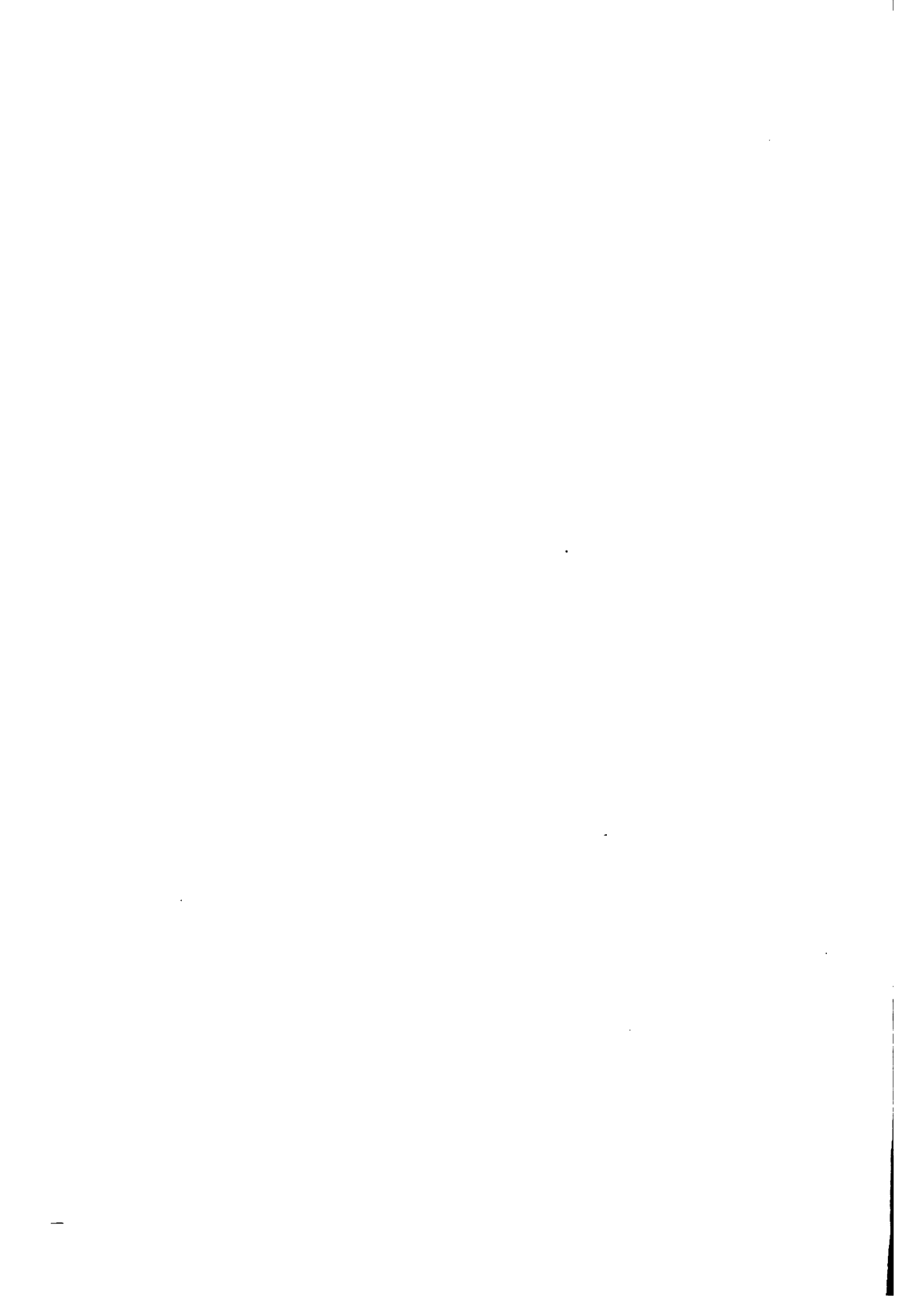
pictures for which the *School for Scandal* supplied a theme. Sheridan's frivolous but good-hearted hero is depicted at the moment when he raises his glass to drink the health of his ancestors, whose portraits he has been driven by his extravagance to sell. A companion canvas, "Lady Teazle : A Cup of Tea," a glowing piece of colour, was painted in the following year.



LADY TEAZLE

(Size of original, 24 x 18.)





CHAPTER V

ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

AT the beginning of 1874 Pettie became a Royal Academician, having been elected, at the early age of thirty-four, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Edwin Landseer.

His first exhibits as an Academician were two of his finest works, "A State Secret" and "Ho! Ho! Old Noll." "A State Secret" is an historical scene of the artist's own contriving. A Cardinal, seated at the end of a table in a large tapestried apartment, is hastily burning some treasonable documents, while a monk in the background gazes at him with a look of horrified amazement. The technical merits are of a remarkable kind. Note how everything is subordinate to the central figure, so dramatic in conception. Note, too, the fine rendering of the flaming paper—Mrs. Andrew Ker tells me she burned nearly a packet of note-paper,

sheet by sheet, in Pettie's studio, that the right effect might be secured,—the suggestiveness of the gloomy background, the careful treatment of all the accessories.

The gay drollery of "Ho! Ho! Old Noll" came as the usual effective contrast to the tragic intrigue of the other. The picture owed its existence to importunity. A gentleman called one day at Pettie's studio and begged him to paint something or other as a commission. The artist assured him that he should have the first offer of one of his next works, but the would-be purchaser was persistent in trying to exact an immediate promise. "Laboursome petition" was of no avail, for Pettie was pressed with commissioned work and by no means anxious to undertake anything fresh at the moment. But he was instantly won by his visitor's final appeal: "My dear sir, I'm over eighty, and I can't afford to wait!" "Ho! Ho! Old Noll" was finished for him within a week. The scene is in a tennis-court. Two Cavaliers look on with a chuckle of amusement at the spirited sketch which a third has made upon the wall. His sketch is a caricature, but he hardly needed to add the "Old Noll," which he is in the act of writing. Pettie's picture, quite apart from its colour, is the

A STATE SECRET

(Size of original, 48 x 68.)



work of a master draughtsman. The light pose and easy grace of the Cavalier who makes the sketch, the foreshortening of his arm, the hand that holds the chalk—so lightly that it seems to move—are all superbly rendered. The two figures of the onlookers are magnificently handled both in line and mass, and it is by brilliant and subtle draughtsmanship that the feeling of merriment is suggested. Only two faces are seen, and these in profile, but that of the Cavalier in red is full of hearty, rollicking laughter, while the curve of the sketcher's cheek, the tip of his moustache, and the curl of his eyelash all betoken amusement and smiling satisfaction with his work. The two figures to the left offer a splendid contrast of black and red, and the setting of the canary sleeve against the red of the cloak is one of those chromatic feats in which the painter was so daring and withal so successful. Those strong masses of black, red, and yellow are enhanced by the white and pink of the third figure and by the fine quality of grey in the wall of the tennis-court. It was a problem of tone, the seeing of a white ball and a black coat, lying together, against the grey background of the wall in the tennis-court at Lord's Cricket Ground, that gave Pettie the immediate idea of his picture. The

brilliant sketch, of which Mr. MacWhirter is the fortunate owner, has a richness and fatness of paint and an abandon of execution that make it almost finer than the finished picture. There are tones in the white dress, and in the black hat with its pinky feather, possessing a quality which even Whistler never excelled.

A third picture exhibited in 1874 was "Friar Lawrence and Juliet," not quite like Pettie, at first sight, in its negation of strong colour. But the head of the old friar is a noble piece of painting, worthy of Rembrandt in its powerful modelling and subtle analysis of light and shade. The filmy veil that Juliet wears and the play of light on her silken dress are rendered with skill of craftsmanship, but her figure is awkward, and the entire concealment of her face is not altogether fortunate.

In 1875 Pettie was elected to the Council of the Academy for two years, and served for the first time on the Hanging Committee for that year—"getting it taken out of me at the R.A.," as he writes.

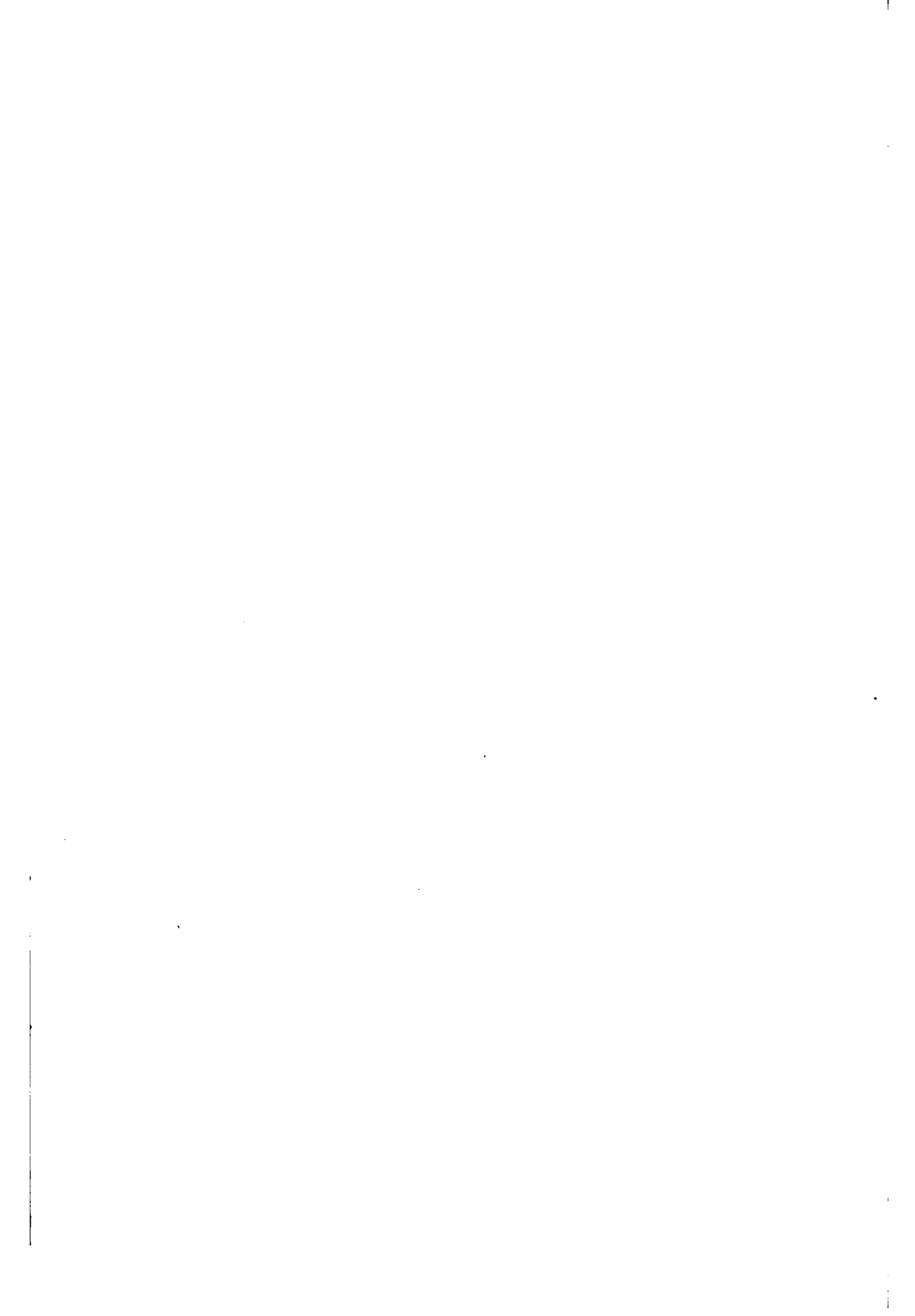
His diploma work, sent to the 1875 Exhibition, was "Jacobites." Some stalwart Highlanders of the '45 are gathered in council, their varied tartans, in which blues and greens predominate, giving



HO! HO! OLD NOLL

(Size of original, 32 × 45.)





a rich scheme of colour. There is "real pathos and most subtle expression," as Ruskin said, in the group of figures, but the background, which Ruskin found "slovenly," is full of luminous atmosphere, that "third dimension," undiscovered, or rather forgotten, in the great critic's day. Mark how those figures take reality of contour without any rigid outlines, without any harsh statement of facts or any insistence upon detail. Power of colour, with all its clearness, sparkle, and beauty, its effective adaptation to the subject, is as fully manifested in this as in any picture he produced. To realise how Pettie outstripped his contemporaries as a colourist, you have but to climb the long stair to the Diploma gallery at Burlington House. In that room of modern work, "The Jacobites" stands alone for sheer force of colour.

Besides "The Jacobites," in the Academy of 1875, were two costume portraits and "A Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy." The last takes its theme from *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The clansman holds up a shirt of mail, as the sturdy smith speaks to him from the anvil over which he bends with his back to the spectator. It was a subject that gave fine opportunity of glowing

colour in the flash and incidence of reflected light, and it displayed all Pettie's vivacity and robustness of execution. He was modest enough about it himself. To McTaggart he wrote: "I saw yours among Captain Hill's pictures at Brighton. It is a stunner, and looks like a hole in the wall, letting in sunshine and fresh salt-water breezes into the room; the *best* bit of colour he has. He gets my R.A. picture, and I'm bound to say it won't stand beside yours for colour."

The representation of physical exertion and momentary movement offers a problem of technicalities to which artists and sculptors of all periods have been attracted. That Pettie's spirit of strong enthusiasm should lead him to grapple with such a motive is perfectly intelligible. In the "Tussle for the Keg" (1868) he had already shown his power of rendering concentrated action. In "The Threat," exhibited at the Academy in 1876, he allowed himself no opportunity of telling his story by the action of the whole body. The figure is half-length, and the adoption of armour with its rigid lines and definite form precluded any dependence upon muscular action. There are no accessories to explain the incident. Everything is expressed by the character of the stern face and the wonder-

ful drawing of the merciless hands, particularly of the truculent fist thrust forward from the canvas. The suit of armour and the face shadowed by the helmet are painted with absolute mastery over brush and pigment. While "The Threat" was standing finished on Pettie's easel, Leighton, who had heard with great interest of the progress of the picture, went over one day to see it. His one criticism was that the foremost hand was not large enough for all it had to express. "But," said Pettie, "I painted it from my own great fist." "Then your own great fist isn't big enough," said Leighton; "look at mine." And on comparison they found that Leighton's hand—which one would have expected to be the delicate aristocratic hand of a courtier—was larger than his companion's. "Out with it," said Leighton, "and I'll shake my fist at you for three-quarters of an hour." So the hand, so full of force and meaning in the picture, is the hand of Lord Leighton.

It is difficult to believe that "The Step," of the same year, is by the same painter as "The Threat," so full is the picture of daintiness and grace and sweet consent. A little girl with golden hair, in a pale blue dress, is dancing before the gentle dame, her grandmother. The simplicity

and tenderness of the domestic subject seem to have evoked a corresponding sweetness of brushwork that is in striking contrast to the stern vigour of that in "The Threat." The clear flesh colour of the old dame's face, the pure tints of the child's flaxen hair and dress, gain by comparison with the dark panelling and the sombre chimney-piece of the background. In spite of passages of dark shadow, the picture is all aglow and sparkling with colour. A companion picture, "The Solo," shows an interior of the same type, where a chubby boy, with yellow hair and dress, beats a drum to the delight of his old grandfather, a reverend signor in ruff and long blue cloak. A separate picture of the old dame in "The Step," with her high-backed chair and spinning-wheel, bears the title of "Grandmother's Memories."

"A Sword-and-Dagger Fight," exhibited in 1877, is full of action and drama. It was a fine subject for an artist who, like Pettie, could combine archæological knowledge with the suggestion of life and movement. The alert figures with long basket-hilted rapiers, deadly *main-gauches*, and cloaks to protect from the dagger-thrust, suggest all the reality of a sixteenth-century duel. Each combatant

THE SOLO

(Size of original, 33½ × 48.)





with the one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back.

The picture gains in effect from the contrast between the intense blackness of one fighter's dress and the whiteness of his rival's clothing. The man in light dress on the right is an Englishman; the other is a foreigner with an intensely malignant look in the gleaming eye seen so effectively above his sword arm. The duel is taking place in a dark forest glade, under heavy foliage of big trees, with shadows closing round the combatants, and the background, almost as much as the figures, helps to make this one of the artist's happiest achievements. "Hunted Down," its companion of this year, is an extremely facile and vigorous study of a Highlander at bay. With blood-stained claymore in hand, he waits furious, half-naked, breathless, till some well-aimed bullet shall end his life.

It is more than probable that at this time Pettie was steeping himself afresh in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. In the summer of 1877 he stayed, first with his friend Orchar at Dundee, and then spent a long holiday at Callander in the very heart of the Scott country, within easy drive of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, the Pass of Leny, and

the Braes of Balquhiddel. George Paul Chalmers was there also, worrying over his "Glee Maiden"; so, too, were the MacWhirters, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gow, and George Lawson, the sculptor. Amid scenery full of romantic suggestion, Pettie could not rest content with fishing and good fellowship, but must throw off his coat and begin a picture of "Rob Roy," afterwards exhibited in the Academy of 1878. Mr. Gow, with his flowing auburn beard, made a capital model for the renowned chieftain, who in the tartan of his clan is seated at a table, about to refresh himself "wi' a dram" of usquebaugh. It is a perfect embodiment of the famous cattle-driver and cattle-lifter. "Disbanded," a subject dating from the same period, shows a very rough and ragged but stalwart Highlander (without doubt a rebel of the '45 on his return from Culloden) facing the brae on his homeward route with springing stride, in spite of the fact that he is well laden with spoil from the battlefield. In "A Moment of Danger," another Highlander, with his wife or daughter clinging to him for protection, has taken refuge in a rocky fastness, and waits with eager gaze and resolute brow, ready to fire one last shot in defence of his own. "The Highland Outpost" shows a clansman in tartan



A SWORD-AND-DAGGER FIGHT

(Size of original, 19 × 80.)



of brilliant red, sword in hand, with one knee upon a rock, standing out in statuesque grandeur against an evening sky whose glow lights up distant mountains and the still water of a loch.

While still preserving happy memories of the Callander holiday of 1877, Pettie received a terrible shock when he heard, early in the following year, of Chalmers's sudden and mysterious death. Chalmers was present at the Royal Scottish Academy banquet on the evening of the 15th February, and it fell to him to propose "The Honourable the Board of Manufactures." It was his last public utterance, and it ended, naturally enough, with a reference to the name of his friend Pettie, as one of the distinguished painters who were doing honour to the School. From the banquet, he went to the Arts Club, spoke with eloquence of Corot, and left somewhat hurt at a lack of sympathy shown to his remarks by his fellow-artists. An hour later he was found, lying unconscious, at the foot of some area steps, whether by accident or outrage will never be known. The mystery that hung about his death enhanced the emotion of his friends. Few men have been mourned more sincerely, and by few was he mourned more than by his fellow-student and life-long friend, John

Pettie. A letter of condolence written to Mrs. Collie, on the death of her son, is couched in kind terms that came from a warm heart :

21 ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD, LONDON,
24th February 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. COLLIE—Knowing how you are suffering, I have not yet dared to write you. Our grief must be but a very faint echo of yours, and yet we, with all your friends, are *suffering bitterly* too. It has been a disappointment to me not to be able to come to Edinburgh at this time, but Mr. Gow has written me often, and tells me of your having kind friends around you. I envy them the opportunity of expressing their deep sympathy in other ways than by letter—sympathy which, as I feel now, it is impossible to write. Do excuse this, and think of us as among those who are sorrowing for the loss of one of *the best and most lovable* fellows, your son. He was *my best friend*, and, mourning him, I am, Yours most sincerely,
JOHN PETTIE.

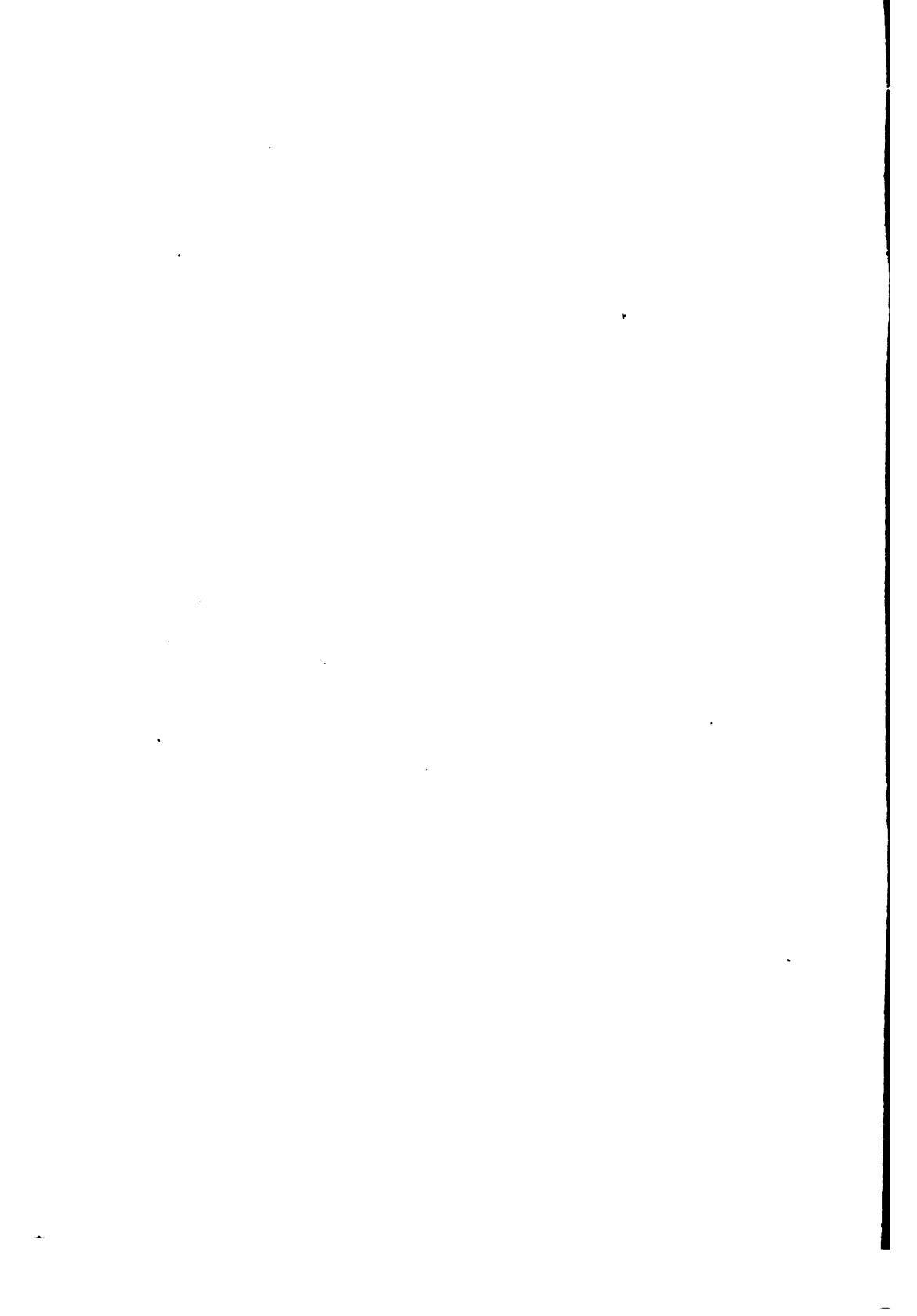
To his friend, McTaggart, he writes, two days later :

Thanks for your note. You and Gow have been very kind in not forgetting that there are mourners *here* as well as in Edinburgh. I wish I were a girl that I might cry my eyes out to try and relieve this awful weight at my heart. We will never see his like again, Mac, such a genuine and good fellow. My love for him makes me jealous of the fuss other people are making, though they cannot do poor Geordie too much honour. I so wish I had been able to be with you on Saturday, and long for a chat with you about him. You and I will keep his memory green for many a year yet. . . . Do write me again. You have an opportunity to interest me with any talk of Chalmers.

THE HIGHLAND OUTPOST

(Size of original, 29 × 22.)





The loss was never forgotten. Long afterwards he wrote :

It has come into my head to write you. Poor Chalmers has crossed my mind, and I feel you are about the only tie I have to Edinburgh now. MacWhirter's good fortune would have delighted Geordie.

Two more Academy pictures of 1878 call for mention. One of them, "The Hour," is a picture that, more than anything else by Pettie, shows the influence of Phillip. It seems to have been painted with an inspiring fervour that swept him into a passionate grandeur of form and colour. To Pettie, as to the early Romanticists of nineteenth-century France, a beautiful piece of red cloth was an artistic pleasure, a protest against the grey and dull, just as Victor Hugo's passionate phrases were a revolt against the rigid declamation of Corneille and Racine. In "The Hour," as in "Ho ! Ho ! Old Noll" and "The State Secret," he glories in red, handling a scheme of colour whose richness and fulness is gained by impetuous and unlaboured brushwork. The lady who descends the stair with domino in hand, to keep her assignation, is of a Spanish type, and her dress is all of red, covered with black lace. It is a red that gives endless expression to variety of light and move-

ment, making you lose lines and contours in its fervid glow. "The Laird" shows that brilliant colour is not indispensable. The Scottish squire, with hands thrust into the pockets of his long waistcoat, scans his broad acres and watches the distant reapers with commanding attitude.

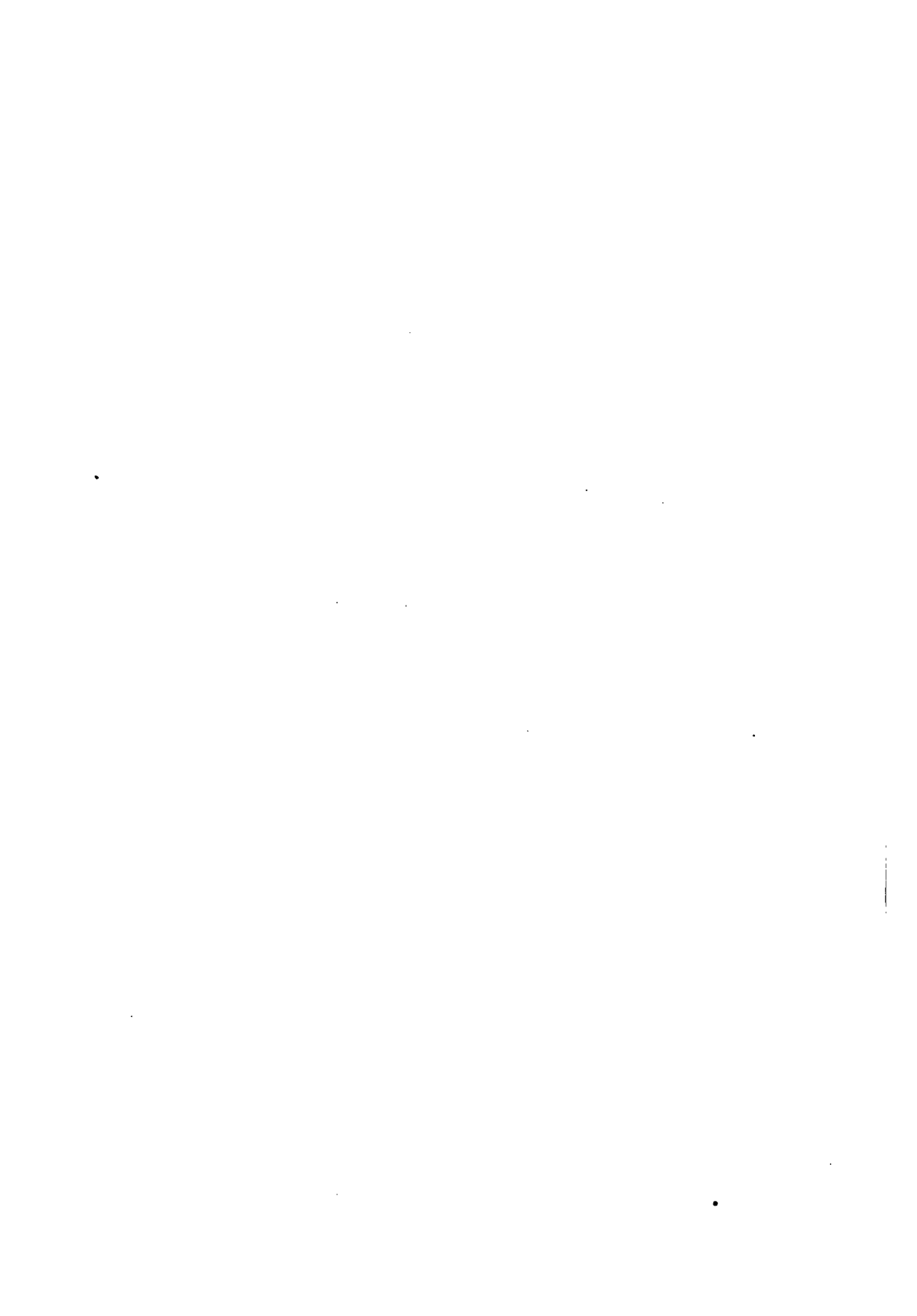
At the Academy of 1879 appeared "The Death-Warrant" (now in the Hamburg Museum), perhaps Pettie's masterpiece of invention and sentiment, if not of painting as well. Edward VI., a young, blue-eyed, fair-haired prince, clothed in ermine, presides at a council of grave and reverend Ministers, one of whom holds out a pen that His Highness may sign the death-warrant of some hapless conspirator. The heads of the councillors are studied with keen characterisation, and the sad, hesitant face of the boy-king has rare beauty. The effective disposition of colour combines with sound management of light and shade to produce chiaroscuro of a brilliant order. In speaking of Pettie as a colourist, Sir Walter Armstrong in his *Scottish Painters* writes:

For the same gift put to more virile use—to the use which Rubens would make of it—turn to the great picture at Hamburg, "The Death-Warrant." Here some half-dozen grave statesmen sit about a council-board, at the head of which young Edward VI. is enthroned. The painting is

magnificent. The head of the ruddy, middle-aged senator on the left—he was painted from the artist's father—has the vigour, warmth, and solidity of a Rubens. And all over the canvas the same glow, the same ease, the same breadth of brushing, are to be enjoyed.

From 1880 onwards a large proportion of Pettie's exhibits at the Royal Academy consisted of portraits, to which a separate chapter is devoted. "Mrs. Dominick Gregg and Children," of 1880, may be mentioned here as a family group treated in an original way and from a pictorial standpoint. Two pretty children, in white dresses, red sashes, and black stockings, are romping through a room with their mother, and pulling that lovely lady, who is nothing loth, by the hands. The composition is energetic, and the colour is in Pettie's most glowing manner. "Before his Peers" (1881) is a bold noble of Henry VIII.'s time, in a Holbein costume of black and yellow, brilliantly and powerfully painted. He is in the act of speaking energetically in his own defence, and, clutching a parchment with one hand, points to it with the other as though producing irrefutable evidence. In reality this is a portrait of Sir Robert Burnett, Bart., but so dashing, bold, and effective is the animated design that it carries out the painter's intention and stands by its merits as a subject-

picture apart from any personal interest. "Her Grace," a small subject-picture, shows a full-length figure of a lady in white satin, standing erect before a gilt cabinet. She has taken from the drawer a large carcanet, and seems absorbed in memories which the jewels have revived. This and the companion "His Grace" were finely etched in 1880, by C. P. Slocombe. Both pictures are practically costume studies of single figures, without any deep interest of accessories, but Pettie gives them an extraordinary spirit, brilliance, and freshness, where in other hands the same subject might have been commonplace. In addition to "Before his Peers" and "Her Grace" the Academy of 1881 contained "Trout-Fishing in the Highlands," which proved that Pettie had no mean power as a painter of landscape. An angler in grey is casting his line over a shallow "drumlie" stream, which traverses a bare glen, overhung with wreaths of mist. The tones of dress and landscape are subtly harmonised. It is a capital bit of Scottish scenery, yet the best element of the picture is the spirited action of the figure. None but a fisherman could have given that grace and natural ease of movement. It always reminds me of Barrie's words about Robert Louis Stevenson



TROUT-FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS

(Size of original, 84 × 57.)





—words again that only an angler could have written :

Before he was a writer of books he was in our part of the country with a fishing-wand in his hand, and I like to think that I was the boy who met him that day by St. Margaret's stream, where the rowans are, and busked a fly for him, and stood by watching, while the lithe figure rose and fell as he cast and hinted back from the crystal waters of Noran-side.

In Pettie's picture you can hear the swish of the line, and see the rise and fall of the arm, the movement of the lithe figure.

Three large subject-pictures were exhibited at the Academy of 1882. Most important was "The Duke of Monmouth begging his Life from James II." One can guess the tragedy, and gain pleasure from the picture, almost without knowing that the central figures are King James and his natural nephew, who after being exiled during the reign of Charles II. landed at Lyme and marched to rebellion with two thousand men. It will be remembered that Monmouth met the King at Sedgemoor, was routed, fled till his horse sank under him, and was discovered, in the disguise of a peasant, lying in a ditch. To the last he trusted that his life would be spared, and went with hopefulness into the presence of the King. Macaulay writes :

To see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him by a silken cord ; and thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged. Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the King's feet.

That is the moment the artist has chosen to depict. The scene is laid in an apartment at Whitehall, and the tall windows, veiled by transparent blue curtains, cast long reflections on the polished floor. James, dressed in black, relieved only by the ribbon and order of the Garter, stands upright, his arms folded, and looks down upon Monmouth, whose face is the personification of abject, long-continued fear. Monmouth's grovelling figure is a feat of draughtsmanship offering difficulties which another painter would have avoided. Contrasts of pose, passion, colour, and tone are cleverly and boldly used. The picture evoked a chorus of praise from critics of the time. In the *Standard* I find it described as "A very revelry of luscious and liquid colour ; little, it seems to us, has been done better in our time than this most dexterous and satisfying arrangement of noble and harmonious hues. It is a study of browns that have gold in them, and of blues that have silver." At the Academy

banquet Pettie was highly pleased by a special reference made to it by Dean Farrar, who described it as the type of historical work which he most admired.

The other two pictures of 1882 were "Eugene Aram and the Scholar" and "The Palmer." The former shows a vista of a woodland alley, tinted with green and gold, flecked with lights and shadows. Eugene Aram talks rapidly and fiercely with the little boy: "he talked with him of Cain." The effect of long and passionate remorse upon the worn frame of the miserable usher is rendered with thorough melodramatic force, and a fine element in the picture is the naïve wonder on the lad's face. In "The Palmer" a holy man from the East is telling a Saxon family the tale of his pilgrimage. One of his most eager listeners is the little boy who stands, full of life and vigorous expression, at his mother's knee. The masses of form and light are deftly composed; the cool colour is pleasant and effective.

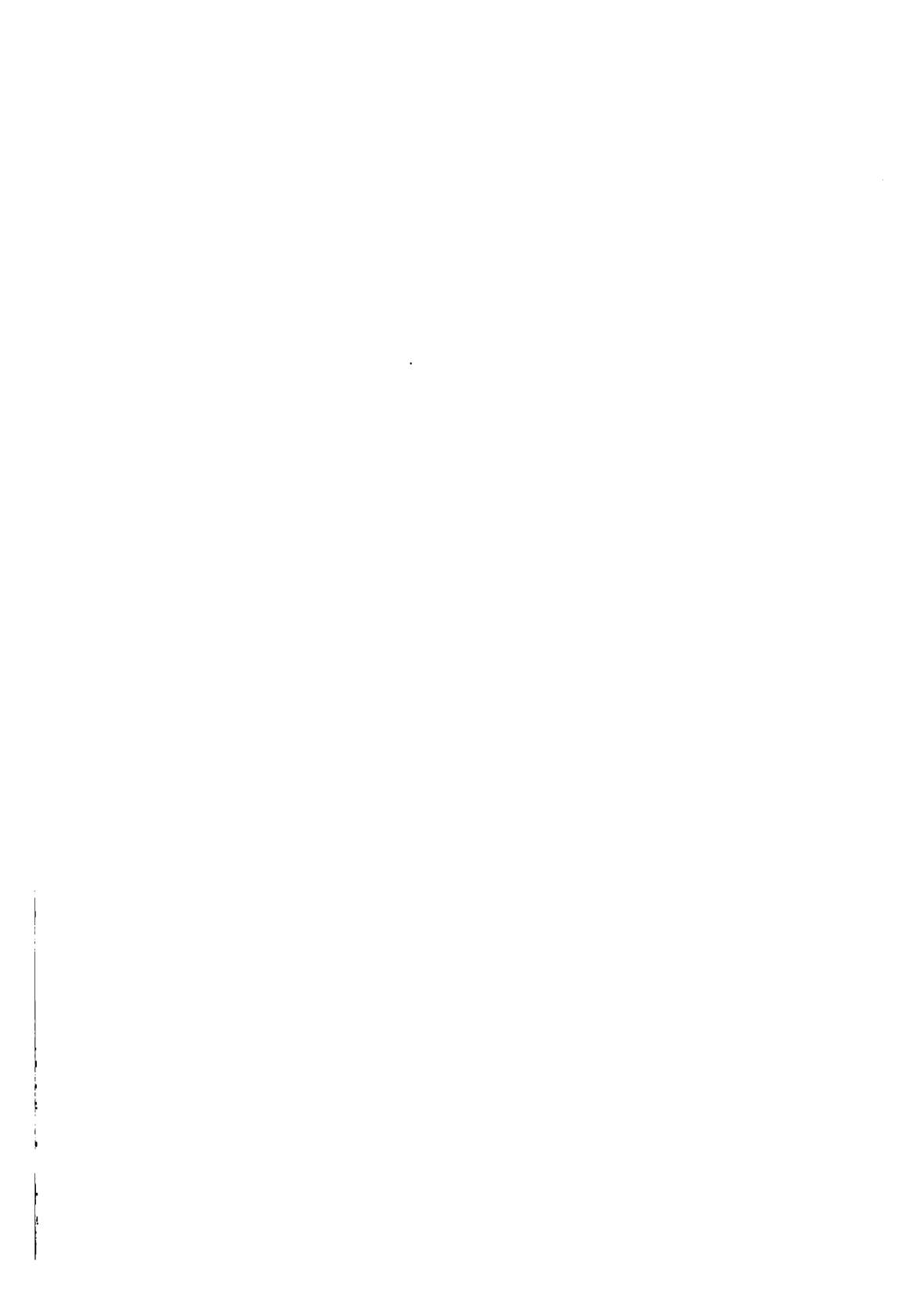
In 1882 Pettie bought a freehold site in Fitzjohn's Avenue and erected one of the earliest houses in the road. His friend, Mr. William Wallace, was the architect; and the house, a fine building in Georgian style, was named "The

Lothians" from the district in Scotland whence the artist came. Sir John Millais took a keen interest in his friend's project, and while laid up in bed owing to illness, persuaded Pettie to bring down the architect and the plans. Frank Holl, R.A., became Pettie's first neighbour by building "The Three Gables" next door. The main feature of "The Lothians" was the studio. The instructions given to the architect were: "Mind you, I want a large square room—a workshop, and none of your fal-de-lals and nooks-and-corners and galleries—'nane o' yer whigmaleeries and curlicue-wurlies,' as Andrew Fairservice said." A large workshop it became, fifty feet by thirty, divided for ordinary use into two square rooms, each with its own fireplace, by a large velvet curtain hanging across the centre. The nearer room, which was always used as the studio proper, had a north light, and the other a large east window. Though the rooms were square, there was no lack of comfort and adornment. The eye was drawn at once to some fine pieces of furniture, old Spanish cabinets, secretaires of Dutch marqueterie, bronze vases, Louis XV. clocks, and well-chosen pieces of old Nankin porcelain. Above the fireplace in the room where Pettie worked hung a fine panel of

THE PALMER

(Size of original, 22½ × 32.)





old Flemish tapestry, picturing the triumph of Antony and Cleopatra. On the walls and round the room were suits of armour, helmets, Highland targes, swords and daggers (from the dirk and the claymore to the swept-hilted rapier and the fine blade of Andrea Ferrara), pistols and powder-flasks, and sundry pieces of costume. Everything was there for use; nearly every object in the room figured in some picture or another. "Pettie's studio," says Mr. Pinnington, "was a faithful reflection, in its freedom from affectation and display, of its unostentatious although lordly occupant. Modesty lurked in its semi-tones; ambition was felt in its space." The studio was the scene of many happy gatherings, when Mr. and Mrs. Pettie invited their friends to private theatricals or a musical entertainment; and the polished oak floor served for many a dance. A stair from the studio led down to a billiard-room and to a property-room, containing a fine collection of studies and well stored with costumes. It may be said that after Pettie's death a large number of incomplete studies from this property-room were destroyed by his executors, so that no picture unworthy of him might pass into circulation or run the risk of being fraudulently tricked out as a finished work.

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEARS : 1883-1893

IN 1888 Pettie, at a pause for a subject, welcomed a suggestion that was admirably suited to evoke his sympathy and skill. At dinner one evening he asked Mr. Winn, who was staying with him at "The Lothians," for a hint as to a possible theme. The painter and his guest sat racking their brains for something that would inspire, but all in vain. Mr. Winn, however, after he went to bed, still lay thinking ; and on coming down to breakfast next day saluted his host with, "Good morning, Pettie. Dost know this waterfly?" Pettie looked in amazement, and when the question was repeated, began to wonder whether his old friend had taken leave of his senses. A volume of Shakespeare, however, was brought from the shelves, and the passage was found where young Osric comes to welcome Hamlet, who turns to Horatio with the question,

“Dost know this waterfly?” The picture of the gay, sparkling courtier was begun that very morning. The figure bears a clever and amusing likeness to a waterfly in his little hour of brilliant sunlight. His mincing gait, his self-satisfied pose, the light feathers in his cap, the long slender legs in hose of shining grey, the lustre of pale silver and citron-tinted braveries, the silk-lined cape pointed like two wings, are all in keeping with his character. This is one of several pictures in high silvery tones which Pettie painted towards the close of his career, perhaps in challenge to those who thought he overpowered by sheer resonance of colour, as though with loud chords of martial music. In “Dost know this Waterfly?” and in “Challenged” and “The Vigil” he set himself the problem of painting in cool tones. They are one more argument—as Gainsborough’s “Blue Boy” is said to have been the first—against the unqualified acceptance of Reynolds’ famous precept in his Eighth Discourse, that “it ought to be indispensably observed that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours be kept entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off those warm colours.” To

search out and discriminate the values in a delicate colour-scheme is, no doubt, a more difficult task than to relieve yellow against black, red against brown. In "Dost know this Waterfly?", with its dominant masses of light in pale sheeny blue and grey, Pettie certainly won success.

"The Jester's Merry Thought" (1888) may suffer in some eyes from the humour of its punning title, but is a piece of full-coloured life painted with characteristic mobility of composition. A monk and a soldier are taking their midday repast in the shade of a sand-pit on a day of sunshine, and the soldier insists on his companion pulling with him the merry-thought of a fowl. The crimson velvet and the armour of the soldier's costume and the brown frock of the monk are very telling by reason of their warm colour and fine execution. Other good pictures of this year were "The Ransom," "The Young Laird," "Young Izaak Walton, 1609," and "Sweet Seventeen"—the last a portrait of a niece of Mrs. Pettie.

In work of the finest quality 1884 was a lean year. Neither the "Orientation of the Church" nor "The Vigil" was a picture in which Pettie did justice to his own powers, especially as a colourist. "The Orientation of the Church" shows a group of white-



"DOST KNOW THIS WATERFLY?"

• (Size of original, 21 x 14½.)



robed monks looking to the East and waiting for the first appearance of the sun's rays above the horizon. A pole is fixed in the ground on the site of their future altar, and the first shadow cast will give them the line of orientation. This work cost Pettie more pains and trouble than any other picture he painted. It was not often that painting was disheartening or irksome to him, but in front of the large canvas—it is the largest to which he ever put brush—his wonted fluency seems to have forsaken him. The study of the level morning light that strikes sharp and keen on the faces and figures of the men busied with their task would deserve praise if it came from a painter of landscape, but the colour of the whole work is too cold, the theme too quiet and uninspiring for a painter of Pettie's fibre. With dogged perseverance, however, he carried it to accomplishment—and then he persisted in thinking it one of his finest works. It is a common thing for a mother to love best her weakling child, and for the creative artist to honour the work that costs him most trouble and to cheapen the true and easy expression of his temperament. Pettie's partiality for this picture affords one more example of the unaccountable blindness which led Hogarth to single out "Sigismunda" as the master-

piece whose worth would be marked by "Time's price-enhancing dust," made Romney proclaim his full-length of Thurlow as his best production in portraiture, and caused Addison to rank his poems above the *Spectator*.

In the same way "The Vigil" is unsatisfactory, for its cold, silvery key fails to exhibit Pettie's real genius as a colourist, while the single figure and the bare architectural background offer little revelation of his power as an executant. The background, selected from St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, was painted mainly in the studio from an elevation made by an architect. Hence its somewhat flimsy execution, and the rather rigid perspective of pillars, flag-stones, and altar. It is unfortunate that this picture, by no means typical, having been bought by the Chantrey Bequest, should hang in the Tate Gallery, and be the most accessible and best-known example of the painter's work. On the other hand, the picture gains in dramatic force from the cool bareness of the Norman nave, and there is a strong popular appeal in the fine sentiment of the subject. The following description of the scene depicted is borrowed from Mr. E. T. Cook's *Hand-book to the Tate Gallery*:—

The Vigil of Arms was one of the religious exercises,

which in the Middle Ages preceded the conferment of knighthood. The process of inauguration was commenced in the evening by the placing of the candidate under the care of two "esquires of honour, grave and well-seen in courtship," who were to be "governors in all things relating to him." By them he was conducted to his appointed chamber, where a bath was prepared, hung within and without with linen, and covered with rich cloths, into which, after they had undressed him, he entered. While he was in the bath two "ancient and grave knights" attended him, "to inform, instruct, and counsel him touching the order and feats of chivalry," and when they had fulfilled their mission they poured some of the water of the bath over his shoulders, signing the left shoulder with the cross. He was then taken from the bath and put into a plain bed without hangings, until his body was dry, when the two esquires put on him a white shirt and over that "a robe of russet with long sleeves having a hood thereto like unto that of a hermit." Then the two ancient and grave knights returned and led him to a chapel, the esquires going before them "sporting and dancing," with "the minstrels making melody." And when they had been served with wines and spices they went away, leaving only the candidate, the esquires, "the priest, the Chandler, and the watch," who kept the vigil of arms until sunrise, the candidate passing the night "bestowing himself in visions and prayer."

That is the moment chosen in the present picture. Dawn steals through the dim aisles, but the kneeling candidate does not notice it, and his beautiful haggard face remains turned towards the altar, with eyes full of mystic devotion. Helmet and armour are on the raised step before him, and

he holds patiently the cross hilt of his sword. Soon he will receive the Holy Sacrament and be invested with the full honour of knighthood.

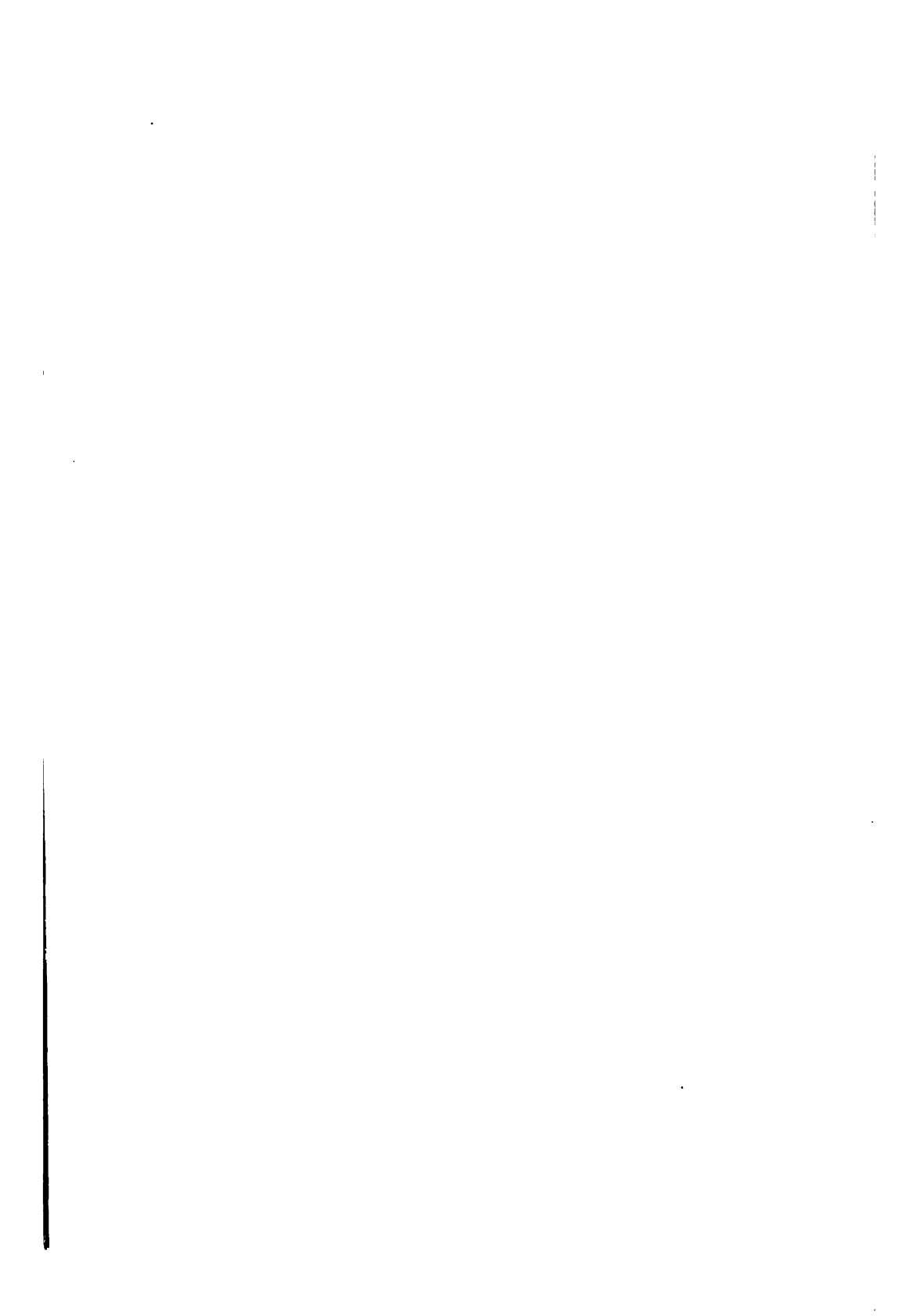
“A Reductio ad Absurdum,” which also belongs to 1884, is a strong piece of colour, with a scheme of black and red used as elements in the design. A cardinal in his red robes walks along a corridor with another ecclesiastic in black with a white cape, and with expressive energy in his outstretched hands gives to his more cautious companion a “flawless demonstration” of his will, if not of his argument.

“Challenged,” which was exhibited in the following year, is vivacious and complete, one of Pettie’s most dramatic works. A young gallant of the time of James II. has been rudely awakened after a night’s excess by the arrival of a challenge. The cartel has been delivered by a visitor who is just seen in the open doorway to the left, the chape of his long rapier swinging ominously under his red cloak as he departs with swaggering stride. The recipient of the challenge, in blue *robe de chambre* and sparkling white satin breeches, leans on the side of his bed, and with hand pressed to his brow and a look of bewilderment on his face, strives to recall the events of the past night.

THE VIGIL

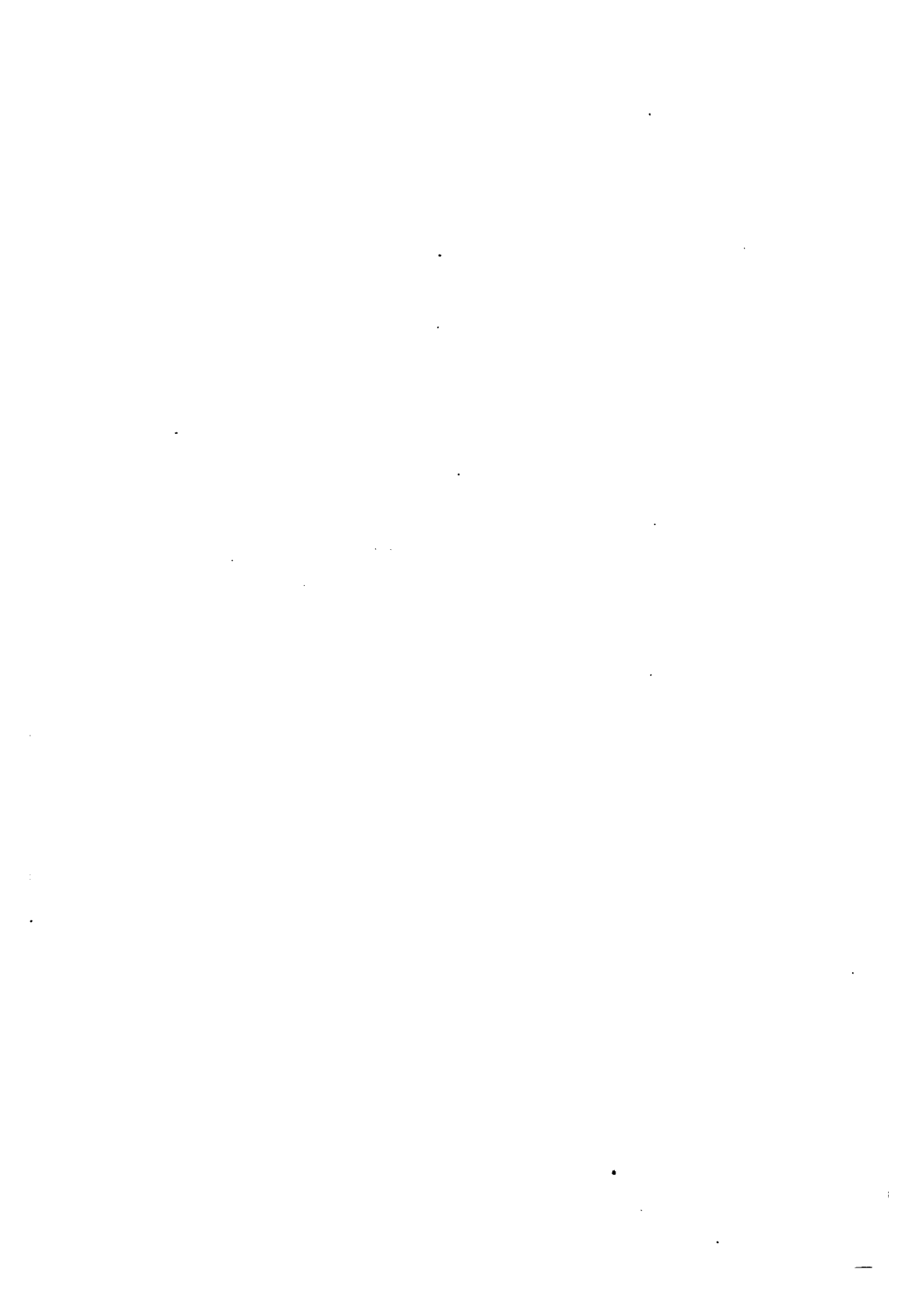
(Size of original, 48 x 66.)





He remembers "a mass of things, but nothing particular, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore"; yet he well understands the consequences. Sir Walter Armstrong criticises "the want of connection between the two figures," but surely this detachment is correct. The vanishing figure is simply a go-between, a mere accessory, hardly essential to the picture, already forgotten, and rightly forgotten, by the dazed recipient of the letter which he has brought. The treatment of the picture is finely artistic in its dexterous combination of light and shadow, rich and cool colours being handled with sound restraint. As in "Dost know this Waterfly?" and other pictures of his last period, the artist breaks away from the ordinary rule which opposes a foreground in which warm glowing tints predominate to a cool passage in middle distance or background. Here he essays the "Blue Boy" problem, his foreground figure and the bed being of silvery white and blue, relieved against a background of warm brown tints. Muther had the obvious comparison in mind, when he wrote of "Challenged" that "in point of colour this is perhaps the most delicate work produced in England since Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy.'"

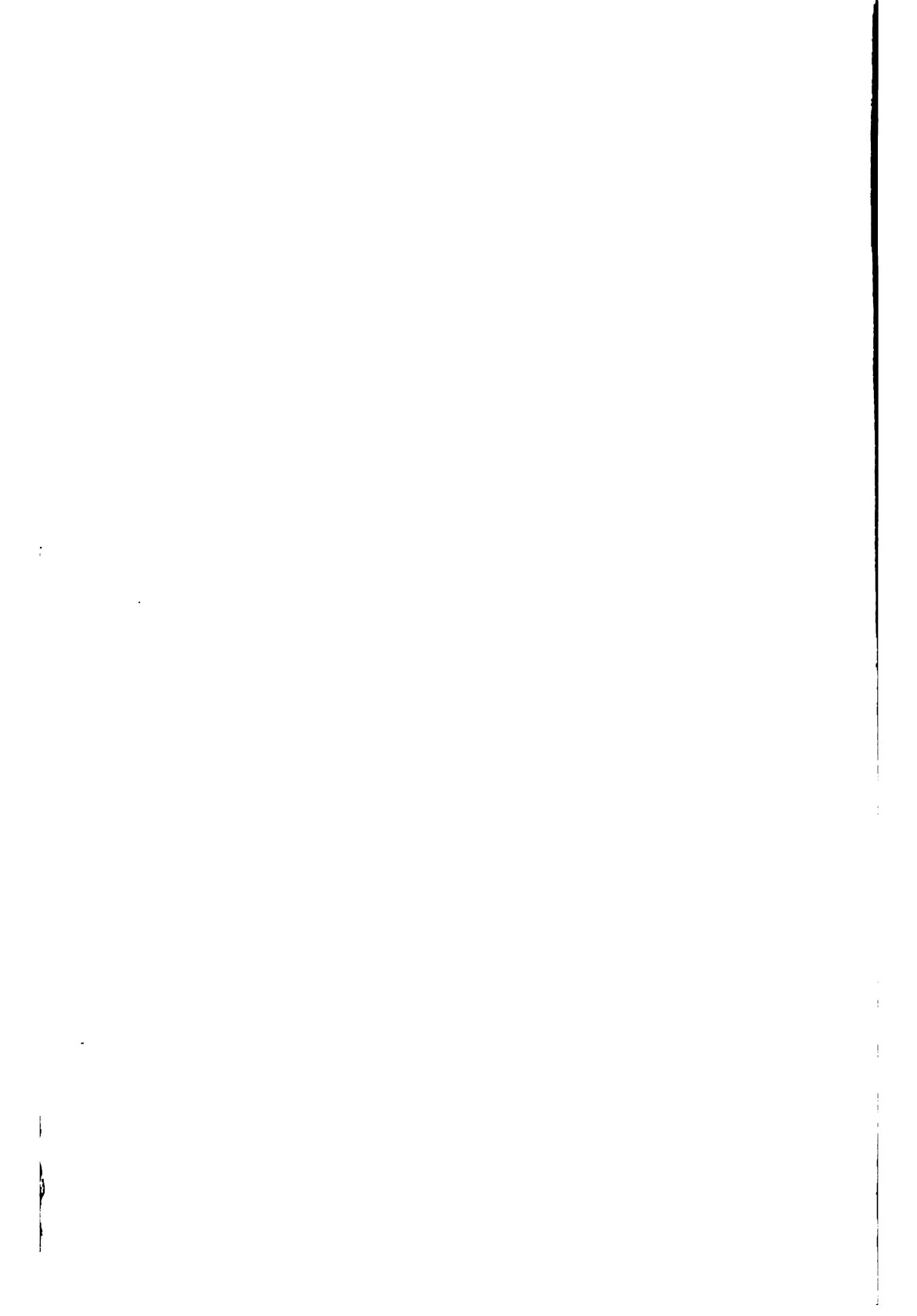
The bed in "Challenged" was painted from an old state-bed at Raynham Hall in Norfolk. Pettie was taken there by Mr. Seymour Lucas, whose antiquarian knowledge he often found of the greatest help. Mr. Lucas obtained permission for his friend and himself to spend a day or two at the house, which was then unoccupied. They arrived in the afternoon, and amid advancing twilight were shown over the house. They saw the bed where Queen Anne slept, and passed through many a silent tapestried chamber, and along eerie passages. They dined in a great panelled room, and spent their evening over port wine in hearing tales of Lady Dorothy Walpole and others whose ghosts walked the floor above their heads. They were then each conducted to a room, with walls two feet thick, where a roaring fire cast flickering shadows over a canopied bed. Both were men on whose artistic temperament and emotional instinct these things acted with strange force; both, as they acknowledged, were "in a blue funk." Seymour Lucas met the situation by going to Pettie's room, and begging that he might share a portion of a bed big enough for four. On the following morning Pettie sketched the bed that appears in "Challenged."



CHARLES SURFACE SELLING HIS ANCESTORS

(Size of original, 82 x 45.)





Two other exhibits at the Academy of 1885, illustrating scenes in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, are both rich in colour and precise in touch. "Charles Surface selling his Ancestors" is an animated scene, full of nice discrimination of character. The undemonstrative pleasure of Sir Oliver on hearing that his graceless nephew refuses to sell his portrait is expressed with subtle skill. In reference to "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle," a sentence or two from Sir Walter Armstrong's *Scottish Painters* are sufficient comment :

If colour quality is enough to make a painter remembered, and we know very well it is, then Pettie's fame is safe. In this respect some of his pictures seem to me to have passages in them which have scarcely been beaten. Look, for instance, at the figure of Sir Peter Teazle, in his plum-coloured coat, and at the satin-wood furniture about him. The delicacy which leads every tint to its highest power, to its fullest vibration, could not be more richly displayed.

It was not likely that Pettie would long be held captive by the cool, starved colour of such themes as "Challenged," "The Vigil," and "The Orientation of the Church." In 1886 he exhibited that daring blaze of reds and yellows, "The Chieftain's Candlesticks." It was as though a fire which had been smouldering beneath white ashes burst suddenly into full hot flame in this

forcible scene of old Highland life. Two stalwart majestic clansmen, red-haired and red-tartaned, stand on either side of their chieftain's chair, holding up torches with brawny arms. While the picture hung in the Scottish National Exhibition (1908), I overheard a discussion between two visitors from the south, suggesting that this was a "problem picture" after the manner of the Hon. John Collier. The one maintained that the Highlanders were simply proud retainers waiting to receive their chief as he marched in triumph to the council chair. The other held that the chair was for ever empty, and, not knowing the sad-eyed, far-seeing gaze of men who dwell among the silence and immensity of the hills, read grief into the noble features. This latter view was held by more than one critic of repute when the picture was hung at the Royal Academy. All of them had forgotten Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, and the tale of the wager between Angus M'Aulay and two English squires. M'Aulay's faithful retainer Donald tells the story of his master's foolish bet of two hundred marks with two Saxons that "clink ye down for a wager as fast as a Lowland smith would hammer shoon on a Highland shelly."

“Ye sall be pleased then to know, that when our laird was up in England, where he gangs oftener than his friends can wish, he was biding at the house o’ this Sir Miles Musgrave, an’ there was putten on the table six candlesticks, that they tell me were twice as muckle as the candlesticks in Dunblane kirk, and neither airn, brass, nor tin, but a’ solid silver, nae less;—up wi’ their English pride, has sae muckle, and kens sae little how to guide it! Sae they began to jeer the laird, that he saw nae sic graith in his ain poor country; and the laird, scorning to hae his country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a gude Scotsman, that he had mair candlesticks, and better candlesticks, in his ain castle at hame, than were ever lighted in a hall in Cumberland.”

When the laird welcomed the Englishman on an unexpected visit shortly after, his purse and credit were both at stake, for he had nothing of more value than some tin sconces. But M’Aulay was helped out of the dilemma to his own surprise :

“Gentlemans, her dinner is ready, *and her candles are lighted too,*” said Donald.

The two English strangers, therefore, were ushered into the hall, where an unexpected display awaited them. Behind every seat stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed after the fashion of his country, holding in his right hand his drawn sword, and in the left a blazing torch made of the bog-pine. The unexpected and startling apparition was seen by the red glare of the torches, which displayed the wild features, unusual dress, and glittering arms of those who bore them, while the smoke, eddying up to the roof of the hall, over-canopied them with a volume

of vapour. . . . "Lost, lost," said Musgrave gaily—"my own silver candlesticks are all melted and riding on horse-back by this time, and I wish the fellows that enlisted were half as trusty as these."

In Pettie's picture, which sums up that tale of Sir Walter Scott (based, the author vouches, on actual fact), the elements of half-savage state are vividly realised, and made more effective by the glare of the dark shadows cast by the flaming torches. No wonder that a well-known firm of candlemakers offered the artist a large sum—which was not accepted—for the copyright of the picture!

His other subject-picture of 1886—it was a year in which he painted sixteen portraits, mostly as gifts—was "The Musician." A young composer is lying back in a deep chair, thinking out an orchestral effect, with the occasional help of an organ. On the right is the organ, curiously ornamented, and leaning against it a violoncello. The musician is attired in a grey dressing-robe lined with pale blue, a low shirt collar, black stockings and shoes. Some sheets of music, painted from one of Mozart's original manuscripts, are in his hand. His worn look suggests not only the nervous strain of his occupation, but the hidden presence of some fatal disease.



THE MUSICIAN

(Size of original, 64 x 48.)



Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

“Two Strings to her Bow,” exhibited in 1887, is one of Pettie’s happiest pieces of pure sentiment, persuasive in its natural charm and its touch of romance. Light-hearted gaiety and the ecstasy of existence sing in rippling music from lines and colours vibrant with joy. A coquette of the Regency is tripping triumphant down a shady lane, with an embarrassed swain on either arm, and her smiling face betokens full enjoyment of the double conquest. The diffident, mortified look of the fair country lad, and the hesitating gait and the attire of the rural beau, are spontaneous and natural.

A “Scene from Scott’s *Peveril of the Peak*” accompanied this to the Academy. The picture shows the moment when the two children, Julian Peveril and Alice Bridgenorth, are startled by the sudden appearance of the Countess of Derby in the Golden Room. The interior is brilliantly painted, a *tour de force* of deftness and sparkle. Admirable use is made of the golden hangings, which gave their name to the room, and under the influence of direct illumination (one imagines a row of windows on the near side of the gallery)

take quick-changing sheen and brilliance even in the larger shadows that cover the greater part of the tapestry. But, as usual, the shadows and the large empty spaces are used to focus and throw light upon the central group of the two pretty children, standing with wide-open, startled eyes, in the centre of the floor. The bright dresses of the children, the black attire of the Countess, the barking spaniel, the old chair, are all excellently painted and play their part. Painted originally in a very high key, this picture has greatly mellowed and improved in the twenty years of its existence. Slighter, but very spirited, is "A Storm in a Teacup" (sometimes known as "The Tiff"), showing a lovers' quarrel. The man and maid are taking their separate ways along a country lane, but it will obviously not be long ere their journey ends in lovers meeting.

"The Traitor," exhibited at the Academy in 1888, was suggested to Pettie by his own picture "Treason," which he found at the Mappin Art Gallery after not having seen it for many years. As he looked at the canvas, the long table, and the group of figures round it, he turned to Mr. Howarth, Curator of the Gallery, to explain his first notion of a new subject, "The Traitor." In a



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW

(Size of original, 32½ × 47.)





large council chamber a group of indignant men, in sixteenth-century costume, stand indignantly looking down upon the traitor, who lies on the floor, bound hand and foot. At the head of a table to the left sits a dignified man in armour, who, with an air of command, holds out his hand as though explaining the evil of the traitor's action and the disgrace that is upon his head. A priest beside him stands with hands clasped at his breast as if in horror and shame that such a thing should be. Splendid attire and gleaming armour are brilliantly painted, while some blue satin cushions to the left lend a vivid touch of colour. Though not equal to "Treason" in depth and glow of colour, this is a strong picture, powerful in drawing and grouping, in the grip of what is vital and consistent with the scene, and in the strong contrast, similar to that in "The Duke of Monmouth," between the supine cringing figure and the stern towering dignity of those who look upon him with contempt. There are several differences between the larger version of this subject and the replica (belonging to Mrs. Ness) which is here reproduced. In the larger version the priest stands more upright, there is no yellow cloak thrown across the table, and the figure at the head of the table embodies a fine

likeness of the artist's friend, Mr. A. P. Watt, who is not nearly so recognisable in the replica.

While painting this picture Pettie received a visit from Verestschagin, the famous Russian painter of battle scenes. Pettie had just finished his cartoon on the canvas when the visitor was announced. It was not long before Verestschagin, with a foreigner's excitability, had seized a piece of charcoal, and, dancing about with many gesticulations, began to suggest improvements all over the canvas. His host, who always welcomed criticism, was patient at first, but soon saw reason for dismay, and hastily introducing a large cigar and a tumbler of whisky, got his boisterous visitor ensconced in a corner of the sofa, then solemnly and openly rubbed out all the marks, while he started a friendly talk about other things. Possibly, with his quiet humour, he recalled another more serious occasion when a visitor, whom he knew slightly, became temporarily insane, and rushed about the studio brandishing a large knife. Pettie pacified him by the assurance that he badly wanted the knife to put into a picture, and promised him a sketch in exchange if he surrendered it—a promise afterwards faithfully kept.

A smaller work of 1888, "The Clash of Steel,"



A STORM IN A TEACUP

(Size of original, 24½ x 30.)





embodied a characteristic incident of the same period as "The Traitor." It was the time when brawls and fighting were common among London 'prentices, who liked nothing better than the cry of "Clubs! Clubs! 'Prentices!" echoing along the street. Out of a street row of this type a vivid scene has been constructed, with humorous as well as picturesque touches in it. At the clash of steel caused by some quarrelsome swashbucklers, the booth-keepers and apprentices rush from their stalls, cudgel in hand. The figures are full of movement and animation, but real interest centres in the group in front, a young lady, with terror and anxiety on her face, trying to drag away her bellicose gallant out of hearing of the fray which he longs to join.

In 1889 Pettie's portrait practice had grown to such an extent that he found time for two subject-pictures only—"The Beginning of the Fray" and "Going to the Fair." The latter is a theme afterwards repeated on a larger scale and with slight variations in "The World went very well then," which went to the Academy of 1890. In subject as well as in lightness of sentiment and vivacity of execution, this forms a companion to "Two Strings to her Bow." There you had the serio-comic story

of two men and a maid ; here, in "The World went very well then," it is the merry tale of two maids and a man. Two comely girls of the eighteenth century are gaily tripping along a country lane, quite conscious that they are followed by a spruce young swain with a bouquet in his hand. The nervousness of the young admirer and the girls' consciousness are well conceived. The whole picture sparkles with light and colour, and the figures are charming in their poise and light movement. In this and in "Two Strings to her Bow," as in earlier works such as "To the Fields he carried her Milking - Pails," "Touchstone and Audrey," "Silvius and Phebe," and "'Tis Blythe May Day," the artist puts on canvas the sights and sounds of youth, and spring, and first love, with all the joyousness and glamour of the spring-time of life. You feel happy in the company of pictures such as these.

In 1890 and 1891 portraits again, with the exception of "The Violinist" and "Silvia," both studies of single figures. To both of these the artist's swift touch and keen accent give instant grace and vivacity, and if they show a certain amount of forced illumination and rigidity of contour, time will soften any harshness. "Silvia,"



THE TRAITOR

(Size of original, 25 x 41.)





THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN

(Size of original, 60 x 48.)





with "The Threat" and "The Jester's Merry Thought," all of them from the collection of the late Mr. George MacCulloch, will be seen at the Winter Exhibition (1908) of the Royal Academy. In 1892, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was a return to an earlier type of subject and treatment. The young chevalier is entering the ballroom at Holyrood, with flowers strewn at his feet. The contrast between the prince with his fair, but rather weak, sensual face, and his two stalwart Highland supporters, is cleverly enforced. The lights, shadows, and colours fall into skilful arrangement; the golden white of the prince's powdered hair and satin waistcoat, the red of his kilt and stockings, and the dark greens of his followers' tartan are all powerfully massed. Here, as in so many earlier works, the colour is so brilliant and energetic that it seems, as it were, to consume the drawing; yet here too can be seen how much of the painter's success depended on masterly drawing and composition. Another exhibit of 1892 was "The Ultimatum," a brilliant study of a man in armour, with stern face and open hand of defiant challenge.

These were among the last of Pettie's works exhibited in his lifetime. During the latter part

of 1892 he was suffering from an ailment in the ear. On January 10 of 1898 this took an acute form, and he was found unconscious on the floor of his studio. Recovering from this, he seemed for some weeks to be in better health, and no exact diagnosis of his illness was made. After another relapse, however, his medical attendants sought further opinion from Dr. Ferrier, the eminent specialist, who localised an abscess behind the ear. Immediate danger seemed to be averted, and the patient rallied so quickly that on February 17 his removal to Hastings, a place endeared to him by early associations, was sanctioned by his doctors. After two or three days, during which he was comparatively free from pain and in good spirits, he became, on Sunday February 19, alarmingly worse. On Monday the members of his family were summoned, and as a last hope Sir Victor Horsley performed an operation for the removal of the abscess. In itself it was entirely successful, but the shock to the worn system was too great. There followed a night of weary waiting and watching in those rooms that overlooked the sea-front at Hastings. It was a night of wind and rain, a fit night for the passing of so strenuous a fighter. The wind moaned, the rain lashed the

windows, the waves thundered on the beach, making that storm-music which the dying man had loved to hear beside him when he faced some big canvas or assailed some difficult passage of paint. Midnight passed, and after a time of quiet that came with the early hours of morning, the spirit left the exhausted frame, to pass into "the ultimate great peace." The dawn had come.

On February 27, in the midst of many sorrowing friends, from the President of the Royal Academy to humble models, his remains were laid to rest in the Paddington Cemetery. His "wages ta'en," his "task accomplished and the long day done," he stepped from the broad and sunny road into the great darkness. But he was only fifty-three, and his powers were still mature and vigorous, when he was stricken down. He was one of those whom the world can ill spare before the allotted years have passed; not only a great painter, but a man of warm heart and open hand, of a nature gentle and sincere. It was another instance of that passing of a man, buoyant and robust, with abundant power still in him to add to the good work and kind deeds of the past, which makes more vivid the eternal mystery of death.

CHAPTER VII

PORTRAITS

So far, little has been said of Pettie as a portrait-painter, yet in sheer power and interest of colour and technique his portraits are equal to the best of his subject-paintings. During the artist's lifetime they did not in general win the applause which they deserved, for in annual exhibitions their interest was outbalanced by the more potent and immediate appeal of his work in genre. Since his death, they remain scattered about the country in private collections with less chance still of general recognition, for exhibition committees nearly always prefer to gratify public taste by searching for a subject-picture in preference to a portrait. The portrait, however, of J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A., has been a constant wanderer, evoking a chorus of admiration wherever it has hung; and in the Portrait

Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery¹ in 1907, the brilliant sketch of Hamish MacCunn bore testimony to the painter's impressionist power.

It was only in the latter part of his career that portrait-painting for its own sake became an integral part of Pettie's work. To some extent he was led into it by necessity. The years preceding 1890 marked the climax of the prejudice against the "literary idea" in paint. It was a prejudice somewhat unjust, but yet natural; a reaction after the banalities of the mid-Victorian painters of genre on the one hand, and the overdone intensity and preciousness of Pre-Raphaelitism on the other. For art has its seasons of ebb and flow, and it is curious to-day that under the influence of another reaction the newest of the new School are harking back to Victorian domesticity and revelling in the crinolines and caps that our grandmothers used to wear. In those lean years for the painter of genre Pettie set to work upon portraits, whose success brought a speedy flow of commissions. Towards the close of his life there were few years in which he did not paint ten or more, many of them as gifts to

¹ I understand that at the New Gallery this autumn (1908) six or seven of Pettie's finest portraits are to be exhibited.

his friends, done for pure pleasure or remembrance. Of his canvases of 1886, for instance, fifteen were portraits; while thirteen come into the record for both 1888 and 1889. Though in these later years he gradually drifted more and more into what was not perhaps his chosen province, he was never shackled by it; he never, like Romney, thought of it as "this cursed portrait-painting," a means to independence and the freedom of the realms of imagination. Portraiture satisfied Pettie's social nature, for it brought him into close contact with warm humanity, and it satisfied, too, his love of character and colour. The glow of the human eye, the rich darks or the golden sheen of hair, the creams and carmines of a fair complexion, were a welcome challenge to his skill.

He had always been a painter of portraits, for his first exhibits at the Scottish Academy were crayon studies of heads. From the days when he put the members of his home circle into the subjects for Blackie's *Family Worship*, he constantly sought his models among his friends, and often recorded their features with scrupulous exactness. In this he resembled the Pre-Raphaelites, with whom it was a doctrine that the painter should,

whenever possible, eschew the ordinary hired model, and seek out among his friends living people who, in character and aspect, had most affinity with the personages whom he had it in his mind to represent. This, no doubt, secures a general conformity between the painter's idea of his subject and the individual who actually sits for him, and also assures a degree of personal vitality and character, which can never be obtained from the professional model. The battle is half won for the painter whose creation is anticipated, or at least shadowed forth, by nature. Like Madox Brown and the others, Pettie had an extraordinary faculty for recognising among the circle of his friends or acquaintances the type which he required to serve as a model for some fresh subject. Though he did not always introduce an exact likeness, he had the genius of discrimination which enabled him to extract the essence of what he needed from features or from pose to suit his conception. The flicker of expression in a face, the momentary gesture of a hand or an arm, would often arrest his attention as the very thing he sought. Sometimes he would worry for days in hesitancy to ask some one, who was little known to him or who might be a man of small leisure, to grant him a

sitting ; and more than once the delicate diplomacy of Mrs. Pettie served to bring, as though by accident, the very person required into her husband's studio. Several owners of brilliant head-studies by the artist were offered them in gratitude for sittings of an hour or two's duration.

Pettie's subject-paintings are, therefore, to some extent a portrait gallery of his friends, and one can only indicate where a few of these likenesses occur. Sam Bough, R.S.A., as has already been said, is admirably portrayed in "Cromwell's Saints." Mrs. Andrew Ker (a cousin of the painter) figures in "A Visit to the Necromancer"; while George Fox, in the picture of 1864, was painted from her father-in-law, Mr. Matthew Ker, and the boy in the background from Mr. Andrew Ker. Mr. Winn of Birmingham, a close friend of Pettie, stood for the hands and arms in "The Palmer." The figure of the boy in the same picture was painted from the artist's son Ralph, who appears in several other works, such as "The Young Laird." He and Mr. Hansard Watt, then a boy of about the same age, served as models for the two children in "A Scene from *Pevevil of the Peak*." Mr. A. P. Watt and his family, who were neighbours and close friends of the Petties,

SCENE FROM "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK"

(Size of original, 35 x 48.)



were in constant requisition. Mr. Watt made an admirable model for the stately and dignified president of the court in "The Traitor," and together with George Lawson, the sculptor, stood for the group of two figures in the background of "Dost know this Waterfly?" The boy king in "Edward VI. signing his first Death Warrant" was painted partly from Mr. C. Edwards, partly from Mr. James Watt. The latter, in after years, stood for the knight in "The Vigil," though this is hardly a portrait. "Two Strings to her Bow" embodies strong likenesses of Mr. Alec Watt, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, and Miss Thallum. Hamish MacCunn sat again for the figure on the bed in "Challenged," for "The Violinist," and other subjects. The second figure in "The Orientation of the Church" is that of Dr. J. Corbet Fletcher. Mr. Rider Haggard, while sitting for his own portrait in 1889, was pressed into service for one of the figures in "The Beginning of a Fray," now in the possession of Lord Faber. "Rob Roy" was painted from Mr. L. Gow, the Edinburgh banker, who was the lifelong friend of G. P. Chalmers. Tom Graham is clearly recognisable as one of the central figures in "The Jacobites." The stern, determined face in "The Threat" is that of

Mr. W. Wallace, the architect. Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., is the gay cavalier who lifts his black-jack in "A Brimmer to the King." Mr. C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., stood, one summer in Arran, for the figure in "Trout-fishing in the Highlands," which was finished in London from another model. For "The Ultimatum" Pettie found in Mr. Edmund Bechstein the powerful Teutonic type which he required for his stalwart man of arms. "Before the Battle" is in reality a portrait of Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A. In 1875 Pettie had painted a small portrait of his fellow-artist in buff coat and gorget, and was so pleased with it that in the following year he developed the subject, and partly from this portrait, partly from Riviere himself, completed "Before the Battle." When exhibited at the Academy in 1890, it depicted a knight arming in his tent; but after being sold it came again into Pettie's hands, and he added the figure of a youth helping on the armour. After passing through various hands, the picture is now in the possession of Mr. Briton Riviere.

It cannot be claimed for Pettie that he was of the greatest portraitists, one of those who penetrate with deep intuition into the

soul beneath the mask of flesh, and reveal in paint

The shape and colour of a mind and life.

But he caught with accuracy the outward individuality and distinctive character of his sitter, and transferred to his canvas the warmth and glowing colour of the life before him. He put into his portraits his robust, modern, practical good sense; and with sound and judicious handling rendered the salient facts of personality, avoiding on the one hand undue idealisation, and on the other thoughtless mannerism. So his portraits are solid and real—live men and women with blood pulsing through their veins, with eyes brimming with intelligence. Here, as in his subject-pictures, he was always a colourist, and in some of his portraits the flesh-tints bloom like the colour on the petal of a flower. The momentariness of his conception, the vigour of his grip, the nobility of his chiaroscuro, again and again bring remembrance of the portraits of Rembrandt. In his portraits the great Dutchman was essentially dramatic; and there can be no doubt that Pettie was often held in thrall to his spell. From Rembrandt he absorbed the love of strong contrasts, of rich dark shadows transfused by the play of light.

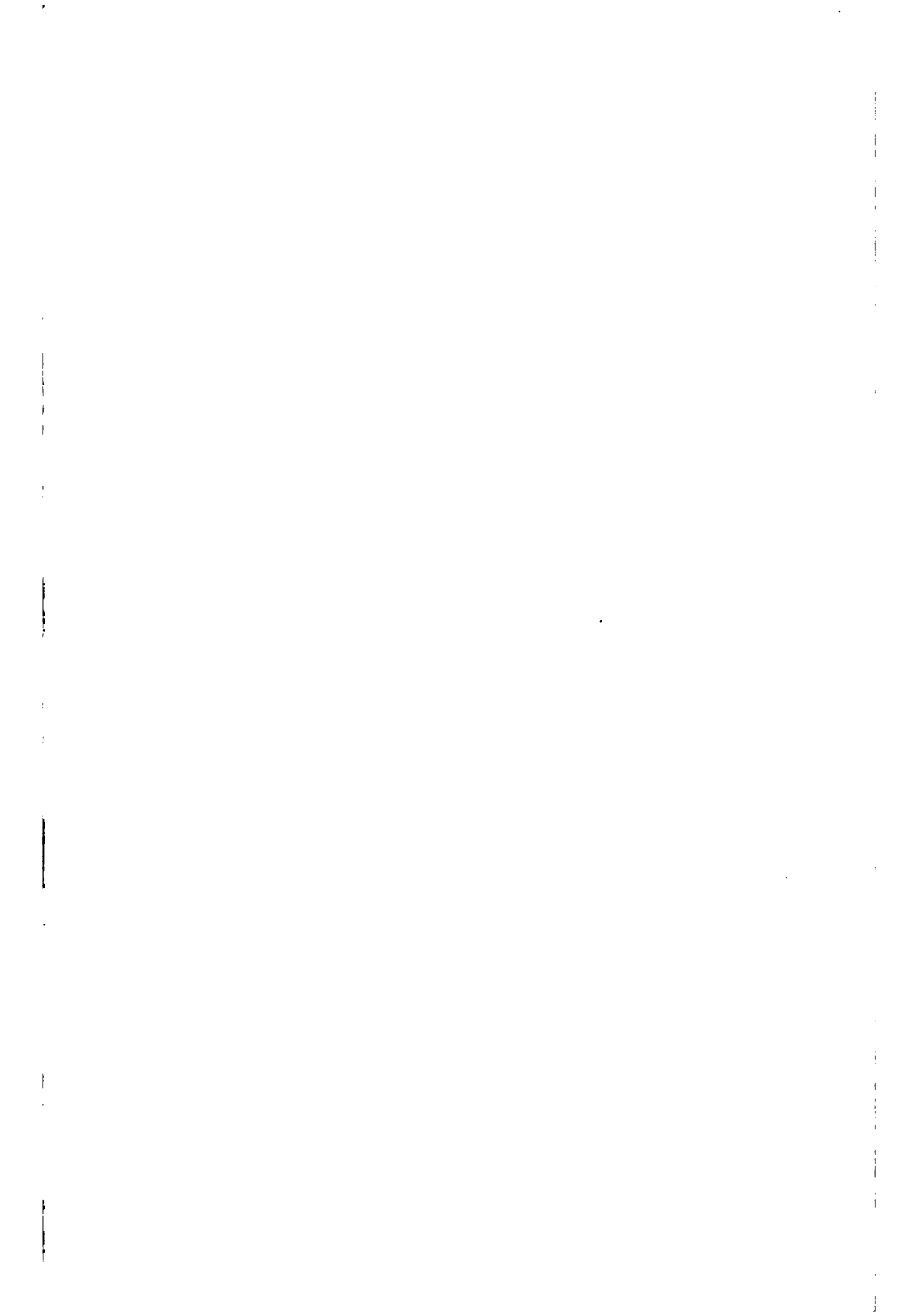
It was due to his passion for colour that he carried, perhaps to excess, his dislike of modern costume, and clothed many of his sitters in the gayer apparel of by-gone days. It may be argued that it is the province of art to make all things artistic, and that the true painter can show his skill upon a black frock-coat and modern trousers as effectively as upon the slashed doublet and brilliant hose of ancient times. But Pettie was colourist rather than technician; the scientific adjustment of subtle and sombre tones had little attraction for his ardent eye. So, when opportunity offered, he was eager to get rid of the drab monotony of modern dress, and to put in its place the rich glow of velvet or satin, the glint of armour or golden chain, the creaminess of a ruff. There can be no doubt that the "costume-portrait" (which, I think, he can claim to have invented) gave fuller scope to his talent, and he had wonderful skill in avoiding the fancy-dress ball air usually attendant on wearers of anachronistic costume. It is open to question, however, whether the gain in opportunity for drama and colour was not counterbalanced by the fact that the subject was transported to a century to which he did not belong, and placed in an historic atmosphere to which he was entirely



PORTRAIT OF A. P. WATT, ESQ., AS A SCHOLAR IN THE TIME
OF TITIAN

(*Size of original, 29 x 24.*)



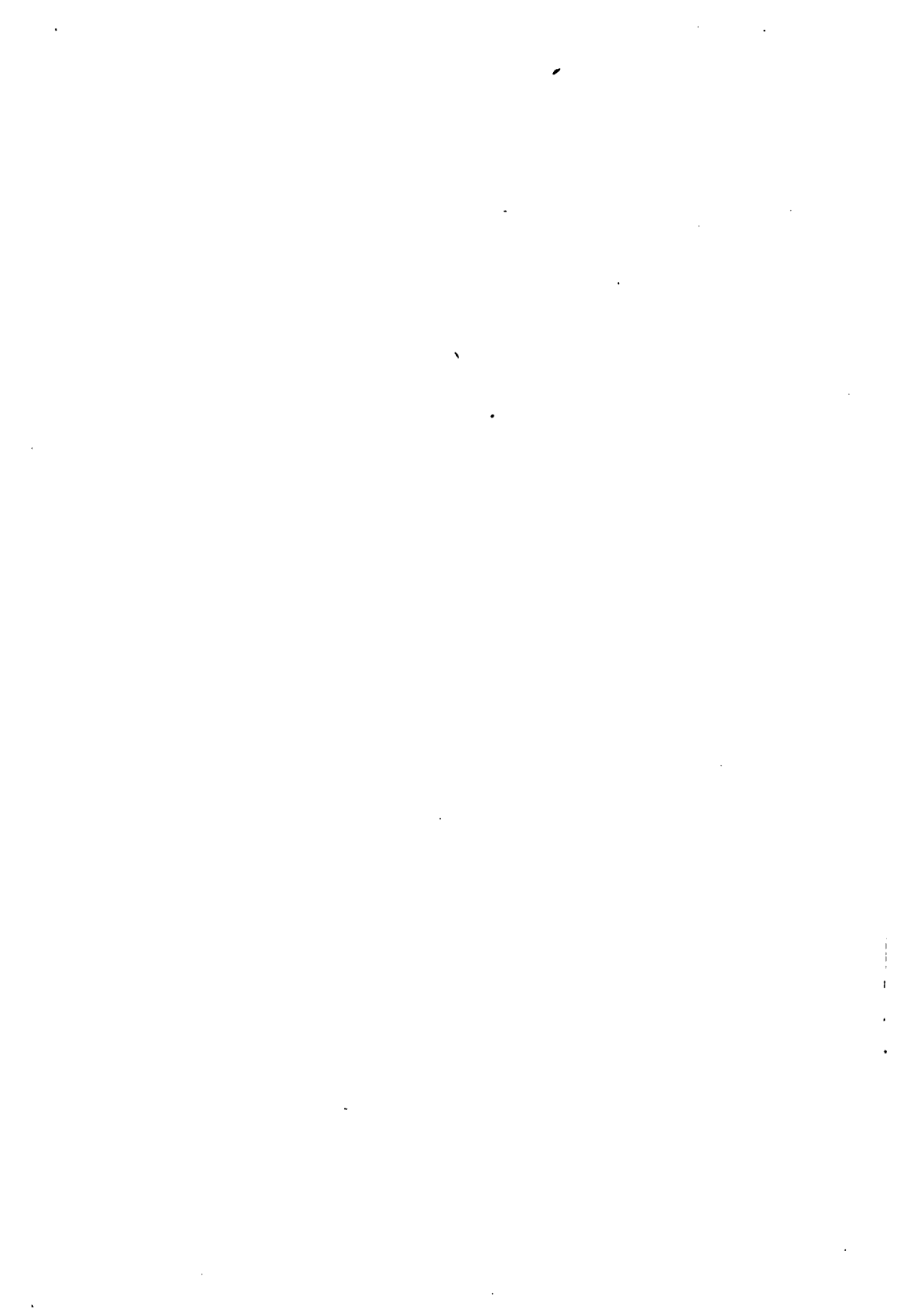


alien. Relations and descendants look mainly for truth in a portrait rather than high artistic merit, and prefer to see their kinsman or ancestor in "his habit as he lived and walked." Pettie himself seems to have recognised the cogency of the arguments against his practice, and this phase of his portrait work lasted for a few years only.

These "costume-portraits" seem to have begun in 1875, when Pettie sent to the Academy portraits of "Edward Sherrard Kennedy, Esq., in costume of the Seventeenth Century," "G. H. Boughton, R.A., in costume of the Sixteenth Century," and "E. F. White, Esq., in costume of the Seventeenth Century"; and in the same year painted the picture of Briton Riviere, R.A., in a buff coat and gorget, which has already been mentioned. "Goldsmith to His Majesty," painted in 1876, is a fine fancy portrait of the late Mr. Arthur Tooth, in such a costume as George Heriot might have worn; and at the Academy in 1877 appeared "A Knight of the Seventeenth Century" (now in the Glasgow Gallery), which was a portrait of William Black, the novelist. It is keen and bright in expression, and the black and gold armour is painted with trenchant colour. The portrait has a special interest in the association

of painter and sitter, for William Black, like his friend Pettie, was a follower of Scott in the later Romantic school, writing novels full of national spirit, breathing passion and drama like Pettie's pictures, and, like them, rich in diversified movement. At the Academy of 1878 was "Colin Hunter, A.R.A., in costume of the Sixteenth Century"; and the following year saw the exhibition of "A. P. Watt, Esq., as a Scholar in the Time of Titian," which by many is considered to mark the artist's highest achievement as a portrait-painter. It is remarkable both for its tenderness and for its strength, for its sober treatment of background and figure throwing into relief the fine flesh-tints of the face and hands. That hand low down to the right of the canvas is a masterly piece of painting. You feel that it is warm flesh, alive and palpitating, with bones beneath the covering tissue of skin.

This was one of the last portraits in costume which Pettie painted. Though he revelled in opportunity for glowing colour he was not so dependent upon it as he himself supposed. A portrait of Sheriff Strachan, painted in the following year (1879), bears witness to this. The lawyer's face, with its shrewd eyes and its firm



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BLACK

(Size of original, 50½ × 81½.)



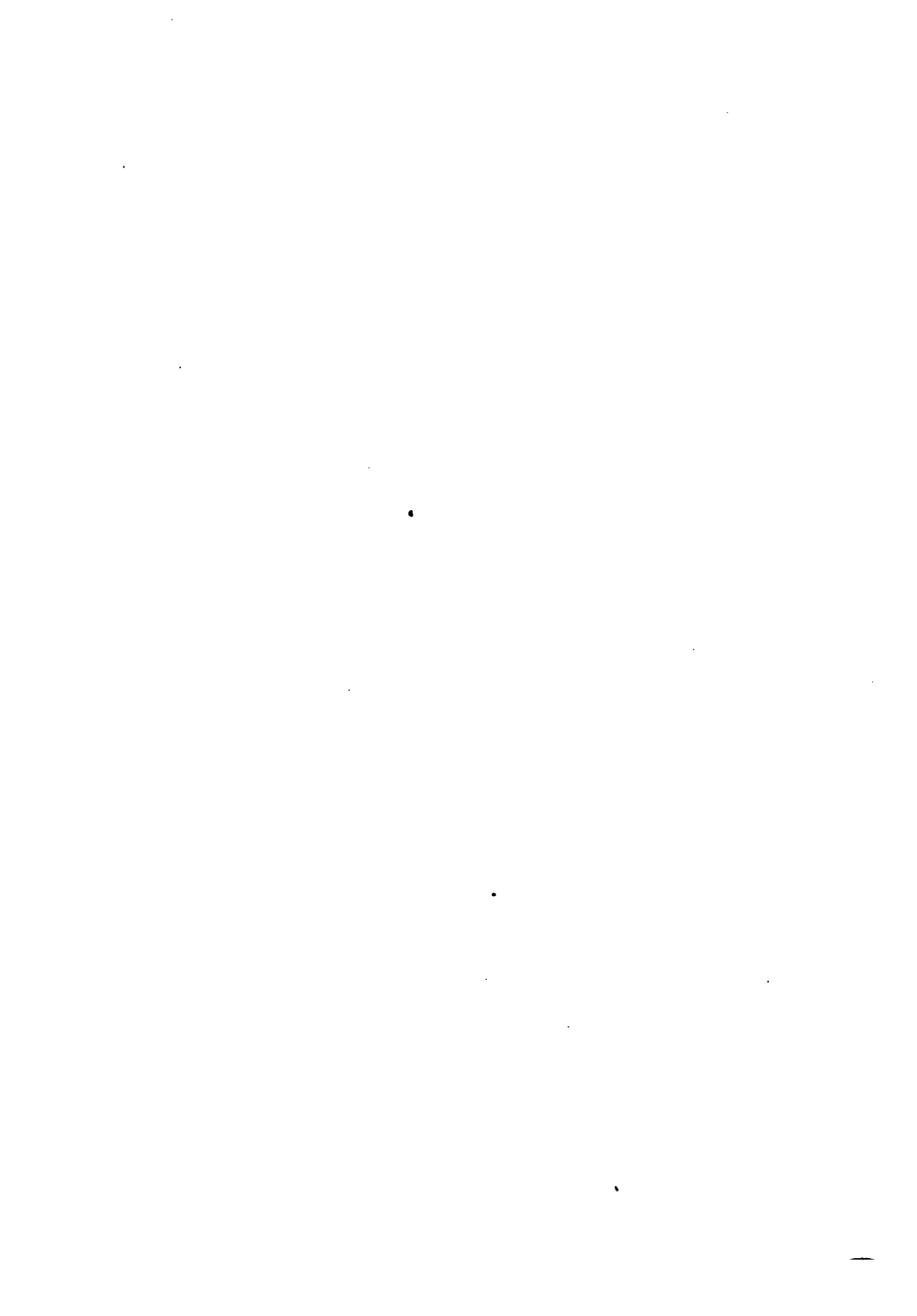
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mouth, is seen with alertness and is boldly modelled. The picture is all the more interesting because of the reticence of its colour. The somewhat pallid face, the grey wig, and the black gown offered no vantage point for the rich colour that the painter loved. But wig, white collar, neck-band, and gown gave opportunity for blacks and greys of superb tonality. The quality of the greys alone might well account for an expression of enthusiastic admiration on the part of Matthew Maris, himself a master of grey tones, when he saw the picture lately.

Among Pettie's portraits of his fellow-artists those of George Boughton, Briton Riviere, and Colin Hunter have already been mentioned. Several more are in the Macdonald Art Collection at Aberdeen, which contains a series, unique in this country, of portraits of painters. Its history has some interest. In 1880 Sir John Millais was staying at Kepplestone with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald. Sir George Reid's studio was close by, and it was suggested one day that the two artists should jointly paint a sketch of Millais and present it to Mr. Macdonald. The sketch gave great pleasure to its recipient, and the idea struck him that he might form a collection of portraits of

other artists, painted, as far as possible, by themselves. Though no payment was made for these portraits, to contribute one to the collection became regarded as an honour. It is true, however, that many were paid for "in meal or malt," by some gift in kind, such as a case of champagne or whisky. For his two first Pettie received a pair of pedestals in Aberdeen granite, which stood in his hall carrying busts, by George Lawson, of Mrs. Pettie and his son Ralph. In the short space of four years, up to the time of Mr. Macdonald's death, sixty-nine portraits were got together; and six more, which had been promised, were afterwards added, together with seventeen obtained later by Mrs. Macdonald. Pettie figures largely in the Macdonald collection, for besides his portrait of himself, it contains his portraits of W. Calder Marshall, R.A., Joseph E. Boehm, R.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., J. MacWhirter, R.A., and J. L. Pearson, R.A.

Of two great painters of the Scottish School, George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and Sam Bough, R.S.A., both of them his personal friends, Pettie left striking likenesses. Bough he painted almost in profile, with long beard, and without the spectacles which he usually wore. He is wrapped



PORTRAIT OF SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK

(Size of original, 65½ × 45½.)



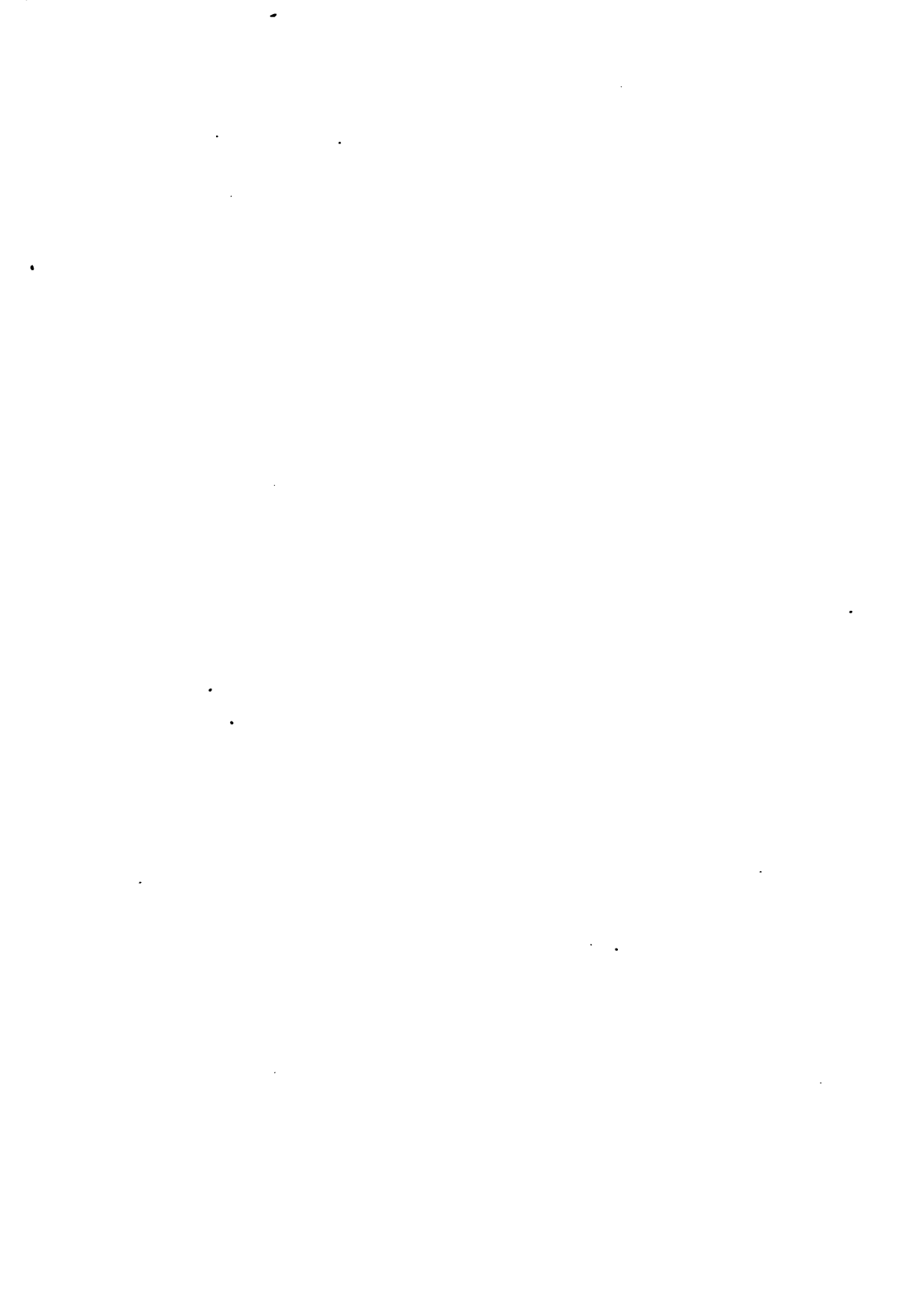


in a loose robe with a tippet of sables, and is intended to represent a lord-in-waiting in the retinue of Cardinal Wolsey. The portrait is broad in style and charming in colour. In his two portraits of Chalmers, one in profile, the other full face, Pettie has given the best existing presentments of the man whom close friendship enabled him to know with thorough insight. The tender and sympathetic character of the painter, to whom Fate was so unkind, finds noble expression in both of these works. Another striking portrait of a Scottish painter is that of John Ballantyne, R.S.A., who, after being assistant to Scott Lauder in Edinburgh, went to London and became curator of the painting school at the Royal Academy. The portrait, which shows Ballantyne as a captain in the uniform of the Edinburgh Artillery Volunteers, was painted entirely during one visitorship of Pettie in the Academy Schools, as an instructive example of his method of work. Among Pettie's other portraits of painters are those of Sir George Reid, R.S.A., W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., David Murray, R.A., Peter Graham, R.A., J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., and George Lawson.

Through his friend, Mr. A. P. Watt, Pettie came

into touch with many literary men of prominence, and painted highly characteristic portraits of Bret Harte and Rider Haggard. Among others, William Black, the novelist, was the subject of more than one canvas. A portrait of Sir Walter Besant is a noteworthy example of Pettie's skill, and the author's delight in it found expression in a pleasing way. The dedication of *The World went very well then*, published in 1887, reads as follows: "To John Pettie, R.A., I dedicate this book, in memory of certain pleasant hours passed in Fitzjohn's Avenue in November, 1886, of which the frontispiece is the outcome, and an acknowledgment of the patience and skill of the Artist." The compliment was returned a year or two later, when Pettie adopted "The World went very well then" as the apt title for one of his most charming pictures.

The musical circle into which he was introduced through his son-in-law, Hamish MacCunn, accounted for such portraits as those of Sir August Manns, O. Fischer Sobell, Edmonstoune Duncan, Benoit Hollander, A. Schulz Curtius, Edmund Bechstein, Andrew Black, Max Lindlar, and others. The Church is represented by powerful portraits of clergymen of various denominations, among them the Rev. B. Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of



PORTRAIT OF MISS BESSIE WATT

(Size of original, 161 x 18.)

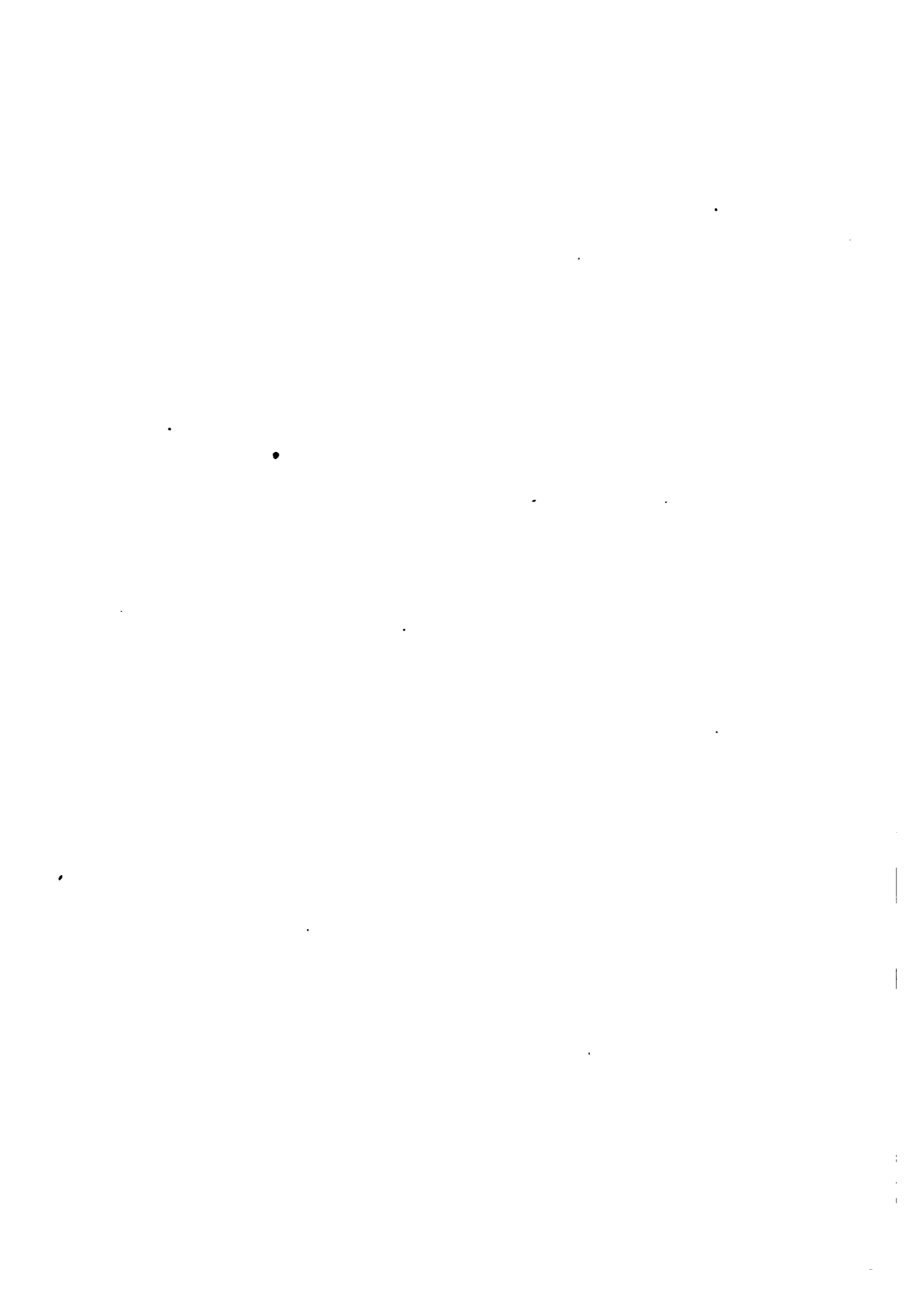


Birmingham (Pettie caused some embarrassment by a keen desire to gain colour by putting his sitter in a cardinal's robes), the Rev. R. S. Drummond, Dr. W. Boyd, Dr. Monro Gibson (whom the artist "sat under" for many years in St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church), and Dr. Oswald Dykes, the late Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge. Representing the stage is a brilliant portrait of Sir Charles Wyndham, in his character of David Garrick at the moment of recognising Ada—"If I had but known." It is not only a noble portrait, but a magnificent piece of characterisation, summing up and seizing all the intensity of the actor's emotion at the most dramatic moment of the play. It required a great actor so to express, almost in silence, by the look of a moment, that world of sorrow and regret; it was a great painter who could catch and throw upon his canvas that "instant made eternity."

His portraits of old age and of youth display his colour instinct at its highest. A portrait of Mrs. Bossom, Mrs. Pettie's mother, is a noble representation of the frailty and sentiment of old age. The snowy hair with its finely modulated tones of silver and grey, the beauty inherent in the delicate pallor and faint flush of age, are painted with irresistible

charm. In contrast to this a little picture of "Miss Bessie Watt" (now Mrs. Duncan Dempster) is the embodiment of youth and gaiety. The head of a beautiful girl is painted with rare gusto. The uptilted chin, the winsome lips, the curving cheek of warm rose, the laughing eyes, are all alert and alive. Yet the workmanship is very reticent; the fluent colour is thinner than usual. The painter seems to have got his effect *d'un seul jet*, to have seen that it was good, and stayed his hand. It is a little lyric in paint, going with a lilt like good song, infectious in its merriment. "Master William Watt" is a full-length portrait of a handsome boy, in green velvet dress, with beautiful painting in the lace and in the cunning reflections of light upon the gilt buttons. "A dream of delight from the hand of a master," it was aptly described by Sir Walter Besant. Another child-portrait, very fresh in its brilliant colour, done rapidly on two summer afternoons in Arran, is that of "Berta and Martin Hardie."

The purity and suavity of warm flesh-tints is noteworthy in many portraits besides those of children—particularly in a fine profile portrait of Mrs. Ker, in "Silvia," in "Sweet Seventeen" (a portrait of Mrs. Child, a niece of Mrs. Pettie),



PORTRAIT OF MARTIN AND BERTA HARDIE

(Size of original, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 18 $\frac{1}{2}$.)



frequently by their delicate refinement of handling. Again and again, after observing the directness and bold vigour of the subject-pictures, it comes almost as a surprise to note some subtle piece of orchestration, some subdued harmony of colour. The suavity and jewel-like radiance of flesh-colour might be expected; but the exquisite finish of hands such as those in the portraits of A. P. Watt and J. C. Noble comes with a touch of wonderment. And in the portrait of Mrs. E. F. White there are some flowers on a table, low down to the left, standing luminous and quivering with reality against a dark background, flowers which even Fantin might have owned with pride.

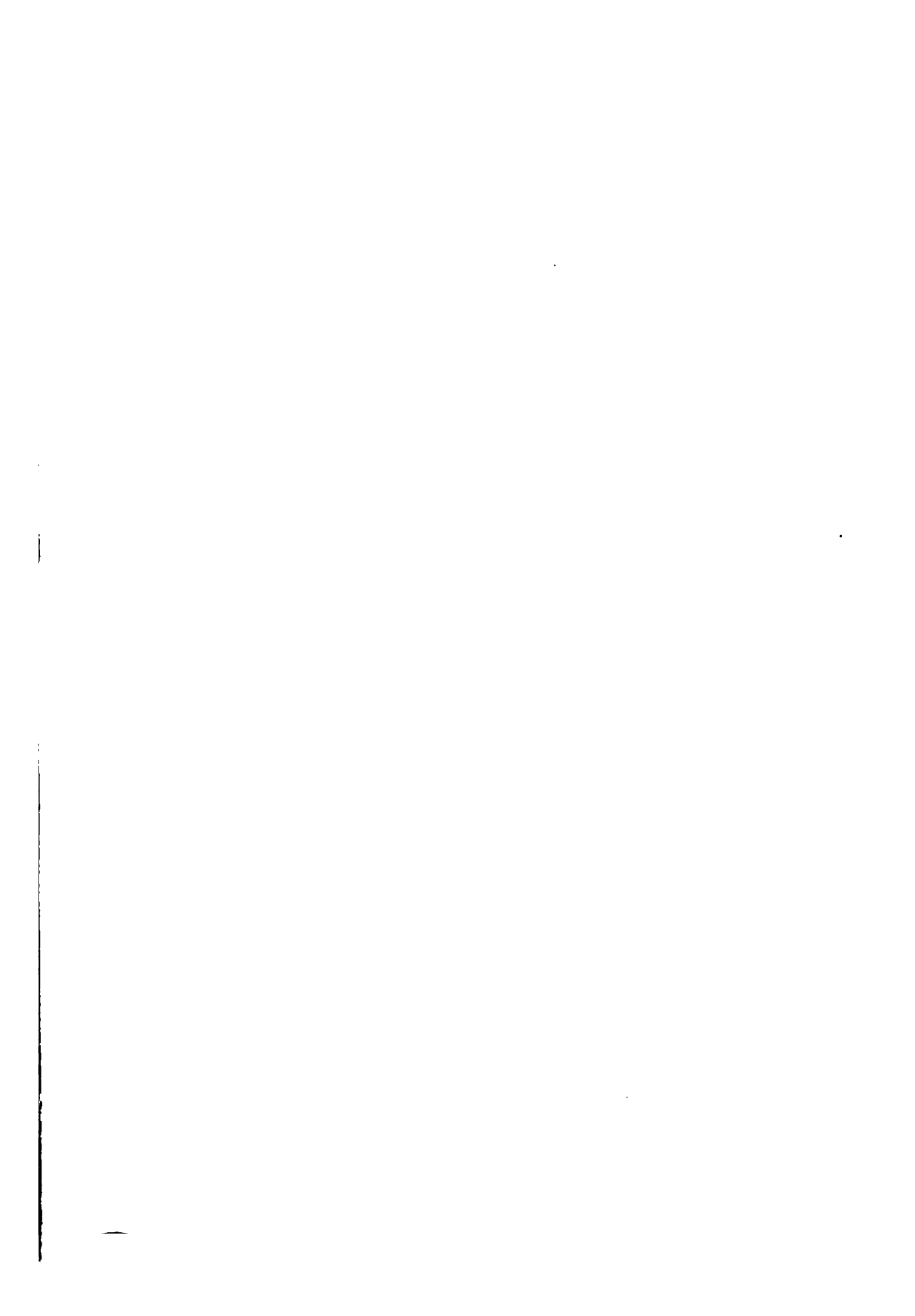
His portraits were painted with wonderful rapidity of workmanship. Some of the finest examples of his mastery and swift ease of technique occupied a few hours only. Among them are many done for pure pleasure, showing that a painter does his best when he paints for himself. In Pettie's self-chosen portraits there is a bravura and audacity which is often lacking in imposed commissions. Now and then, when he worked solely for the joy of working, he produced a portrait that had the power of an old master, something of the rich colour and forceful chiaro-



A FAYRE LADYE

(Size of original, 26 x 20.)





scuro of a Rembrandt, of the vigour and directness of a Hals. A noteworthy example is the small portrait of Dr. Burton. Pettie and the doctor, then an old man of eighty-three, were fellow-guests one week-end at the house of Mr. Winn at Birmingham. After dinner on the Saturday evening, they fell to talk of fishing, and Pettie described his first efforts as an angler in the stream that ran near the foot of the garden at his early home in East Linton. The doctor, who had never met him before, asked further about this house and garden, and after an explanation, burst out, "Do you know, Mr. Pettie, that was my house you were living in?" They struck up a warm friendship, and towards the close of the evening Pettie suggested quietly to Winn that he would like to give him a portrait of his friend. Burton was a fine old Scottish gentleman, with a face full of character, who habitually wore a costume, with skull-cap and low collar, that might almost have belonged to a burgher of Amsterdam in Rembrandt's day. It was a delight to Pettie to look at him. A daughter of the house had a small paint-box, which answered the artist's needs; but her canvas was too small, shops were shut, and a groom was despatched to ride

many miles in quest of a larger one. On the Sunday morning, after the ladies crossed the road to church, Pettie set to work; and they returned to find brushes laid aside and a striking portrait on the canvas. A sitting of an hour next morning, and the portrait, masterly and adroit in its perfection, was finished. Mr. Winn, the fortunate possessor of the picture, vouches for the fact that it was less than three hours in the painter's hands.

Another portrait, which was a deliberate test of speed, is that of David Murray, R.A. It was painted in Pettie's studio-hut at Glen Sannox in Arran at a time when artists were discussing Legros' method of completing rapid portrait studies in front of his students. As he began, Pettie told Murray to look at his watch. He then worked hammer-and-tongs, though with several intervals, during which he smoked and looked intently at sitter and canvas, till, with a "There, that'll do," he put down his palette. The watch recorded an hour and thirty-five minutes. When you look at the brilliant result, it seems an incredibly short time. On the day after this portrait was painted, Murray went along to the studio for a sight of the portrait, in which he took considerable pride. The painter, who was smoking outside with Lockhart



PORTRAIT OF DR. BURTON

(Size of original, 18 x 14.)



and MacWhirter, greeted him: "I say, Murray, there's been a lot of flies on your portrait, but I've got them off, and I don't think there's any damage done." Murray rushed in, and there was another fly at the top right-hand corner of the canvas. He stalked stealthily up, dashed at it, and the smudge he made still remains. There was a roar of laughter behind him, for the fly was a painted one.

Another sketch remarkable for its facile dexterity and its translucent flesh-tones, is the larger portrait, done in four hours, of Hamish MacCunn. The same rapidity of execution and similar success mark several other portraits done in the same way for pleasure and remembrance: among them, those in Mrs. Pettie's possession of her four children, Alison, Graham, Ralph, and Norman. Occasionally, and especially with a fidgety and critical sitter, the period was much prolonged. Bret Harte's portrait, for instance, was the outcome of innumerable sittings. The reason in this case was largely that painter and sitter thoroughly enjoyed one another's company. Pettie's Scottish humour made a strong appeal to the American, and the two spent many an hour in capping each other's stories. When Mr. Arthur Tooth was a little diffident about sitting, and also doubtful as to

whether he could spare the necessary time, Pettie dispelled his doubts by saying: "You give me six sittings, each for as long as it takes you to smoke a cigar." The six cigars were duly smoked, and an excellent portrait was the result. For a finished half-length, of about life-size, six or seven sittings of two or three hours each was about the average requirement.

An interesting portrait, a vigorous record of personality, and fully typical of Pettie's strong colour and incisive style, is that of J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A.¹ The portrait was painted in the summer of 1889, when Pettie and his family were spending a holiday at St. Abb's, a little fishing village on the Berwickshire coast. Mr. Noble was then living at Coldingham, a mile and a half inland, and Pettie would frequently pay a visit to his studio. This studio had begun life as two stout-walled, white-washed cottages of the "but and ben" type characteristic of a Scottish village. While they stood new-built and unoccupied, a split arose in the local United Presbyterian Church

¹ Through the kindness of Mr. J. C. Noble and Miss Noble, I am able to give here a fairly full history of the making of one picture, with notes of Pettie's technique as it struck an understanding observer. Pettie's remark, "You beggar, you're painting me," was very near the truth.





on the wine-at-the-Sacrament question. The schismatic party rented the two cottages, gutted them, and used them as a place of worship, being known to the community as "The Cauld Water Kirk." There was only one minister of the charge, the congregation gradually dwindled away, and at last the kirk stood empty. It was turned into a studio for Noble by the simple expedient of blocking up the windows and putting a top light into the roof.

"Why, Noble," said Pettie on his first visit to the long, low room, "this is just the sort of studio that Rembrandt must have had in his young days. They used to say that he discovered 'chiaroscuro,' but the truth is that he was a keen observer, an impressionist if you like, who painted just what he saw. In our great modern studios, with their north windows and full light, we have to put a sitter up against a screen or a curtain to get a background. This background here is all round your head. The flesh seems to live in atmosphere, and the lights glow out against that long vista of shadow exactly as they do in a Rembrandt portrait. Man, it's a grand studio this."

Among the canvases piled up against the wall

was one particular seascape, which the visitor greatly admired and invariably hunted up. It was a vivid piece of blue and emerald, which Noble had painted down near the old harbour of St. Abb's, where, with a north-easter blowing on a day of clear sunshine you will find a sea blue and sparkling as ever the Mediterranean is. By way of a joke, Noble would sometimes bury this canvas behind several others and watch with quiet amusement while his friend turned them over in search of what he called his "bit of blue." One day, Pettie, looking at it again with whole-hearted pleasure, cried out, "Look here, Noble, if you'll let me have this bit of blue, I'll have a shy at your head." The bargain was instantly struck. James Watt, a young friend and ardent admirer of Pettie's, who happened to be there, was told off to stretch a canvas, and work was begun.

On that first day Pettie sketched the head and figure in charcoal. On the second day he modelled the head carefully in white, and went over the entire drawing, giving indications of the colours to be used. At the third sitting, using in the main big flat brushes, he worked his glazes of colour into the white, beginning upon the left eye with its drooping lid, that sign-mark of the true

artist. He told Noble that he had recently read in some eighteenth-century letters that Reynolds began with this ground of white, and recalled that Turner and Hook gained brilliant effects of light by similar means. For the most part he worked in silence, constantly smoking. Every quarter of an hour or so he would pause and critically consider his work; and then his sitter, keenly interested, would go to study closely how the portrait was progressing. At other times, Noble, while he sat, would watch with fascination the painter's keen and mobile face. Looking up suddenly on one of these occasions, and finding himself fixed by the gaze, Pettie exclaimed, "Hang it, you beggar, you're painting me!"

Noble used to set the palette every morning. The colours comprised white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, light red, Indian red, rose madder, raw umber, permanent blue, terra verte, and ebony black; but no cadmium was allowed. Pettie noticed this on the second day, and for a time said nothing: then, half to himself and half to Noble, "You don't care for cadmium?" "No." "Why?" "Well, I consider that cadmium leads one into a very difficult and unreal scheme of colour, and I try always to make yellow ochre

do all I want." "Then you think I use too much cadmium?" "Whiles," was the canny Scotch reply,—“at least in your later pictures; for when Harry Frier and I were in London as students, and visited your studio for the first time, we didn't notice it. The first picture where it struck us was 'Terms to the Besieged,' as far as I remember. We put it down to your visit to Holland, or to the influence of Rembrandt's 'Staalmeesters.'” “Aye, now that's a grand picture—do you object to the cadmium in that?” “I'm not so sure that it is cadmium. I think that he used white, and that time and varnish have turned it to a creamy amber. And perhaps you'll remember that Walpole described Reynolds' Waldegrave picture—it's splendid now in its creamy mellowness—as 'dreadfully white and pinky' when it was painted. Cadmium's risky. Time and varnish are things to rely on.”

Cadmium remained, therefore, a vexed question till the last day of the sittings, when the palette which covers the lower half of the portrait was in process of painting. Pettie looked at the palette which his sitter was holding, and said, “You landscape painters always have the colour slopping over the edge of your palette.” Then, suddenly,



THE MILKMAID

(Size of original, 16½ × 12½.)





after a pause, "Now, for God's sake, man, gie me a bit o' cadmium. I'll promise to use it only on the palette." A small tube was produced; and with white, French blue, and cadmium, the painter struck in that wonderful curved line, which is a key-note to the composition and gives the palette's edge with such marvellous illusion.

It may be added that the coat which Noble wore throughout the sittings was a rough tweed, and not the velvet which appears in the picture. One day, Mr. James Craig, a friend of both artists, came in to see how the work progressed. He was dressed in more conventional artist attire than either of the men whose profession was paint. "You've got to have that velvet coat, Noble," said Pettie, and commandeered it at once. It was a poor fit, but on it went, and in it went, without delay. The whole picture took seven days in the making. Pettie's method was to work energetically, with but little conversation, during the morning. Then came an adjournment for lunch at the house hard by, with Mrs. Noble as a kindly hostess. Afterwards, they would return to the studio, Noble to work on one of his own landscapes, Pettie to lie down on a rug on the floor and sleep. Painting meant to him an extraordinary output

of vital energy. He would sometimes show a sitter a little pool of perspiration in the palm of the hand which held his palette. On waking, it was his regular custom to set up the picture in front of him and criticise it aloud, often with shrewd and pointed comments, and then to make a few alterations as the result.

As they came out of the studio one day, Pettie exclaimed: "One thing I envy you painters living in the country is the glorious skies that you see." "I think I've seen finer skies in London," said Noble, "than I have ever seen here." Pettie was doubtful, but a year later, when Noble was his guest at a Royal Academy whitebait banquet at Greenwich, he acknowledged the truth of it. As they went down the Thames by steamer on a splendid May day, with a hint of opalescent mist overhanging the city, Noble said, "You remember what I said about skies? Now, look at that"; and Pettie confessed that he had never seen a finer sky in this country or abroad. On the boat was Sir John Millais, and spying Pettie he called out (in reference to the Noble portrait, then hanging at the Grosvenor Gallery): "Hallo, Pettie, I thought—in fact we all thought—that this Vandyck business was a huge lark of yours,

but I see you've got your subject with you." Noble was introduced, and as they gathered for dinner afterwards, Millais took him aside, and said: "You must excuse my joke with Pettie, but honestly I congratulate you on being the possessor of one of the finest portraits painted this century."

In connection with portraits a story comes to mind that shows Pettie's honest pride and his contempt for all humbug and paltriness. He had a large commission to paint portraits of a self-made man of enormous wealth, and of his wife. They preferred not to give sittings in his studio, and at some inconvenience he accepted an invitation to their country-house, and took canvases with him. On arrival he was received by a butler, who conducted him straight to his bedroom, and told him that dinner would be served in an adjoining room. Pettie dined in solitary state, smoked a solitary pipe, and went to bed. In the morning he rang his bell, and had himself and canvases conveyed to catch the earliest train back to London. The *nouveau riche* is probably to this day wondering at the strange eccentricity of artist folks.

CHAPTER VIII

SUBJECTS AND STYLE

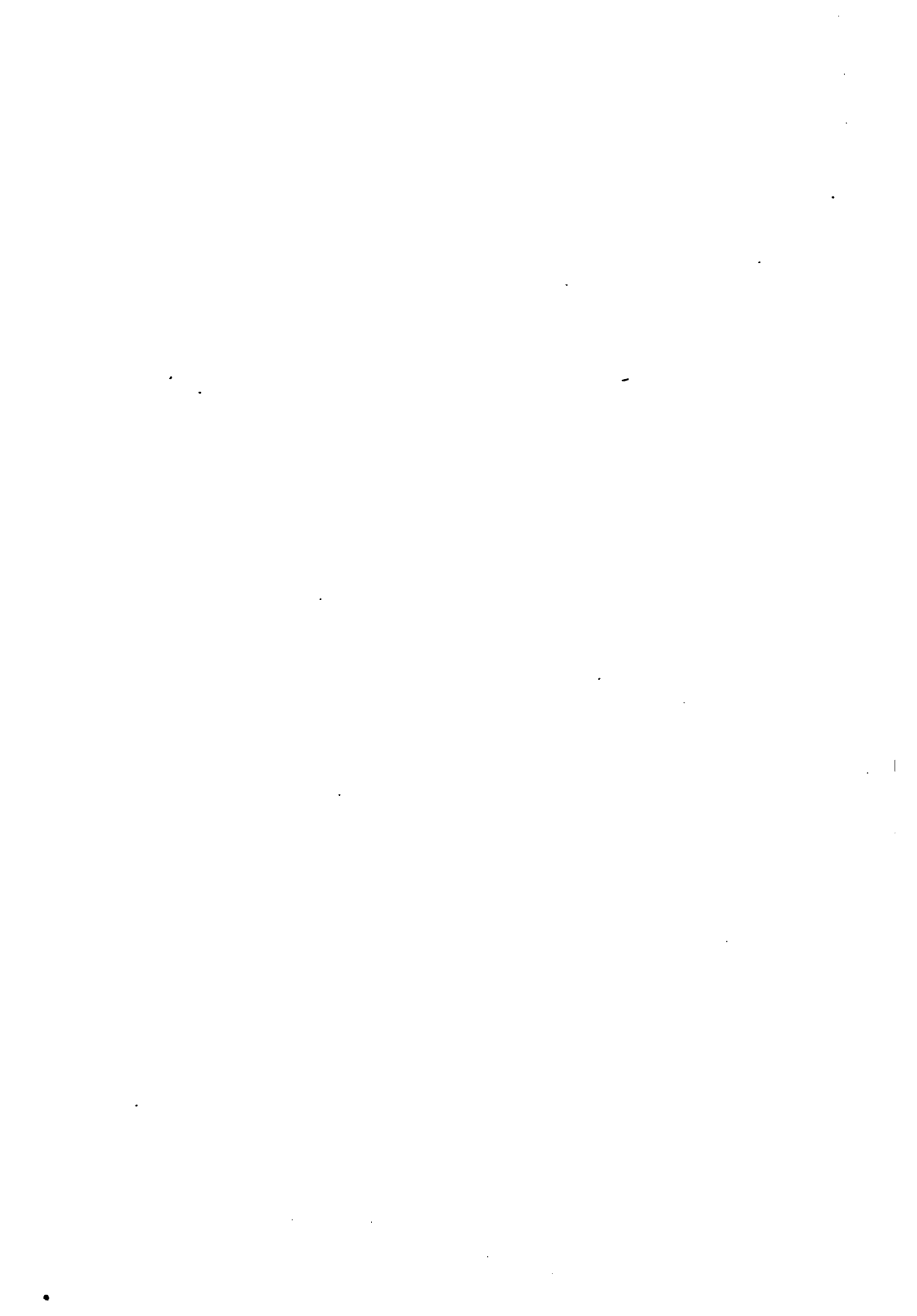
FROM the outset of his career, it was the dramatic in life, action, and colour that appealed to Pettie. It has already been noted how, among all Scott Lauder's pupils there was, as their early sketches showed, a strong leaning towards episode and incident. With Pettie the love of a telling tale remained throughout his life. He used to express a belief that a picture without a story is a picture deprived of half its interest. "Every landscape," he said once, "to me is a story"; but after a pause, and meditatively, "but a pure landscape is never so interesting as a landscape with figures—a complete picture." He would argue, too, that Rembrandt's magnificent technique and splendid colour were wasted on his "beef-steaks." It cannot have been very long before his death that I visited his studio one day to borrow an old silver-

mounted pistol. It was to form part of a still-life group to be submitted for some drawing prize at school; and, on his asking how the subject was to be treated, I explained that the pistol was to lie on a Bible with silver clasps, which I had at home. He was instantly up in arms against dulness and convention—"I suppose you can't manage a figure? Then why ever don't you put the pistol on a counterpane, with a wisp of smoke coming out of the muzzle, and call it 'The Suicide's Weapon'?" He could have painted that pistol and book on a tablecloth, and made the dark wood and silver mountings glitter as if they were alive; but the picture to him would have had twice its value with the wisp of smoke and the humped counterpane to tell its tragic tale, to appeal to mind as well as eye.

It has been said of Scottish art of the middle of last century that "every artist seemed to find a mission in illustrating Sir Walter Scott: never perhaps in the world's history was a country's art so completely subjected to the sway of one man." In his boyhood Pettie fell under the wizard's power. His father and mother had both frequently seen Scott's well-known figure in the streets of Edinburgh, could recall the excitement

of the first appearance of *Waverley* and its successors, and could tell their son the story of "The Great Unknown." From the first, therefore, he was powerfully affected by the novels of Scott, by his richness of romance and stirring incident, his masterly portrayal of character, his glow of life and colour. Scott supplied not only the actual subjects of many of his pictures—such as the "Scene from *The Fortunes of Nigel*," and "Scene from *The Monastery*" (two of his first exhibits at the Scottish Academy), "Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy," "Scene from *Peveril of the Peak*," and "The Chieftain's Candlesticks"—but also the inspiration for several more, among them "What d'ye lack?" "Jacobites," "Disbanded," "The Highland Outpost," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

I do not know whether he read Dumas; but I fancy not, for the man who painted "The Sword-and-Dagger Fight," "The Time and Place," "In Haste," and "Waiting," could never have resisted the three rollicking musketeers, or the gay D'Artagnan and his memorable duel. At any rate, he possessed the spirit of romance, in his case a heritage from Scott rather than Dumas; and his was a later-day revival of romance in



DISBANDED

(Size of original, 26 × 26.)





paint, anticipating its revival in literature by Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, and Anthony Hope.

Early Saxon and Norman life yielded themes for "The Orientation of the Church" and "The Palmer." He delighted in costly stuffs, in frills and ruffles, silks and satins, the glitter of a sword or breastplate, the sheen of military accoutrements. He gloried in the days of old romance, of lordly gallants and ladies gay, who could love and hate, who took savage joy in the clash of steel. And so the Elizabethan and Cromwellian periods became his greatest favourites, and enabled him to select incidents where red-robed cardinals, richly-costumed cavaliers, and armoured soldiers played their parts. The contrast between the grim, warlike saints of Cromwell's tattered regiments and the gay cavaliers, with their "long essenced hair" and "perfumed satin clothes," appealed to his imagination and colour sense. This period gave him rich store of such subjects as "Cromwell's Saints," "Distressed Cavaliers," "At Bay," "Ho! Ho! Old Noll!" "A Member of the Long Parliament," "His Grace" and "Her Grace," "A Brimmer to the King," and "A Lady of the Seventeenth Century."

From Shakespeare he drew several subjects—

“The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey,” “Touchstone and Audrey,” “Silvius and Phebe,” “A Scene in the Temple Gardens,” “Friar Laurence and Juliet,” “Dost know this Waterfly?” Sheridan’s *School for Scandal* inspired “The Toast,” “Sir Peter and Lady Teazle,” and “Charles Surface selling his Ancestors.” Many more subjects were entirely the offspring of his own imagination. Full of sympathy and humanity, he passed from tragic scenes of history to pure humour, as in “The Prison Pet,” “The Trio,” “The Tussle for the Keg”; or to comedies in little, touched with light fancy and the joy of life, like “A Storm in a Teacup,” “Rejected Addresses,” “Two Strings to her Bow,” and “The World went very well then”; or to happy domestic themes, such as “The Solo” and “The Step.”

In “George Fox refusing to take the Oath,” and in “The Duke of Monmouth and James II.,” he depicted scenes based on historical foundation. But in many pictures, and among them his finest pictures, he did not limit himself to the narrow bounds of a definite historical episode. He gave the spirit of history, its background and atmosphere, and painted those happenings that underlie and give rise to great historical facts. “Cromwell’s

THE CLASH OF STEEL

(Size of original, 87½ × 56½.)



Saints" and "A Member of the Long Parliament" summarise between them, as clearly as a whole chapter of a history-book, the character of Cromwell's followers. There may be no written evidence as to the first death-warrant signed by Edward VI., yet we can well imagine the sad-eyed look with which the boy king took the pen from an aged councillor to sign away for the first time a man's life. "The Drum-head Court Martial" depicts no historical scene, yet it sets before us in vivid reality an improvised tribunal, such as must have hanged many a man in the wars of the seventeenth century. Beleaguered towns in the same century witnessed many a scene such as "The Sally," "Terms to the Besieged," "The Flag of Truce," "The Threat," and "The Ultimatum." "Treason," "The Traitor," "The State Secret" are the very stuff of which history is made. All his work shows the possession of that quality which the formal critics of literature call vision. He actually saw the things that he painted, as they really were, in their own atmosphere, whether of the seventeenth century or of fifty years ago, whether they were things of state, plots, and deep-laid treachery, or things of romance, the tragedies or little humours of life, whether in palace, camp,

or country lane. And he saw and heard his characters, whether king or cardinal, proud dame or rustic maiden. He made them all live and breathe. His pictures are quick and alive—*une tranche de la vie*. It is no mean art that can give on one canvas the whole spirit and circumstance of a period in history.

Essentially modern, and in contact with modern humanity, Pettie chose deliberately to devote his talent almost wholly to a past of romantic drama, which offered him warmth of colour and action. He could grapple at close quarters with modern life, but he preferred the *défroque* of another period. If he painted the portrait of a friend for his own pleasure, he liked to see him in character, to transplant him to another century, and make him a man-at-arms, a scholar of the time of Titian, or a reverend burgher of Rembrandt's day.

In Pettie's day painters were not too particular about historical accuracy. Even the Pre-Raphaelites, careful as they were about local truth of colour and landscape, were content to fabricate their costumes. Pettie was one of the first to insist on absolute correctness of dress and accessories, but they were correct without any consciousness of archæological research. In many



GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES

(Size of original, 20 × 15.)



historical pictures the costume seems simply to be transferred from the glass case of a museum to the glass casing of the picture-frame. Pettie lent his buff coats and silken doublets, his rapiers and his halberds, a new vitality and expressiveness. Clothes with him were never theatrical properties, never things with a suggestion of fancy dress or *tableau vivant*. He inspired them, in every scene he painted, with the feeling of rightness and reality.

Long before the close of Pettie's career, the subject-picture had fallen on evil days. Criticism was beginning to look askance at the storied canvas, and to demand subjectivity in the highest art. It was claimed that a picture should not exact a reference to a catalogue or to some form of commentary, or presuppose a knowledge of some particular incident in poetry, drama, or history. The "literary idea" was condemned. This was largely due, no doubt, to a reaction after the mid-century period of degeneration and banality in art. The affectations and commonplace prettiness of Poole, Leslie, Egg, Mulready, and other artists in genre, meant a sacrifice of truth to artifice. They all had to find some incident on which to hang their art. With all of them matter transcended manner,

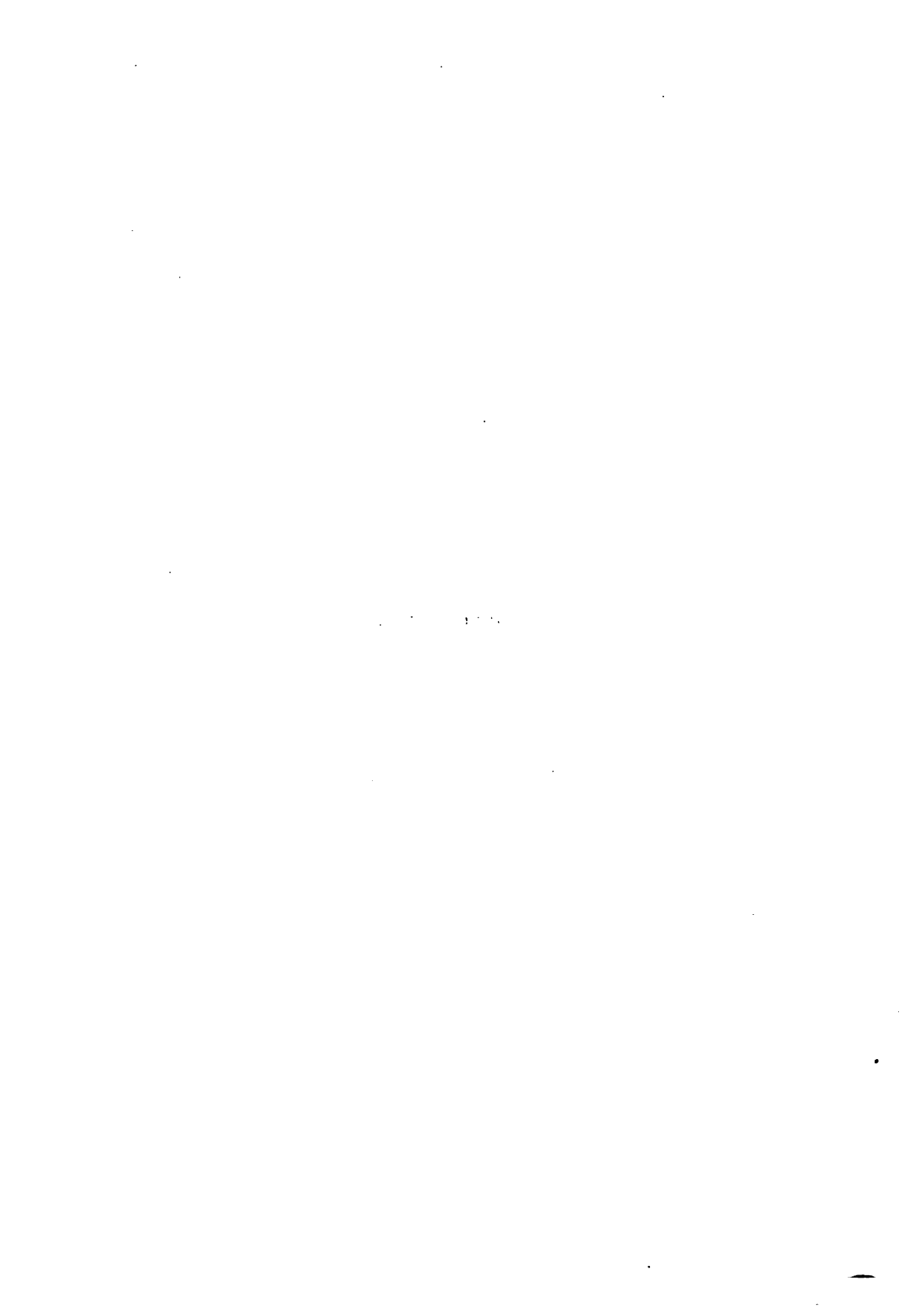
and the intellectual side of art ranked above the technical. Of Pettie that cannot be said, for as some one has written of him and of Orchardson: "These men are primarily colourists. They are thinking of paint while others are thinking in paint. They are thinking of art while the others are thinking of Christianity, romance, the moral story, and the social assembly." Though Pettie frequently found inspiration in literature, in the greater part of his work he showed that he could do without an author, and displayed a power of invention which the preceding generation had never known. It cannot be said of him that "literature is the straw without which no bricks are possible."

Narrative interest, it is true, offers no substitute for art qualities, though too often it leads the casual and ignorant observer to lavish admiration on what is debased and pernicious art. The "average person" is apt to judge a picture by its appeal to his sentiment, and to accept gladly what satisfies his uneducated sense of colour. But the "literary idea" in a picture does not necessarily preclude it from a niche in the temple of art, else were Michel Angelo and Velasquez, Rembrandt and Rubens under the ban. Literature may be the handmaid of art without art being the slave of

literature. The great picture depends for its greatness on a combination of inherent qualities of line, form, colour, and chiaroscuro. And the greatest of these, the language of the painter, is colour. All those qualities the subject-painting may possess, and it has a further advantage in the wide range of its appeal. It may touch passions that all can feel, and express truths that all can recognise. In old days art was employed in the service of the few; the artist's patron was the Church, Royalty, the State, the princely Nobility. To-day the artist depends on universal suffrage; the People is his patron. In a sense, therefore, the greatest painter is he who can paint for the cultured and the connoisseur, and at the same time meet the apprehension of ordinary men. In literature, Bunyan, Scott, Burns, Dickens, are among the hierarchy, because they both satisfy cultured criticism and win the sympathy of the masses by never losing touch with the elemental interests of humanity. Subject-paintings like those of Pettie make the wider appeal. He knew the value of the "brute incident," and learned from Scott how the charm of incident and circumstance gives body and blood, and makes for perennial interest. "This is the plastic part of literature," wrote R. L. Stevenson, "to embody

character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words ; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics." That is what Pettie did in paint. His pictures make this wide claim for sympathy ; and every one of them is, besides, not merely a subject, but a problem of line, colour, and illumination. Whether one ranks him with the great painters of all time depends, therefore, on the estimate formed of his colour and his technical power.

"Great art," says Ruskin, "is the expression of the mind of a great man ; and mean art that of the want of mind of a weak man." Pettie's art was great, because his was a strong personality. Never, I think, has an artist's temperament been more absolutely reflected in style as well as in subject. His work was the immediate response to his own vigorous nature. If you look at one of his finest pictures, the subject becomes secondary ; it is the splendid impetuosity of his style that arrests the attention and thrills the blood with its martial note, like the tramp of armed men, the beating of drums, or the trumpet-call. From his full enjoy-



THE CARDINAL

(Size of original, 80 x 22.)



ment of life he gathered joy for his work. There was no wastage, no anxious search for the best way of self-expression, no agonies of failure. The best that was in him could all be given to splendid labour.

One of the most rapid of workers, he painted in a white heat, sometimes almost a fury, of strenuous effort. He met difficulties or grappled with a new subject with an irresistible dash and cheerfulness, like that of the old British seamen when they came to close quarters and boarded a foeman's ship. His technical achievement of draughtsmanship was of no common order, and his hand was trained to work in quick sympathy with the swiftest perceptions of his brain. In the sense that he saw his subject steadily and saw it whole, that he worked with the rapidity essential for the expression of his first idea, he was an impressionist in the best and truest sense of the word. He worked directly and unconsciously, not brooding with keen analysis on the scientific placing of his paint, but out of a vivid imagination and exceptional power of mental creation, placing rapidly on the canvas what had taken form in his head. He rarely made sketches or preliminary studies. Sometimes in search of a subject or an

inspiration as to what shape an idea should take, he would shut himself up in his studio and, as he expressed it, "simply walk the deck for a day and a half." But when that walking the deck was over, his conception was clearly formulated, ready to be embodied on the canvas with speed and certainty. Working in this way, he retained his freshness right to the completion of each picture, while other artists are often exhausted by preliminary studies and elaborations. And whereas so many pictures of the type which he painted suffer from an extreme of finish and undue stress upon detail, Pettie knew when he had finished and laid aside his brush at the moment when the picture held all its freshness, and when, without a suggestion of labour, every stroke contributed to give it life. That virtue of knowing when to stop was not shared by all the members of the Lauder School. It was the great failing of George Paul Chalmers and of Tom Graham, fine and subtle colourists both of them, that they could never bring themselves to regard a picture as complete, but always wanted to refine on it. Graham was one of many who used to beg for Pettie's assistance in a time of difficulty. I have heard Pettie say, after a long afternoon in Graham's studio: "Now, Graham, if

you put another touch to that figure you'll be a damned fool." And next day that figure would be spoiled.

Pettie always deprecated any set processes or methods of painting, and was almost prejudiced against any particular method, even when laid down by a man whose work and ability he admired. Widely catholic in his tastes, he was convinced that art was the last thing to which rigid formulas could be applied. Though his own methods varied with varying circumstances, that indicated already in connection with his portrait of Mr. J. C. Noble held good, at any rate with portraits, during the later part of his career. "The idea of Pettie's white process," Mr. Briton Riviere tells me, "no doubt rests on the fact that like all true oil-painters he felt very strongly that painting should invariably proceed from light to dark. This made a white ground invaluable. He also used some of his touches with such thin pure paint that a solid ground became almost a necessity, and I have known him at the same painting place his second coat, so to speak, over the solid that he had laid in a few minutes before. In this case he would trust to his exquisite sleight of hand (his great strong hand was far more light and dexterous

than many of far more delicate form) to produce a surface quality and a sheen of colour not to be attained in any other way."

He began by laying on paint like water-colour with light brushings in thin transparent tints, giving outlines and dominant notes, and leaving large spaces to be filled later. His advice to a painter of subject-pictures was to begin always with the heads of the principal figures, putting behind them a suggestion of the colour that was required to relieve them. He held that the highest finish should be bestowed upon the central figures, which should fix and fascinate the gaze, summing up and explaining the whole picture, and that there should be nothing in the background to cause momentary distraction. His doctrine was that inherited by Wilkie and the Scottish School from the old Dutchmen, that paint should be thin in the shadows, more opaque in the high lights. "Keep your shadows transparent," was his advice, "and never lose the tooth of your canvas."

For Pettie himself colour was the be-all and end-all of his existence. In student days, when he went home with Chalmers and talked so late that he had to stay for the night, his "talk was all of colour." From his recollections of Fitzroy Square

in 1868 Mr. Dobell tells me—"Pettie was emphatically a painter. He thought and felt and talked 'paint'; not design, not composition, not drawing, but paint; paint as the representative of all that eye sees in Nature, and which the painter with certain colours has to translate on a flat surface of panel or canvas." In his easy power, his fluent grandeur of style, he was of the lineage of Rubens—whom he himself described as "the last great colourist." Whether in shadow or in light, his colour has, in a high degree, those qualities of resonance and vibration which distinguish the masters of this essential of the painter's craft. His own warmth of nature seemed to reject all chilliness. He was happiest when he carried every tint to its highest power, gaining rich harmonies of contrasted tones with a full and sumptuous brush. His palette was of great range and variety, but he excelled in combinations of black and blue and yellow. Like John Phillip, he deliberately took the most trying colours—crimson, yellow, and pink—and struck each bold and resonant note with firm decision. I have noted already his employment of red, whose full melody he loved to elicit. But amid all the sonorous majesty of his colour there are subtle cadences and delicate touches

of orchestration that the virtuoso knows how to appreciate. Here is a good summary, written in 1878, by a distinguished French critic, M. Duranty:

M. Pettie se sert d'un jeu de colorations bien complexe où la dissonance est habilement employée, et où le caractère aigu des tons prend une importance vraiment intéressante sans briser le lien qui les rattache aux basses foncées. Énergique, personnel, hardi et très riche en modulations se montre cet artiste dont les figures sont si expressives et animées.

In reference to Pettie's colour and technique, the opinion of a friend and contemporary, an eye-witness of his work, and himself an enthusiast in paint, is of extreme value. In a letter which it is my privilege to quote, Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., after describing his first meeting with Pettie in 1867, continues :

He began at once to preach to me his belief; and it was quite new to one who had been brought up on the John Pye principles of black and white, light and shade, pure and simple. "Eh, man," said Pettie, "there's only one thing valuable and lasting in art, and that is colour. Try for that, and look for it in everything." This was his creed, and he never wavered in it, and in after years if any one sometimes thought him almost intolerant and unappreciative of some really good work, it was because this colour principle was almost a religion to him, and he felt that time and thought should not be wasted outside this serious path.

Everything connected with art and his work was serious

to a degree in his estimation, and in spite of his natural buoyancy of temperament and his many sources of happiness outside his work, I do not believe he was ever free from the care and anxiety of deciding what would be best for the particular piece of work which he had in hand at the time. I have heard him speak severely of another artist, who joked about his picture in a manner which showed that he was not impressed by the serious nature of the work. Though the subject motive of his work was important to him, and human nature and shades of character interested him greatly, yet he was never led away by these from his primary idea of colour. He told me that in thinking out a picture he first evolved a combination of colour, say black and red (he had an absolute passion for red in all its tones), and as soon as he had made this scheme plain to himself, he then thought out and built up his subject upon it, but he was not satisfied to paint his colour arrangement without what he considered an adequate subject.

He would run any risk in his work in order to "carry it far," as he put it. When a face was really very complete, he would say, "Now, that wants to be carried farther. I may lose a good deal, but this should now have a skin of paint all over to pull it together." This he would at once set about with evident anxiety, but with great courage and obviously with a kind of awful pleasure in the risk and joy of a possible success. "Paint should be delicious, man. What's the good of painting mud?" "It's not perhaps so very difficult to paint a bit of flesh this size," holding up the back of his closed fist, "but to paint fine colour in a life-sized face is really difficult." "Let me see a man's palette, and I'll soon tell you if he is a colourist."¹

¹ It is noteworthy that Whistler, at the opposite pole to Pettie in a sense, should have also preached the doctrine that the palette is the man. "The picture is practically finished on the palette," was one of

In analysing Pettie's work, with a view to estimating his position as a painter, it is fortunate that it may be studied as an organic whole. There were no very marked periods in it, as in the work of his Scottish predecessors, Raeburn, Wilkie, and Phillip. After the first few pictures done under the Scott Lauder influence, with their broad fusion of brushing, Pettie's style became formed and complete. From its first manifestation in, say, "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," to his last exhibits at the Royal Academy, it shows no great change or development, unless perhaps an increasing boldness and directness. But though there are no sharp differentiations, showing traces of diverse influences, as is the case with most artists, yet there are certain developments to be indicated. With "The Arrest for Witchcraft" (1866), "Treason" (1867), and "The Sally" (1870), he reached his full maturity, and into the ten to twelve years that followed he crowded several of his works that are most masterly in colour and in the broad vigour and restraint of their style. Posterity, I think, will judge that, and judge it

his dicta. When he started his famous but short-lived Academy in Paris, he would often ask for a pupil's palette. On one occasion he looked at a Scotchman's canvas, and fired at him the inevitable request. "I've hidden it," the conscience-stricken offender blurted out.

rightly, as the period of his best work. None the less, there is something very attractive in the smaller canvases of his earlier years, an adroitness and daintiness of touch, which at times is perhaps more winning than the broader generalisation and the bolder brushwork that the larger canvases entailed. On the other hand, those larger canvases, which began with "The Arrest for Witchcraft," gave a feeling of freedom, the room for his elbow that a man of his temperament required. The big canvas called out all the fire, energy, and enthusiasm of his nature. And if the work of his last twelve years drops just below the level of his middle period, both in colour and in restful beauty of design, the reason is just that he was carried away by that very fire and enthusiasm, by his immense capacity for rapid and dramatic workmanship. From about 1880 onwards, many of his pictures carried out on a large scale are almost unsurpassed in dashing brilliance of technique, which, however, is hardly compensation for the reticence of the earlier days. The colour became vigorous and representative rather than innately and essentially pictorial.

His portraits, which belong mainly to his later years, have a radiance and flower-like richness of

colour that recall Rubens's finest work. Many of them possess a grace and vivacity which show that he never lost his swift touch and keen accent. In others he seems to have been betrayed into a certain amount of forced illumination and rigidity of contour. This is due partly to the fact that in these years he never shrank from using white, not only as a ground, but in his high lights. Though critics and the public were inclined to cavil at this latest phase of his work, he himself claimed that time would bring justification. When driven to make some defence, he fell back on the saying credited by tradition to Vandyck. "Time will colour them," was the reply of the Flemish master to some one who said that the portraits in a dark part of his studio were so white that they looked like ghosts. An exhibition such as that at Edinburgh this year (1908), where seventeen of Pettie's works were shown, brings home the truth of this remark. More than one artist (and on a point like this the painter is the truest judge) told me that pictures which he remembered as being a little harsh and metallic in the first lustre of their "exhibition pitch" twenty years ago or more had all mellowed and ripened with the passage of time.

Though colour was his main interest, Pettie

rarely lost sight of the structural qualities which in pictorial anatomy are the bones where colour is the flesh. To look at his pictures from this point of view alone is to recognise how splendidly and inevitably right he usually was in the arrangement of his figures, and in the restful balance of light and shade. One of his best and most artistic qualities—an outcome of his fine draughtsmanship—was the singular truth and power of suggestion with which he represented violent action, swift and impulsive movement in all its vigour of animal life. It was owing to his fine draughtsmanship and mastery of technical intricacies, no less than to his colour, that he carried to completion work which tempted fortune by the greatness of its intention, or which an artist of less skill and power of concentration would probably have abandoned in despair.

As in his speech and daily life he was honest and direct, a lover of plain statement, so in his painting Pettie used no circumlocutions: he was robust in his sense of design, impatient of trivial and restless details. In this respect his work contains not only his own spirit, but the spirit and tradition of his country. Where so much of the painting of to-day is hybrid and cosmopolitan in character, this is national, strong and

distinct in aim, dignified in expression. There is nothing here of the flashy parade of technique, generated mainly in the ateliers of Paris, with its entire absence of motive, or its motive of mere ugliness. His is wholesome, sincere British art, inspiring in its honest truth and artistic sanity.

In the list of his works will be found a few water-colour drawings. Only on rare occasions did he make use of water-colours,—once or twice on a holiday when he was itching to put something into colour and no oils were at hand; sometimes for a rapid sketch when the idea came to him for a picture, such as those for “The Tiff” and “Two Strings to her Bow.” His light and free use of the medium in the latter sketch shows a power which he never himself realised. “Life’s too short, and my fist’s too clumsy,” he once remarked, when urged to use water-colour more.

It is by his work in oil and by his power as a colourist that Pettie will live. For amid all the things that make for great and living art, colour is of paramount importance. “If not the first, it is at least an essential quality in painting,” wrote Pettie’s predecessor, Sir David Wilkie, “and no master has as yet maintained his ground beyond his own time without it; in oil-painting it is richness and depth



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW (Water-Colour Sketch)

(Size of original, 12 x 18.)





alone that can do justice to the material." The starved surface and the subdued, sombre tints of pictures that now seem astounding masterpieces of tone and quality must inevitably melt into nothingness beneath the dust and decay of passing years. Time and varnish, "those greatest of old masters," will mellow and harmonise, but never obscure the brilliance of Pettie's work. He possessed in a large measure the other qualities that make for greatness in art, and he was a great colourist. Colour will prevail.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTER AND PURSUITS

JOHN PETTIE's life was uneventful in the sense that the full story of its events, the ordinary episodes of a happy and prosperous existence, would be monotonous of relation save to the most intimate of the painter's friends. The preceding chapters, therefore, have contained little more than an attempt to give a synthetic arrangement of the essential facts of his career, and to indicate the nature and value of his work. Enough, however, has perhaps been said to suggest how that work was a mirror to the steadfastness and simplicity of his sterling character. And as the last chapter was an attempt to summarise the motives and style of his work as a painter, there may be added here an even briefer summary of the character and pursuits of the man, and of their relation to his work.

His own pleasures and recreations were reflected in his pictures. He was an enthusiastic collector, a lover of armour, tapestry, and old furniture. Though he had good judgment and a cultured taste, he made no claim to the scientific knowledge of an antiquary, and his collection was made always for his own use and service rather than for its intrinsic value from the point of view of a connoisseur. At his first visit to London, before he was twenty, he picked up an old sword, two helmets, a skull, and a "leather bottel." He sent sketches of them in a letter to McTaggart, and wrote: "It nearly ruined me; got home with twopence, and had to get a loan. I believe I would have bought the whole shop, had I had the money." On his return home he set to work on "a little thing, a scene in a studio, in which I stuffed all the things as detail." This was "The Young Student," but before it was exhibited at the Scottish Academy in 1859 he painted out the armour, his artistic sense even at this early period leading him to sacrifice obtrusive detail for the central interest of his figures. Soon after he sold his first picture in London, he was prowling one day with C. E. Johnson in the purlieus of Wardour Street. Johnson lost sight of him, but in a few minutes heard a voice calling:

“Come here, Johnson, I’ve just bought fifteen pounds worth of swords!” He always loved armour. Pictures such as “The Threat” and “The Ultimatum” were little more than an excuse for painting it.

His first acquaintance with Mr. Seymour Lucas, long before the latter became a prominent painter, came about in connection with a piece of armour. Some one had told him that Seymour Lucas had a beautiful casque, the very thing required for the picture he had in hand, so he called to beg it on loan. Seymour Lucas knew it was a good piece—he had just bought it for over £20 from T. B. Hardy—and he offered to exchange it for some small sketch by Pettie, whose work he passionately admired. It is characteristic of the latter that he refused to have the casque on these terms, but taking it away on loan insisted on painting a portrait of Seymour Lucas, then quite unknown to fame, and receiving in exchange for it one of the young artist’s own water-colours.

Though never a member, Pettie was a frequent visitor at the “Kernoozers’ Club,” a select little body of artists and others, who were united by a common love of arms and armour. It was founded in the studio of Mr. Seymour Lucas in 1880, and is

still in existence. Baron de Cosson, the famous collector, was the first President, Mr. Lucas being Vice-President, while at a later period Mr. Egerton Castle became champion swordsman to the club. Good-fellowship and sound scholarship were the two main essentials. Entertainment for the evening was provided by the member at whose house the monthly meeting was held. It was a strict regulation that the fare should be of the simplest kind—roast beef, cheese, beer, claret, pipes, tobacco, whisky, and nothing more. Amid the wreaths of smoke they held debate on historical dress and fine armour, on casque and chanfron, solleret and cuisse. Various “kernoozers” brought the pieces of armour which they had acquired during the month; these were discussed, and sometimes a paper was read. On a special visitors’ night, Mr. Egerton Castle and another member would explain feats of swordsmanship or illustrate a “sword - and - dagger fight.” Pettie was often present, and besides enjoying the social character of the meetings, got many a wrinkle as to weapons and their uses.

On points of history and connoisseurship Pettie would often ask the advice of his friend, Seymour Lucas; but even the connoisseur is not infallible,

and Mr. Lucas has a story to tell against himself. In Pettie's studio was a finely engraved demi-suit which his friend never saw without coveting, and so one day he offered to swop it for a black Cromwellian suit in his own collection, which he knew Pettie wanted and would find useful. Taking home his new treasure in a cab, he set it up in his studio, and spent an hour in gazing on its beauties and patting it with all the joy of the born collector in his newest acquisition. Then he set to work to scour the metal, and to his sorrow found that scarcely any part of it was genuine! But he never confessed to Pettie, for he did not wish his friend to lose trust in his antiquarian knowledge, or to send back the Cromwellian suit, which he knew would be the result of any confession made. The Cromwellian armour stood in Pettie's studio to the day of his death, and figures in "A Member of the Long Parliament" and other of his works.

Pettie was devoted to music, though he was never a musician. He had experimented in quite early days with the organ, and he had essayed to play the flute and to pick out a tune on the piano, but he never acquired the mastery of any instrument. It was the colour of music, its harmony and melody,

its richness and emotion that haunted him. It is a psychological fact of no little interest that in music he found actual inspiration for his work. He loved to have some one playing the pianoforte while he painted. Best of all, he liked the accompaniment of a duet, with loud and martial airs, such as Hamish MacCunn and his cousin, Andrew Ker, would sometimes play, and always, when they ceased from sheer exhaustion, he would spur them on to renewed efforts. His passion for music was sometimes almost too great a burden to his musical friends. Whether he was hard at work on some canvas or chatting and smoking in the evening, he was always eager for music as a background to work or talk.

I can remember how in Arran, as we returned from some picnic, or rowed lazily home by moonlight from an evening's fishing in Brodick Bay, he would start some part-song, such as "Scotland's Burning" or "Who'll buy my White Sand?" He hummed and sang at his work, and the man who sings at his task has a good heart, "for song gives a permanent sense of futurity and a permanent sense of the presence of Divine things." And as the sailor has songs for each separate task, songs of joy, sorrow, and reminiscence, or as the peasant has

his songs for harvest and the winter fire, so Pettie would vary his music with his work ; when he was painting Mr. Cope as the Cavalier in "A Brimmer to the King," breaking into Jacobite ditties—"Charlie is my Darling," or "Over the Sea to Skye"; or, while he worked on "Ho! Ho! Old Noll," bursting merrily into "Down among the Dead Men let him lie!"

Long before there was any thought of Hamish MacCunn becoming his son-in-law, Pettie was keenly interested in his early success as a composer. In 1888 he sent as a Christmas card to Mrs. Pettie from Birmingham, where he had been present at the performance of one of MacCunn's early works, a prophetic dream of "The Monster Orchestral Concert performed at Birmingham in 1889, sketched by a Royal Academician who was present on the great occasion." It was curious that June 4th of 1889, the year of his dream, was to see the marriage of his daughter Alison to the composer. It gave Pettie the greatest pleasure to be brought into close association with the musical world, and his daughter's marriage was the prelude to many pleasant evenings of music in the great studio at "The Lothians." Even before the marriage, Pettie organised two orchestral

concerts in his studio with an orchestra of sixty members—a large one for a private house—which provided entertainment for over two hundred and fifty guests. Hamish MacCunn conducted, and overtures by himself and others were the main features of the programme.

A glance through the list of Pettie's works will show how his love of music was reflected in his pictures. "The Flageolet," "The Minstrel," and "The Trio" were all painted before 1865, and between these and "The Violinist," one of his last exhibits at the Academy, came such works as "The Rehearsal," "The Love Song," "The Solo," "The Musician," and "A Song without Words."

He had another source of solace and inspiration, for he was a prodigious smoker. A well-coloured meerschaum figures rightly as a sign-manual in Mr. Cope's admirable portrait of the painter (now in Mrs. Pettie's possession), for it was as much part and parcel of his work as the tubes of paint and bottles of varnish beside which it lies. My father used to relate how once starting with Pettie for an afternoon's outing, he slipped into a tobacconist's and bought two superlative cigars at a most extravagant price. It caused him much

amusement when Pettie, on getting to the end of his, pulled out the old meerschaum, and said with great emphasis: "Ah, weel! Now for a smoke!" One of the few occasions when he did not long for a smoke was when crossing the English Channel. But one journey was a triumph, for, ensconcing himself by the paddle-box with a very long French roll in one hand and a bottle of claret in the other, he took bite and sup alternately throughout the voyage. His fellow-passengers were highly amused; but he was not sea-sick, and chuckled over the first pipe he had ever enjoyed between Dover and London.

"The Tennis Player" and the background of "Ho! Ho! Old Noll" are evidence of Pettie's attachment to the game of tennis. He and Orchardson strolled one day into the tennis-court behind the Bedford Hotel at Brighton, took up a pair of rackets, and set themselves to solve the mysteries of the old king of games, quite a different pastime from the lawn-tennis of to-day. When living at St. John's Wood, both of them, with an athletic energy not very usual among artists, were keen players in the court at Lord's Cricket Ground, and Pettie's quick eye and strong wrist were of service in a game that calls for considerable strength

as well as skill. At a later period Orchardson added another tennis-court to the few existing in England by building one in the garden of his house at Westgate.

In his early days Pettie learned, in a pool at the foot of his father's garden at East Linton, the art of fishing, and all his life remained an enthusiastic angler. As far back as 1858 he writes, evidently with some searchings of heart, of "taking it a little quietly up the water with my rod, and wondering whether McTaggart is hard at work." He was up to his knees in Loch Tanna, in Arran, when his future son-in-law was first introduced to him. He could cast a line with neatness and dexterity, and was rarely more happy than when with rod in hand he whipped a likely stream. He was always a purist in fishing, believing in fly-fishing of the strictest type. I have heard of his horror and indignation, on an occasion when he had a special order from the Duke of Hamilton to fish some choice piece of preserved water, to find two elderly gentlemen not only in possession of the most likely spot, but seated well out on some rocks, angling away for salmon trout with a string of worms fastened with red wool! For one or two seasons Pettie shared a fishing with

Orchardson on the Kennet near Marlborough, where he landed many a fine trout.

“The Way to the Loch,” “Trout-fishing in the Highlands,” and “Young Izaak Walton” are among pictures in which the fishing motive prevails. In the last-named picture Izaak Walton lies, with a good basket beside him, holding a book in his hand. One can imagine it *The Compleat Angler*, open at the appropriate lines which contain a good deal of Pettie’s own philosophy :

Man’s life is but vain,
For ’tis subject to pain
And sorrows, and short as a bubble ;
’Tis a hodge-podge of business,
And money, and care,
And toil, and money, and trouble.
But we’ll take no care
If the weather prove fair,
Nor will we vex aught though it rain ;
We will banish all sorrow
And sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again !

He had good opportunity of fishing, both in river and sea, in the island of Arran, which he visited with his family almost every year for the last twelve years of his life. Three summers were passed at Brodick, where he had a warm friend in Mr. M’Lean, the Presbyterian minister, while later

holidays were spent at Corrie. In 1888, when working on Mrs. Coats's portrait, he had a studio hut built at the foot of Glen Sannox, with a good fishing stream running very near the door. Though his summer holidays were usually spent in his "ain countree," he made several trips to Italy with Mrs. Pettie, nearly always with Venice as the chief goal. One such tour which he particularly enjoyed was made in company with William Black the novelist.

Pettie liked young faces about him, and his own ever-young nature was in full sympathy with youthful spirit. To children on their birthdays he would sometimes send a caricature of themselves, or of his own head. Here is a note dashed off one evening to a friend's son, a boy of twelve, who was showing some talent in drawing: "Will you come and give me a sitting to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, like a good chap? Some day when you are a great artist, and I have a white beard, I'll give *you* a sitting for a Moses, Jeremiah, or some other grand historical character." At the end is an amusing caricature of himself with a flowing beard and a bald head. To Miss Agnes MacCunn, who was making a collection of autographs, he writes:

THE LOTHIAN, FITZJOHN'S AVENUE.
Nov. 23/91.

MY DEAR NANCY—I got your very nice letter and was ashamed that I should have forgotten about the autographs. However, I will not wait for more, and just send you what I can lay my hands upon at once.

Here are Orchardson, Black, Charlie Green, the black-and-white illustrator, and E. A. Abbey, who is *such* a clever fellow. He has done wonderful illustrations in *Harper's Magazine* besides pictures in oil and water-colour. I was visiting him on Sunday at Fairford, near Oxford. Yesterday I saw his studio—75 feet long by 40 feet wide, and 30 feet high!! He is doing some large pictures for the Free Library at Boston. A man about forty years, short and strong, *with a head*. He made a sketch of my fist above his autograph for you, and I send a sketch recollection of him, and have glorified him! Will look out Millais and others.

Give my love to all at Thornhill and kiss yourself for me.¹—Your father's daughter's brother's father-in-law,

JOHN PETTIE.

Gentle of heart and generous of hand, he kept open house at "The Lothians" for a wide circle of friends. His genial nature attracted men of varying pursuits and temperament, and served to link them to him in a chain of common friendship. He was always ready to welcome a new-comer. Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., writes of his first meeting with Pettie:

When I left Oxford in 1867 and came to live near London, I brought an introduction to Pettie from my

¹ Try a looking-glass!

brother-in-law, C. M. Dobell. I called on Pettie in Gloucester Road, and found him at work from a model on his picture of a struggle between a Highlander and an exciseman over a keg of whisky. I was at once admitted like an old friend, and he went on with his work, talking about it with a freedom highly delightful to me; but he did not forget to ask me about mine, and before I left, with that fine spirit of generosity so strong in him, lent me a large piece of tapestry and a fine old cup rapier, with a suggestion that they might be useful in a picture I was going to paint. From that day forward he was quite untiring in his advice and assistance, and probably I learnt more from him and was more influenced by his views of art at that time than by those of any one, not excepting Millais, who, though very kind, was not so constantly to be relied upon to take trouble as your uncle.

Mr. J. Bowie, A.R.S.A., tells me that he began his first visit to London with a pilgrimage to Pettie's studio. Though armed with an introduction from old Mr. Frier, who had taught him drawing at George Watson's College, the young student felt some diffidence in approaching a Royal Academician, then at the height of his fame. Once inside the studio, however, his fears were soon scattered, and he too went away carrying off a valuable piece of costume as a loan. Pettie's last words as he went out were, "Look here, Bowie, you tell the Edinburgh fellows not to worry about introductions. Tell 'em from me just

to knock at the door and say they've come frae Scotland." Many are the successful artists of the present generation who bear eloquent testimony to the sympathy and encouragement with which Pettie cheered them on in the struggling days of their youth. "He had the knack," said one of them to me recently, "of making you feel that you had known him all your life, and in a minute you were quite comfortably at home in the great studio that was bigger than the house where you were born." He not only gave advice and guidance, but he kindled the veriest tiro with some sparks of his own fire, and sent him away burning to follow his advice and do "something big."

He was ever ready to give keen sympathy and help to any one who was struggling over a picture. His bright and eager assistance often came like sunshine to scatter the cloud of despondency that hangs over a man who has spent days and weeks with his own slow progress staring him in the face. Younger artists had always a special claim on his assistance: he would go from one end of London to the other to give advice to the youngest student, and would do it with a fine air of genial belief in the man and his work which alone was valuable. His suggestions

were not only penetrating but practical, and when his innate honesty made him condemn forcefully a bad bit of drawing or colour, he was always eager to single out some promising passage for special praise. What was intensely helpful to a younger man was that he loved to show people how he worked, and would willingly carry through a picture from beginning to end with some one at his elbow who wished to see "how the wheels go round." He would talk over almost every touch he put on, giving his reasons for this or that treatment of each portion of a face or the general scheme of colour. There was no secretiveness about him, and he welcomed free criticism as only a strong, large-minded man can do.

His own industry was incessant, and his power of work, due to his vigorous frame and active mind, was marvellous. The list given in an Appendix, which cannot claim to be complete, comprises, with the inclusion of finished sketches, over five hundred works. That is a noble record for a man who died at the age of fifty-three, and whose working years may be reckoned as thirty-five. At the Royal Academy, between 1860 and 1893, he exhibited one hundred and nineteen pictures. In the year before his death, he

not only painted "The Ultimatum" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," together with three portraits on commission, but also finished eleven portraits for presentation to friends.

Many still living cherish the memory of his open-hearted kindness in times of distress, but that is too personal a matter on which to dwell here. Honest, kindly, and plain-spoken, he hated anything that savoured of sham and hypocrisy. He was breezy and unaffected in presence and manner, in the hey-day of his success preserving the eagerness and simplicity of his youth. He possessed a never-failing flow of good spirits, and to be with him was like basking in cheerful sunshine. He strode through life buoyantly and blithely; his vitality and his cheery voice were inspiring to all whom he met by the way. To talk to John Pettie made you feel that you were talking to a man, a personality of a rare kind. He gave the instant impression of intense energy and enthusiasm, held in check by an all-pervading wayward humour and warmth of disposition which made it difficult for him to say or listen to an unkind word of any one. There was nothing mean or small in his nature. One remembers the big, powerful hand, "too clumsy for water-colour," but ever ready to give the grip

of hearty friendship ; his bluff and vigorous presence ; his rough eloquence ; the vigour with which he spoke of art, and denounced what to him seemed false or foolish ; his ready sympathy with all who needed help ; his kindly smile ; his infectious humour ; the merry twinkle of his eye. Simple and honest and hearty, he was a good companion and a loyal friend. Among the sincerest mourners at his grave were the old companions of his student days, who could bear witness that through all the varying seasons there had never come between them a shadow of distrust.

Here at the close I may put the words of a well-known painter who lived in close touch with Pettie through a large part of his life. When asked recently for any recollection that would lend "atmosphere" to this memoir, he gave me several reminiscences, telling tale after tale of Pettie's cheeriness, loyalty, and unselfishness, and he ended : "Have you ever seen John Pettie's portrait of himself in the Aberdeen Gallery ? It's all pure and luminous, all rich coral and amber and gold. That's the atmosphere you must suggest in your book. Pettie was pure and honest through and through. His nature was all amber and gold."

APPENDIX

I.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

Self-Portrait. (Head, in crayon and tint.) Signed "J. Pettie, '56." ($7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: Martin Hardie.

Self-Portrait. Signed "J. Pettie, 1881." (12×10 .)

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery.

Self-Portrait. Signed "J. Pettie, 1882." ($12 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait (three-quarter length). By A. S. Cope, A.R.A. Signed "A. S. Cope, 1892." (67×47 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1892.

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

Portrait. (Head.) By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A. Signed "G. P. Chalmers, '62." ($23 \times 18\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1863: Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1905.

Present owner: W. B. Hardie, Esq.

Portrait. (Head.) By Sir George Reid, R.S.A. Unsigned; painted in 1887. (12×10 .)

Present owner: Mrs. Hamiah MacCunn.

Portrait. Bust by George Lawson. (c. 1880.)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

Small etched Portrait. By L. Lowenstam, as remarque on his etching of Pettie's portrait of G. P. Chalmers.

II.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES BY JOHN PETTIE.

The measurements are given in inches, height first, and then width.
All the pictures are in oil, unless otherwise stated.

1853.

The Death of Twedric, King of Gwent. (Water-colour.)

Present owner: Robert Brown, Esq., LL.D.

Pettie's first drawing in more than one colour. The colour original, but the subject copied from a reproduction of some contemporary picture.

1854.

Johnny Little and his Wonderfu' Cuddy. (Water-colour.)

($9\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: James Kennedy, Esq.

1856.

Self-Portrait. (Head: crayon and tint.) Signed "J. Pettie, '56." ($7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$.)

Present owner: Martin Hardie.

1857.

Portrait—Head of Miss Jessie Frier. (Crayon and tint.)

Signed "J. Pettie, 1857." *Oval* (20×15 .)

Present owner: Mrs. Andrew Frier.

1858.

Scene from "The Fortunes of Nigel"—In Trapbois' House.

Signed "J. Pettie, '58." (21×24 .)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1858.

Present owner: Finlay Smith, Esq.

Portrait of Mrs. Pettie (the artist's mother).

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1858.

Portrait of Miss Jane Pettie (the artist's sister).

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1858.

The Stroller. (16×12 .)

1859.

The Prison Pet. (24 × 20.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1859.

Present owner: Barr Smith, Esq. (Adelaide, S. Australia).

Sketch of the above. (16 × 12.)

Scene from "The Monastery."

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1859.

Christie's, 1869.

The Young Student. Signed "J. Pettie." (19 × 15.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1859.

Present owner: the Rev. R. J. Walker.

The Fisherman's Family: Evening Prayer. (24 × 18.)

As frontispiece to *Family Worship*, published by Messrs. Blackie and Sons, 1864. Engraved on steel by J. Stephenson, 4½ × 5½ in.

1860.

The Armourers. (28 × 23.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1860.

Christie's, 1869.

The Armourer's Forge. Signed "J. Pettie." (11½ × 11½.)

Possibly a sketch for the above.

Present owner: W. McTaggart, Esq., R.S.A.

The Armourer's Stall. Signed "J. Pettie, 1860." (16 × 13.)

Present owner: J. Henderson, Esq.

Sketch of a Forge.

Probably a sketch for "The Armourers."

The Minstrel: Convent Hospitality. (40 × 26.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1860; Glasgow Institute, 1869.

False Dice: Scene in an Ordinary. (40 × 26.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1860; Liverpool, 1860.

Morning Worship: Reading the Bible; The Convalescent.
(24 × 17.)

Companion to "Evening Prayer," 1859. As illustration to *Family Worship*, published by Messrs. Blackie and Sons, 1864. Engraved on steel by J. Stephenson, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1860.

Present owners : Executors of the late Dr. Blackie.

Noah's Sacrifice. (11 × 15.)

Another illustration to *Family Worship* (see above).

Present owners : Messrs. Blackie and Sons.

Melchizedek blessing Abraham.

The Brazen Serpent.

Illustrations to *Family Worship* (see above)

The Water-Gate. (16 × 12.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1860.

Huguenots. St. Bartholomew's Day.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1861.

Huguenots. St. Bartholomew's Eve.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1861.

The Dead Rabbit. (14 × 12.)

A Lover's Stratagem. Signed "J. Pettie, 1860."

Christie's, 1899.

"The Twa Corbies." Signed "1860."

Sepia sketch, made at the Sketching Club. Afterwards painted in oil. See 1884.

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1906.

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

1861.¹

"What d'ye lack, madam? What d'ye lack?"

Exhibited at R.A., 1861; R.S.A., 1862.

Christie's, 1869.

¹ "The Day Dream," exhibited at the R.S.A., 1861, and "The Abbey Gate" and "A Cavalier," both exhibited at the Crystal Palace, 1861, were all destroyed by the artist as unsatisfactory.

Distressed Cavaliers turned Highwaymen. Signed "J. Pettie,
1861." (24 × 36.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1861.

Present owner : A. M. Ogston, Esq.

Viendra-t-il ?

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1861.

Soldier cleaning Armour.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1861.

Affection looks before the Time.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1861.

One of Cromwell's Divines.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1862.

Two Scriptural Subjects.

Illustrations to *Family Worship*, published by Messrs. Blackie and Sons, 1864. Engraved on steel, 6¼ × 5 in. See above, 1859 and 1860.

1862.

The Sub-Prior and Edward Glendenning.

"'Father,' said the youth, kneeling down to him, 'my sin and my shame shall be told to thee. I heard of his death, his bloody, his violent death, and I rejoiced. I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I sorrowed.'"—*The Monastery*.

Exhibited at R.A., 1862; Glasgow Institute, 1862; R.S.A., 1863.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son. (Ned's Return.) (36 × 25.)

"The sailor threw his arms around his mother." From the story by Dr. Norman Macleod in *Good Words*.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1862; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner : Miss Macleod.

Sketch of head of the old Lieutenant. (8 × 6¼.)

Sketch of head of the Son. (3¼ × 3¼.)

Present owner : C. M. Hardie, Esq., R.S.A.

These were cut by the artist's mother from a first painting of the subject which he rejected as unsatisfactory.

Cromwell's Saints. Signed "J. Pettie, '62." (17 × 21.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1863; Glasgow Institute, 1868; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: John Jordan, Esq.

1863.

The Trio.

"I dare well swere y-couthe ther craft full parfitly."—*Chaucer*.

Exhibited at R.A., 1863.

Killing and Curing.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1863; Glasgow Institute, 1868; Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886.

Brittany Minstrels. Signed "J. Pettie." (16 × 13.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1863.

In the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

1864.

The Tonsure.

Exhibited at R.A., 1864.

George Fox refusing to take the oath at Houlker Hall, A.D. 1663.

Exhibited at R.A., 1864.

Who leads a Good Life is sure to live well.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1864; Glasgow Institute, 1868.

The Time and Place. Signed "J. Pettie." (21½ × 14.)

Exhibited at British Institution, 1864; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1883; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Christie's, 1903 (H. J. Turner Collection).

Present Owner: Henry Mungall, Esq.

Late. Signed "J. Pettie." (22 × 15.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Christie's, 1903 (H. J. Turner Collection).

Present owner: Henry Mungall, Esq.

Portrait of Miss E. Bossom (afterwards Mrs. Pettie). (6 × 4.)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

The Wounded Despatch-Bearer.

Exhibited at British Institution, 1865.

The Strategists. Signed "J. Pettie, '64." (15½ × 20½.)

In Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

The Apt Pupil.**Study in a Picture Gallery.** Signed "J. Pettie, '64."
(21 × 15.)

Present owner : Mrs. Craig.

Sketch Portrait of C. E. Johnson, R.I., on the shore at Hastings, painting. Signed "Hastings, 1864. John Pettie." (9 × 8.)

Present owner : C. E. Johnson, Esq., R.I.

1865.

A Drum-head Court-Martial. Signed "J. Pettie, '65."
(28 × 42.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1865 ; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.
In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Sketch of the above. (18 × 26.)

Christie's, 1882 ; 1887 (C. Wells Collection).
In the Milwaukee Art Gallery.

Out of an Engagement.

Exhibited at British Institution, 1865.

The Rehearsal. Signed "J. Pettie." (23 × 18.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1871, with title "**The Ballet Lesson**"; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901 ; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner : Adam Wood, Esq.

Replica of the above.

The Bible and the Monk. (The Monk Sturm in search of a monastery site.)

Painted from small illustration, in *Good Words*, 1863, to "The Monks and the Heathen." *See also* 1868.

Portrait ($\frac{3}{4}$ length) of Mrs. Pettie. Signed "J. Pettie, 1865."
(30 x 21.)

Present owner: C. E. Johnson, Esq., R. I.

1866.

The Arrest for Witchcraft. Signed "J. Pettie, 1866."
(60 x 36.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1866; Paris International Exhibition, 1867.

Christie's, 1868, 1869, 1874, 1876.

In National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie, 1866." (37 x 24.)

In Wolverhampton Art Gallery.

Old Mother Hubbard. Signed "J. Pettie." (21 x 16.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1868.

The figure is not a replica, but in attitude and costume bears a strong resemblance to the witch in the above picture. Possibly a finished study for it.

Present owner: John Jordan, Esq.

At Bay.¹ Signed "J. Pettie, 1866." (31 x 50.)

Exhibited at Liverpool, 1866.

Christie's, 1908 (T. H. Ismay Collection).

Present owner: W. W. Sampson, Esq.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie, '66." (19 x 30.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1907.

Present owner: John Knox, Esq.

Sketch of the above.

Coaxing. Signed "J. Pettie, A.R.A." (28 x 23½.)

Exhibited at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1908.

Present owner: J. Julius Weinberg, Esq.

The Cardinal. Signed "J. Pettie, 1866."

Christie's, 1892 (Murietta Collection).

¹ Pettie's etching "At Bay" is similar in subject to "A Moment of Danger," 1878, and is not to be identified with this picture.

1867.

- Treason.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1867." (33 × 55½.)
 Exhibited at R.A., 1867; Paris International Exhibition, 1878;
 R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894; Glasgow International
 Exhibition, 1901.
 Christie's, 1880.
 In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.
- Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie, 1867." (23½ × 38½.)
 Christie's, 1908 (Stephen G. Holland Collection).
 Present owners: Messrs. Wallis and Son.
- The Doctor.** (Also known as "The Doctor's Visit.") Signed
 "J. Pettie, '67." (28 × 19.)
 Exhibited at R.A., 1867.
 Present owner: Dr. Ramsay.
- Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1867."
 (18 × 24.)
 "The Knight in limbo pent,
 And by him in another role,
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl."
 Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1868; Glasgow International Ex-
 hibition, 1901. Christie's, 1869, 1871.
 In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.
- Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (18 × 24.)
 Present owner: John Jordan, Esq.
- A Visit to the Necromancer.** Signed "J. Pettie." (39 × 25.)
 Present owner: W. McTaggart, Esq., R.S.A.
- Finished sketch of the above. (Painted for George Paul
 Chalmers, R.S.A.) Signed "J. Pettie." (19 × 13.)
 Present owner: W. McTaggart, Esq., R.S.A.
- Portrait of Miss S. J. Frier (afterwards Mrs. Andrew Ker).**
 Signed "J. Pettie." (Circular—15 in. diam.)
 Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.
 Present owner: Mrs. Andrew Ker.
- The Troubadour in Prison.**

1868.

Tussle with a Highland Smuggler. (Also called "The Gauger and the Smuggler," and "The Tussle for the Keg.")

Signed "J. Pettie, 1868." (30 × 24.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1868; Philadelphia International Exhibition, 1876; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Sketch of the above. (22 × 18.)

In the Aberdeen Gallery: Macdonald Art Collection.

Pax Vobiscum. Signed "J. Pettie, 1868." (21 × 14½.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1868; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner: H. J. Turner, Esq.

Weary with Present Cares and Memories Sad.

Exhibited at R.A., 1868.

Christie's, 1877.

The Monk Woodcutter. (The Monk Sturmi in search of a monastery site.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1868" and "1871."

(The canvas has been enlarged.) (21 × 15½.)

Another version of the picture painted in 1865, from Pettie's small illustration to "The Monks and the Heathen," by Charles Kingsley, in *Good Words*, 1863. See also 1865.

Christie's, 1868. Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Sir William Jaffray, Bart.

Study of Wood for background of the above. (13 × 21.)

Present owner: Martin Hardie.

The Gambler's Victim. Signed "J. Pettie, 1868." (28 × 22.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1869; Glasgow Institute, 1877.

In the Wolverhampton Art Gallery, with the title "Cleaned Out."

The Village Schoolmistress.

Battledore. ("The Castle Pleasance.") Signed "J. Pettie, '68." (36 × 48.)

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

The Hour. ("Will he come?")

The Dupe.

Girl in a Wood. (Sketch.)

Matins. (Sketch.)

Portrait of Alison Pettie (afterwards Mrs. Hamish MacCunn), as a baby. (11 × 11.)

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

1869.

The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey. Signed "J. Pettie, 1869."
(39 × 61.)

"What's this?—'To the Pope!"

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from the full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. . . .

Nor. So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal."

King Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. ii.

Exhibited at R.A., 1869; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner : Thos. Firth, Esq.

First sketch of the above. (4 × 6½.)

Present owner : Miss Muriel Hardie.

Romeo's Visit to the Apothecary.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1876.

Christie's, 1874.

Touchstone and Audrey.

"And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple
feature content you?"—*As You Like It, Act III., Sc. iii.*

Exhibited at R.A., 1870; R.S.A., 1871; Vienna International Exhibition, 1873; Philadelphia International Exhibition, 1876.

Present owners : Messrs. Wallis and Son.

1870.

The Sally. Signed "J. Pettie." (32 × 50.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1870; R.S.A., 1872; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Finished sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie."
(22 x 34.)

Present owner : F. A. Kelley, Esq.

" 'Tis Blythe May Day."

Exhibited at R.A., 1870.

The Royalist. Signed "J. Pettie." (28 x 20.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

The Puritan. Signed "J. Pettie." (28 x 20.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

The Love Song. Signed "J. Pettie." (43 x 26.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1871 ; R.S.A., 1872.

Christie's, 1907, as "The Troubadour."

Present owner : Adam Wood, Esq.

Scene in the Temple Gardens. (Origin of the Wars of the
Roses.) *Henry VI.*, Pt. I., Act II., Sc. iv.

Exhibited at R.A., 1871 ; Glasgow Institute, 1872.

Sketch of the above.

Either the picture or the sketch measures 28 x 40 ; was sold at
Christie's in 1875 and 1885 ; and was exhibited at the Guild-
hall, 1897.

The Pedlar. Signed "J. Pettie." (31 x 44.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1871.

Present owner : Leonard Gow, Esq., LL.D.

Sir Peter Teazle.

Lady Teazle. Signed "J. Pettie." (18 x 12.)

Present owners : Messrs. Wallis and Son.

Rejected Addresses. Signed "J. Pettie, '70." (27 x 38.)

" For this sweet little maid he was rather too old."

Exhibited at Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888.

Christie's, 1884, 1895, 1899.

Present owner : The Rt. Hon. Baron Faber.

1871.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of J. MacWhirter, B.A. Signed
"J. Pettie." (28½ × 18½.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1871.

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Arthur Tooth, Esq. Signed
"J. Pettie, '71." (35 × 23.)

Present owners: Messrs. Tooth and Sons.

Portrait of George Borwick Robertson, Esq., F.C.S.

Exhibited at R.A., 1872.

Silvius and Phebe. Signed "J. Pettie." (30 × 42.)

"Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;

Say that you love me not, but say not so

In bitterness."—*As You Like It*, Act III., Sc. v.

Exhibited at R.A., 1872; R.S.A., 1874.

In the Aberdeen Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

The Haunted Wood.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1872.

The Sybil.

1872.

Terms to the Besieged. Signed "J. Pettie." (42 × 57.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1872; Glasgow Institute, 1875; Paris International Exhibition, 1878; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Water-colour sketch of the above.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

The Gipsy's Oak.

Exhibited at R.A., 1872.

"To the Fields I carried her Milking-Pails." Signed "J. Pettie."
(30 × 44.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1873; Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1907.

Christie's, 1881 (A. B. Stewart Collection); 1889 (W. Christie).

Present owner: R. H. Brechin, Esq.

Sketch of the above. (20 × 30.)

Coastguard on the Lookout. Signed "J. Pettie." (26 × 18.)

Present owner: A. F. Stewart, Esq.

Sanctuary. (37½ × 52½.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1873; Philadelphia International Exhibition, 1876.

Christie's, 1877; 1895 (G. Fox Collection).

Finished sketch of the above. (10 × 15.)

In Aberdeen Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

Portrait of Miss Agnes MacWhirter. Signed "J. Pettie."
(28 × 17.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1873.

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

1873.

The Flag of Truce. Signed "J. Pettie." (53 × 42.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1873; Paris International Exhibition, 1878;
R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Engraved by A. Turrell, 1893.

In Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Sketch of the Commander in "The Flag of Truce."

Midnight Watch. (45 × 30.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1873.

The Toast. (Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*.)

Signed "J. Pettie." (19 × 14.)

Exhibited at Whitechapel Loan Exhibition, 1901; Wolverhampton,
1908.

Present owner: Charles Winn, Esq.

Sentinel on Duty.

The Jacobite. (Portrait of Alexander Strahan, Esq.) Signed
"J. P." (14 × 11.)

Present owner: James Kennedy, Esq.

June.

Retouched by the artist in 1876 for the owner, Mr. Muirhead.

Julia Mannering.

Retouched by the artist in 1876 for the owner, Mr. Muirhead.

"Hark !" Signed "J. Pettie." (26 × 18.)

Christie's, 1880.

Present owner : G. K. MacDougall, Esq.

The Cardinal. Signed "J. Pettie." (30 × 22.)

Christie's, 1908.

Present owner : Wm. Hunter, Esq.

Intercepted Correspondence.

1874.

Friar Lawrence and Juliet. Signed "J. Pettie." (43 × 30.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1874.

Christie's, 1883.

Present owner : Mrs. Mayou.

"Ho ! Ho ! Old Noll !" Signed "J. Pettie." (32 × 44.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1874 ; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887 ;

R. A. Winter Exhibition, 1894 ; Scottish National Exhibition
(Edinburgh), 1908.

Christie's, 1879 ; 1881 (A. B. Stewart Collection).

Etched by Macbeth Raeburn.

Present owner : W. J. Chrystal, Esq.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (19 × 26½.)

Present owner : J. MacWhirter, Esq., R. A.

▲ State Secret. Signed "J. Pettie, 1874." (48 × 63.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1874 ; R. S. A., 1875.

Christie's, 1882.

At the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

Sketch of the above. (30 × 20.)

In this, the horrified monk on the right was painted out by Pettie,
but still shows through the paint.

Present owner : W. McTaggart, Esq., R. S. A.

Jacobites, 1745. Signed "J. Pettie, 1874." (35 × 50.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1875 ; R. A. Winter Exhibitions, 1894, 1901.

Diploma Picture : in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (17½ × 22½.)

Present owner : Hon. Sir George Drummond, Montreal.

Spring. Signed "J. Pettie." ($22\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$.)

Christie's, 1903 (A. G. Grimond Collection).

Present owner: Miss Gertrude Agnew.

Lady Teazle: A Cup of Tea. Signed "J. Pettie." (24×18 .)

Present owner: Charles Winn, Esq.

Sketch of the above.

Sketch of Cavalier. (42×37 .)

Christie's, 1881.

Spring Flowers.

Prince Charming.

Christie's, 1886 (H. E. Green Collection).

Our Mary.

Replica of "Our Mary," smaller and slightly different.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. C. E. Johnson, in Fancy Costume. Signed "J. Pettie, 1874." (34×24 .)

Present owner: C. E. Johnson, Esq., R.I.

Portrait of Robert Frier, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1874." ($11\frac{1}{2} \times 9$.)

Present owner: Mrs. W. Frier.

1875.

Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy. Signed "J. Pettie, 1875." (42×58 .)

"'Hark you,' said Henry, 'you seem a good fellow, and I'll tell you the truth. Your master has wronged me, and I give him this harness freely for the chance of fighting him myself,'"
etc.—*The Fair Maid of Perth*.

Exhibited at R. A., 1875.

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery.

Replica of the above.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Edward Sherrard Kennedy, Esq., in Costume of the Seventeenth Century. Signed "J. Pettie, 1875." ($44\frac{1}{2} \times 32$.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1875; Paris International Exhibition, 1878;
R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894, with the title "Burgomaster
in the Time of Cromwell."

Christie's, 1894.

Present owner: Mrs. Gennadius.

**Portrait of G. H. Boughton, R.A., in Costume of the Sixteenth
Century.** Signed "J. Pettie." (29 × 23.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1875; Philadelphia International Exhibition,
1876; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1901.

Present owner: Mrs. Boughton.

**Portrait of a Gentleman in Costume of the Seventeenth
Century.**

Exhibited at R.A., 1876; R.S.A., 1877.

Present owner: T. Wallis, Esq.

Portrait of Briton Riviere, R.A. (in buff coat and gorget).
Signed "J. Pettie, '75." (18 × 13½.)

Present owner: Briton Riviere, Esq.

The Threat. Signed "J. Pettie, 1875." (49 × 33.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1876; Paris International Exhibition, 1878;
Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888; R.A. Winter Ex-
hibition, 1894.

Christie's, 1880; 1889 (J. M. Marsden Collection).

Etched by W. Heydemann.

Present owner: Mrs. McCulloch.

Sketch of the above. (Full length figure.)

The Solo. Signed "J. Pettie, 1875." (32½ × 48.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibitions, 1894, 1901.

Christie's, 1889 (F. Vigne Collection); 1903 (H. J. Turner
Collection).

Present owner: Kenneth M. Clark, Esq.

The Fight of the Chieftains, Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele.
The Fair Maid of Perth. (Water-colour sketch, made
at the Sketching Club.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1875."
(9 × 15.)

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

1876.

The Step. Signed "J. Pettie, 1876." (31½ × 48.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1876; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888; Guildhall, 1897; R.A. Winter Exhibitions, 1894, 1901; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Christie's, 1903 (H. J. Turner Collection).

Present owner: Kenneth M. Clark, Esq.

Sketch of the above.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1878, with title "The First Step."

Portrait of The Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham.

Exhibited at R.A., 1876; Paris International Exhibition, 1878.

Christie's, 1896.

Goldsmith to His Majesty. (Portrait, half length, of Arthur Tooth, Esq., in costume.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1876." (36 × 28.)

Exhibited at Paris International Exhibition, 1878; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1901.

Present owner: Arthur Tooth, Esq., Jun.

Sketch of the above. (12 × 9.)

Before the Battle. Signed "J. Pettie." (14 × 9½.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1880; Birmingham, Royal Society of Artists, 1880; Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1908; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Briton Riviere, Esq., R.A.

The Knight.

The Leader.

A Bishop.

A Normandy Girl.

An Italian Girl.

The Goatherd.

The Cannonier.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1877.

The Mercenary. Signed "J. Pettie." ($19\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1877. Christie's, 1908.

Present owners: Messrs. Wallis and Son.

Grandmother's Memories. Signed "J. Pettie"; on back, "J. Pettie, 1876." (20×14 .)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1877; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owners: Trustees of the late Alex. Rose, Esq.

Portrait (full length) of Mrs. Colin Hunter. Signed "J. Pettie." (20×12 .)

Present owner: Mrs. Colin Hunter.

Portrait of Robert L. Hardie. (14×10 .)

Present owner: R. L. Hardie, Esq.

Portrait of William Black, Esq.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1877.

1877.

A Sword-and-Dagger Fight. Signed "J. Pettie, 1877." (37×55 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1877; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Engraved by A. Turrell, 1891.

In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield; with title "To the Death."

Finished sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." ($19\frac{1}{2} \times 30\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1878; Glasgow Institute, 1882; Glasgow International Exhibitions, 1888, 1901; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

In the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

Finished study for a figure in the above. ($15\frac{1}{2} \times 21$.)

Christie's, 1900.

A Knight of the Seventeenth Century. (Portrait of William Black, the novelist.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1877." ($50\frac{1}{2} \times 31\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1877.

In the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

Sketch of the above.

A Lady of the Seventeenth Century. Signed "J. Pettie, 1877." (52 × 32.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1877.

Present owner: Sir William Ingram, Bart.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (13 × 9.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Hunted Down.

Exhibited at R.A., 1877.

Replica of the above.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1879.

One of the above, signed "J. Pettie, 1877," and measuring 30 × 19, is in the Hospitalfield Collection, Arbroath, and was shown at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Portrait of — Cowlisam, Esq.

Imogen. (By J. Pettie and J. MacWhirter, R.A.) Signed "J. Pettie. MacW." (48 × 34½.)

Christie's, 1892 (H. Wallis Collection); 1899.

Present owners: Messrs. Doig, Wilson, and Wheatley.

Portrait of Mrs. Bossom (Mrs. Pettie's mother). Signed "J. Pettie." (19 × 15½.)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

Portrait of S. Taylor Whitehead, Esq., in Costume of Sixteenth Century. Signed "J. Pettie." (33½ × 23.)

Retouched by the artist in 1884.

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner: S. Taylor Whitehead, Esq.

Sketch of the above. (11½ × 7½.)

Present owner: Hon. Sir George Drummond (Montreal).

Bob Roy. (29 × 21.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; Glasgow Institute, 1879; R.S.A., 1880. Christie's, 1881 (A. B. Stewart Collection).

Etched by L. Richeton.

Disbanded. Signed "J. Pettie." (36 × 26.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1878; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In the Fine Art Institution, Dundee.

Portrait of James Mackintosh Gow, Esq. Signed "John Pettie."
(18 × 12.)

Present owner: Mrs. Boden.

1878.

The Hour. Signed "J. Pettie." (47 × 35.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh),
1906.

Christie's, 1880; 1881 (F. W. Hooper Collection).

Present owner: Thomas McArlly, Esq.

Study for the above. (21 × 15.)

Present owner: C. M. Hardie, Esq., R.S.A.

The picture represents a lady of Spanish type, domino in hand,
descending a stair; in the sketch she is going upstairs.

The Laird. Signed "J. Pettie." (22 × 36.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; R.S.A., 1879; Manchester Jubilee
Exhibition, 1887; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (15 × 24 $\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owners: Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (12 × 16.)

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

**Portrait of Colin Hunter, A.R.A., in Costume of the Sixteenth
Century.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1878." (30 × 24.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; R.S.A., 1879.

Present owner: Mrs. Colin Hunter.

A Member of the Long Parliament. (30 × 27.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1878; R.S.A., 1880.

Etched by L. Richeton.

Present owner: J. Worrall, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of John Corbet Fletcher, M.D., et. 35.
Signed "J. Pettie." (Also signed on back of canvas,
with date 1878.) (22 × 14.)

Present owner: J. Corbet Fletcher, Esq., M.D.

Portrait (half length) of Mrs. Pettie. Signed "J. Pettie, 1878."
(30 × 25.)

Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

Portrait of J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. Signed "J. Pettie, 1878."
(19 × 15.)

Present owner: J. Seymour Lucas, Esq., R.A.

The General.

Christie's, 1890.

Portrait of A. Maclure, Esq.

Girl with Orange. (10 × 8.)

A Moment of Danger. (Also called "Suspense.") (46 × 35.)

The figure of the Highlander only in this picture was etched by the artist, and issued in publication of *The Etching Club*, 1879, with the title "At Bay." The picture is quite different from the "At Bay" of 1866.

Present owner: T. H. Ryland, Esq.

The Highland Outpost. Signed "J. Pettie." (29 × 22.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1883; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Etched by the artist, and issued in publication of *The Etching Club*, 1879.

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Highlanders fighting in a Narrow Lane. Signed "J. Pettie, 1878." (Wash drawing, done at the Sketching Club.)
(10 × 14.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: Martin Hardie.

Portrait of A. P. Watt, Esq., as a Scholar of the Time of Titian.
Signed "J. Pettie." (29 × 24.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1879; R.S.A., 1880; Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886; New Gallery, 1908.

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of G. Gurney, Esq., in Costume of the Seventeenth Century. ($42\frac{1}{2} \times 29$.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1879; Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner: Mrs. Lefroy.

Portrait of Alexander Strahan, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1878."
(27×22 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1879; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: A. Strahan, Esq.

1879.

Edward VI. signing his first Death-Warrant. (Also called "The Death-Warrant.") Signed "J. Pettie." (53×89 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1879.

In the Hamburg Museum.

Sketch of the above. (11×17 .)

Present owner: C. E. Johnson, Esq., R.I.

Sketch of figure of the boy King. Signed "J. Pettie."
($14 \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: Mrs. Edwards.

Portrait of William Robertson, Esq., Provost of Dundee.
Signed "J. Pettie." ($35 \times 27\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

One of Marlborough's Generals. (Head.)

Looking to Windward.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. Edward Fox White.
(40×27 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1880.

Present owner: W. Permain, Esq.

The Herbalist. (Friar Lawrence. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Sc. iii.) Signed "J. Pettie." (29×21 .)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1880.

Present owner: R. W. Ramsay, Esq.

Portrait (half length) of Charles Scott Plummer, Esq., in Costume of the Sixteenth Century. Signed "J. Pettie."
(38 x 28.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1881.

The canvas was cut down, and the figure repainted in ordinary costume by the artist in 1888.

Present owner : C. H. Scott Plummer, Esq.

Portrait (full length) of Master Ralph Pettie. (40 x 26½.)

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

1880.

His Grace. (23 x 18.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1880.

Etched by C. P. Slocombe, 1880.

Christie's, 1904 (J. W. Knight Collection).

Present owner : Sir Mitchell Mitchell-Thompson, Bart.

Her Grace. (23 x 18.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1881.

Etched by C. P. Slocombe, 1880.

Christie's, 1904 (J. W. Knight Collection).

Present owner : Sir Mitchell Mitchell-Thompson, Bart.

Portrait of Mrs. Dominick Gregg and Children. ¹

Exhibited at R.A., 1880.

A Lordly Gallant : A Brimmer to the King. *Temp.* Charles II.
Signed "J. Pettie." (26 x 20.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1880 ; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908, with title "A Cavalier Drinking."

Present owner : John Jordan, Esq.

Sketch of the above (in oil, black and white). (42 x 36.)

Present owner : David Ferrier, Esq., M.D.

A Ladye of High Degree. *Temp.* Charles II. (Also called "A Lady Gay.") (42 x 37.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1880.

Christie's, 1881 (A. B. Stewart Collection).

Sketch of the above (in oil, black and white). Signed "J. Pettie." (41 x 36.)

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

An Ecclesiastic.

Portrait of Mrs. Pettie. (15 x 10½.)

Present owner : Mrs. Whitehorn.

Portrait of — Moncrieff, Esq.

Portrait of Sheriff Strachan. Signed "J. Pettie"; at top to right, "R. U. Strachan, Advocate." (26 x 22.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1881; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner : Alexander Strachan, Esq.

The Duke in "The Merchant of Venice."

A Knight in Armour (half length). (Portrait of William Wallace.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1880." (26½ x 20½.)

Exhibited at the New Gallery, 1908.

Present owner : W. Wallace, Esq.

Portrait of John Ballantyne, R.S.A. (half length), in uniform of Captain, Edinburgh Artillery Volunteers. Signed "J. Pettie." (45 x 29.)

Painted with the R.A. students, while Visitor to the Academy Schools.

Exhibited at R.A., 1881; Birmingham Society of Artists, 1881; R.S.A., 1882; New Gallery, 1908.

Present owner : Miss Ballantyne.

A Courtier of the Time of Elizabeth.

1881.

Before his Peers. (A portrait of Sir Robert Burnett, Bart.) Signed "J. Pettie." (46 x 30.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1881; New Gallery, 1908.

Christie's, 1885.

Present owner : T. J. Hirst, Esq.

Sketch of the above in black and white. (11 x 9.)

Present owner : Francis Harper, Esq.

Trout-Fishing in the Highlands. Signed "J. Pettie." (34 × 57.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1881; Glasgow Institute, 1882.

Present owner: W. S. Steel, Esq.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (18 × 27.)

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

Sketch of figure in the above. (Painted from C. M. Hardie, R.S.A.) (13 × 7½.)

Present owner: C. M. Hardie, Esq., R.S.A.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of **James Steel Orchar, Esq.**
Signed "J. Pettie, 1881."

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Portrait (head size) of **Berta and Martin Hardie.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1881." (13 × 19.)

Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

A White Flag. Signed "J. Pettie." (20 × 14.)

Present owner: R. W. Wallace, Esq.

A Trout-Fisher.

The Way to the Loch.

A Pinch.

Exhibited at Birmingham: Royal Society of Artists, 1881.

The Patrol.

Christie's, 1891 (E. F. White Collection).

The Boar Hunt.

Companion to the above.

Christie's, 1891 (E. F. White Collection).

Portrait of Sir Bryan Robinson.

Portrait of William Harris, Esq., J.P. Signed "J. Pettie."
(42 × 32.)

In the Albert Institute, Dundee.

A Prince of the Church. Signed "J. Pettie." (30 × 20.)

Exhibited at Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

Christie's, 1881 (A. B. Stewart Collection).

Present owner: H. McGrady, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of William E. Lockhart, B.S.A. Signed "J. Pettie." ($23\frac{1}{2} \times 18$.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1882.

Present owner: Mrs. Lockhart.

Portrait of David Murray, B.A. Signed "J. Pettie." ($16 \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: David Murray, Esq., R.A.

The Toreador. (Portrait of David Murray, R.A., in fancy dress.) (12×13 .)

Cut from a large canvas, left incomplete, containing a seated figure of a toreador.

Present owner: David Murray, Esq., R.A.

Self-Portrait. Signed "J. Pettie, 1881." (12×10 .)

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery (Macdonald Collection).

"Who Goes?" ($30\frac{1}{2} \times 22$.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1881.

Present owners: Messrs. Wallis and Son.

Portrait of James Cox, Esq.

See also 1886.

Study of an Interior. (Drawing-room and dining-room of West House, Campden Hill, the residence of G. H. Boughton, R.A.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1881." (24×16 .)

Present owner: David Murray, Esq., R.A.

A Lady and Gentleman in Costume of Time of Elizabeth and Spanish Dress.

1882.

Eugene Aram and the Scholar. (36×51 .)

"He talked with him of Cain."—Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram*.

Exhibited at R.A., 1882; R.S.A., 1883.

Touched and altered by the artist in 1883.

Christie's, 1890 (C. Neck Collection).

Present owner: F. A. Kelley, Esq., J.P.

Sketch of the above.

The Palmer : a Tale of the Holy Land.

Exhibited at R.A., 1882 ; Birmingham Society of Artists, 1885.

Present owner : Sir John Aird, Bart.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie."

Present owner : John Aird, Esq.

Sketch head of the Palmer. (14 × 11.)

Sketch head of the boy in "The Palmer." (14 × 11.)

Present owner : Ralph Pettie, Esq.

The Duke of Monmouth begging his Life from James II.

Signed "J. Pettie." (36 × 51.)

"To see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King was resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord ; and thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged. Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground and crawled to the King's feet," etc.—LORD MACAULAY.

Exhibited at R.A., 1882 ; R.S.A., 1884 ; Paris International Exhibition, 1889 ; Guildhall, 1890 ; Chicago Exhibition, 1893 ; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

In the Manchester City Art Gallery.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (23 × 30.)

Exhibited at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1908 ; Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

Present owner : Mrs. Lees.

The Sisters. Signed "J. Pettie."

Exhibited at the Birmingham Society of Artists, 1882 ; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887.

Christie's, 1892 (D. Price Collection).

Present owner : Wolf Harris, Esq.

Sketch of the above.

Portrait of the Misses (Jessie and Edith) Winn. Signed "J. Pettie." (50 × 34.)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner : C. Winn, Esq.

Portrait of J. MacWhirter, R.A. Signed "J. Pettie, 1882."
(12 × 10.)

In the Aberdeen Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

Self-Portrait. Signed "J. Pettie, 1882." (12 × 9½.)

Exhibited at R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894; New Gallery, 1908.

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait of T. H. M'Lean.

Portrait of Miss M'Lean.

Portrait of H. A. Harper, Esq.

Portrait of the Rev. Robert S. Drummond. Signed "J. Pettie,
'82." (16 × 12½.)

Present owner: The Rev. R. S. Drummond.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. Wallace. Signed "J.
Pettie, 1882." (34 × 28.)

Present owner: W. Wallace, Esq.

1883.

Ransomed. ("The Ransom.")

Exhibited at R.A., 1883.

Christie's, 1887 (J. W. Adamson Collection).

"Dost know this Waterfly?" Signed "J. Pettie." (39 × 28.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1883; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887.

Christie's, 1890 (C. Neck Collection).

Etched by G. Wooliscroft Rhead.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (20 × 14.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: P. S. Brown, Esq.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (15 × 9.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: Arch. Smith, Esq.

The Jester's Merry Thought. Signed "J. Pettie." (60 × 46.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1883; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887;

R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Christie's, 1895 (J. M. Keiller Collection).

Present owner: Mrs. McCulloch.

Sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (31 x 24.)

Christie's, 1895 (R. Dawber Collection).

Present owner: Fairfax Rhodes, Esq.

Sweet Seventeen. (A portrait of Miss Lizzie Bossom, now Mrs. Ohild, niece of Mrs. Pettie.) Signed "J. Pettie."
(31 x 22.)

Retouched by the artist in 1884.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oils, 1883; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1906.

Present owner: Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter.

The Young Laird. Signed "J. Pettie." (17½ x 23.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1884; Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894, with the title "Rabbiting."

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

A Miss as good as a Mile.

An Arab Sentinel. (30 x 23.)

Christie's, 1890 (C. Neck Collection).

Abdurrahman Hassin. (Head of an Arab.)

A Reductio ad Absurdum. (19 x 27.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1884.

Christie's, 1890 (C. Neck Collection).

Young Isaak Walton, 1609. Signed "J. Pettie." (32 x 44.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1884; Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1901.

Christie's, 1899 (C. P. Knight Collection).

Present owner: David Dickie, Esq.

Portrait of a Queen's Scholar, Westminster (James Watt, Esq.).

Signed "J. Pettie." (24 x 15.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1883; R.S.A., 1884; Birmingham Society of Artists, 1884.

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Portrait (head) of Mrs. Andrew Ker. Signed "J. Pettie, 1883."
(15 x 13.)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Mrs. Andrew Ker.

Portrait (head) of Andrew Ker, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1883."
(15 × 13.)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Andrew J. Ker, Esq.

Portrait of the Rev. Dr. William Boyd.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1884.

Portrait (head size) of James Craig, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie."
(16 × 13.)

Present owner: J. Craig, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of William Waddel, Esq. Signed "J.
Pettie." (16 × 13.)

Present owner: W. Waddel, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Joseph E. Boehm, R.A. Signed "J.
Pettie, 1883." (12 × 10.)

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

Portrait (head size) of W. Calder Marshall, R.A. Signed "J.
Pettie, 1883." (12 × 10.)

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Charles Winn, Esq. (51 × 32.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1884; R.S.A., 1885.

Portrait of F. W. Lawson, Esq.

1884.

**Site of an Early Christian Altar. (The Orientation of the
Church.)** Signed "J. Pettie." (53 × 85.)

"The method adopted in fixing the orientation of churches has been preserved in some of the Scotch lodges. . . . The site of the altar was decided upon and marked by a pole fixed in the ground. . . . The sun's rays appearing above the horizon fixed the line of orientation."—*Lawrie's History of Freemasonry.*

Exhibited at R.A., 1884; R.S.A., 1885; Birmingham Society of Artists, 1885; Munich Jubilee Exhibition, 1888.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's Sale); 1899 (R. Wharton Collection).

In the Leeds Art Gallery.

The Vigil. Signed "J. Pettie." (45 × 66.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1884.

Purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. In the Tate Gallery.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie, 1884." (25 × 34½.)

Exhibited at the Glasgow Institute, 1886.

Present owner : Miss Low.

Sketch of the above. (18 × 24.)

Present owner : J. N. Fraser, Esq.

"The Twa Corbies." Signed "J. Pettie." (9½ × 17½.)

"Mony's the one for him makes mane,
But none sall ken whaur he is gane.
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil, 1884.

Present owner : Professor J. MacCunn.

Picture in Illustration of Bret Harte's "Sarah Walker."

Signed "J. Pettie." (20½ × 13½.)

Engraved on wood by Edmund Evans for the Christmas number of *Longman's Magazine*, 1884.

Present owner : C. J. Longman, Esq.

Sketch of the above (painted from Miss Bessie Watt, now Mrs. D. Dempster). Signed "J. Pettie." (18 × 13.)

Present owner : Mrs. D. Dempster.

Portrait of Lieut.-Col. Lewis J. F. Jones.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil, 1884.

Portrait (half length) of James Guthrie Orchar, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (42 × 34.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1885 ; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Present owner : Mrs. Orchar.

Portrait (posthumous) of J. Deakin Heaton, Esq., M.D.

Portrait of Charles E. Lees, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (44½ × 27½.)

Present owner : Mrs. Lees.

Portrait of Peter Graham, R.A. Signed "J. Pettie." ($17\frac{1}{2} \times 15$.)

Present owner : J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait of John Garrett Morten, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie."
(25×20 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1885.

Present owner : J. G. Morten, Esq.

Sketch of J. G. Morten, Esq., fishing. ($9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner : Mrs. Hamish MacCunn.

Portrait Sketch of Ralph Pettie.

1885.

Challenged. Signed "J. Pettie." (49×37 .)

"I remember a mass of things, but nothing particular; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

Exhibited at R.A., 1885.

In the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (47×35 .)

Exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

Engraved by F. A. Laguillermie.

Present owner : Fairfax Rhodes, Esq.

Charles Surface selling his Ancestors. (*The School for Scandal*.)

Signed "J. Pettie." (32×45 .)

Exhibited at R.A., 1885.

Present owner : J. Ogston, Esq.

Finished sketch of the above; completed in 1890. (18×24 .)

Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Signed "J. Pettie." (23×35 .)

Sir Peter. "Zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me." *Lady T.* "Very true, Sir Peter."—*The School for Scandal*

Exhibited at R.A., 1885; Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887.

Present owner : The Rev. T. S. Cooper.

"Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen." (29×18 .)

Portrait of Bret Harte, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (44 × 30.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1885; Berlin Jubilee Exhibition, 1886.

Present owner: Mme. Van de Velde.

Portrait of James Stewart, Esq. (48 × 34.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1886.

Portrait of James Anderson, Esq.

Exhibited at R.A., 1886.

See also 1887.

Portrait of William Bailey Hawkins, Esq.

Exhibited at R.A., 1886.

Portrait of C. T. Ritchie, Esq., M.P. (afterwards Lord Ritchie).
Signed "J. Pettie."

Exhibited at R.A., 1886.

Present owner: Lord Ritchie.

Portrait (half length) of W. Yuill, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie."
(15 × 12.)

Present owner: W. Yuill, Esq.

Portrait of Alexander Kay, Esq.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1886.

Portrait of Thomas Faed, R.A. Signed "J. Pettie, 1885."
(12 × 10.)

In the Aberdeen Art Gallery (Macdonald Art Collection).

1886.

The Chieftain's Candlesticks. See *A Legend of Montrose*.
Signed "J. Pettie." (63 × 45.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1886; R.S.A., 1888; R.A. Winter Exhibition,
1894; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owners: Trustees of the late Fitzroy C. Fletcher, Esq.

Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (35 × 24.)

Christie's, 1908.

The Musician. Signed "J. Pettie." (64 × 43.)

"Alas for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them."—O. W. HOLMES.

Exhibited at R.A., 1886; Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 1887; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888; Paris International Exhibition, 1889; Guildhall, 1892; South African and International Exhibition, Kimberley, 1892; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Christie's, 1898.

In Aberdeen Art Gallery, with title "A Musician's Reverie."

The Squire. (26 × 17.)**Portrait of Newson Garrett, Esq.**

Exhibited at R. A., 1886.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Alexander Strahan Watt, Esq.

Signed "J. Pettie, 1886." (24 × 18.)

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of James Guthrie Orchar, Esq. Signed

"J. Pettie." (30 × 24.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1890.

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

Portrait (head size) of James Hardie, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie,

1886." (28 × 24.)

Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

Portrait (head size) of Mrs. Percival.**Portrait of James Cox, Esq. (Two replicas of the portrait painted in 1881.)****Portrait (head size) of the Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D. Signed**

"J. Pettie, 1886."

Present owner: The Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D.

Portrait (full length) of Master Norman Pettie. Signed "J.

Pettie, '86." (44 × 26.)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Alison Pettie (now Mrs. Hamish MacCunn). Signed "J. Pettie, 1886."
(52 × 34.)

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

Portrait of Miss M. Trotman. Signed "J. Pettie, '86."
(20 × 14.)

Present owner : Mrs. Hamish MacCunn.

Portrait of Richard Moreland, Esq.

Exhibited at R. A., 1887.

Portrait (half length) of the Dowager Lady Ripley. Signed "J. Pettie." (29 × 23.)

Present owner : Mrs. Sunderland.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Sir Edward Ripley, Bart. Signed "J. Pettie." (45 × 31.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1887 ; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner : Sir Henry W. A. Ripley, Bart.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Lady Ripley. Signed "J. Pettie." (45 × 33.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1887 ; Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner : Sir Henry W. A. Ripley, Bart.

Portrait of Sir Walter Besant. Signed "J. Pettie." (36 × 23.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1887.

Etched by D. A. Wehrschmidt.

Present owner : Captain Besant.

Portrait of Hamish MacCunn, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, '86."
(27 × 24.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1880 ; New Gallery, Society of Portrait Painters, 1907.

Present owner : Mrs. Pettie.

1887.

Two Strings to her Bow. Signed "J. Pettie." (32½ × 47.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1887 ; Liverpool, 1887 ; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888 ; R. A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.

In the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

Water-colour sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie."
(12 x 18.)

Present owner: C. Winn, Esq.

Scene from Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." The appearance of
the Countess of Derby in the Golden Room. Signed
"J. Pettie." (35 x 48.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1887; R.S.A., 1888; Birmingham Society of
Artists, 1888; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901;
Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1906.

Present owner: James Murray, Esq., M.P.

Water-colour sketch of the above.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

A Storm in a Teacup. (Also known as "The Tiff.") Signed
"J. Pettie." (24½ x 30.)

Present owner: Colonel Harding.

Finished sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (30 x 22.)

Present owner: N. Herbert, Esq.

Water-colour sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie."
(12 x 18.)

Present owner: C. Winn, Esq.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. B. H. Pringle.

Exhibited at R.A., 1887.

Portrait of James Anderson, Esq. (Replica of the portrait of
1885.)

Portrait (head size) of Otto Fischer Sobell, Esq. Signed "J.
Pettie, 1887," and with the first phrase of the song
"Ich grolle nicht."

Present owner: O. Fischer Sobell, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Dr. Burton. Signed "J. Pettie, 1887."
(18 x 14.)

Present owner: C. Winn, Esq.

**Portrait (three-quarter length) of Sir Charles U. Aitchison,
K.C.S.I.**

Replica of the above.

Portrait of — Cook, Esq., in character of Don Quixote.

Portrait (head size) of Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. Signed
 "J. Pettie, 1887." (15½ × 11½.)

Present owner: Sir George Reid.

Portrait of Thomas Faed, R.A. Signed "J. Pettie, '87."
 (26 × 16½.)

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait of J. Macalister Hall, Esq.

Exhibited at R.A., 1888.

Head of a Jester. Signed "J. Pettie." (22 × 18.)

Present owner: Mrs. Mather.

Portrait of John Stewart, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 87."
 (17½ × 13½.)

Present owner: Mrs. Stewart.

Portrait (head size) of Edmonstoune Duncan, Esq. Signed
 "J. Pettie." (24 × 18.)

Present owner: E. Duncan, Esq.

Portrait of Mrs. McTaggart. Signed "J. Pettie, 87." Oval.

Present owner: W. McTaggart, Esq., R.S.A.

1888.

The Traitor.

Exhibited at R.A., 1888; Liverpool, 1888; Leeds, 1888.

Finished sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (25 × 43½.)

Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1890.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Present owner: Mrs. Ness.

Full-sized cartoon, in black and white, on canvas. (48 × 73.)

Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

The Clash of Steel. Signed "J. Pettie." (37 × 56.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1888; Manchester, 1888; Glasgow Institute,
 1890; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: John Jordan, Esq.

Finished sketch of the above.

- A Song without Words.** Signed "J. Pettie." ($23\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$.)
 Exhibited at Grosvenor Gallery, 1888; R.A. Winter Exhibition, 1894.
 Christie's, 1903 (G. Gurney Collection).
 In Manchester Art Gallery.
- May Day.** (Water-colour.)
- Sir Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, at the moment of recognising Ada.** "If I had but known." ($65\frac{1}{2} \times 45\frac{1}{2}$.)
 Exhibited at R.A., 1888.
 Present owner: Sir Charles Wyndham.
- Replica of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (24×18 .)
 Present owner: Lady Wyndham.
- Portrait of — Whitehorn, Esq.**
- Portrait of Benoit Hollander, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie." ($13\frac{1}{2} \times 11$.)
 Present owner: B. Hollander, Esq.
- Portrait of Mrs. Watt.** Signed "J. Pettie." ($29 \times 22\frac{1}{2}$.)
 Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.
- Portrait (head) (posthumous) of Mrs. Glen.** (29×23 .)
- Portrait (head) (posthumous) of T. Glen, Esq.** (29×23 .)
- Portrait (head) (posthumous) of Thomas Coats, Esq.** (29×23 .)
- Portrait of — Cooke, Esq.**
- Portrait of James MacCunn, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1888." ($25 \times 19\frac{1}{2}$.)
 Present owner: James MacCunn, Esq.
- Portrait (head) of John MacCunn, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1888." (33×29 .)
 Present owner: John MacCunn, Esq.
- Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. Coats.** (58×40 .)
 Exhibited at Grosvenor Gallery, 1889.
- Portrait of John Thewlis Johnson, Esq.** (50×36 .)
 Exhibited at R.A., 1889.
- Portrait of George Coats, Esq.** (59×37 .)
 Exhibited at R.A., 1889.

1889.

- The Challenge.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (39½ × 27.)
Christie's, 1899 (R. P. Pattison Collection).
- Portrait (three-quarter length) of the Rev. James Oswald Dykes, M.A., D.D.** Signed "J. Pettie." (54 × 42.)
Exhibited at R.A., 1889.
Present owner: The Rev. J. O. Dykes, M.A., D.D.
- Portrait of Sir John Jaffray, Bart., J.P., D.L.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (42 × 33.)
Exhibited at R.A., 1889; Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 1889.
Present owner: Sir William Jaffray, Bart.
- Portrait (full length) of Mrs. Beckitt.**
Exhibited at R.A., 1889.
- Portrait (full length) of His Grace the Duke of Portland.**
Signed "J. Pettie, 1889."
Burned in a fire at Welbeck Abbey.
- Portrait (head size) of H. Rider Haggard, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie, '89." (29 × 25.)
Exhibited at Grosvenor Gallery, 1889; R.S.A., 1890.
- Portrait of Ralph Pettie, lying on a sofa.** (Water-colour.)
Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (12 × 18.)
Present owner: Sir William Jaffray, Bart.
- Portrait of T. M'Lean, Esq.**
- Portrait (three-quarter length) of Mrs. Pettie.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (51 × 40.)
Present owner: Mrs. MacCunn.
- Portrait of Mrs. James MacCunn.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (33 × 25.)
Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1890.
Present owner: J. MacCunn, Esq.
- Portrait (head size) of A. Schulz Curtius, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie, 1889." (30 × 23.)
Present owner: A. Schulz Curtius, Esq.

Portrait of J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A. Signed "J. Pettie, 1889."
(32 × 25.)

Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1890; Glasgow Institute, 1891;
R.S.A., 1892; Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1907; Scottish
National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner: J. C. Noble, Esq., R.S.A.

Portrait (head size) of Duncan F. Dempster, Esq., Jun. Signed
"J. Pettie." (15 × 12.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1890.

Present owner: D. F. Dempster, Esq.

Going to the Fair. Signed "J. Pettie." (22 × 31½.)

Present owner: N. Herbert, Esq.

This is an earlier version of "The World went very well then,"
painted in the following year. The fair girl here carries her
hat, and instead of a milestone there is a rat-hole.

The Beginning of a Fray. Signed "J. Pettie." (48 × 34.)

Christie's, 1897 (Sir J. Pender Collection).

Present owner: The Rt. Hon. Baron Faber.

Study of a Head. St. Cecilia. Signed "J. Pettie." (29 × 22½.)

On the back, in black paint: "Freude schöne Götterfunken," with
the melody from Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

Present owner: Max Lindlar, Esq.

Head of Lady Godiva. Signed "J. Pettie, 1889."

Christie's, 1894.

1890.

"The World went very well then." Signed "J. Pettie."
(30½ × 50.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1890; Manchester, 1890.

Present owner: James Murray, Esq., M.P.

See also *Going to the Fair* (1889).

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Sir Raylton Dixon. (54 × 38.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1890.

Present owner: Lady Dixon.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of **Sir Edmund Hay Currie**.
Signed "J. Pettie." (60 x 48.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1890.

At the People's Palace, Mile End Road. On the frame is the inscription: "Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Chairman of Trustees of the People's Palace, 1886-1890. Presented by a few sincere friends."

Portrait (three-quarter length) of **Thomas H. Cox, Esq.**

Portrait (head) of **Mrs. Stewart Freeman**.

Exhibited at R. A., 1891.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of **Henry A. Lamb, Esq.** (Late Hon. Sec., Royal Wimbledon Golf Club.) Signed "J. Pettie, 1890." (52 x 38.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1891.

At the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club.

Replica of the above.

Portrait (head size) of **Walter Buckler Lethbridge, Esq.** Signed "J. Pettie." (28 x 22.)

Exhibited at R. A., 1891; Manchester, 1891; New Gallery, 1908.

Present owner: Mrs. Lethbridge.

Portrait (head size) of **Graham Pettie**. Signed "J. Pettie." (22 x 17.)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

Portrait of Mrs. Pettie. (Water-colour.) Signed "J. P., '90." (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8.)

On screen with others. See p. 260.

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Portrait of N. Herbert, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (27 x 21.)

Present owner: N. Herbert, Esq.

Head of a Spanish Admiral. Signed "J. Pettie." (24 x 18.)

Exhibited at Berlin International Exhibition, 1891.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Present owner: Colonel Harding.

Sketch of a Girl (head and shoulders, wearing black hat).

Present owner: Mrs. Ness.

Sketch (head) of Miss Agnes N. MacCunn. (Water-colour.)
Signed "J. Pettie, 1890." ($10\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.)

Portrait of Fergus MacCunn. Signed "J. Pettie, 1890."
($10 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.)

Present owner: Hamish MacCunn, Esq.

Sketch of a Gipsy.

On the Dark Continent. (Study of a negro.) ($29\frac{1}{2} \times 19$.)

Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1890; Liverpool, 1890.
Christie's, 1898.

The Violinist.

Exhibited at R. A., 1891; Liverpool, 1891.

1891.

Silvia. Signed "J. Pettie." (45×34 .)

"Is she kind as she is fair?"

Exhibited at R. A., 1891; Glasgow Institute, 1892; Paris International Exhibition, 1900.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Present owner: Mrs. McCulloch.

Portrait of Mrs. Shaw.

Exhibited at R. A., 1891.

Portrait of James Craig, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1891."
(12×10 .)

Present owner: J. Craig, Esq.

Portrait of J. Ford Anderson, M.D. Signed "J. Pettie, 1891."
(30×27 .)

Present owner: J. Ford Anderson, Esq.

Portrait of Mrs. Pettie. Signed "J. Pettie, 1891." ($19\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Mrs. Andrew Ker.

Portrait (head) of Miss Bessie Watt (now Mrs. D. Dempster).
Signed "J. Pettie." (15×13 .)

Exhibited at R. S. A., 1893.

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Portrait (full length) of Master William Pettie Watt. Signed "J. Pettie." (47 × 27.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1892; R.S.A., 1893.

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Mrs. Wolf Harris. Signed "J. Pettie." (27 × 22½.)

Present owner: Wolf Harris, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Wolf Harris, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (27 × 22½.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1892.

Present owner: Wolf Harris, Esq.

1892.

The Ultimatum.

Exhibited at R.A., 1892; Manchester, 1892; Glasgow Institute, 1893.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Finished sketch of the above. Signed "J. Pettie." (31 × 24.)

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Present owner: Fairfax Rhodes, Esq.

Sketch of Mr. Edmund Bechstein, who stood for the above picture. (16 × 11½.)

Present owner: E. Bechstein, Esq.

Bonnie Prince Charlie. Signed "J. Pettie." (62 × 45.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1892.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale); 1899 (R. Wharton Collection).

Present owner: Charles Stewart, Esq.

A copy (35 × 27) of this picture, by Miss E. Bloom, was sold at Christie's, January 17, 1903.

Portrait of Hamish MacCunn, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1892"; and on the back, "Portrait of Hamish MacCunn: an hour's sketch." (18 × 10.)

Present owner: W. B. Wotton, Esq.

Portrait of J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A. Signed "J. Pettie, 1892." (36 x 28.)

Present owner : J. Coutts Michie, Esq., A.R.S.A.

Portrait (head size) of Sir August Manns. Signed "J. Pettie, 1892."

Exhibited at R.A., 1892.

Present owner : Lady Manns.

Portrait (head size) of George A. Lawson, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Miss Doig (Mrs. G. A. Lawson). Signed "J. Pettie, 1892." (22 x 19.)

Portrait (head size) of Miss Dempster. Signed "J. Pettie, 1892"; and on the back, "Sketch of 'Lady Betty,' by J. Pettie, 1892, souvenir of her visit to the Lothians." (21 x 17½.)

Present owner : Miss Dempster.

Portrait (head size) of Andrew Black, Esq.

Portrait of Miss Grace Steel.

Portrait of Master S. Steel.

Portrait (head size) of F. A. Eaton, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie, 1892." (26½ x 22.)

Present owner : F. A. Eaton, Esq.

Portrait (head size) of Greville Macdonald, M.D. Signed "J. Pettie." (26½ x 22.)

Present owner : Greville Macdonald, Esq.

Portrait of George MacCunn, Esq.

Portrait of — M'Corquodale, Esq.

1893.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of William Bunce Greenfield, Esq.

Exhibited at R.A., 1893.

Portrait (head size) of Adam Black, Esq. (Unfinished.)
($26\frac{1}{2} \times 22\frac{1}{2}$.)

Exhibited at R.A., 1893.

Portrait of Edward Howley Palmer, Esq.

Exhibited at R.A., 1893.

Portrait (three-quarter length) of Alderman Thomas Wright, J.P., ex-Mayor of Leicester.

Exhibited at R.A., 1893.

Portrait (head size) of Max Lindlar, Esq. (Unfinished.)
($25\frac{1}{2} \times 21\frac{1}{2}$.)

Roses in the Lane.

OTHER WORKS TO WHICH NO DEFINITE DATE
CAN BE ASSIGNED.

Portrait of an Old Lady in Lace Cap. Signed "J. Pettie."
(24×13 .) (Painted about 1860-5.)

Present owner: Mrs. McCulloch.

Sketch of a Brittany Street. ($17\frac{1}{2} \times 12$.) (Painted in 1862?)

Present owner: Mrs. Pettie.

The Flageolet. Signed "J. Pettie." (24×15 .) (Painted in 1862?)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: John Stevenson, Esq.

The Fatal Statue. Signed "J. P." (7×6 .) (Water-colour: an early drawing.)

Present owner: T. M. Hardie, Esq.

The Night March. (7×6 .) (Water-colour: an early drawing.)

Present owner: T. M. Hardie, Esq.

Head of a Brigand. (12×8 .) (Painted about 1860-5.)

Present owner: James T. Tullis, Esq.

Portrait of George Paul Chalmers, B.S.A. Signed "J. Pettie."
(24×20 .) (Painted probably about 1865.)

Present owner: Miss Torrie.

Portrait of George Paul Chalmers, B.S.A. Signed "J. P."
(9 × 7.) (Later in date than the above.)

Exhibited at Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886.

Present owner : Mrs. Gisborne.

A Cromwellian. (A Soldier of the Commonwealth.) Signed
"J. Pettie." (19 × 14.) (Painted about 1860-5.)

Present owner : David Morrice, Esq., Montreal.

Portrait of Alexander Pettie (the artist's father). Signed
"J. Pettie." (10 × 14.) (Painted about 1868.)

Present owner : Mrs. Hardie.

Hungry as a Trooper.

Christie's, 1867.

The Milkmaid. Signed "J. Pettie." (16½ × 12½.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Present owner : John Jordan, Esq.

A Gondolier. Signed "J. Pettie." (12 × 10.)

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1877.

Chapman's Sale-room, Edinburgh (Collection of Sir W. Fettes-
Douglas, R.S.A.), Feb. 25, 1865.

Present owner : David Murray, Esq., R.A.

The Terrace at Haddon.

Christie's, 1869.

Probably a sketch for "Battledore" (1868).

Shaving without Soap.

Christie's, 1871.

Ruined.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1871. Not identical with "The
Gambler's Victim" (1868); but it may be a replica, or another
version of the same subject.

The Full Scrip.

Christie's, 1873.

The Doctor's Visit. (19 × 28½.)

Christie's, 1875.

A Scotch Lassie.

Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1875. Perhaps the same picture as that entered in chronological list, 1874, as "Our Mary."

Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. (A water-colour sketch made at the Sketching Club, c. 1875.) (10 × 15.)

Present owner: J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.

Portrait of Mrs. Taylor. Signed "J. Pettie." (12 × 10.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1876 (lent by Sam Bough, R.S.A.).

The Tennis Player. A Portrait. Signed "J. Pettie." (21 × 11.) (Painted between 1878 and 1881.)

Present owner: Mrs. Robertson.

The Lovers. (Water-colour; painted between 1878 and 1881.) Signed "J. Pettie." (10½ × 8.)

Mounted on a four-leaf screen with other water-colours by W. McTaggart, R.S.A., Hugh Cameron, R.S.A., J. MacWhirter, R.A., David Murray, R.A., etc.

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Meditation. By J. Pettie and G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1879.

Monastic Study. By J. Pettie and G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A.

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1879.

Portrait of Matthew Ker, Esq. Signed "J. Pettie." (11 × 9.) (Painted about 1880.)

Exhibited at Wolverhampton, 1908.

Present owner: Andrew Ker, Esq.

A Good Day for Fishing. Signed "J. Pettie." (11 × 25.)

Christie's, 1900.

Present owner: G. Hastwell, Esq.

A Fayre Ladye. Signed "J. Pettie." (26 × 20.) (Painted about 1880.)

Exhibited at R.S.A., 1894; Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).

Present owner: T. L. S. Roberts, Esq.

The First Lesson. (22 × 31.)

Christie's, 1881.

Waiting for an Audience.

Exhibited at Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 1881.

Mary Seaton.

Christie's, 1885.

Portrait of Mrs. Pettie. (Water-colour; painted about 1885.)

Signed "J. Pettie." (8 × 10.)

Present owner: A. P. Watt, Esq.

Don Quixote. (27½ × 20.)

Christie's, 1889, 1899.

The Royalist. (28 × 20.)

In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

The Puritan. (28 × 20.)

In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Haddon Hall. By J. Pettie and A. Fraser, R.S.A. (19 × 31.)

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale); 1907.

Portrait of Samuel Bough, R.S.A. (1822-1878). Signed "J. Pettie." (15 × 10.)

Exhibited at the Bough Exhibition, Carlisle, 1896; Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

Etched by L. Lowenstam.

Present owner: Mrs. Mather.

The Keepsake. (28 × 37½.)

Exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

Present owner: Mrs. Stewart Clark.

Portrait of a Gentleman, in Spanish Costume. (45 × 33.)

Present owners: Messrs. Agnew and Sons.

Sketch of a Woman leaning back in a Chair. (9 × 12.)

Present owner: J. Ramsay, Esq.

Before the Fray. (Water-colour.) Signed "J. Pettie." (24½ × 14.)

Present owner: Mrs. Maclauchlan.

Polonius. (Painted from the artist's father.) Signed "J. Pettie."
(14 × 10.)

Exhibited at the Scottish National Exhibition (Edinburgh), 1908.
Present owner: T. Hall Cooper, Esq.

Head of St. John. (23 × 18.)

Christie's, 1890.

The Reverie. A lady in white dress, seated. (11½ × 7½.)

From the Lucas Fund Pictures, 1881.

The Leader of the Attack. (14½ × 9½.)

Christie's, 1903 (H. J. Turner Collection).

Girl with Basket of Flowers. Signed "J. Pettie." (23 × 16.)

Exhibited at Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1908.
Present owner: J. C. Buist, Esq.

Free Lances. By J. Pettie and J. MacWhirter, R.A. (24 × 37.)

Christie's, 1903.
Present owner: Wolf Harris, Esq.

**Sketch (head and shoulders) of a man in Costume of the
Seventeenth Century.** (Water-colour.) (10 × 8.)

Present owner: Mrs. Orchar.

Head of Lady in White Cap. (15 × 10.)

Christie's, 1893 (Artist's sale).
Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

Sketch of Tuke, the Model, in a kilt, seated by a fire.
(20 × 13.)

Present owner: C. M. Hardie, Esq., R.S.A.

Study for a Background. Trees and bushes. (19 × 31.)

From the Artist's studio, 1893.
Present owner: Mrs. Hardie.

Study of Interior of Wood. (30 × 20.)

Present owner: Mrs. Hamish MacCunn.

Study of Furze and Trees. (32 × 22.)

Present owner : Mrs. Hamish MacCunn.

Study of White Roses. (16 × 12.)

Present owner : Miss E. Johnson.

Study of an Orchard. (24 × 16.)

Present owner : John Henderson, Esq.





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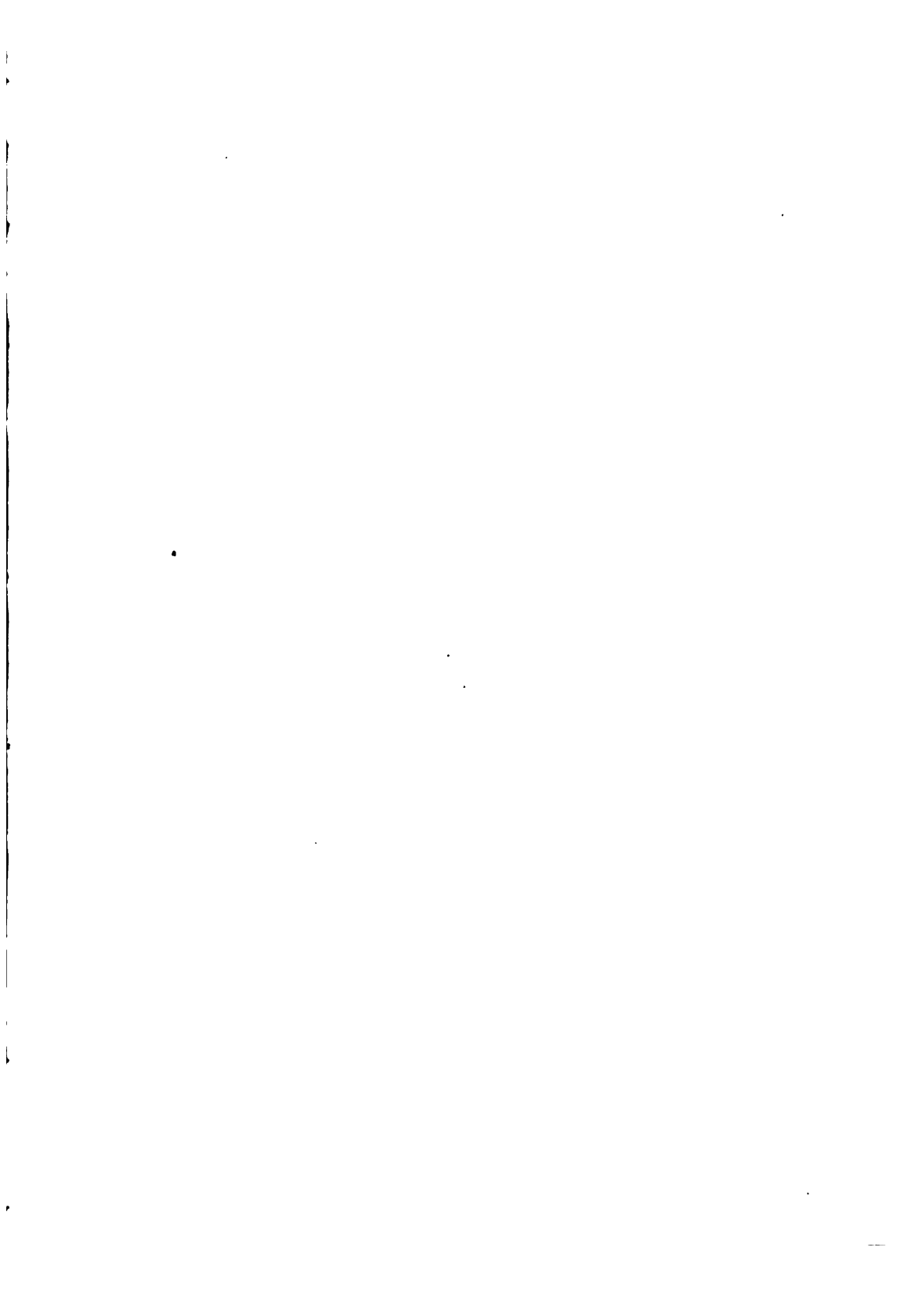
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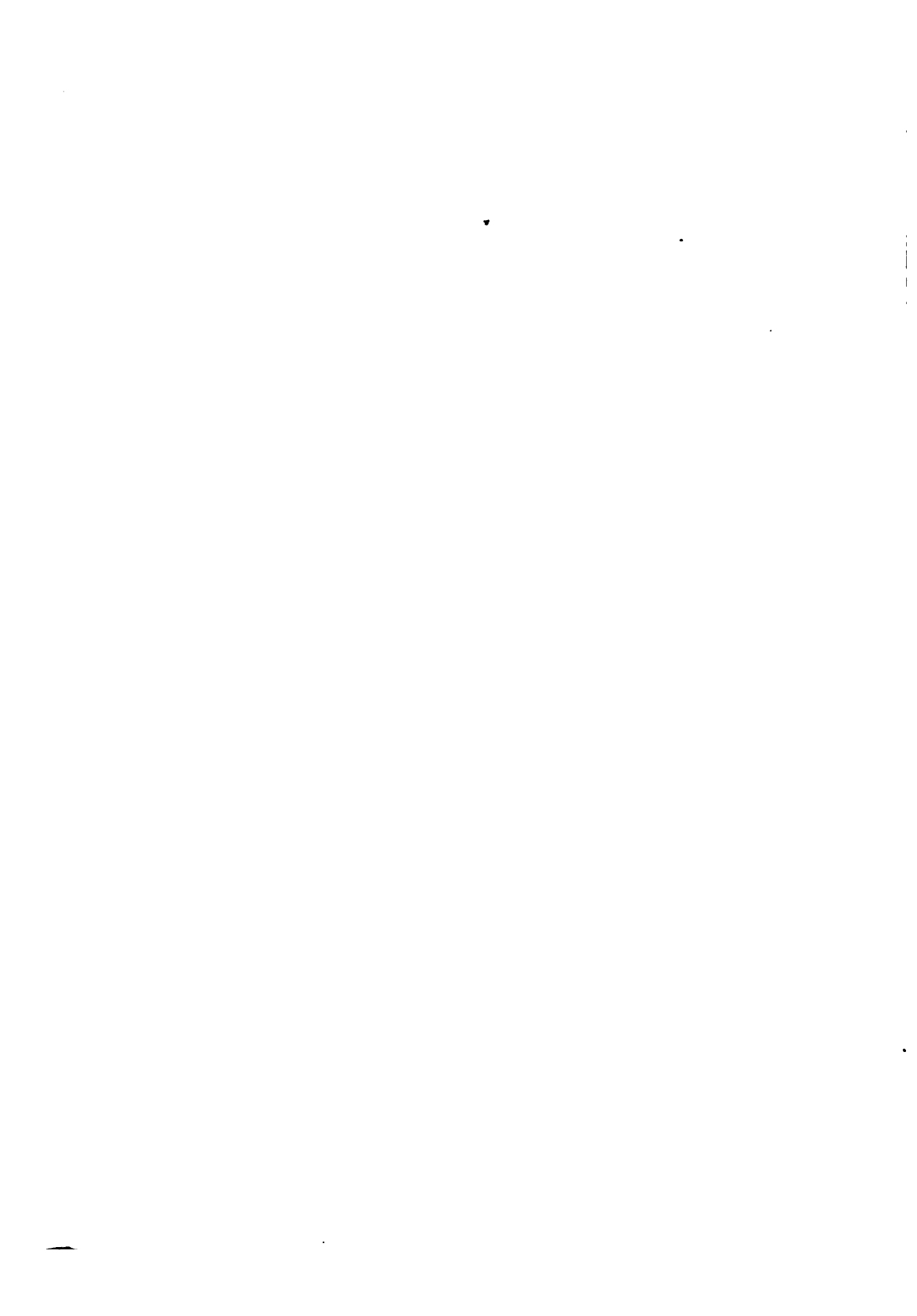
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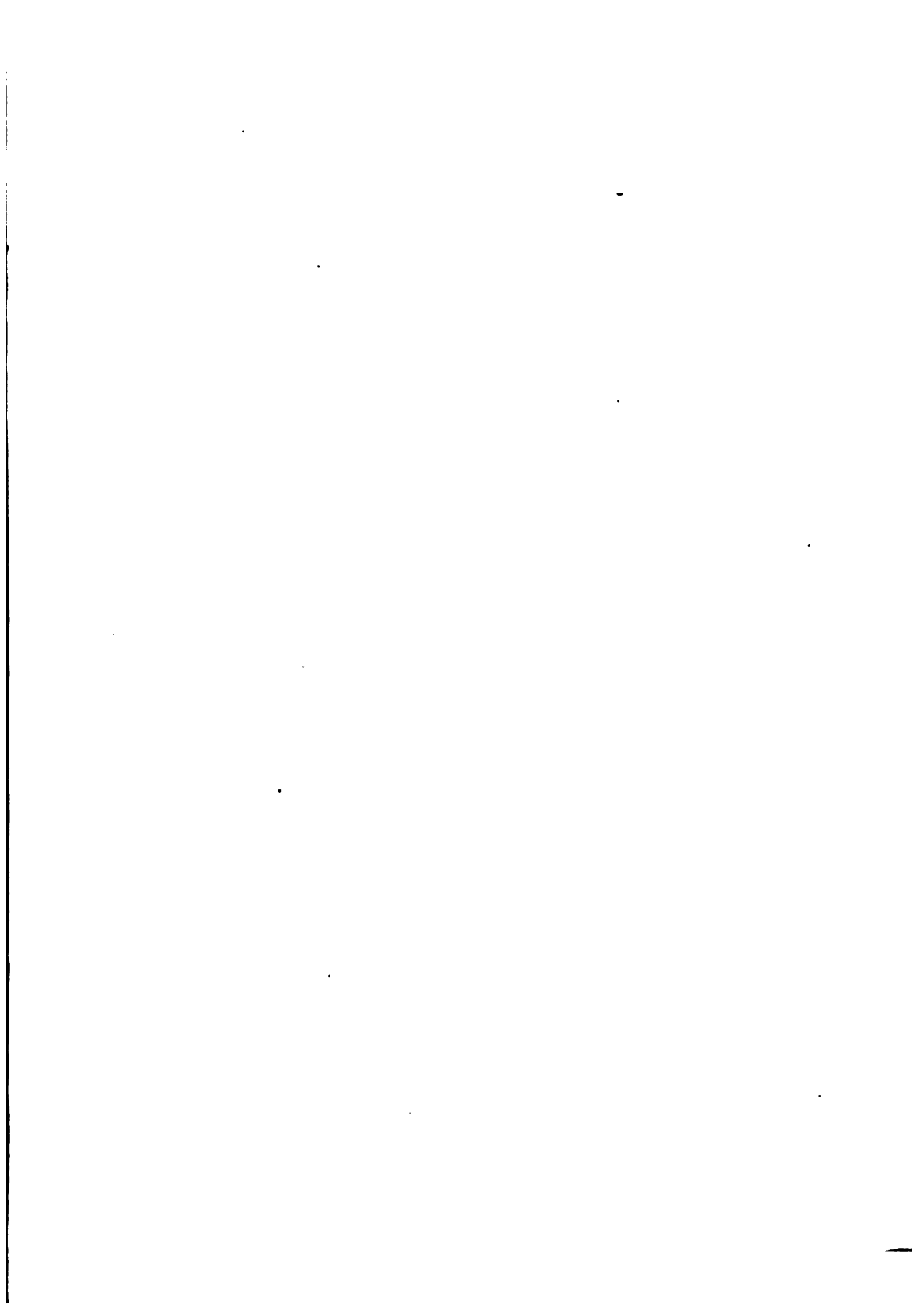
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